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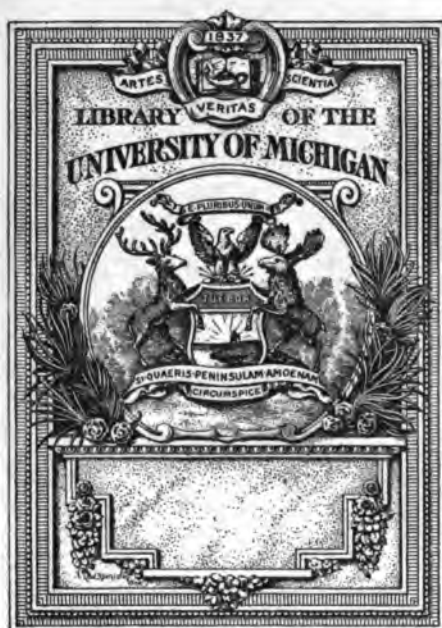
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**FRASER'S**  
**M A G A Z I N E**

FOR



**TOWN AND COUNTRY.**

**VOL. XXVII.**

***JANUARY TO JUNE, 1843.***

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**LONDON:**  
**G. W. NICKISSON, 215 REGENT STREET,**  
***(Successor to the late JAMES FRASER);***  
**AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSMEN**  
**IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.**



**LONDON:**  
**PRINTED BY MOYES AND BARCLAY,**  
**Castle Street, Leicester Square.**

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. CLVII.

JANUARY, 1843.

VOL. XXVII.

### Oliver Yorke at Home.

SCENE. — *A library, wainscotted with black oak, and lighted from the centre of the ceiling by an antique bronze lamp; huge tomes in every corner, magnificently bound, and lettered on the backs with inscriptions in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, German, Irish, and Chaldee. Busts of the most distinguished contributors to Fraser's Magazine ranged round on pedestals of white marble; pictures, by Maclise, of our lady-correspondents, all, of course, as beautiful as the Graces. Costly prints thrown carelessly about the floor, and mixed up with sundry MSS. marked on the back "Very good," "Sad stuff," "Twaddle," "Accepted," "Rejected," &c. &c. A lady's bonnet and shawl, a pair of boxing-gloves and a case of duelling pistols. An Irish shillelah, a black silk mask, and half-a-dozen empty champagne flasks. In the centre of the room is placed a large rosewood table, whereat is discovered, sitting with magisterial ease and dignity, and in the prime of life, OLIVER YORKE, Esq., editor of this Magazine. Glasses, decanters, cigars, filberts, corkscrews, &c. &c.*

YORKE (*drinking off a glass of wine*).

Hilloah! Pleasant times these, and no mistake! A blazing sea-coal fire, ambrosial wine, the best Havannahs, and good books; what more need I to complete my Paradise? Our Magazine goes on swimmingly! We are in the entire confidence of Peel and the cabinet; the Duke of Wellington takes us to bed with him; the Queen has us at breakfast; our circulation has increased, is increasing, and cannot be diminished; and our contributors are the best set of fellows in the wide world. Where we shall stop Heaven only knows, but REGINA is maintaining her ground right nobly as the queen of periodicals. From the eastern to the western hemisphere, from Cork to Kamtschatka, from Mallow to the Malabar Islands, from Dingle dee Couch to the falls of Niagara, our little gemlike periodical is published and sold, and praised as never periodical was praised before. Old gentlemen buy us for our wisdom, and young ones for our wit; elderly ladies for our beautiful poetry, and bright-eyed young ones for our tales and romances; politicians study us for our sound Conservative and constitutional views, and men of letters for our general excellence. In fine, there is but one book in the world beyond us. (*Filling out a glass of sparkling Burgundy.*) Here's success, then, to *Fraser's Magazine* and its editor—my noble self! May it always be as brilliant as this wine, and love and poetry glitter in its pages! Amen! O'Callaghan, you ruffian, where are you?

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B

Enter O'CALLAGHAN.

Has Captain Sabertash arrived yet? You needn't speak—your look says no. Shew the captain in the moment he comes. Vanish—levant, I say!

[Exit O'CALLAGHAN.

(Taking up a book.)

Sabertash is an especial favourite of mine; and he deserves to be so, for he is that most rare of all characters, a military man, who unites the perfect knowledge of the drawing-room with the most thorough intimacy with books. His volume on *Conversation* has been reviewed and praised in *Fraser*, but scarcely as highly as it deserves, for it is in every particular a jewel of a book, and sparkles no less with wit than with sound practical sense. By the by, what is this I find between the leaves? A song! and a pretty one too, upon my life! I wish I had a Jew's harp to accompany me while I try to sing it, or one of the Disraelis, at least, to whistle a symphony for me. I could warble like a lark once, but my voice begins to crack. Here goes, however:—

A Song.

Invest my head with fragrant rose  
That on fair Flora's bosom grows;  
Distend my veins with purple juice,  
That mirth may through my soul diffuse;  
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,  
Inspires our youth with flames divine!

A first-rate sentiment! What next?

Thus crowned with Paphian myrtle I  
In Cyprian shades will bathing lie;  
Whose snow, if too much cooling, then  
Bacchus shall warm my blood again.  
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,  
Inspires our youth with flames divine!

Worthy of Homer! Another glass.

Life's short and winged pleasures fly;  
Who mourning live, do living die;  
On down and floods thus swanlike I  
Will stretch my limbs and singing die.  
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,  
Inspires our youth with flames divine!

To be sure I will. Could I edit this Magazine if I were a Teetotaller? Could I write wit, or poetry, or sense, if I were fed on water? As well might I hope to knock law into the brains of my Lord Bridlegoose! Aristotle says that no man can write poetry who has not had his eyes blackened half-a-dozen times:—Aristotle is right. Does not honest Harry Cary, as Ritson delights to call him, assure us of that same Stagyrte—

“ ZENO, PLATO, ARISTOTLE,  
All were lovers of the bottle?”

And how else could a literary man make up for the constant wear and tear of his brains? For my part, I never denied that I learned most of what I *do* know in the bright days of my youth—in *dulci juventû*, as Horace wisely calls it—when I used to beat watchmen as if they were spaniels or walnut-trees, and fought every man I met for the sheer fun of the thing. Where is life, says the illustrious Confucius, to be learned if not in a watch-house? Who ever selected a drawing-room or a boudoir to study the passions? Talk to me of the universities indeed! All I learned at Alma Mater was to smoke and drink, to talk slang and spar scientifically, to run in debt, to play at cricket and billiards, and hunt a fox or a bailiff, to set my bull-dogs at the proctor, and court the head-porter's pretty daughter; and here I am now, the greatest literary man in the empire, the companion of princes and nobles, the

oracle of administration, the head and guiding star of this the first of monthly volumes, to which every other periodical is but as a farthing rushlight to the sun. What might I not have been had I joined that gang of hum-bugging fellows, the Teetotallers? Why, as great a dunce as Liston Bulwer. (*Fills out another glorious glass.*) Can Tom Moore, or any other of the famous Toms of the day, hold a candle to me in any one department of literature? I'd like to see them try it.

'Twould be easier far to sup soup with a fork  
Than to match such a genius as OLIVER YORKE:  
From Pekin to the beautiful city called Cork  
You'd not find such a writer as OLIVER YORKE.

No, upon my honour; and the whole literary world, *quorum pars maxima fui*, admits it. And if any one denies it!—*Nabocliah*. Well, after all, an editor's life is pleasantish enough. It has many drawbacks; many troubles and botherations, as most trades and callings have; but all vexation is counterbalanced by that autocratic dignity in which he feels himself constantly enveloped, and the privilege of passing sentence of condemnation on the writings of his fellow-men. Here before me are some thousands of manuscripts,—good, bad, and indifferent. And to me, OLIVER YORKE, alone is consigned the glory of making the fortunes of the writers, or sending them, perhaps, without a dinner. Is this nothing? Is this no recompense for my own little vexations? Verily, an editor is a great man, and the greatest man in England is the editor of REGINA. Greater than Lockhart, because John Murray would indeed look queer if my friend of the *Spanish Ballads* exercised his critical judgment over one of Milman's long-winded narcotics and did not print it off-hand. Greater than Napier of the *Edinburgh*, for the whole management of that volume is in the hands of the publishers only. Greater than Christopher North, for \* \* \*. Greater than Harry Lorrequer of the *Dublin University Magazine*, because \* \* \*. Greater than—

*Enter CAPTAIN ORLANDO SABERTASH (singing).*

Well met, old fellow!

YORKE.

Ha! Sabertash, my dear! Delighted to see you. You are looking very well. That military cloak becomes you admirably. Sit down. You and I'll tumble into this Burgundy. When did you arrive?

SABERTASH.

Only this instant; and thirsty enough I am, I assure you. Who do you think I was taken for in the coach?

YORKE.

I don't know. A sheriff's officer, maybe?

SABERTASH.

No, truly; but for the redoubted Tom Little.

YORKE.

Why, my good fellow, you have limbs and muscles!

SABERTASH.

So I flattered myself; but it seems that an old lady and her daughter thought differently, and so after receiving innumerable compliments, which I answered only with—ahem!—my blushes, I was obliged to give them a lock of my hair as a memento. But let me try this Burgundy of yours. Faith, you live well.

YORKE.

Of course I do, and the secret of it is, I am paid well. I believe there are few publishers who remunerate like my friend George William Nickisson. Since old Blackwood's death, *Fraser's* is the best paying Magazine.

SABERTASH.

Do you think I'd write for it if it were not? *Clash* a military man at that folly. By the by, I never can get a hint of who your contributors are. The riddle of the Sphinx, or the secret of the Eleusinian mysteries, was never kept up so well.

YORKE.

Mum's the word, old fellow. My lips are a sealed book. Not even to you, captain, would I reveal the mysteries of the printing-house; but I believe you'll see some of them here to-night.

SABERTASH.

Is it true that the "Brallaghan" correspondence was written by Bulwer? I heard it attributed to the author of *Pelham*, in Bath, last season.

YORKE.

No bad guess either. It is certainly like his style—very—but his contributions do not appear often in this Magazine. The fact is, none but men of genius write for us.

SABERTASH (*bowing*).

You are very complimentary, Noll. Reach me over those cigars. Banks told me, when I was last in town, that the "Apprentice of the Law" was the Solicitor-General, Follett. Come, come, is it so?

YORKE.

Pray don't ask me. That's a secret.

SABERTASH.

And those pretty verses in that last number you sent me were written by the Duchess of——

YORKE.

Hush! Not a word of that. Let us change the subject. Here's a toast:—

BACCHUS, VENUS, MUSA, CUPIDO,  
Salvete omnes.

I beg your pardon, captain, for talking Latin; but I know you are a first-rate classic.

SABERTASH (*after a hearty swig*).

I knew something about it once, but I have been of late so much engaged in making love that I have not had time even to look into Ovid. The fact is, I am getting into years (why should I conceal it?), and when a man begins to see a grey hair or two on his head, he doesn't half care for these old fashions, but works out practically the maxim, *Carpe diem*. However, I have not quite forgotten the author from whom you quote (Scaliger, I believe it is), and, like him, I follow up that excellent recommendation which ought to be blazoned deep on the heart of every military man in the kingdom:—

"Quocunque differtur levis  
Cincinnus huc sequimur;"

which means—

Where'er pretty ringlets are flowing,  
On bosoms as melting as snow,  
There soldiers should be with hearts glowing,  
And anxious to fight the fair foe.

YORKE.

Give me your fist, captain. Since the days of the glorious Macheath, there has not been a finer fellow or a finer maxim. You military men are the only chaps who really know how to court the ladies; and the ladies of England are the only women in the world who are worth taking any trouble about. It was not without reason that Voltaire, in his letter to Doctor Pansophe, called our country "*le pays de belles femmes et des bons philosophes*."

SABERTASH.

War and love, you know, are congenial sciences: though, according to a great authority (Ninon de l'Enclos), it requires infinitely greater genius to court women than to command armies: *Qu'il falloit cent fois plus d'esprit pour faire l'amour, que pour commander des armées*. I can do both. When I was with the duke in the Peninsula——

YORKE.

Oh, hang the Peninsula!—I beg your pardon. Fill your glass, captain: let us continue the old subject.

SABERTASH.

If you like, Oliver, my fine fellow. *En passant*, I don't think much of your cigars, but your drink is good.

YORKE.

I am sorry for it. I got the first as a present from Goulburn of the Exchequer: I needn't tell you they never paid duty. The spirits were sent by Brougham. — But speaking of the ladies, I must say that our modern fine gentlemen know nothing of gallantry. I sometimes think the art of courtship went out with swords and shoe-buckles. We never have a duel now for a fair lady, and Gretna is no longer the fashion. I hope the old times will revive when the Prince of Wales gets into breeches and the command of a regiment. Until then you and I must look on and put our tears into our bottles in silence. Even the French, who had some spice of the antique spirit in them, have lost it all of late.

SABERTASH.

The rascals! after beheading Marie Antoinette, how can *they* hold up *their* heads? I never liked the false gallantry for which Mounseer was noted, and I think John Bull would do better than imitate him in any thing. I have a song here in my pocket which pleasantly ridicules the affected airs of one of our young gentlemen who had been to France; shall I shew it to you? One would think it was written to satirise Mrs. Gore's French-stuffed novels, or my friend Miss Méchant's letters. Push the lamp nearer:—

A Song. Sung by a fop, newly come from France.

Ah! Phillis, why are you less *tendre*  
To my despairing *amour*?  
Your heart you have promised to *rendre*,  
Do not deny the *retour*.  
My passion I cannot *defendre*,  
No, no torments increase *tous les jours*

To forget your kind slave is *cruelle*,  
Can you expect my *devoir*?  
Since Phillis is grown *infidelle*,  
And wounds me at every *revoir*,  
Those eyes which were once *agréable*  
Now, now are fountains of black *désespoir*.

Adieu to my false *esperance*,  
Adieu, *les plaisirs des beaux jours*;  
My Phillis appears at *distance*  
And slights my unfeigned *efforts*,  
To return to her vows, *impossible*,  
No, no, adieu to the cheats of *amours*.

YORKE.

It is a very capital song, and we will print it in the first vacant corner of REGINA. Reach me the nippers. Will you try some champagne?

SABERTASH.

*Volontiers*, my dear editor,—it makes me think of your wit. And yet I don't care much for champagne. For an Englishman, there is no drink like the real substantial port, though sherry is rather getting up of late. Our soldiers who pitched into the French at Waterloo were officered by men who had emptied many a rich juicy hogshead of Oporto's vintage. Had they been suckled upon Gallic wines, God knows what might have been the result of that day. The minister who first introduced rum into our navy was a wise man, and deserves a statue of gold. So long as the French drink their foolish white wines, so long must they be the kicked and kickable of the English, which period, I pray, may extend to the day of judgment.

YORKE.

*Per omnia sæcula sæculorum*, as the Papists say—Amen! So be it! I

think it must be admitted that we have frightened the very hearts out of those French. All they have now are livers, and these white enough.

SABERTASH.

Why, yes: I think you will wait some time before you see them going to war again. I rather regret this, for it is pleasant to take the conceit out of such braggarts. That Guizot is a sharp blade. He has no wish, I guess, to have a tussle with *les Anglais*.

YORKE (*getting very red in the face*).

Guizot!—Guizot! Why do you mention that fellow? Did you never read the song I wrote about him, and pinned to his coat-collar at a *soirée* at Holland House, to the great delight of old Talleyrand? You shall hear part of it:—

*Fragment of a Witty Ballad pinned to M. Guizot's coat-collar.*

I'm a Frinch *philosophe*, to spake plainer an oaf,  
And my name is Tom-Foolery Guizot;  
I have sperrit and merit, and eyes like a ferret,  
And thick lips *à la Portugese*-oh.  
I can wallop that Thiers and the Chamber of Peers—  
Louis Philippe I've put in a funk-oh;  
I'm Dalmatia's prize-fighter, likewise a great writer  
Of fudge about General Monk-oh.  
I'm a little great man, and my waist you might span:  
I'm a statesman and also a fiddler;  
Through Paris I goes, out at elbows and toes,  
For I imitates Jeremy Diddler.

I forget the rest, but it was all in this style.

SABERTASH.

And what did Guizot say to all this?

YORKE.

Say!—What could he say? He very prudently, said nothing, but ate his leek. The fellow is a dolt, and his conduct after he first landed in England shewed it. He hired post horses to carry him to Canterbury. When he arrived in that town, he found that all the horses were engaged; and as he was anxious to get to London, he asked the same boy to carry him on. The boy, however, pointed to his cattle, reeking with sweat and quite fatigued, and declined to proceed. Mister Guizot threatened and stormed for a long while, but Jehu being inflexible, the Frenchman turned to the grinning crowd, and exclaimed, "How—how do dey dare to call dis a land of liberty, when I cannot compel dat man to go on wid me?" Such is the biographer of Monk.

SABERTASH.

Silly enough, in sooth. You are a regular John Bull, Oliver, and I am afraid, let your prejudices to Monsieur Frog run away with your reason. I do not *quite* agree with you, I must say.

YORKE.

Well, but, my dear boy, what news from Ireland?

SABERTASH.

Oh! the old story. Trinity College kicking up a shindy about the great war of George Hamilton and Tom Smith; *The Mail* abusing Lord Eliot, and the secretary bribing *The World*. This is all the news I have to bring. There is scarcely ever any thing novel in the Emerald Isle. I had some good fun, though, with the Paddies, and their whisky is excellent. The best I drank is of Cork distillation, and the merriest fellows, too, are from that Athenian city. When have you seen Mahony?

YORKE.

Last night at the club, with another brother spectacle, *Yorke's Mopfiest*, one of the most eloquent fellows in England, and the wittiest. But why do you ask?

SABERTASH.

Because I have not seen a song from him this long while in the Magazine

Has he given you up? The Cork men brag immensely about him. I was asked every where did I know Prout?

YORKE.

A right good merrie song was thrown, a week or two since, into our publisher's letter-box, having no name, but evidently in the pot-hooks of Prout, which, by the way, are rather remarkable. I asked him last night, was he the father of the bantling?—he laughed, but gave no answer. Would you wish to see it?

SABERTASH.

By all means. And, indeed, I remember I have a letter from him here in my coat-pocket. By comparing the hands we shall see in a moment whether they are identical.

YORKE (*handing the song*).

It is in Latin and English. I almost think I read it before.

[*Here the gallant captain examines the song. Certain cabalistic signs, known only to Frasersians, pass between him and the editor. He then reads the following elegant production:—*]

*Vatum.*

*The Wish.*

I.

I.

Si senii descendam et cœpi vergere  
ad annos,  
Rure mihi exigui sint, tepidique  
Lares;  
Præ foribus sit scamnum, et sit non  
sordida virgo  
Quæ molli foveat tempora calva  
manu.

If I live to grow old, for I find I go  
down,  
Let this be my fate:— In a neat  
country town,  
May I have a warm house with a  
stone at the gate,  
And a cleanly young girl to rub my  
bald pate.

*Chorus.*

*Chorus.*

Æquo animum imperio subigam, pru-  
dentior usu,  
Ut carptim attenuor, rex, domi-  
nusque mei;  
Nec podagræ, nec lithiasis cruciati-  
bus urar,  
Sed sensim extinctus devehar ad  
tumulum.

May I govern my passion with abso-  
lute sway,  
And grow wiser and better as  
strength wears away,  
Without gout or stone, by a gentle  
decay.

II.

II.

Ad declive jugum, placidoque quod  
imminet amni,  
Quà mola, quà pratum est, stet  
mea parva domus;  
Ut sit, ubi assideam lectori auditor  
alumno,  
Si sudus, vel si Jupiter udus erit.  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

May my little house stand on the  
side of a hill,  
With an easy descent to a mead and  
a mill,  
That when I've a mind I may hear  
my boy read,  
In the mill if it rains, if it's dry in  
the mead.

May I govern, &c.

III.

III.

Quà nemus umbrosum, et salientis  
murmura rivi,  
Esto in conspectu, sed procul esto  
mare,  
Planities juxtà sine fossâ aut sepe,  
mihique  
Porrectam et manno det spatiosa  
viam.  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Near a shady old grove and a mur-  
muring brook,  
With the ocean at distance whereon  
I may look,  
With a spacious green meadow, with-  
out hedge or stile,  
And an easy pad pony to ride out a  
mile.

May I govern, &c.



IV.

Flaccus, Petrarcha, et veterum liber  
unus et alter  
Adsint, ingenii quos celebravit  
honor,  
Commendet dapibus melior, potiorque  
ferinâ,  
Fercula simplicitas munditiæque  
mea.  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

V.

Sabbat distinguat fartum, conviva  
sacerdos,  
Docti sermones, interiorque cadus,  
Nec vini, Burgunde, tui mihi anec-  
dota desint,  
Quæ regi, quoties prandeo, sacra  
bibam.  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

VI.

Purpura sit Baccho, Cereri sit pallor;  
et ævo  
Maturus justo detur utrique sapor,  
Divite pro victu, luxuque salubrior  
omni,  
Caseus esto tuus, Parma, corona  
dapum.  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

VII.

Liber et immunis, nullis à partibus  
adstem,  
Nec legum adversus vim fluvium-  
que natem;  
Quid loquar, aut scribam, cautusque  
et providus author,  
Ire sinam regni res, velut ire vo-  
lunt.  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

VIII.

Dî, quos imperium penes est, rerum-  
que potestas,  
Regna quibus visum est, dent adi-  
mantque data;  
Impositum capiti solvam non invidus  
assem,  
Unâ licet tubulo nox cyathoque  
caret.  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

IX.

Solvam ego, nec querulus contra  
mussabo, tributa  
Si poscant menses hebdomadesque  
nova;

IV.

With Horace and Petrarch and two  
or three more  
Of the best wits that reign'd in the  
ages before,  
With roast mutton rather than veni-  
son or teal,  
And clean, though coarse, linen at  
every meal.  
May I govern, &c.

V.

With a pudding on Sundays, with  
stout humming liquor,  
And remnants of Latin to welcome  
the vicar;  
With Monte-Fiascone or Burgundy  
wine,  
To drink the king's good health as oft  
as I dine.  
May I govern, &c.

VI.

May my wine be vermilion, my malt  
drink be pale,  
In neither extreme, or too mild or  
too stale;  
In lieu of desserts, both unwholesome  
and dear,  
Let Lodi or Parmesan bring up the  
rear.  
May I govern, &c.

VII.

Neither Tory nor Whig, Chartist,  
Leaguer, or Trimmer,  
May I be, nor against the law's  
torrent a swimmer;  
May I mind what I speak, what I  
write and hear read,  
And with matters of state never  
trouble my head.  
May I govern, &c.

VIII.

Let the gods who dispose of state,  
kingdom, and crown,  
Whomsoever they please set up and  
pull down;  
I'll pay the whole shilling imposed  
on my head,  
Though I go without claret that night  
to my bed.  
May I govern, &c.

IX.

I'll bleed without grumbling, though  
that tax should appear,  
As oft as new moons or weeks in a  
year,

Cur etenim obmussans duram voci-  
tavero legem,  
Cum fundi solvant nil mei in  
Utopia?  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

X.

Non peto divitias; nec sim tam sor-  
didè egenus,  
Nauseet ut dives tecta subire  
mea;  
Quin mecum historiis ad largum cir-  
culus ignem,  
Decipere hybernæ tædia noctis  
amet.  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

XI.

Regum ut landator fiam, vitiisque  
minister,  
Ingenium nolim prostituissè meum;  
Nec, canis ut caudam submittam et  
blandiar instar,  
Perbreve, quod morti subtraho,  
tempus agam.  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

XII.

Ad tantas nec surgat opes, quem di-  
ligo, quisquam,  
Nesciat ut notos, prætereatque  
videns;  
Tam supra sit nemo situs, tam nemo  
sit infra,  
Ut mihi vel livor, vil siet inde  
dolor.  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

XIII.

Detur et oh! (si posco quod æquum  
est poscere) fidæ,  
Nec tamen ingentis, cultus ami-  
citæ;  
Cultus amicitæ, quam tempora nulla  
valebunt,  
Quam nullæ rerum dissolvissè  
vices.  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

XIV.

Sin comites infidi, et sit Fortuna pro-  
terva,  
Salva mihi Virtus esto, licebit inops.  
Tum demum videatur iners et inuti-  
lis ætas,  
Cum mihi nec vinum, nec sapit  
ingenium.  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

For why should I let a seditious  
word fall,  
Since my lands in Utopia pay no-  
thing at all?  
May I govern, &c.

X.

Though I care not for riches, may I  
not be so poor  
That the rich without shame cannot  
enter my door;  
May they court my converse, may  
they take much delight  
My old stories to hear in a winter's  
long night.  
May I govern, &c.

XI.

My small stock of wit may I not  
misapply,  
To flatter ill men, be they never so  
high,  
Nor mispend the few moments I steal  
from the grave  
In fawning on wealth like a dog or  
a slave.  
May I govern, &c.

XII.

May none whom I love to so great  
riches rise,  
As to slight their acquaintance and  
old friends despise;  
So low or so high may none of them  
be,  
As to move either pity or envy in  
me.  
May I govern, &c.

XIII.

A friendship I wish for, but, ah! 'tis  
in vain,  
Jove's storehouse is empty, and  
can't it supply  
So firm that no change of times,  
envy or gain,  
Or woman or gain shall have power  
to untie.  
May I govern, &c.

XIV.

But if friends prove unfaithful and  
Fortune a whore,  
Still may I be virtuous though I am  
poor;  
My life then as useless may I freely  
resign,  
When no longer I relish true wit  
and good wine.  
May I govern, &c.

XV.

Nec miserè morbosum adèd delira  
senectus  
Conterat, ut faciat me superesse  
mihi;  
Morte minùs serà potiùs mea concidat  
arbor,  
Dum ramis aliquis succus et humor  
inest.  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

XVI.

Nec priùs accersam medicum nec  
pharmacopolam,  
Quàm propè jam summum clau-  
serit hora diem,  
Totum ubi desumpsi panem, cyathum-  
que supremum,  
Tum mihi subsignent, ilicet, ire  
licet.  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

XVII.

Forti atque impavido suprema ubi  
venerit hora,  
Hoc mihi qui dicat, sit, repetatque  
Vale;  
Mortuus es, cui nullum aut mane aut  
vespere, nullum  
Aut siccum aut madidum, PROUTE,  
videbo parem.  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

XVIII.

Quam Fortuna dedit, Fabellâ ubi  
ritè peractâ,  
Exierim scenâ clam, strepituque  
procul,  
Et placidam exuerim, carnis cum  
veste senectam,  
Pulvere me comitum condât amica  
manus.  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

XIX.

Me nil sollicitat, saxone an cespite  
signer,  
Nominet an tumulus me, sileatne,  
meus,  
Mille ubi transierint anni, quæ tanta  
sequetur  
Gloria, si forsan litera bina legar?  
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

XX.

Si tamen hos versus, si quem legisse  
juvabit,  
Hoc addo optatis et superaddo  
nihîl,

XV.

To outlive my senses may it be in  
my fate,  
To be blind, to be deaf, to know  
nothing at all;  
But rather let death come before 'tis  
so late,  
And while there's some sap in it  
may my tree fall.  
May I govern, &c.

XVI.

I hope I shall have no occasion to  
send  
For priest or physician till so near  
my end,  
That I've ate all my bread, and  
drank out my last glass;  
Let them come then, and set their  
black seals to my pass.  
May I govern, &c.

XVII.

With a courage undaunted may I  
face my last day,  
And when I am dead may the better  
sort say,  
In the morning when sober, in the  
evening when mellow,  
He's departed, and not left behind  
him his fellow.  
May I govern, &c.

XVIII.

Without any noise, when I've pass'd  
from the stage,  
And decently acted what part For-  
tune gave,  
And put off my vest in a cheerful  
old age,  
May a few honest lads see me laid in  
my grave.  
May I govern, &c.

XIX.

I care not if plac'd under green turf  
or stone,  
With any inscription cut on it or  
none,  
If a thousand years hence, "Here  
lies W. P."  
Shall be read on my tomb, pray what  
is it to me?  
May I govern, &c.

XX.

Yet one wish I add, for the sake of  
those few,  
Who in reading these lines any  
pleasure shall take,—

Dulcis honor Virtutum, et odore  
gratia Famæ,  
Votique et vitæ terminus esto  
meæ.

May I leave a good fame and a sweet-  
smelling name.  
AMEN. Here an end of my WISHES  
I make.

*Chorus.**Chorus.*

Æquo animum imperio subigam, pruden-  
tior usu,  
Ut carptim attenuor, rex domi-  
nusque mei,  
Nec podagræ nec lithiasis cruciati-  
bus urar,  
Sed sensim extinctus devehar ad  
tumulum.

May I govern my passion with abso-  
lute sway,  
And grow wiser and better as  
strength wears away,  
Without gout or stone, by a gentle  
decay.

No bad production. Print it in your forthcoming number. Your Irish subscribers, particularly those who purchase the *Magazine in Kerry*, are very partial to songs of this kind. You don't give us enough in that style, Yorke. Bear in mind what *Blackwood* used to do some years ago, and be warned.

YORKE.

There you are wrong, my good friend. Ours is *par excellence*, THE classical magazine. Point out any periodical of the day (except, perhaps, the *Quarterly*, which, I may remark, is nearly as good as *Fraser*;) more distinguished;—more did I say! nay, *so* distinguished for elegant classical literature as REGINA? Turn over our past volumes, and in each you will find specimens of this rare excellence—such specimens as would make the fortune of any other journal. It would be invidious to name some of our doings in that line, and it would be impossible to enumerate them all. What do you think of this? It is short, and crisp and by an old hand:—

*A Love Song for the New Year.*

Divina es mea per Jovem Cytheri  
A Deis genita, a Deisque missa,  
Nos ut ætheriis bonis beares.  
Nam rides quoties nitenti ocello  
Tu sydus Veneris Jovisque rides.  
Si quid tu loqueris, deûmque nectar  
Et cœli loqueris beatitatem.  
Pulchra es, quæ superes nitore Phœ-  
bum,  
Et candore nitentis ora Phœbes.  
Quæ genis violæ rosæque vernant.  
Quo grato cilium nigrore fulget.  
Colla per nivea fluunt capilli,  
Halant ambrosiam aurei capilli.  
Ostro labra ardent corallina et quæ  
Exugant animam intimâ ex medullâ.  
Quæ sedent geminæ papillæ in illo,  
Illo pectore, poma, lilieta.  
Sic inter hilarent cor atque ocellos  
Ludunt hic Charites, Jocusque,  
Amorque,  
Sed o quæ redolet sinus beatus,

KITTY, KITTY, you're a goddess,  
Sprung from bright OLYMPIAN  
stock:  
Beautiful you're in your boddice,  
Sparkling like a flask of hock.  
From those distant starry stations  
You have come to gild our sphere;  
Gods! your eyes are constellations!  
Every glance as diamond clear.  
Sweeter are your words than honey;  
Heaven seems round me while you  
speak:  
People call APOLLO "sunny,"  
But he ne'er shone like your cheek.  
On your lips bud million roses—  
Soft and dark your eyebrows grow:  
On your snow-white neck reposes  
Hair in hyacinthine flow.  
On your mouth, like coral blushing,  
I my soul could breathe away:  
See!—your breast and cheeks are  
flushing  
Like rose-trees in early MAY.  
Round about you skip the GRACES,  
LOVE and LAUGHTER, all the day;  
How I envy their embraces!  
How I wish that I were they!

|                                         |                                                                  |
|-----------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Unguenta Assyriae, Arabumque<br>messes. | Not ARABIA breathes more sweetly,<br>EDEN is less fair to view ; |
| Tota es deliciae atque tota lux         | You have charm'd my heart com-<br>pletely —                      |
| Jurarim Venerem esse te Cytheri.        | KATE or VENUS ?—which are you!                                   |

**SABERTASH.**

Think of it, d'ye say?—I think it splendid. Have you any more in that line, Noll? Don't let that contributor go, I tell you: keep him fast.

**YORKE.**

That I will. But they are plenty as blackberries. Here is another:—

### Another Love Song for the New Year.

Ne me, ne, Violanthe, sic adure  
Istis igniculis tuis ocellis.  
Parce, parce ferire tot sagittis  
Quas crebro facis igneis ocellis.  
Vel si virgineus timor pudorque  
Vel si fecerit ira pulchriores.  
Quod si in ore aderit beatus ille  
Subrisus, mare temperat qui et auras  
Pro suprema Venus, feruntur illæ  
In præcordia sauciantque pectus.  
Sed o quid fatuus precorque et opto?  
Quin cæcus fieri ipse si potis sim  
Rebus in reliquis velim libenter  
Unam te aspiciam modo, es Diana,  
Es sol, es reliqua astra tu mihi una  
Ure me, Violanthe, torre et ure.

Nay, sweetest, shoot not at me so,  
The starry arrows of those eyes;  
A glance like thine than lance or  
bow  
More quickly wounds, more fleetly  
flies.  
Whether with virgin light they beam,  
Or anger sparkles in their rays.  
'Tis all the same—their ev'ry gleam  
Your love for me, sweet girl, be-  
trays.  
Thy smiles are like the golden dawn  
When moving o'er the rosy sea;  
Or else some bright IDALIAN lawn  
Beprankt with flowers curiously.  
Let me the wish at once recall  
I dared to urge; and let thy looks  
Warming and bright around me fall,  
Like sunshire on sweet summer  
brooks.  
To all the world beside I'm blind,  
Thou only art my guiding light:  
Though dark my *days*, 'tis bliss to  
find  
Thee—thee the DIAN of my *night*.

*Enter MR. NICKISSON, with a bundle of papers.*

Well done, my lads! I am glad to see you enjoying yourselves. Captain Sabertash, how are you? You have not sent us a paper this good while! I paid a draft into the London and Westminster Bank a few days since to your account.

**SABERTASH.**

You did right. Continue that fun, old boy, and you may command me to your dying day. You ask me why I have not sent you a paper? How the deuce could I?—I have been raking away in Ireland. I left Cork only a week ago. Bless my soul! you are getting quite fat and good-looking!—Fine times these for publishers, I opine.

**YORKE.**

Pray be seated, Nickisson. I can only offer you champagne and claret; the Burgundy is out; but the Lafitte is right good:—

**Tam liquidum tam dulce sapit ut non ego malim  
Quod Peligna legunt exanima, lambere nectar.**

So softly this claret glides over the palate,  
 So sweetly it tastes, and so rosy its hue,  
 That the head of that numskull deserves a stout mallet,  
 Who 'd dare for ambrosia this drink to eschew.

What news? Any comedy going on in the bookselling trade?

MR. NICKISSON.

None that I bother myself about. All I care for is REGINA. Here, I have brought you a bundle of manuscripts. You must look over them, and give me your opinion soon, for I want a crack paper for the new year. This is very fine wine. [Singing without.]

"Oh! we won't go home till morning,  
 We won't go home till morning,  
 We won't go home till morning,  
 And daylight does appear!"

*Enter* FATHER PROUT, THE TEMPLAR, FITZ-BOODLE, and THE APPRENTICE OF THE LAW.

YORKE.

Here they are! I knew we should have them. O'Callaghan!—O'Callaghan, I say!

*Enter* O'CALLAGHAN.

Order in a gallon of brandy, a dozen of port, a dozen of champagne, ditto claret, ditto sherry, ditto madeira, half-a-gallon of gin, and a three-gallon jar of whisky. [Exit O'CALLAGHAN.]

THE APPRENTICE OF THE LAW.

'Pon my honour, Yorke, you have acted like a decent fellow. Is it in honour of us you have done all this?

THE TEMPLAR.

To be sure!—reach me that cigar-box. Now for a song. Come, Nickisson, we want a stave from you.

MR. NICKISSON (*very seriously*).

Not just now. We were talking on business. Here is a letter, Mr. Yorke, from Barry Cornwall, who requests—

THE APPRENTICE OF THE LAW.

Oh! deuce take business and Barry Cornwall together! We have had enough of that rubbish. Roll over that claret jug.

THE TEMPLAR.

What says Aristophanes in the *Frogs*?

Ιαχ', ὦ Ιαχ',  
 Ελθ' σὺν δ' ἀνα λιμῶνα χορεύουσιν  
 ὁσίους ἰς θιασῶτας  
 πολύκαρποι μὲν σινάσσων  
 ἀμφὶ κρατὶ σὺ βρύοντα  
 στιφανοὶ μέγαν.

Come dance o'er the meadows, my jolly fine BACCHUS,  
 To the *sanctum sanctorum* of OLIVER YORKE;  
 Och! *he* is the fellow that's sure to attack us  
 With whisky the finest that ever left CORK.  
 Bind over your forehead a garland of myrtles,  
 To make us remember that LOVE should unite  
 With BACCHUS;—and bring us fair nymphs with loose kirtles,  
 For, blow me, if we shan't be merry to-night.

MR. NICKISSON, *to* YORKE.

With respect to that political article which Croker offered us, I think we shall accept it; and I will write to him to-morrow. The accounts of the Magazine stand thus at present. To Croly we owe, say —; to Jeffery about —; to Mrs. Gore—

## FITZ-BOODLE.

Does any gentleman feel inclined for a rubber of whist? I vote that business this night is a bore. Come, Yorke, your health.

YORKE, *aside to MR. NICKISSON.*

The fact is, my dear fellow, since these roysterers have come in, we can do no business, and we may as well humour them. Let us make a night of it, and when they have tumbled under the table, you and I'll soberly proceed to business.

THE APPRENTICE OF THE LAW (*overhearing*).

A good motion that. I second it. So order in the boiled water. I protest I am quite melancholy.

THE TEMPLAR.

Drink, then, my hearty. Don't you know what Xenophon says?—*Τῷ γὰρ ὅντι οἶνος ἀρδύνει τὰς ψυχὰς τὰς μὴ λυπὰς ὥσπερ ὁ μανδραγόρας τοὺς ἀνθρώπους κοιμίζει, τὰς δὲ φιλοφροσύνας ὥσπερ ὁ λαλὼν φλοῖον ἰγυρεῖ*: "Wine, when it hath filled the soul, charms melancholy (as a mandrake the eater) asleep; and awakens mirth as oil the flame." Success to *Fraser's Magazine*!

THE APPRENTICE OF THE LAW.

Amen. Ah! *that* is the magazine—the magician of magazines.

Rosa, myrtus et Dione  
Joci, Cupido, Lusus, ♀  
Saltatio, Susurri,  
Suaviationes,  
Fœcunditate mirâ  
Paginâ in Fraséri  
Nascuntur atque crescunt.

To my death-bed I'll praise, sir, the pages of Fraser,  
Och! they sparkle over with frolic and joke;  
With Venus and flowers, and music and bowers,  
And hate of the Pope and the Popery yoke.

THE TEMPLAR.

I bar that. That allusion isn't fair. Be easy, Morgan, I say. I won't listen to the old Church being run down in that off-hand way. I thought you were half a Puseyite, and be hanged to you!

THE APPRENTICE OF THE LAW.

So I am, old fellow; but I have a hearty hatred, too, for Pope and Popery,—brass money and wooden shoes. And so has Fitz-Boodle there.

FITZ-BOODLE.

Really I never meddle in the matter. But if I were an Irish Papist, I would care little for Capillari or Gregory XVI., or whatever be the chap's title; for after all his bulls, and briefs, and blessings on the Irish people for their fidelity to his Italian Holiness, he never yet made one of them a cardinal; though I'll be bound to say John Machale is as holy a man as Cardinal Lambruschini, and Tom Maguire a far decenter parish priest than his eminence the Cardinal Prince Sparablini, or the *illustrissimo* Joachim Ragamuffini, the Grand Prefect of the Vatican. That's my view of the matter.

MR. NICKISSON.

And a very sensible view it is. I'd like to see one of those foreign cardinals who'd compare himself to the late Bishop Doyle. But why don't the Irish take it up? They contribute more to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith than any Catholic country in the world, and yet they are the only people of any importance who have never sent a representative to the Holy College. Even the paltry little pauper states of Germany have had cardinals; while the 8,000,000 of the Emerald Isle have been treated like dogs.

SABRENTASH.

You are more Irish than all the Irish magazines, reviews, periodicals, and journals, taken together; and if the Paddies had any spirit, they'd have your Magazine in preference to any in their own country. We'll see what they'll do next year.

## THE TEMPLAR.

I don't see the use of all this humbug about the Catholics; and it would have been better taste in you, Morgan, to have said nothing about them. However, there's no help for spilt milk; and, to put the company into good humour, I'll sing them a French stave,—a right good drinking melody:—

## Chanson à Boire.

## A Drinking Song.

## I.

Je cherche en vin la vérité,  
Si le vin n'aide à ma foiblesse,  
Toute la docte antiquité  
Dans le vin puise la sagesse.  
Oui c'est par le bon vin que le bon  
sens éclate,  
J'en atteste Hypocrate,  
Qui dit qu'il fait à chaque mois  
Du moins s'enivrer une fois.

In the depths of the wine-cup we're told  
That Truth, the divinity, lies;  
'Twas thus that the sages of old  
By draining their goblets grew wise.  
I swear by the gods there is wisdom  
in wine,  
If you doubt me—then hark to the  
doctor divine,  
Whether usurer or monk,  
Poor, or rolling in wealth;  
Once a fortnight get drunk,  
If you wish for good health.

## II.

Socrate cet homme discret  
Que toute la terre révère,  
Alloit manger au cabaret  
Quand sa femme étoit en colère.  
Pouvions-nous mieux faire que d'imiter  
Socrate  
Et de suivre Hypocrate?  
Qui dit, &c.

The man to whose wisdom we bow,  
Old Socrates, thought it no sin,  
When his Xantippe kicked up a row,  
To fly to the arms of an inn.  
And shall we not, like Socrates, revel  
in wine?  
Ay, my lads, and remember the pre-  
cept divine,  
Whether, &c.

## III.

Platon est nommé le divin,  
Parce qu'il étoit magnifique,  
Et qu'il régala de son vin  
La cabale philosophique.  
Sa table fût toujours splendide et  
délicate:  
Il suivit Hypocrate,  
Qui dit, &c.

Old Plato—you've all heard his  
name,  
Like the star of the morn was his  
soul;  
What gave him his garland of fame  
But his love of the high-brimming  
bowl?  
On his board stood a circle of blush-  
red wine,  
Like an Iris;—so sing me the verse  
divine,  
Whether, &c.

## IV.

Aristotle buvoit autant,  
Et nous avons lieu de le croire  
De ce qu'Alexandre le Grand,  
Son disciple, aimoit tant à boire.  
Qu'il dejala cent bois sur les bords  
de l'Euphrate  
En suivant Hypocrate,  
Qui dit, &c.

Aristotle, we know, tipped well,  
And his pupil, the victor of earth,  
In his drinking feats bore off the bell,  
And was truly the monarch of  
mirth.  
On the banks of Euphrates he re-  
vell'd in wine,  
Hip, hurrah!—and remember'd the  
precept divine,  
Whether, &c.

## V.

L'en veut que Diogène aimoit l'eau,  
Mais il n'eut point cette folie;  
Il se logea dans un tonneau  
Pour sentir le goût de la lie.

It was said by some learned poltroon  
That Diogenes ne'er drain'd a flask;  
Pooh!—the cynic was not such a spoon,  
Don't we know that he liv'd in a  
cask?



thing. *Siccus, sobrius*,—"sick and sober," as Martial says. He has purchased a brass medal, and is getting devout. I am sorry to say his mane is grown of late rather Sternhold and Hopkinsish, as you may very soon perceive from the following "Farewell to Drinking," with which I have been favoured. When a man writes verses of this kind, and thinks them well being paid for, what will he not do?

FITZ-BOODLE.

Read it by all means. It is melancholy to see Barry becoming a fool in his elderly days. He has written some very noble songs, only he never could find a rhyme to Apollo, which he always called Apollor. Hand it here. I'll read it for you while you drink.

### Barry Cornwall's New Faugimiod Mar a Ta Se.

Stop raking and rollicking, faith, I'll gibe o'er,  
In future I'll mend, and flourish once more,  
Good morals I'll practise, and the whisky disown.  
Agus faugimiod suid mar a ta se.

I was fond of gay lasses, the glasses, and sport,  
The fairs and the markets, I did often resort,  
I was fond of good music, of humours, and jokes.  
Agus, &c.

It's the porter and whisky, that makes me condole,  
Lamenting my folly in sorrow and woe,  
And as long as I live, I'll not drink any more.  
Agus, &c.

The tippling of whisky, and drinking strong ale,  
Each brings a disgrace upon some nymphs and swains,  
No wonder, they forfeit their life for the same.  
Agus, &c.

It's now I'm determined, and settled in mind,  
To live in contentment, and exempt from all strife,  
By detesting of whisky, and to mend my life.  
Agus, &c.

The Lord above knows that my clothes are thread-bare,  
It's the porter and whisky, indeed, I do blame,  
Indeed, faith, I have not a rasper to spare.  
Agus, &c.

If you were possessed of a great store of coin,  
On drinking that treasure, I tell you no lie,  
The landlady, faith, would not gibe you one pint.  
Agus, &c.

If you were to sit down by their fireside,  
And ask them on credit for two or three pints,  
They'd call you a drunkard, and schemer likewise.  
Agus, &c.

The less that we drink of their porter and gin,  
Our mind it is better, and sounder I think,  
Believe what I say, Bryan Procter's my name.  
Agus, &c.

Now to conclude and to finish my theme,  
That the D—I may banish and annihilate  
All the bad landladies without delay.

Agus, &c.

YORKE.

Bad as that it has many of Cornwall's own touches, which, indeed, cannot be mis- by any one who has ever read his Dramatic Scenes and his Sicilian story. Thus the line—

"I was fond of good music, of humours, and jokes,"

is Barry Cornwall all over, and could be written by no other hand; for the attachment of our Gray's Inn friend to good music, humours, and jokes, has become almost proverbial since Rogers wrote these lines on him:—

O gentle Barry Cornwall,  
Your jests will surely split my gall,  
Like leaves that do in autumn fall,  
You shed your jokes, my Cornwall;  
And like those leaves, dear Cornwall,  
They've neither pith nor worth at all.  
I think you'll ne'er with Momus brawl  
For the crown of wit, my Cornwall.

Again, there is that beautiful line:—

"As long as I live, I'll not drink any more."

Who but Barry could have hit on the bright notion of a man being able to drink when he was dead? To be sure Anacreon has something like it when he says that, before he goes to the infernal regions, he must rake like a true son of Hellas:

Πην, Ερως, και μ' απιθεις  
Τω νεκρω χορευας  
Εκιδασαι θιλω μερμερος.—Od. IV.

But there is far more originality in the idea of Cornwall. Thirdly, see how admirably the lawyer breaks out in that pathetic exclamation:—

"No wonder they forfeit their life for the same."

Who can read this without beholding in his mind's eye the Old Bailey of a December's morning at eight o'clock, with the gloomy paraphernalia of the gallows, the ordinary, and the hangman; and how well adapted is it to strike terror into the hearts of all who are whisky inclined? The concluding anathema, too, is brilliant:—

"That the U—I may banish and annihilate  
All the bad landladies without delay;"

and reminds us of the withering malediction which Timon hurls at Athens and its people:—

"Son of sixteen,  
Pluck the limed crutch from thy old limping sire,  
And beat his brains out,"

except that the prayer for annihilation is more harrowingly terrific. On the whole, it is a good poem; but I do not think it's worth the sum he asks. We have received a far better one from an anonymous correspondent, and the theme, likewise, is more agreeable, because it is in praise of wine. If you have no objection, gentlemen, let us blend pleasure and business together, and decide on these manuscripts which our friend Nickisson has laid on the table. I promise you some amusement in getting through them, and you shall have wine and whisky enough. Is it a bargain? Your silence gives assent. Let us, therefore, open this aforesaid ballad, which is, I see, to the air of "Auld Lang Syne."

## Bring forth the Bowl.

## I.

Bring forth the bowl, the sculptur'd bowl,  
And round it roses twine;  
And pour the juice that Bacchus loves,  
The bright-ey'd wine.

*Chorus.*

The bright-ey'd wine, my girl,  
The bright-ey'd wine;  
We'll light our souls from beaming bowls  
Of bright-ey'd wine.

## II.

Away, away to yonder bower  
Of gaily-mantling vine;  
We'll pass the day with dance and song,  
And bright-ey'd wine.  
And bright-ey'd wine, &c.

## III.

When Pain and Grief frown down on us,  
And manliest hearts repine,  
The breast of woe still pleasure finds  
In bright-ey'd wine.  
In bright-ey'd wine, &c.

## IV.

And thou shalt press the crystal cup  
With those dear lips of thine;  
Thy kisses sweet make sweeter still  
The bright-ey'd wine.  
The bright-ey'd wine, &c.

## V.

Bid care begone,—we know him not;  
Fond hearts like thine and mine  
Were form'd alone for smiles and bliss  
And bright-ey'd wine.  
And bright-ey'd wine, &c.

## VI.

Thus while we live our hours with love  
And rapture pure shall shine,  
Our songs shall be of joy and thee,  
And bright-ey'd wine.

*Chorus.*

And bright-ey'd wine, my girl,  
And bright-ey'd wine;  
We'll light our souls from beaming bowls  
Of bright-ey'd wine.

## THE APPRENTICE OF THE LAW.

It is a fair average song enough. Turn to the next:—

## A Cradle-Song for a Lady's Album.

## I.

Lady, believe me,  
When I vow that thou'rt dearer to me than the sun to my eyes;  
For thy charm'd looks inweave me,  
And more fondly for thee pants my soul than for aught in the skies.

## II.

Thou hast sworn to adore me  
 More dearly—oh! yes, more dearly than life or light;  
 And thy presence comes o'er me  
 Like the visits of angels to hermits in ecstasy bright.

## III.

Had the wide world one treasure  
 From which than from life or the sun 'twould be harder to part;  
 I would yield it with pleasure  
 To be—oh! to be as I'm now—the one star of thy heart.

## IV.

Is there aught that could win thee  
 The love which thou bearest to me from him to resign?  
 While life is within thee  
 Thou'lt be mine, my own dearest and best, thou wilt only be mine.

FITZ-BOODLE.

I have an utter contempt for all love songs. Pass to something else.

YORKE.

Here, gentlemen, is a melancholy paper, "A Fragment on Maginn."  
 All of you knew him. You knew what he was. It will be some time before  
 such a man lives among us again.

THE TEMPLAR.

Read that by all means, and print it too.

SABERTASH.

Maginn was a friend of mine—a nobler fellow never lived. I often think  
 what a mess he would have made of any of the literary lions of the day  
 if they fell in with him.

FATHER PROUT.

Was any man among you present at Maginn's funeral?

MR. NICKISSON.

I was—and a more sublime sight I never saw. The sky was all over  
 radiant with sunlight, the day perfectly serene, every tree reposing in the  
 warm summer air. The little churchyard of Walton presented a perfect  
 image of rustic beauty. The coffin was laid in the aisle of the church;  
 when suddenly the whole heaven became one amphitheatre of thunder, the  
 old cloisters re-echoed with mighty peal on peal, while the sky remained  
 still beautiful, brilliant, and cloudless as ever. As the coffin was removed,  
 thunder again followed; and as it was lowered into the vault, it was accom-  
 panied by blasts of thunder, accompanied with flashes of lightning that were  
 absolutely appalling. I was never so awe-stricken in my life. Had the  
 day been bad or stormy, I should not have minded it much; but thunder  
 and lightning on such a day of beauty as that, I never saw.

YORKE.

The lines on the subject are as wild and eccentric as the scene itself. Yet  
 there is something in them that I like.

*Fragment.*

## I.

The dead bells were tolling,  
 The thunders were rolling;  
 The big clouds were clashing,  
 The fierce lightning flashing  
 In mirth.

But yet from the heaven  
 The sun was not driven,  
 Its beams glitter'd o'er him,  
 As silent we bore him

To earth.

II.

The sunlight so splendid,  
With thunder thus blended,  
The red eyes of lightning  
The atmosphere bright'ning,  
Who wept there and trembled,  
But think it resembled  
The giant-mind broken,  
By sorrows unspoken

Made the

And woes.

III.

For strong as the thunder,  
That rends rocks in sunder,  
Was he, when God-gifted,  
His bright mind uplifted  
And gentle and beaming,  
Like sunshine in seeming,  
His spirit was moulded,  
And fondness enfolded

Her crest.

His breast.

IV.

The prayers have been mutter'd,  
The answers half stutter'd,  
The parson has started,  
The clerk has departed

To bed.

But the Spirit of Thunder  
Stands there in his wonder,  
With Lightning his Brother,  
To guard one and t'other

The dead.

Peace to the manes of Sir Morgan! When his life is written  
works are collected, they will be, indeed, a splendid florilegium  
comes next?

MR. NICKISSON.

A Latin version of the Welshman's Shibboleth, "Of noble  
Shenkin." It might have been written by the Doctor himself.

YORKE (*reading*).

Of noble Race was Shenkin.

Illustris stirpe Shenkin,  
Ex genere Tudoris;  
Sed cessit a me  
Splendor famæ  
Vulnere Amoris.

Of noble race was Shenkin,  
Of the race of Owen Tudor,  
But hur renown  
Is fled and gone,  
Since cruel Love pursued hur.

Ocellis Winifridæ  
Bellæ cor est trajectory,  
Nec medicina  
Neque vina  
Amantis curant pectus.

Sweet Winny's cheeks bright shining  
And snowy breast alluring,  
Poor Shenkin's heart,  
With fatal dart,  
Have wounded past all curing.

Præclarus ille fuit  
Certamine bacilli,  
Ursu equestri  
Vel pedestri  
Haud ullus compar illi.

Hur was the prettiest fellow  
At football or at cricket,  
At hunting chase,  
Or nimble race,  
Ye gods, how hur could prick it!

|                                   |                                        |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| <del>Ec</del> gaudia fugerunt,    | But now all joys are flying,           |
| <del>Mac</del> iantur genæ :      | All pale and wan hur cheeks too :      |
| <del>heu</del> sic dolet,         | Hur heart so aches,                    |
| <del>ut</del> solet,              | Hur quite forsakes                     |
| <del>Am</del> cape olet bene.     | Hur herrings and hur leeks, too.       |
| <del>Ec</del> hydromeli juvat     | No more shall sweet Metheglin          |
| <del>Pot</del> are de Montgomery, | Be drank in good Montgomery,           |
| <del>cessat</del> quies           | And if love sore                       |
| <del>Ius</del> sex dies,          | Lasts six days more,                   |
| <del>Eternum</del> vale flummery! | Farewell cream, cheese, and flummery ! |

This translation was written by an Irishman, who dates his paper from St. Giles's. Morgan, pass round the claret !  
 And now I produce for you one of those deceptions to which editors are often subjected, but by which a man possessing the universal knowledge of OLIVER YORKE can never be taken in. I allude to those rascals who copy out of old books and magazines good songs, and send them to editors as originals, expecting to be paid handsomely for the same. Here is one I have just received. The writer modestly begs me to pay him beforehand.

*The General Lover. By J. Smith, Esq.*

In all Love's dominions I challenge the boy,  
 To shew such a forward frank lover as I :  
 So faithful and true where my promise is past,  
 At the first so sincere, and so warm at the last.  
*Imprimis*, I've sworn true allegiance to Phillis,  
 And the same I have done to divine Amaryllis ;  
 Then to Celia the fair I my heart did resign,  
 Next I laid down the trifle at Iris's shrine,  
 Calista then gently put in for the prize,  
 Nor did the coy Sylvia my off'ring despise.  
 But now you'll inquire, can they all quarter there ?  
 Why, madam, my heart's large enough, never fear.  
     There's room for my Phillis,  
     And soft Aramyllis,  
     And Celia the fair,  
     Who need not despair  
     Of a good lodging there ;  
 With Iris, Calista, and Sylvia beside.  
 Yes, madam, this oft by experience I've tried :  
 So large is the place, and so plenteous my store,  
 I with ease can provide for six mistresses more,—  
 Nay, if you distrust me, e'en send me a score.

THE TEMPLAR.

Why that is one of Tom Brown's melodics, and Tom himself merely stole it from Anacreon, so that I suppose J. Smith, Esq. thought he had a perfect right to rob the robber. Are you often exposed to this sort of thing, Yorke ?

YORKE.

Frequently ; and there is no remedy provided by statute.

THE TEMPLAR.

No ; but an excellent remedy provided by horsewhip ; and I would advise you to exercise it on the first of these villains you catch. Why don't you invite Mr. J. Smith to your house, and beat him within an inch of his life ? I'll do it for you with the greatest pleasure if you wish it.

SABRETTASH.

An admirable suggestion, and I hope Noll will take it. Turn to the next.

## YORKE.

The next parcel contains two songs written on rose-coloured paper, and which appear to be the production of some unfortunate wight, who is in love with a lady named "Nell," as arch and beautiful, we may suppose, as Nell Gwynn.

## To Arch-ey'd Little Nell.

Who cares for APOLLO, or NIGHT, my boys,  
Or the moon which your poets so prize?  
Look, here are *my* fountains of light, my boys,  
NELLY's fond and beautiful eyes.  
The stars, by my troth, may go hang for me,  
NELL's eyes are my starshine, and aye shall be.

When her eyes on my eyes fondly gleam, my boys,  
Though 'tis midnight they seem a sun-ray;  
But whenc'er on some other they beam, my boys,  
I'm in darkness though round me is day.  
The stars, by my troth, may go hang for me,  
NELL's eyes are my starshine, and aye shall be.

## To Bore-like Little Nell.

My darling NELL,  
Whose face is a bower,  
Where a million white-roses  
Bud up ev'ry hour.  
Walk'd forth with a choir  
Of maidens to pull  
A garland of roses  
Most beautiful.

As lilies—as roses  
That fair hands twine,  
Brighter than other buds  
Breathe and shine.  
So look'd my NELL  
In that golden noon:  
They were but stars,  
But she the moon.

CUPID arch  
In that garden lay hid,  
Nestled beneath  
A hyacinth's lid.  
As I gazed in her eyes,  
He shot his shaft,  
It pierced, and the urchin  
Fled off, and laughed.

Since that dear hour,  
Our hearts have grown  
Together, and nought  
But love have known.  
Though the roses she pluck'd,  
Most flowers excel,  
Yet I have a fairer  
Than all—my NELL.

## THE TEMPLAR.

I would give sixpence to know that gentleman's "Nell!" I think it would be the *knell* of his amour and no mistake.

## THE APPRENTICE OF THE LAW.

I too flatter myself I should soon transfer the lady's affections to myself. Heigho! I wish I could skip back thirty years of my life, when I was a College boy, and used to beat Maurice O'Connell every Saturday night. I pass on to the next parcel—and pass the claret also. Melancholy is an enemy to mirth, as that profound writer, Savage Gander, says.

## YORKE.

Gentlemen, the next new year parcel is from an old and favourite correspondent of mine,—one Brallaghan, a piper at the "Paddy's Goose." He sends me a bundle of songs, together with a letter in his own style. Shall I read it for you, lads?

## OMNES.

Read! read! We all like the real Brallaghan.

## YORKE.

The letter is sealed with a large blotch of sealing-wax, on which are impressed the piper's arms, with the motto of the order, "More kials than halfpence."

## Brallaghan's Letter to Yorke.

*Christmas Eve, Paddy's Goose.*

Deer Yorke,—The peaprs wich eye publiht 12 munths ago inn your payriodikhell haz bin the mains not oneli ov graityl ixtendin mee feam and neam, but haz also intherdoosed me 2 the notis ov hiz Roial Hinis Prense Halbert, K.Gee. (night o' the garther, faiz thayll soon maik nites of the slipper and petticoat), bi whom, its needliss 2 add, eye wair resaiwed wid the graitist kondiscinshin and politeniss, an' kummittid 2 the speshal cair of Misthur George Edward Anson, hoo gev me plinty o' grub. His Royill Hiniss was plaizd 2 maik patticklar inkquiries afther yew and yer rate of paymint; and as they sez he's a poet, I woodnt bee much surprisd if hee bekaim 1 ov your konthributors, for whin I towld him of your prensly skail of remunerayshin, he grew quite attintiv and polite, as it wair, noing my inflooins with you, and guessing, maybee, that Ide rekommind his artikls for insershin. I thinx if hee sinds you a peapr you may as well prent it out of frindship to me; but, of course, you must look well at the proofs, for hiz Hineisses spellin is noan of the best, and this is a mattther of some importance.

Ive no greit news 2 sind you. The times is exthraimly dull, and only that Kroughton Krokr, and Father Prout, and Harrison Hainswurth (a daysint fellar is he, and axd me 2 his hous), sumtimes kums down 2 me in the bus or a cabriolay, bejaminny ide dye al2gether. These is the only litherry karakthers I see, but jewring the publickayshun of mi peaprs the Goose waz throngd from the dawnin of the day until the kloasing of the knight, with thousands and thousands of coxkombs and cocknees, awl ankshus 2 git a peep at yer humble sarvint; and eye sowld em mi autograff at the rate of a guinea a letther. The chaps paid it willingly, so that I fingered about a hundred pownd bi this mains. Sense then I've ben piperin away, and dinin occasionally with the Prens and the Dook of Sussex, but this grait kumpany I finds dull enuff. Jewdy and I hoaps 2 remoov 2 Russil Squair fur the saysin, from which Ile sind ye a peapr if I kan spair time from professhinal bissess. Pray prent the enkloasd and send me an ordher on yer banker. Yers,

B. BRALLAGHAN.

P.S. Bewair of countherfits. I'me the rail B.B.

## Five Songs by Brallaghan.

## ΜΟΥΣΙΚΟΙ ΕΡΩΣ ΔΡΑΠΕΤΗΣ.

'Α Κύρις τὸν Ἔρωτα τὸν νύκτα, μακρὸν ἰκώσκει,  
 Εἴς τις ἐν τριῶσι πλανώμενον ἰδὼν Ἔρωτα,  
 Δραπιδάς ἑμὸς ἵστιν· ὁ μαυρὸς γίρας ἔξυ.  
 Μισθὸς τῷ τὸ φίλαμα τὸ Κύριδος· ἦν δ' ἀγάγῃς νιν,  
 Οὐ γυνὴν τὸ φίλαμα, τὸ δ' ὃ ξύει καὶ σλὴν ἔξυς.  
 Ἔστι δ' ὁ παῖς πειρίσματος· ἐν ἱπποσὶ πᾶσι μάλα νῦν  
 Χρῶσται μὲν οὐ λιυρὸς, περὶ δ' ἱπποῖς ὄμματα δ' αὐτῷ  
 Δεινύλα καὶ φλογίντα· κακὰ φρίκει, ἀδὸν λάλαμα.  
 Οὐ γὰρ ἴσον νόμι καὶ φθίγγεται ὡς μίλι φωνά.  
 Ἦν δὲ χολῆ, νόος ἱστὶν ἀνάμνος, ἠσπερσιπτάς,  
 Οὐδὲν ἀλαδύον, δόλιον βερίφος, ἄγρια παῖσδι.  
 Εὐσλόκαμοι τὸ πάραυτον, ἔχου δ' ἱταμόν τὸ πρόσωπον.  
 Μικκύλα μὲν σῆναι τὰ χερύδρια, μακρὰ δὲ βάλλει,  
 Βάλλει κίς Ἀχίρῳτα, καὶ εἰς αἶθρα βασιλῆα.  
 Γυμνὸς μὲν τόγῃ σῶμα, νόος δὲ οἱ ἱμπερύκασται.  
 Καὶ πτερούς, ὡς ὄνεις, ἰφίσταται ἄλλος ἰπ' ἄλλου.  
 Ἀνέρας ἥδ' ὑπαίτας, ἰπὶ σπλάγγχοις δὲ κἀθεται.  
 Τίξον ἔχου μάλα βαυδὶ, ὅτε τόξῳ δὲ βέλεμον·  
 Τυτθὸν ἰπὶ τὸ βέλεμον, ἰς αἶθρα δ' ἔχει φορέται.  
 Καὶ χερύσιον περὶ νῶτα φασίγειον, ἰδὼς δ' ἱστὶ  
 Τοὶ πικρὸν κλάμα, τοῖς πολλὰς κἀμὲ τιτρώσκου.  
 Πάντα μὲν ἔγχεα, πάντα· καλὸν σπλάγχι δὲ οἱ αὐτῷ  
 Βαυδὲ λαμπρὰς ἰοῖται, τὸν ἄλλοι αὐτὸν ἀντίβου.



"Ὡς τὸ γ' ἔλπε τῆσι, δάσας ἄγχι, μεθ' ἰλιόσσης.  
 Κῆρ ποτ' ἴδης κλαίοντα, φυλάσσει μὴ σι πλανήσῃ.  
 Κῆρ γιγλή, τὸ νῦν ἔλπει· καὶ, ὅν' ἰδέσθαι σε φιλέωμαι,  
 τῶν γ' ἀπὸ τοῦ φίλαμα, τὰ χεῖλια φέρμαζόν' ἵσται·  
 "Ὡς δὲ λίγῃ, λάβει ταῦτα, χαρίζομαι ὅσα μοι ὄπλ' αἶ,  
 Μᾶτι βίῃ, πλάνα δῶρα· τὰ γὰρ σὺν ταῖς βίβασται.

*Kunabaw Cupid. from Menochus.*

The madcap, Dan Cupid, from Venus one day  
 With a pretty young nymph of her train ran away,  
 And flew down to the earth with the girl in his arms;  
 Then Venus rose up, and th' elopement proclaimed,  
 And a gift for the finder of Cupid she named;  
 "Who shews me the boy I'll reward with a kiss,  
 Who brings him shall claim a more exquisite bliss,  
 Shall be pressed to my heart and still all my alarms.

You may know the wild truant by tokens and signs,  
 Like the sun in his glory he sparkles and shines,  
 And his eyes win all hearts by their exquisite grace;  
 His looks are serene, but within is deceit,  
 And his language, like music, is winning and sweet;  
 Though he smiles like a spirit of goodness and joy,  
 Yet falsehood and passion are found in the boy,  
 And serpents lurk under the flowers in his face.

His body is naked, but veiled is his mind,  
 His hands are but little, yet, when he's inclined,  
 He can hurl with force and effect a love-dart;  
 He's inconstant, and fickle, and false as the hours,  
 He rifles young breasts as the bee rifles flowers;  
 As the insect from rose-bud to rose-bud doth range,  
 So Cupid delighteth to ramble and range,  
 And he visits, but seldom sojourns in a heart.

A smart little bow on his white arm is slung,  
 A quiver of gold on his shoulder is hung,  
 And thus armed he goes forth to pierce hearts on his way;  
 His arrows, though tiny, have mounted the skies,  
 And whenever he shoots them from blue or black eyes,  
 So sudden his aim is—so dextrous his skill,  
 That I never have heard of his failing to kill  
 The game that he sought to bring down as his prey.

Such—such is young Cupid, and oh! if you find  
 The wanderer, seize him, and fearlessly bind  
 His pinions and hands, and regard not his tears;  
 For Love never weeps but he means to deceive;  
 If he smiles, or a kiss should he offer to give,  
 Or present you his weapons, take warning and fly  
 Such presents from him, or, believe me, you die,  
 Since to Love's every gift something pois'nous adheres."

ΒΙΩΝΟΣ ΕΙΔΥΛΛΙΟΝ.

"Ἰξυτὰς ἴσι κῶρος, ἐν ἄλσι διδραμέναι  
 "Ὅρμα θερίων, τὸν ἀπὸ τῶν ἰδὲν ἔρωτα  
 "Εὐδόμενοι πύργοι ποτὶ κλάδον· ὡς δ' ἰσάσαι,  
 Χαίρων δυνάμει μίγα φαίνετο ὄνιον αὐτῶν,  
 Τῶς καλῶν αἶμα πάντας ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι συνέπτων,  
 Τῇ καὶ τῇ τὸν ἔρωτα μιστάλμιν ἀμφιδόκουν.  
 Χῶ αἰς, ἀσχαλῶν ἵνυχ' οἱ τίλος οὐδὲν ἀπάντη,  
 Τῶς καλῶν μίγας ποτ' ἀρετρία πρίσθον ἵκανον,

Ὅς νῦν τάνδ' εἴχ' ἰδὼν ἰδὼν καὶ λίγιν αὐτῷ,  
 Καὶ οἱ διῆν' ἔρωτα καθήμενον· αὐτὰρ ὁ πρὶς αὐτῷ  
 Μυθίσαν κίππει πάρος, καὶ ἀμύβειτο παῖδα,  
 εἰδὼς τῷς θέας, μὴδ' ἐς τῶν τῶν ἰσχυρῶν.  
 Φύγι μακρὰν· κακὸν ἔστι τὸ θεῖον· ὁλοῖς ἴσῳ  
 Εἰδὼς μὴ μιν ἴλῃς· ἦν δ' ἀνὴρ ἐς μίσρον ἴλῃς,  
 Οὗτος ὁ νῦν φύγων καὶ ἀπάλλμινος, αὐτὸς ἐφ' αὐτῷ  
 Ἑλδὼν ἱεραπείας, κίφαλ' ἐπὶ σὺν καθίζῃ.

*Shooting at Cupid. from Blon.*

I'll sing you a song that was sung long ago,  
 In the bright iales of Greece ere she bow'd to a foe,  
 Of a young archer-boy who lov'd arrow and bow,  
 And lov'd nothing else in this world below.

Sing Ballinamona oro, Ballinamona oro,  
 Ballinamona oro, young Bion the Bowman was he.

This stripling, once rambling through greenwood and glade,  
 Observ'd in the trees, as the legend has said,  
 Little Cupid, the love-god, perch'd under the shade,  
 And looking as slyly as *you*, pretty maid.

Sing Ballinamona oro, Ballinamona oro,  
 Ballinamona oro, 'tis you are the darling for me.

This archer was simple as archers may be,  
 And he thought 't was a bird that had perch'd on the tree,  
 So he drew out his shaft, and his features beam'd glee  
 As he thought, "Little bird, I shall soon bring down thee."

Sing Ballinamona oro, Ballinamona oro,  
 Ballinamona oro, dear Kitty, keep kisses for me.

Then aiming the arrow he drew back the string,  
 The missile sped forth like a bird on the wing,—  
 Cupid laugh'd and fled off with a smile bright as spring,  
 While the boy stood amaz'd and confus'd at the thing,

Singing Ballinamona oro, Ballinamona oro,  
 Ballinamona oro, this bird is not destin'd for me.

The stripling grew angry, and went to the swain  
 Who had archery taught him, and spoke in this strain,  
 "Mr. Tutor, I think I have cause to complain,  
 For the art of the Bowman you've taught me in vain;

Sing Ballinamona oro, Ballinamona oro,  
 Ballinamona oro, how nicely that bird hath trick'd me."

Then answer'd the shepherd, "My dear little boy,  
 If you want peace of mind and content to enjoy,  
 That bird you must shun, he's a rogue and a deceiver,  
 And to fether young hearts is his only employ."

Sing Ballinamona oro, Ballinamona oro,  
 Ballinamona oro, little Cupid he's call'd, I tell thee.

The young and the old he delights to undo,  
 He cuts up young hearts and makes one out of two;  
 Though he fled from you now, he'll in time fly to you,  
 And will teach that love-secret to bill and to coo."

Sing Ballinamona oro, Ballinamona oro,  
 Ballinamona oro, 'twas a secret, sweet Kitty, taught me.

*A Latin Song.*

Vidi meam NERAM  
 Nudam nihil tegentem.

I lately saw my darling MARY  
 In the sunshine light and airy,

Ita me Dii Deæque  
Omnesque singulique  
Omnesque singulæque  
Boni benè adjuvassent,  
Ut præ lepore nudo  
Ornatus omnis alga est.  
Stupeo, micare, lingua  
Non alloqui potest. Quod  
Nemesis negat profari  
Nunc invidete cuncti:  
Felicitas perindè  
Ubi crevit ut putando  
Nequeat venire major.

O nobiles fenestræ,  
Quæ nobili patore  
Mihi nobiles Amores  
Meos videre donant,  
Vos nobilis Poeta  
Dat nobiles in ævum.  
Nec visa cum NEEA est  
Me barbarè repellit,  
Nec rustico rubore  
Confudit innocentem  
Conviciovè rupit.

Patulam sed ad fenestram  
Eburneo lacerto  
Suavissimè reclinis  
Ad oscula vocavit:  
Nolente me, ergo dixit,  
Vidisse, mi Rosille,  
Putes meum leporem?

Another on Miss Hawkins.

Una omnium, omnium una  
Pulcherrima es LYCINNA,  
Laudant eo Poetæ  
Modo, LYCINNA, te omnes.  
Pulcherrima omnium una est  
LYCINNA feminarum,  
Ne quis putet puellas  
Præferre posse; sola  
Quæ est omnium instar una,  
Non est puella, non est  
Quod feminae solent, sed  
Omnes quod, ista sola est.

Una omnium, omnium una  
Pulcherrima es LYCINNA,  
Seu Forma, Gratiæve,  
Cupidines, Jocivè,  
Placeant, placere nulla  
Prior potest LYCINNA.  
Gratissima illa sola est,  
Salsissima illa sola est,  
Pulcherrima illa sola est,  
Castissima illa sola est,  
Lepidissima illa sola est,  
Doctissima illa sola est,  
Suavissima illa sola est,  
Nil non LYCINNA sola est,  
Sed cum LYCINNA sola est.

At her bedroom window dressing;  
All that's witching—all that's splend-  
did,  
Seem'd within my MARY blended,  
As I hope for Heaven's blessing.

My fond eyes towards her raising,  
There I stood a full hour gazing,  
Thinking—thinking like a stupid;  
Ne'er knew I till then enjoyment,  
Nor how pleasant's thy employment  
Of transfixing maidens, CURIO!

Windows—windows, Heaven bless ye,  
Were I near ye, I'd caress ye,  
But your fame shall live in story:—  
MARY, when she saw me, beckon'd  
With her white hand in a second,  
Round the nymph there seem'd a  
glory.

As I seem'd to her to linger,  
Archly pointing with her finger,  
"Come," she cried—"to yield's  
thy duty—

Kiss me—hear me, sir, commanding,  
Think'st thou that from where thou'rt  
standing

Thou hast seen thy MARY's  
beauty?"

Of all the maidens in the town,  
My KITTY is the fairest;  
The bards with song her bright  
charms crown,

Her beauty is the rarest.  
My KITTY is a maiden sweet  
As e'er inspired a sonnet;  
She might with any lass compete  
That e'er put on a bonnet.

For all the charms that do combine  
To make the sex ensnare us,  
In KITTY, KITTY sweet do shine—  
Upon my faith I'm serious.

Of all the maidens in this place,  
My KITTY bears the bell, oh;  
In wit and beauty, love and grace,  
Gadzooks! she has no fellow.

Your courtly dames may hope to win,  
By wealth, and dress, and money,  
Ecod! I do not care a pin

But for KATE's kiss of honey.  
My KITTY is as sweet as nuts,  
And coy, and mild, and modest,  
Not like some other village sluts  
Who love to walk unbodded.  
So to conclude; of all the dames  
That e'er wore shoes or stockings,  
The one that most my heart inflames  
Is darling KITTY HAWKINS.

## Another in English on the same Lady.

I.

My sweet little KATY,  
Wherever she moves,  
Looks fair as a DEYAD,  
Or NYMPH of the groves.

II.

Her fingers are snow-white,  
Snow-white is her breast;  
I suppose she has stolen  
Bright VENUS's cest.

III.

Her ringlets ambrosial  
Fall down to her hips;  
And the glance of her eyes  
Seems to point to her lips.

IV.

Her cheeks are a garden,  
Where constantly grows  
A crystal-bright lily  
Enwreathing a rose.

V.

Her voice is like lutes,  
And her red little mouth  
Breathes as sweetly as winds  
Flower-fed from the south.

VI.

Golden Persuasion  
Sits throned on her tongue,  
And her words are as soft  
As a harp silver-strung.

VII.

She's so perfect a beauty  
From forehead to toe,  
That how to describe her,  
In sooth, I scarce know.

VIII.

And such numberless graces  
My KATY surround,  
That I fancy at times  
'T is a GODDESS I've found.

IX.

Delicious is honey,  
A fig, or a date;  
But sweeter, believe me,  
Is my pretty KATY.

X.

When the fire-steeds of PHŒBUS  
Dash wild through the sky,  
The shades of the night  
From the sun-bearers fly;

XI.

And thus it is, KATE,  
By a glance or a kiss,  
Makes my heart like a heaven  
Of sunshine and bliss.

XII.

If a star-winged angel,  
Dear KATY, I knew,  
I would make her grow fairer  
By copying you.

MR. NICKISSON.

Well, upon my honour, that same Brallaghan is a noble blade, and as sure as two and two make four, I'll send him fifty guineas for his songs, and cheap they are for the money. There is nothing like attaching a man of real genius to the Magazine, and our friend Barney has a rare fund of the same. Oliver, my trump, have you no more drink?

YORKE (*greatly amazed*).

Why, in the name of all that is merciful, where is the gallon of brandy, the dozen of port, the dozen of champagne, ditto claret, ditto sherry, ditto madeira, half a gallon of gin, and the jar of whisky, gone to? Come, you can't be in earnest. Have you hid the liquor?

FITZ-BOODLE.

Yes, faith under our belts long ago. Come, Nickisson, issue a new protocol.

YORKE.

Gentlemen, you're drunk, and shall have no more.

THE APPRENTICE OF THE LAW.

Come, Oliver, none of that gammon; you see we are perfectly sober.

SABRETASH.

I protest you don't seem to have swallowed a thimbleful. Really, Yorke, you must get in a fresh supply.

YORKE.

Gentlemen, I see how it is. You are determined to have a regular jollification in my chambers; and as I am not a stingy fellow, I am sure I shall

indulge you. Finish off your heel-taps then like men, go with me through these remaining papers (you see they are but few), and we shall sit till morning.

THE APPRENTICE OF THE LAW.

You are a trump, and happy will be the woman that gets you. It is pleasant to meet a man of your pluck these times.

YORKE.

Captain, my blinkers are growing a little unsteady. Will you open the next paper?

SABERTASH.

With pleasure. This is a contribution from Lord M——h. Why, Nickisson, do you let such fellows write for you?

MR. NICKISSON.

He never sent me a paper before, and I wonder he should have had courage enough to do it now. What is it about?

SABERTASH (*reading*).

*Stanzas to the Right Honourable the Countess of Blessington, with a package of Windsor soap brought from the Falls of Niagara, and of best New York manufacture. By Lord M——h.*

YORKE.

Has he really made such a donkey of himself?

SABERTASH.

Indeed he has; and his sojourn in Ireland has given him a wonderful taste for making bulls, as you perceive. Let us hear what he says. I rather think it is a forgery on that respectable nobleman.

*Washington Hotel, Falls of Niagara.*

I send you here some Windsor soap  
Pack'd neatly in an envelope;  
Which envelope's an emblem deep  
How ladies should their secrets keep.

When you this parcel safe have got,  
Pray lock it in some secret spot,  
Lest any wicked thief elope  
With this delicious Windsor soap.

But, first take out one perfum'd square  
To wash your face and fingers fair;  
When morning's saffron eyelids ope,  
I think you 'll want this Windsor soap.

Call for some water, soft and bright  
As Wilhelmina's eyes of light,  
Or sunshine on some grassy slope,  
And dip in it this Windsor soap.

Then drench within the silv'ry lymph  
The napkin smooth as woodland nymph,  
And light as treads the antelope  
Draw o'er its woof this Windsor soap.

This to your face and neck apply,  
(*Be sure it touches not your eye*),  
With snow in whiteness soon they'll cope,  
Such magic dwells in Windsor soap.

Such my advice, my friend, to you;  
Now hear from me some maxims true:  
Ne'er in the morning brandy tope,  
Nor wish misfortune to the Pope.

Do not with that Count D'Orsay talk,  
Nor with Sir Liston ride or walk;  
Read books, and write, nor idly mope,  
So shall you 'scape Jack Ketch's rope.

M—H.

YORKE.

Who calls that a forgery? The only reason I think it so, is that I am sure M—h never wrote any thing so clever in his life.

MR. NICKISSON.

Don't you think it resembles Bulwer's more serious poems?

THE TEMPLAR.

Marvellously. And if the rejected of Yorkshire and Dublin City be not the writer, certainly the late dandy senator for Lincoln is.

THE APPRENTICE OF THE LAW.

Examining the poem critically, I pronounce it to be a jewel of the first water. Simplicity it possesses. No one will deny that. And simplicity, as Mr. Wordsworth well knows, is the true essence of greatness. Perfectness of metre it also has; moral reflections worthy of the greatest Gnostic Poets of Greece; classical allusions to "woodland nymphs," and the "saffron eyelids" of the morning; and the plain practical good sense for which poetry of modern days is seldom remarkable. Whoever was the writer, be he peer or peasant, duke or dunce, print the song, and immortalise the page in which it is enshrined. Pass on to the next.

SABERTASH.

Here is a first-rate song by an old contributor.

To E . . . n.

The crystal fountains of those eyes  
Wherein Love wadeth,  
Those cheeks before whose purple dyes  
The red rose fadeth;  
Those smiles wherein the blush of dawn  
Seems opening brightly  
All the sweet airs that round thee fawn  
Like Graces lightly;—  
These only could not move  
My soul to love.

What are they but a radiant veil  
O'er the shrine's glory?—  
What do they, if they not detail  
Thy heart's bright story?  
Oh! dearer far than sunny look,  
Or blush of roses,  
The heart—more pure than purest brook  
That veil incloses.  
Ask ye then what doth move  
My soul to love?

That gentle heart where virtue dwells  
And meekness shineth,  
Round which her fairest, loveliest spells  
Religion twineth;  
Which seems like storied Paradise,  
Always attended  
By brightest angels from the skies  
Newly descended,—  
That heart it is doth move  
My soul to love.

MR. NICKISSON.

This is sure to appear. Shew me a Magazine that can turn out better,

and I will take the worth of my money out of the writer in a beating. Why, Yorke, I say, old boy, are you asleep?

YORKE.

First-rate gin—first—first-rate. Ah! that is a noble line in Homer:—

“The finest divarshun that’s under the sun,  
Is to sit by the fire till the praties are done.”

SABERTASH.

Don’t mind him, Nick. There is only one more, and I’ll get through it for you. It is a poem on Sam Rogers, and is versified I see from *The Times* of the 3d of November. The inimitable H.B. appears to have read it, for his caricature of Sammy is taken from the fifth verse.

*Les Amours de Monsieur Samuel Rogers.*

Y<sup>e</sup> Poett syngs y<sup>e</sup> woosfulle woo  
Whiche whilome dyd befall  
Sam Rogers, Banker, Barde, and Beau,  
And those hee put in thralls.

I.

“MARLBOROUGH-STREET.—  
Five middle-aged females,  
who gave the names of Mary  
Ann Jamieson, Mary Ann  
Smith, Caroline Johnson *alias*  
Lowe, Ann Gibbs, and Mary  
Helkin, were yesterday charged  
by Horsford and other  
Mendicity constables, with  
annoying and victimising Mr.  
Samuel Rogers, the celebrated  
poet.

“From Horsford’s statement it appeared that the amiable author of the *Pleasures of Memory* has been lately so much annoyed by females whenever he stirred abroad, who pretended to call to his recollection sundry agreeable moments, that he has frequently wished himself in ‘Italy’ to relieve himself from their persecution. He had lodged a complaint at Vine Street station-house before Inspector Beresford; still, however, the nuisance was continued, and Mr. Rogers was watched by female mendicants whenever he stirred from home. Yesterday, while in St. James’s Place, he saw Mr. Rogers and another gentleman come out of his house and proceed to the Athenæum Club, followed by the prisoners, two of whom kept watch for his coming out, while the others retired into Carlton Gardens. After waiting about an hour, Mr. Rogers came out and proceeded into St. James’s Park.

In Marlborough Street, the second of November,  
Five middle-aged females in a row,  
Who gave their names, as well as I remember,  
Ann Gibbs, Moll Smith, Miss Johnson *alias*  
Lowe,  
Ann Jamieson, Mary Helkin (no fair foe),  
Were charged by Horsford and some other  
sage  
And reverend constables whom beggars know  
With victimising—setting in a rage  
Rogers renown’d for song and great Nestorean  
age.

II.

From Horsford’s statement it appeared to all  
That the kind, amiable, good-natured bard,  
Who *Memory’s Pleasures* pleasantly did  
scrawl,  
Had been of late so much annoy’d and jarr’d  
By certain females when he stirr’d a yard  
From his own house, who basely did pretend  
To bring to light some moments of regard  
Once pass’d between them, that our am’rous  
friend  
Wish’d himself off in France the torment vile  
to end.

III.

A sad complaint at Vine Street he had lodged  
Before Inspector Beresford, but still  
The nuisance was continued; Sam was dodged  
By female mendicants with accents shrill,  
Whene’er he stirr’d abroad from banking till;  
And on this day while in St. James’s Place  
Horsford beheld the man of cash and quill,  
With an old friend proceed with gouty pace  
Along St. James’s Street, followed by women  
basé.

Jamieson then 'gave the office,' and he was instantly surrounded by the whole of the party. He tried to beat them off with his umbrella, but they still continued to annoy him, until he (Horsford), having obtained assistance, took the whole party into custody.

"Mr. HARDWICK (who appeared perfectly astonished at the statement) asked the prisoners what they had to say in answer?

"Jamieson (who wore widow's weeds) replied, that she had known Mr. Rogers for upwards of forty years, and that for some years he had allowed her 10s. per week, and that she had merely stopped him to ask for her money. As a proof that what she had stated was correct, she would call upon Mr. Wilks, the gaoler, and Mr. Clements, the chief usher of the court, to prove that the late Mr. Plank had regularly paid her her stipend.

"Clements said, that he was aware that Mr. Plank used to pay her a weekly sum, but he did not know for what.

"Mr. HARDWICK. — What did he allow you that sum for?

"Jamieson. — Oh! spare me the recollection of my juvenile indiscretions.

"Horsford observed, that the prisoners and a great number of other females were constantly following Mr. Rogers, and attempting to extort money from him under the pretence that they had, when young, been seduced by him.

"Smith likewise said, she had had a former acquaintance with Mr. Rogers.

"Horsford observed, that this was the person whom Mr. Rogers repeatedly struck with his umbrella to rid himself of her importunities.

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#### IV.

The Athenæum Club then entered he, Still by the prisoners dauntlessly pursued, Two of whom stood to watch. The other three

To Carlton Gardens walk'd in vengeful mood;

Slyly apart the noble Horsford stood —

An hour elapsed and Sam at length came out To pass the Park as quickly as he could —

When Jamieson "gave the office" with a shout, —

Surrounded Sam was soon by that lewd rabble rout.

#### V.

He tried to beat them off with his umbrella, But they continued to annoy him sore;

Horsford, who is a very burly fellow,

Having obtained the assistance of some more

Who the "Mendicity's" badge of office bore,

Took the whole party into custody —

Thus far this bold policeman stoutly swore,

When Mr. Hardwick who appear'd to be

(As well he might, good man!) astonish'd perfectly,

#### VI.

At the strange statement ask'd the prisoners what They had to say in answer. Jamieson, who

Wore widow's weeds, replied for the whole lot,

That Mr. Samuel Rogers well she knew;

And had for forty years and upwards, too,

Known him, and been in turn by him well known;

Ten shillings weekly he had given in lieu

Of services perform'd, and she had thrown

Herself into his way only to ask her own.

#### VII.

To prove that what she stated was correct,

On Mr. Wilks, the gaoler, she would call,

And Mr. Clements, who would recollect

That the late Mr. Plank had paid her all

Her stipend regularly without brawl:

Clements, the usher, said, he was aware

That Mr. Plank, ere push'd beneath the pall,

Was used to pay the widow fair and square

The weekly sum, but *why*, he really couldn't swear.

#### VIII.

"What did he, ma'am, allow you that sum for?"

Says Mr. Hardwick, anxious for the truth;

The widow answer'd, "Spare me — I abhor

The indiscretions of my wicked youth."

Horsford observed that other girls, in sooth,

Besides the prisoners chas'd Sam every day,

Swearing with many an oath and cant uncouth,



"The others denied speaking at all, and said they were merely crossing the Park when they were taken into custody.

"Helkin declared that she had neither spoken to 'man nor mortal.'

"Mr. HARDWICK observed, that it was very clear to him from the testimony of the officers that the prisoners were all in a league, imposing upon the good-nature of a charitable elderly gentleman, and annoying him for the purpose of extorting money. It further appeared that Mr. Rogers had previously complained to the police of the annoyance to which he was subjected. As a warning to them and others he should send them for a month each to prison and hard labour, and should also order that each of their convictions should be returned, that, if any of them were again brought before him, they might be sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The worthy magistrate then directed Horsford to keep a sharp look-out, and to bring every person before him he might find offering similar annoyance, as he was determined, as far as he could, to put a stop to, or at least check, the present great increase of vagrancy in the public streets."—*The Times*, Nov. 3, 1842.

That he from virtue them had led astray,  
And that they now would make the harden'd  
sinner pay.

## IX.

Smith likewise said that she had had a former Acquaintance with Sam Rogers. Horsford straight

Inform'd the magistrate this was the stormer  
Whom Mr. Rogers struck upon the pate  
With his umbrella by St. James's Gate,  
To rid himself of her base importunity.  
The other prisoners to the justice state,  
That they had nought to do with this community,  
They merely cross'd the Park, and begg'd this  
time impunity.

## X.

Helkin declared that she had never spoken  
To man or mortal. Mr. Hardwick said,  
"That it was clear by evidence unbroken  
The prisoners five were leagued, and each  
was led  
To practise on the charity inbred  
Of an old gentleman, and him cajole  
Out of his cash by putting him in dread:  
And further it appeared this old King Cole  
Told the police before the anguish of his soul.

## XI.

"To warn them, therefore, and not them  
but others,  
A month upon the tread-mill each should get,  
So that when free from cage their careful  
mothers  
'Out' upon town no more these jades should  
let.  
If they came there again three months they'd  
sweat  
Upon the wheel." The worthy justice then  
Directed Horsford that he'd not forget  
To keep a sharp look-out for ladies when  
They walk the streets at large pestering rich  
old men.

Thank Providence we have got through the list. Now for the wine, O'Callaghan, you rascal.

*Enter O'CALLAGHAN.*

Bring in the same quantity of drink that Mr. Yorke ordered an hour or two since.

O'CALLAGHAN (*staring*).

An hour since. Lord bless you, captain, are you joking?

THE TEMPLAR.

Joking, you ruffian!—this is too serious a matter to joke about.

O'CALLAGHAN.

Arrah, captain, maybe you're not aware when that ordher was gev.

SABERTASH.

Why, I heard it about an hour or an hour and a half ago. Eh, Morgan?

THE APPRENTICE OF THE LAW.

I say twenty minutes at the farthest.

O'CALLAGHAN.

7 Saint Pathrick '*t'was given ere last night*, and ye've sat here tippling, moking, and dozing for two days. It's a thruth I tell yez, captain. ur bright. No lie in the matter.

\* \* \* \* \*

We do not think it necessary to linger any longer on this matter, only we wish to assure our readers with all due solemnity that Mr. O'Callaghan's statement was a falsehood from beginning to end, there being no foundation whatever for his insinuation. The only piece of truth was that the allowance of liquors was certainly *non inventus*, but we cannot say it happened it. The jollification was attended by one advantage, and was its affording us an excellent opportunity to fascinate the public and hole reading world, in other words, our subscribers, with the songs and y which it was so splendidly illumined. And here we make our bow, ng you all a merry new year.]

## PISURES, OBJECTS, AND ADVANTAGES OF LITERATURE INDICATED.

## No. I.

LET complained, that while all world had heard of the miseries of men of genius, no book appeared to record their happiness.\* If Huet were now living, he would not, perhaps, think it necessary to call his complaint. It is perfectly fit that, in the journey of the man of literature, the *lights* should be as well as the *shades*; and if we recollect that the *Glossary* of Leland was impeded by unsold copies, we should also remember the pleasure of absorbing delight which its circulation afforded to him. Leland found a Gothic library in an old house of the Percys which was called *the library*; and the inscription over the great Egyptian library deduced it as the hospital for sick men.

Books are both flowers and fruits; and it becomes every man's duty to cultivate, with anxious care and care, those habits of every occupation and rational culture, which are so beneficently adapted to sweeten the vicissitudes of fortune, to impart dignity to the toils, and cheerfulness to sequestered leisure; this *occupation* of his *curiosity* being always kept subordinate to the great object and end of human life; *i. e. moral and intellectual cultivation and purification*. associated and endeared to all other, LITERATURE will be under the wings of the Angel

of Religion; and while the *first* engages the buoyant energies of our health or gilds the gloom of our sickness, the *second* will teach us to extract a sweeter honey from every flower, and will bring all the splendour and peace of a *future* life, to illuminate and tranquillise all the blackness and anarchy of the *present*.

II. Human life is one prolonged series of *compensations*.

"Great offices will have  
Great talents, and God gives to every  
man  
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,  
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall  
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill."†

Literature is one of the channels by which these compensations are supplied. In Homer, it is Minerva who conceals the wrinkles of Ulysses; so, among men, we observe wisdom covering the defects of the body, and education imparting a charm to the intellect, which turns the eye aside from the meaner gifts of nature. The rents and the ungracefulness of the common garment of humanity are covered, in some degree at least, by the beautiful garb of literature.

III. Bishop Burnet, among the hints which he specifies towards the formation of an *idea* of God, reckons the *perception* which we have

\* Huetiana, p. 163, 1770.

† Task, b. iv.

of a desire to make other persons *wiser or better*.\* "I felt," says Burns, "some strivings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclop round the walls of his cell." Who would not rejoice to pour the sunshine upon those benighted eyes, to take the captive of ignorance by the hand, to lead him into the green landscapes of literature, to reflect his feelings in the clear waters of philosophic streams, and, amid all the lovely scenery of the imagination, to fill his mind with the sublime assurance, that

"His presence, who made all so fair,  
perceived,  
Makes all still fairer!"

It is pleasing to contemplate the effect of the first ray of light upon the understanding; to watch the and life † of thought with the scholar welcomes it, and glowing face of wonder, gratification, and affection, which he turns every object:—

"By degrees, the mind  
As her young nerves dilate; the plastic  
powers  
Labour for action."‡

Every fresh gleam of knowledge awakens an intenser sensation of pleasure. Petrarch, who was ignorant of Greek, received a copy of Homer from the Byzantine ambassador; he placed it by the side of Plato, and contemplated them both with admiration and enthusiasm. § Aristotle distinguished the learned and the unlearned as the *living* and the *dead*; and the man, whom he supposed to be conducted into the world for the first time, from some æreanean cavern, when the sky spangled with stars and the earth illuminated by their lustre, could not have been surprised into livelier feelings of awe and admiration than are felt by him who, led up from the dark recesses of ignorance into the pure air of civilised life, beholds all the luminaries of genius shining in the remote world of literature.

IV. This light has, in our days, become as common as the sunshine upon the field. It shines for all; it illuminates all. What a contrast to an earlier age! The village-school of the nineteenth might confound the court of the fifteenth century. The famous Montmorency, so prominent in the history of Henry IV., could neither read nor write;|| and even in the golden day of French literature, when Molière wrote and Bossuet preached, Louis XIV. could not subscribe his own name until he had sketched an outline of it. His signature was composed of a series of industrious combinations. ¶

V. The characteristic of all human enjoyments is *fragility—decay*; the vacant chair chills the gaiety of the domestic hearth; the colours of the painter fade; the structures of the architect moulder into ruin. Two sources of delight alone remain, which defy the continually recurring wave of years—Religion and Literature. Of Religion—heavenly, incorruptible, immortal—as it admits of no comparison, so it permits no panegyric. Of Literature something may be spoken. Fame shuts the gates of her Temple upon Time. The armour of Paris glows with the same lustre that dazzled the eyes of Hector; the dew still glistens upon the Sabine Farm; no feather has dropped from the wing of Lesbia's sparrow; no tint has departed from the purple robe of Dido. The arrow, that pierced the Persian breast-plate at Marathon, has mouldered in the earth; but the arrow, which Pindar hurled from the Bow of Song, retains its life throughout successive ages; like the discus thrown by Hippomedon, it sweeps onward—

"Jamque procul meminit dextræ, servatque tenorem."

The invectives of Juvenal have lost none of their edge; the appeals of Demosthenes, none of their fire. Summer finds the rose of Milton still in bloom, and the bower of Spenser still in leaf.

When Dante met Oderigi in the first circle of purgatory, the painter

\* Exposition . . . . art. i.

† Burnet's Character of Bp. Boyle.

‡ Pleasures of Imagination, b. iii.

§ Fam. Lett. quoted by Gibbon. *Decline and Fall*, vi. 420. 1788.

|| St. Palay—Mem. Anc. Choral. ii. 84. 1781.

¶ Pegge—Anecdotes of the English Language, 51. 1814.

pronounced a lamentation on the instability of modern reputation :—

“Cimabue thought  
To lord it over painting’s field ; and now  
The cry is Giotto’s, and his name eclipsed.  
Thus hath one Guido from the other  
snatched  
The lettered prize, and he perhaps is  
born  
Who shall drive either from their nest.  
The noise  
Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind,  
That blows from divers points, and shifts  
its name,  
Shifting the point it blows from.”

The frost-work of modern renown does, indeed, melt away before the glare of a brighter name ; but the poets and historians of older times built upon firmer pillars. The works of Greek and Latin genius exemplify the assertion. The Gothic night came down upon Europe. During the long dark ages, Homer, Virgil, Cicero, Demosthenes, Livy, Plato, were forgotten or unknown ; but still these temples of thought shone in their solitary splendour, their vast shadows unbroken, their gates unopened. *Without* were gloom and barbarism, and the storm of anarchy : *within* were light, and fragrance, and song. So through the darkness and tempest of centuries, the ritual of genius continued to be solemnised. The *Æneid* flourished when the empire of Augustus was in ruins.

VI. We speak of the perpetuity of Literature ; but it is only in the works of sincere genius, that this seed of earthly immortality is wrapped up ; it is the precious fragrance of a good name that embalms an author for succeeding generations. Literature loves and teaches peace and good-will ; the disputers, the wranglers, the mockers, obtain no protection from her arm, no shadow from her wing. The coarse invective of Salmasius, and the rugged irony of Milton, their grips and their challenges, the vanquisher and the vanquished, are equally and alike forgotten ; and the struggles, that once agitated the breasts of a nation of spectators, have left no more enduring impression upon the surface of literature, than the

feet of Spartan wrestlers upon the sand of the arena.

## VII.

“Books are not seldom talismans and spells.”

So Cowper sang. The works of genius are always full of magic ; rings upon which the genii always wait. The scholar adopts, in the widest sense, the advice of the epigrammatist *εναυτοῦ φερεν τιφει*. Every book is to him a landscape of beauty. The history of *Æneas* rises before his eyes with all the distinctness and circumstance of a panorama. He sees him, by the light of burning Troy, avenging the ruin of his country ; then carrying his father upon his back, and leading by the hand the little Iulus, who follows with unequal steps ; *Creusa* holds out the child to his arms ; he follows the wanderer to the hall of *Dido*, and beholds the enveloping mist melt away ; he hears the trees roar in the sudden storm that drove the lovers into the cave, and resembles the minstrel of *Beattie*, when

“Sweet delirium o’er his bosom stole,  
When the great shepherd of the Mantuan  
plains  
His deep majestic melody ‘gan roll.”

This magic, indeed, dwells especially in the writers of Greece and Rome, for their life is, in a manner, *continued in ours*.\* They become to us a peculiar people ; death, which deprived us of them, has made them dear. Perhaps some of the interest with which we regard them may be traced to the period of life when they were put into our hands. The garden of life is then a garden of romance. The eyes of youth, full of hope and expectation, communicate their own lustre to the commonest objects, a lustre which sometimes sheds a rich colouring over the colder atmosphere of maturer years. The charm of association increases the power of the spell. The book is endeared to our heart by the friends and thoughts which it recalls to the memory ; friends and thoughts that belong to the morning of our day, when the sun of hope was only beginning to climb the horizon. This feeling often dims

\* Dr. Arnold.

the eye of age, when it wanders again over the story of Robinson *Crusoe*, and often stirs the heart of the scholar, grown grey with the vigils of years, when he meets with a worn-out school-book; each leaf brings back to him the hands that are cold and the voices that are silent. Perhaps his affection sometimes blinds his eyes to the defects in the objects of his admiration. Descartes confessed, that through his life he had entertained a particular regard for persons who *squinted*, having in early life been attached to a girl whose eyes were affected in that manner.

VIII. The language of Greece is alone a source of insatiable pleasure. It was to the poet, the philosopher, or the orator, what the clay was to the sculptor, flowing, with equal facility, into every attitude of beauty, horror, supplication, or triumph. Paris binding on his sandals, Hector urging forward his army, Penelope bending over her embroidery, or Ulysses recognised by his dog,—each representation is equally natural, equally admirable. Homer found in words a softer instrument than the clay of Praxiteles. Who can sound the depths of that inimitable language? The boisterous mirth of Aristophanes, the pleasing elegance of Philemon, the mild irony of Menander, the majesty of Pindar, the fire of Sappho, the tears of Simonides,—these are only a few notes from its many-sounding strings. Here the Graces guide the finger of Sophocles upon the harp; there Philosophy holds her lamp over the page of Plato. On this side, Truth whispers her subtle oracles in the ear of Aristotle; on that side, History weighs the actions of heroes in her golden scales, before the earnest eyes of Thucydides. The soul of this elaborate harmony seems to animate the harp of Homer, whose poetry was the source of the eloquence, the philosophy, and the fancy of Greece. To him belongs peculiarly the panegyric of Browne,

“For there is hidden in the poet’s name  
A spell that can command the wings of Fame.”

Criticism always kindles into admiration before his shrine. “Such

a sovereignty of genius reigns all over his works, that the ancients esteemed him as the great high-priest of nature, who was admitted into her inmost choir, and acquainted with her most solemn mysteries.”\* The modern taste, which is original only in its heresies, has been anticipated even in its *illustrated* poets; Rome possessed its *pictorial* Homer. The Camden professor, at Oxford, deciphered upon a coin of the Gens Mamilia a figure of Ulysses returning to his home,—a fact that not only establishes the early celebrity of the Homeric poems in the Latin metropolis, but shews, also, the delineations of the most interesting incidents upon the escutcheons of private families. Every page might furnish a subject for the artist. Raphael sent designers into Greece to supply him with drawings of antique remains; to such diligence the world owes the “Transfiguration!”

IX. In contemplating the pictures of Homer, and of all the ancient writers, we discover a peculiar charm and sweetness, which they derive from that softening twilight of years into which they have been withdrawn. Delille briefly indicated the essential defect of the *Henriade*, by saying, that it was too near the eye and too near the age; and Campbell suggests, that Milton might, with greater liveliness of effect, have thrown back his angelic warfare into more remote perspective. Every reader perceives that the scenes of the camp and the battle-field strike his eyes less vividly when contemplated in the clear sunshine of modern history, than when gradually glimmering out through the cloudy horizon of time. The mind is more feebly affected by Napoleon storming the bridge of Lodi, or Wellington surveying the battlements of Salamanca, than by Brutus reading at night in his tent at Philippi, or Richard bearing down, with the chivalry of England, upon the white armies of Saladin. Nelson, leading the line of battle against Copenhagen, is a less picturesque object than Drake crowding his canvass against the galleons of Spain. One fleet seems to lie immediately under

\* Blackwall. Introduction to the Classics, p. 14.

our eye, the other gleams, as it were, through a mist, and,

"Far off at sea descried,  
Hangs in the clouds."

This is the magic and the charm of antiquity; we delight to watch the grey expanse of years rolling away, with many pauses of darkness, before the glory of the poet's imagination, and kindling into a drapery of gold around the picture which quickens into colour and life before the meditative eye of the student. This magical illusion belongs, pre-eminently, to the classical writers. To each of their glowing delineations of scenery or life there is a back-ground of shadow.

X. It would be a very interesting and delightful inquiry to trace the gradual growth and the slow development of the intellectual seed, to mark all its gradations of life, and colour, and beauty. In imaginative literature, we should find, with Addison, Novelty taking the lead. The new, the strange, the wonderful, naturally attract the admiration of those who live farthest back in the grey morning of time. As the sun of civilisation rises higher and higher, and the horizon of history becomes enlarged, the *pathetic* comes in; there can be little pathos where there are few varieties of fortune. Then appears the *sublime*, which is the new and wonderful, *harmonised into proportion*. The *beautiful* appears last, and seems to mark that hour of the intellectual day, when the *life-giving ardour* of genius, the early sunshine of the mind, has departed. When *Beauty* fails, in the words of an ingenious modern writer,\* magnificence succeeds; and magnificence in turn gives place to false ornament, exaggeration, and bombast. At last genius itself recedes before *taste*, and nations, "losing the susceptibility of their youth, sit in judgment, in the decline of their existence, over the images that dazzled, and the feeling that warned them, when their pulse beat high, and when the sun of life was yet in its zenith."

Whether this be a picture of our national progress, I shall not presume to say; but, assuredly, the

sun of pure imagination is going down in our land; the horizon is still red with its descending glories. The future who shall unfold? We are *standing* (to take up a thought which I have thrown out upon another occasion) upon the threshold of a great and wonderful revolution of education, habit, feeling, and pursuit. Imagination retreats before *reality*; fiction before *truth*; poetry before *science*. A modern giant, of whom the hundred-handed Titan of antiquity was a faint image, is putting forth all its tremendous energies, and encompassing the opposite poles in its embrace. The steam-engine, I repeat, is civilising and corrupting the world. The beautiful gardens of thought are languishing under the fiery breath of the giant—the *Færie Queene* of Spenser is abandoned for the *Dictionary* of Macculloch—the knight-hood of genius yields to the aristocracy of commerce. The age of intellectual chivalry is over and gone; but its exploits remain, for ever speaking to them who, with a *gentle* and a reverent spirit, pause to listen and to love.

XI. It may well be doubted, then, whether the temper of this present age permits it to enjoy all those refined and entrancing pleasures which pure Literature is capable of affording. The popular pulse throbs with each varying stimulant of the minute. There is little contemplativeness in modern literature; little of the serene light of that *inward eye*, which closes upon the pageant of ambition, or the tumult of excitement, only to repose upon the scenery of imagination, or the hallowed pictures of recollection. In literature, as in politics, men *look forward*, not *backward*; unmindful of the lamp which Time holds before their feet, or of those brief warnings which Experience writes upon the little journal of the passing day.

It is an evil sign when genius is valued by the ready reckoner. Baretti, the friend of Johnson, was, I believe, the first writer in Italy who received money for the copyright of his works. In England, literature has been deeply infected

\* Mr. Douglas.

with the utilitarianism of the times. This corrupt feeling, gradually widening itself from one circle of thought into another, soon spreads over the entire surface of popular opinion. A friend of mine recently accompanied an eminent London merchant to the Gallery of Grecian Antiquities at the British Museum. They stopped for a minute before one of the most exquisite productions of Grecian art. My friend noticed the earnest gaze of his companion, who seemed to be lost in admiration of the statue before him. The spell was soon broken. The merchant was thinking of Bonny-castle, not of Phidias; for turning suddenly to my friend, he inquired, "What did it cost?"

XII. The temperature of taste may be indicated by clearer proofs. During several years, a small edition of Chaucer, recommended by all the elegance of typography, has dragged its slow length along; Spenser attracts few purchasers; Dryden, in whom Horace Walpole discovered the very model of good sense, comes down from the publisher's shelf with many tardy steps; it is only when Shakspeare is styled the *Pictorial*, that he finds his way into every house; and his only successful incursion upon modern parsimony has been in the company of a staff of engravers. Even Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, the least poetical of all poetical biographers—the least tasteful of all expositions of fancy,—daily recede more and more from public inquiry, and the sale of a single copy through a year scarcely preserves the name in the memory of a bookseller. If we turn our eyes to books of elegant criticism, or graceful observations upon art, we find the same neglect and indifference. How many persons, who profess to be men of letters, are familiarly acquainted with Gilpin, Price, Whately, or Knight? In an atmosphere so heavy and lowering, we cannot be astonished to behold

"Fancy's gilded clouds decay,  
And all her varying rainbows die away."

XIII. Boswell gives a curious illustration of Johnson's manner of asserting the dignity of literature,

by enduring the inconvenience of a seat near the fire, in a small room, because he would not allow the booksellers, who composed the party, to sit above him at dinner. Bishop Berkeley asserted the supremacy of literature with more appropriate dignity when he declared, that a man who spends his time in searching after truth is a better friend of mankind than the greatest statesman or hero, whose labours and exploits are confined to a small portion of the world; while a ray of imagination, or of wisdom, may enlighten the universe, and glow into the remotest centuries. It is peculiarly important to preserve a remembrance of this panegyric at a season, when military and political distinction eclipses the brightest achievements of the intellect. The following passage of a famous historian seems to be the bitterest censure upon this fashion of our age. "The family of Confucius," are the words of Gibbon, "is, in my opinion, the most illustrious in the world. After a painful ascent of eight or ten centuries, our barons and princes of Europe are lost in the darkness of the middle ages; but, in the vast equality of the empire of China, the family of Confucius have maintained above two thousand two hundred and twenty years their peaceful honours and perpetual succession." In England, the latest descendant of Milton was munificently provided for with the sinecure office of a parish clerk, and after innumerable flourishes of trumpets, a paltry pittance has been collected for a sister of Burns.

XIV. Authorship has lost its unity of purpose with its independence. The age of patronage had its evils, but they rarely infected the book beyond the preface or the conclusion. The disease lay in the extremities. A trader in literature must have a show of wares; his aim must be not to write *well*, but to write *much*. A traveller riding post through a foreign country is only able to construct a very imperfect map of his route. So it is in the journey of literature. Instead of visiting, to borrow a phrase of Bishop Reynolds,\* a particular coast and head of learning, the modern scholar,

\* Treatise on the Passions and Faculties of the Soul. Works, fol. 901.

for the most part, views every scene *in transitu*; he catches glimpses of the many-coloured landscape of literature, and returns from his travels of thought with a glimmering confusion of images, and a wavering indistinctness of scenery. I am not unmindful that literature is a *circle*, nor have I forgotten the desire of Diderot that the student of science might not lose his relish for the arts, that Horace and Newton might visit him arm-in-arm, and that an essay on fancy, and a treatise on curves, might be read with equal pleasure. In the mere man of cultivated taste, this unison of opposite qualities may

be sometimes seen; but in the scholar who reduces the theory of his reading to *practice* we shall look for it in vain. The hands of the literary Briareus may all possess a certain flexibility, but one alone will be endowed with the—

“One science only will one genius fit;  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.”

Rubens, it has been said, painted twilight with beautiful effect, without being able to delineate the female figure; Teniers would never lift himself from the company of Dutch boors.

JACK MORIARTY AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES T. C. D.

No. I.

MATTERS PRELIMINARY—JACK'S MASTERLY MANŒUVRES TO ESCAPE EDUCATION, AND OUR GREAT REJOICINGS AT HIS SUCCESS AND AT HIS EXPENSE—YOUR HEALTH AND SONG, JACK, AND OUR CHORUS.

AN accident, such as rarely befalls a long sojourner like myself in a sequestered hamlet in the south of France, lately threw in my way an Irish provincial newspaper, published somewhere in Connaught. The whity-brown paper and blotted type I recognised at once as in proper keeping with the low state, throughout that notoriously primitive district, of such arts as attend on advanced civilisation, except that of making whisky, and its sister one of drinking it; the latter, at least, having long since reached perfection, the result, as I should conceive, of a good natural taste, improved by assiduous cultivation among all classes. As my eye carelessly wandered over the list of marriages and deaths, comprising the usual proportion of the eternal Blakes and Burkes who adorn in such myriads my native islands far west,—you could not put your two hands out from your window in these quarters, upon any given crowd, on any given day, without some claimant of one of these names sharing in the honours of a Papal benediction,—when my attention was arrested by an announcement, which, for much more than one moment, dispelled my listless mood, “Died at —, John Moriarty, Esq., much and deservedly lamented.”

The local circumstances at once identified the subject of this brief, and, to me, really sad record. I saw at once that it was—it could be no other than, poor Jack Moriarty, of all my college friends, the earliest known and longest loved; the idlest among the many idle; gifted with the finest genius for doing nothing, and doing that well; the centre of a whole world of fun, brimming over everlastingly with the most extraordinary humours and genuine whimsicalities; of whom we had every day something new and good to tell; laughed at by every one, laughing with every one; adored by every one—warm and true-hearted Jack Moriarty! And for such a one, with so much of the richest essence—the very fulness of life in him, to die! There was such an incongruity of ideas involved in the whole matter, that I did not well know how I should begin to believe it. With him, above all others, death seemed to have no business. It could not help appearing as a piece of melancholy impertinence—a decided stepping out of his line, where nobody asked him. Hardened as we become, by the tear and wear of life, as regards the emotions connected with our earlier years, especially where others are their object—and I cannot pretend to any peculiar



exemption from this effect of the process—still a train of unpleasant reflections beset me during the whole day, and all bearing on the one point, the more permanent, perhaps, as I had no fixed and stated employment to aid me in arresting or diverting their progress. A restless sensation overpowered me, much at variance with my staid, if not indolent habits. I went out of the house twenty times, walked forward a short distance, and then, without any distinct motive, turned quick and came back. My solitary dinner, though not more so than usual, with all its simple deliciousness of grapes, that but a few minutes before had been drinking in the sunshine on their parent tree, passed over languidly; and the thin wine of the country, my usual beverage, tasted thinner than ever. I felt altogether ill at ease, uncomfortable, old—very old; my thoughts reverted heavily, and much beyond their usual wont, to Ireland, far and long separated as I had been from her. An easy process of suggestion, however, brought, among other matters, a reference to her productions of all sorts, rational and irrational, natural and artificial. Among these, and of course her characteristic one, was *poteen* whisky; and that again recalled to my memory, which had hitherto betrayed me most strangely on so touching a point, the fact of there being stowed away, among some books in an unopened package in my bed-chamber, a small flask of that classic liquor, whose idea is never contaminated by an association with the prosaic permits of the excise. My ideas, hitherto in a moody reverie, became at once most practical. I darted up a narrow flight of stairs, or, rather, cleared them at a bound, roaring out to the attendant *garçon*, in my flight, the strictest orders to turn the whole draw-well in the little garden into hot water, and to see that he was precisely far less than no time at all in doing it—tossed over and kicked to a distant corner of the room several handsome volumes, as they well deserved, which lay between me and my hopes—seized, with all my country's ardour, where, as in the present instance, the object justified it, the long-forgotten treasure, and, flying down again, betook myself, after a long secession from practice,

to the creation of a tumbler of solid Irish punch. By this time, a log-fire, which my good landlady, apprehending from my depressed demeanour during the day a sudden attack of indisposition, had volunteered, was spluttering and burning cheerfully up the huge chimney; while a large camlet cloak, thrown over the arm-chair, and brought round in front, acted as a full security against draughts. At this period of the evening, the eastern slope of a gorge, in the tremendous barrier of the Pyrenees, was steeped in those warm purple lights which mark the generous climate of the south, and which I knew would burn there for hours, and that now, reaching the eye through a clump of orange-trees, fell in veiled radiance on the lozenge-paned window at my side. This was a spot to which my attention had been on more than one occasion directed; and by circumstances unconnected with its natural attractions, as through this pass the head division of our troops, I was aware, after clearing their way up through the Peninsula, had advanced upon Toulouse, and from the very recesses below my eye, I could not but warmly remember—every British subject must have warmly remembered—were heard, deepening in the ear of the affrighted peasantry as they moved out, and, after a silence of many years in France, the first and unwelcome notes of a British drum. Just at this moment the lemon-peeel, which had bobbed so buoyantly on the surface of my tumbler, was getting evidently ashore, and threw out such signals of distress, as must have moved any humane Irishman to set it afloat again; in short, the reader will begin to think, and I began to feel, that matters were decidedly beginning to improve. A far more cheerful class of ideas rose vividly up, although the connecting principle was the same as before. A whole host of college recollections, with little or none of the dimness of time about them, although they had been buried for years, kept thronging upon me—in fact, I got as completely back to Ireland as if I had never left it; and found myself standing with Jack Moriarty in the courts of Trinity College, his academic cap planted on one side of his head, and hands deeply absorbed in his pockets, his

favourite attitude for seeing company pass, and conveniently taking notes thereof. In my mind's eye, I saw at once provost, vice-provost, senior fellow, junior fellow, scholar, sizar, student, head porter, the porters of the library, the porters of the chapel, the porters of the brass-cap division, the porters of the velvet, the skips, the badgemen, the newsmen, the coalmen, the hewers of wood and drawers of water. I saw, too, the gentlemen dogs of the establishment, who sat down to a handsome *table d'hôte* each day at the kitchen door, provided by the cook at a half-penny each guest, and which was always sure to be animated at the close, as any properly conducted Irish festival ought to be, by a general worrying all round of the bundle of animated rags, believed by an obscure tradition to have been once an old woman; who, perched up in an alcove of the kitchen, gave life and simultaneous motion to a score of beef-and-mutton-oppressed spits, the fifty and one nondescripts, slushes of slushes of slushes, who professionally toasted their begrimed faces to the tint of red-hot pot-metal before the huge fires (public institutions proverbially keeping up brilliant fires, after the manner of such public spirit in public men, as is nourished at the public expense), the masticators of bones, and batteners on drippings, *ad infinitum*. There, too, stood the chapel and the examination hall—scenes to me and hundreds more of intense perspiring. The old clock above the dining-hall, kept, for general convenience, a quarter behind its brother of the Post Office, was staring, just after the old way, at Morrison's Hotel across the Fellows' Garden; with a good deal, however, of the expression of a man, who is looking rather at nothing than otherwise, its obstinately dirty face proof against the showers of half a century, and bearing on it but faint traces of letters,—a thing which one would not expect in a great literary establishment. The brick buildings of King Charles's time, glaring red and hot in the sunshine, glared as redly and hotly as ever, with their hall-doors at the foot of each set of common stairs crowned with circular arches—the whole design being a spirited copy from the entrance to

the old Scottish cow-house, the windows ungraced by ledges, while the roofs, out of which the chimneys stretched their long and scraggy necks in pairs, were studded with projecting garret-windows; out of one of which (that in No. 32) Curran was often seen leaning for a whole summer's day, squirting his jokes from one side of his mouth towards his neighbour, who was as industriously leaning out of another. There, too, on the opposite side, was the window, of similar construction, at which, at an earlier era, stood another fine spirit, and still more delicately tempered—our own Goldsmith, listlessly scratching his name with a diamond on the pane preserved to this day by the authorities of the University, as is Johnson's furniture at Pembroke College, Oxford. We could fancy, too, that as the evening advanced, he would draw his desk nearer to those lights, to enable him to finish the ballads which it was known he stole out after night-fall to dispose of—the copy-right being valued at five shillings to an eminent *flying stationer* in Mary's Lane—a locality, however, then, as now, better known for sustaining a spirited traffic in dilapidated linen, and which, though not a constant resource (his publisher, as it would seem, and as was very proper, having a taste), must, together with his academic emoluments as a sizar, have secured for him positive comfort, when contrasted with the dreary scenes of his manhood, its privations and sufferings in the purlicue of London; by dating an anecdote from one of which, at a subsequent period, he so shocked an aristocratic uncle. "When I lived," said poor Goldy, with his characteristic simplicity and absence of mind, "among the beggars of Axe Lane"—those days to which, no doubt, the poor creature's own sad experience was reverting, when he divides, as he does at the commencement of one of his essays, the visitors at five o'clock to St. James's Park into those who wish to get an appetite, and the rest to forget one—I looked up at young Wolfe's chambers, where he was then a scholar of the house. There he sat up one night to write his ode on the burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna, a work of slight structure,

but which must perish only with the history of that period; and then threw it aside, utterly unconscious of its value, until years afterwards, it found its way accidentally into a provincial newspaper, in the neighbourhood of which he was contentedly wasting himself unto death as a most laborious country curate, when it circulated at once through the length and breadth of the empire. There was the library, the most magnificent room of its order in Europe; and under it the colonnade, whose old echoes have been often awakened, long after midnight, by the irregular foot-fall of the hard-working prizeman, as he staggered out, fevered in pulse, blood, and brain, to relieve himself, for a few seconds, from the glare of his shade-lamp, burning in yellow intensity upon his book, and leaving the rest of the apartment in a strange darkness. I stepped into the College Park in the rear, so full of sylvan beauty, and maintaining such an air of peace in the very heart of the city uproar; and just as usual were the students sauntering through the close walks in their college-caps and grey morning gowns; while the more studious, who had come out of their rooms, leaving their books unclosed, to digest a mathematical problem, dived in among the trees on either side, for sake of abstraction, and then, with finger in air, laying down *data*, rushing into hasty conclusions, and then wrangling with themselves in tones of audible ferocity, until, in the blind zeal of their logic, they ran tilt against an unforeseen and rough opponent, in the shape of a projecting oak-root, who upset their arguments and their heels together. In the foreground was the usual motley group of citizens, all stretched out in the long grass, with their hats over their faces, and lying voluptuously in the sunshine—old bachelors, who have purchased annuities, and thenceforth immortal—here and there a fifth-rate player from the Theatre Royal, quite poor enough to have squadrons of children, and seeking here a little peace under pretence of studying his part as the watchman in Monsieur Tonson—haggard gamblers, affecting, according to professional etiquette, not to know each other under the blessedness of the

open sun, who were now recruiting themselves for their wasting vigils in the hells of Nassau Street. And there too—and an unpleasant thing it is to see—among them were poor old stupid barristers; who had survived their little business, unable, through dread of expense, to join their brethren on circuit—thrust even out of their guinea motions in the Four Courts by juniors; and who have now withdrawn into back streets of faded gentility; where every door-knocker is furnished, after the old fashion, with a lank iron face behind it, and always dusty and dispirited—mounting in their economy, upon the first glimpse of a good spring-day, their summer nankens upon their withered and chilled limbs, but now washed into small-clothes, far beyond the restorative power of straps. At their feet you will not fail to see their old ladies' small poodle-dogs, engaged in the usual personal entomological researches which distinguish the race; but relieving the severity of study by taking a few rapid turns, now and then, round and round, after the manner of the members, during the evenings, of the British Association, waltzing round the public rooms at Newcastle. Little old Jacky Barrett, the vice-provost, of whom every one has heard, came shuffling past me, on his way to his house in the corner, adjoining Queen Elizabeth's wall; to whom I doffed my hat in all dutiful respect, and which he answered with equal courtesy, letting drop his cap during the process into a puddle, a catastrophe over which he, and his equally antiquated handmaiden Katty, who was shuffling behind him, croaked in sympathy until beyond hearing. Who, too, should whisk past me, and turning out his toes as vigorously as ever, but M'Alister, the head porter, an excellent officer, and most respectable man, penetrated to the back-bone by the consciousness of sustaining in his own person the whole interests of the University, and who was now on his way to prepare some *testimonies* conferred on graduates by "me and the Board." The *ego et rex meus* of Wolsey, what a poor counterpart! Old O'Malley, too, was proceeding to the low bell-house in Botany Bay Square, pre-

paring himself, as he went, for his duties, by pulling off his coat. In a few moments afterwards, at the bidding of his professional stirrer-up, the metal-monster was heard raging, and roaring, and ramping, as if impatient of his den, and was determined, some day or other, to walk out in spite of them all. Here had O'Malley, his whole duty being confined to setting bells ringing, for a long series of years pulled and rung until he was rung deaf; and yet, such is the waywardness of human love, as hot to the last as a very peppercorn, in his zeal for the honour of his noisy undoer, kicking at the rival praises of Oxford's Great Tom; nor to be spoken with touching the tones of the thunderer, who shakes into rain the clouds above the cathedral towers of Moscow.

There is no occasion, certainly not, for affecting precision as to the exact number of years since I first sat in the same *division* with Jack Moriarty, at the Term examinations, in the splendid theatre of Trinity College, Dublin. Let it suffice, that it was, as we say in Ireland, a long time enough ago. In that same theatre I was never more than a tolerable performer, but I was Roscius himself compared with Jack. On his first entrance, his literary enthusiasm reached the height of purchasing the books requisite for the ensuing examination; but finding that he never opened them, he turned his experience to account, and reformed that *item* in his future expenditure. A brilliantly uniform series of *cautions* or *pluckings*\* might have been expected, as the result of this economy. Yet this was not the fact, even in the majority of cases. Many causes operated in Jack's favour. In the first place, he was an intimate *crony* of all the fellowship candidates, incongruous as such an union may, at first sight, appear between the hardest *faggers* and the hardest idlers within the walls. These he used to visit, in succession, each day, at their moments of relaxation, when he was admitted without undergoing a pre-

vious scrutiny through the *dunscope*. On such occasions he was always sure, to use his own highly figurative language, "to kick up a laugh" among the exhausted wretches by way of refreshment. Their studies he assisted by blowing up the kettle for green tea; nor was he wanting in repeated and emphatic touches to the can of October,† conveying thereby, and in the most impressive manner, his idea as to their best method for recruiting themselves for their tedious night-work. These gentlemen, from their high position, possessed a natural influence with the actual fellows, the examiners, and which they exerted, after the usual manner, in Jack's favour. This would consist in urging his constitutional claim to the benefit of a doubt as often as he was arraigned on the charge of *knowing nothing*, and, when this plea failed (and how it could ever stand, and yet every man's conscience be safe, is not for me to say), by recommending him as an object of pure mercy. But I am inclined to think that Jack's success was, in general, referable to his own ingenuity. In the art of *bottoming*, a figure to express the act of translating a book you never saw before, he was a thorough adept, and was apt to impress a moderate observer with a belief of his actually floating with all the native ease of a whale. He was supposed capable of stumbling through a dark passage, unblest by a single glimpse of the meaning, better than any man of his time; and in coughing down an unknown member of a sentence he had a power of lungs not to be found even among our grave legislators in the House of Commons. And then just to mark the exquisite skill with which he gave an overpowering emphasis to prepositions and conjunctions which, of course, he did know, thereby sinking out of notice substantives and verbs, which, of course, he did not know, that, I say, was a display of intellect rarely to be matched. His ingenuity, however, was more severely taxed in under-

\* *Caution* at Dublin, and *plucking* at Oxford, express an idea common to both, and very common too.

† Trinity College, Dublin, is as much celebrated for its October, a strong ale, so called from the month in which it is brewed, as is Merton, at Oxford, for its old port.

going the examinations in physics and mathematics. The difficulties he was here obliged to encounter did not result simply from his knowing nothing—profoundly and absolutely nothing about them. This, in fact, did not seem to constitute a difficulty to him at all, whatever it might do to others. But such occasions required, each for itself, a peculiar system of tactics, and for which general rules could furnish no suitable provision. I well recollect the sensation of terror when F—— was announced, upon one occasion, as our examiner. This gentleman's character, however respectable in private life, was one of unmitigated severity in his capacity of examiner. "The cruel F——" was our faint attempt at designating him, as connected with his abominable taste for *cautioning*. A chill of horror came over us as he called out the names of his victims after the usual manner, previous to his commencing the work of slaughter. Those who had read a little, myself, who ranked in this class, not excepted, trembled. The non-openers of books assumed a suitably blue look of resignation, Jack Moriarty, who was at the head of his order, always excepted, and gave up the ghost at once. He entertained a bad opinion, as I had gathered from him in his confidential moments, of that sort of modesty which prompts a student to say nothing in reply to a question put to him by the examiner, for the puny reason that he has nothing to say. Not to be on speaking terms with your examiner did not, he observed, tend of itself to improve friendly relations, and might be fatally misconstrued as sullenness. Jack, accordingly, on the present occasion, determined to answer every question, no matter what, and no matter how. He might be told that the answer he gave was wrong. Well, he was prepared for that; an assurance of this sort ranking with those historic truths, called "piper's news," and would, if I recollect any thing about Locke, have been designated a "trifling proposition," as not adding to Jack's previous consciousness. There was no fear of his being shaken by an emotion of surprise by being told that he was in any one instance

right. To this loquacious determination he rigidly adhered. As the examiner moved up and down the *division*, gathering a few answers to a multitude of questions, my excellent friend failed not to contribute his *quota*, at least, of words. Not a shot was sent in but it was met by an equally bold explosion from the good ship Moriarty. In vain did the examiner essay to blight his promising genius by such harsh criticisms as "Nonsense, sir, utter nonsense—I tell you again, you are wrong, sir." *Papoe!* On the very next occasion Jack was as brisk as ever, announcing the most startling propositions, drawing the most unheard-of corollaries, and imposing on that ancient dame, *Laws of Nature*, which, full of vagaries as she is, or indeed, any old woman, or indeed, for that matter, any woman, young or old, must have astonished her not a little.

"Moriarty!" said the examiner, towards the conclusion, "you have been attempting to answer me, but in not one instance have answered correctly. You really astonish me. (*No sympathy in this emotion perceivable on the part of John Moriarty, Esq.*) But I will give you one chance more; and unless I can ascertain thereby that you have actually read your business, I have no alternative but to *caution* you."

"Hallo! M——," shouted Jack up to me, as the examiner moved off, "do you *rejoice* in a Locke's Essay?"

"Yes, I do, Jack; but what use would it be to you now? It is too late, man."

"Come, 'skate it down here, you nigger,' as Child Harolde says; and, lads, don't interrupt my investigations."

He opened the book at random, somewhere near the beginning, and was forthwith, as far as I could judge from the fixed position of his eye, absorbed in as much philosophy as a single sentence or so might contain.

"Now, Moriarty, here I am again," said the examiner; "I will give you a problem in astronomy, and I must see whether you have looked into your books or not. Others have not opened their lips—their fate is certain. (*The sigh of*

lent ones arises.) Come, tell me how you would measure the length of the earth's shadow on the moon in an eclipse?"

"You will be pleased, sir, to re-examine the question, some terms hence," said Moriarty the daunt-

less! certainly—take all time—I give you to think before you speak." Moriarty then repeated his words.

"Oh! now I have it; there are two sources of ideas, sensation and reflection," announced Jack, confident in the abstract truth of the position, and indifferent to its practicality.

"But two sources of ideas, sensation and reflection?" repeated the minister unobtrusively, taken completely aback by the incongruity between the question and the professional answer.

"But two sources," reiterated the minister firmly, and not without, I could not help thinking, a certain degree of pride on his knowledge to be excused, however, by the novelty of any sensation of sort.

"Why, Moriarty!" exclaimed the minister, recovering himself, "that is taken out of Locke on the understanding, and I am examining of astronomy."

"Then fixed a long and penetrating gaze upon Jack's face, which with assumed an air of stolidity, affected as any ever adopted by the majority of his country—and mine and more power to them, when to cheat an Englishman.

"Well, well," said Moriarty, drawing breath at last, "this is the very essence of stupidity. I certainly can at least, that you have been doing something, and are possibly responsible for your power of domination,—so, I suppose, I let you pass."

"This is glorious result, Jack, from the centre of the division where he is sitting, telegraphed, as the examination moved off, to each extremity, in a natural manner, by thrusting his tongue into each cheek alternately.

"The shoals of oysters devoured at evening in Moriarty's rooms celebrate so brilliant an affair, the oceans of—a-hem!—water bed, his present historian is un-

fortunately not qualified to speak the result of his deplorable absence on so interesting an occasion, and all owing to a great-grand aunt, (she could not have been much less, I believe) who would persist in dying just one hour before the rendezvous, although, anticipating from the state of her health, such a conclusion, I had taken, as I conceived, every dutiful precaution against my hearing any thing about it until next morning—for then it would not have shocked me so much. But there was, as usual, a confoundingly thoughtful friend, who thought it his duty as a friend—so he said—to run off and tell me. How delicious, now, it would be to get such a person's name on a bill for a respectable amount, and enlarge his notion of friendship by allowing him to pay it! Old Biddy Snout, who was all the ministering spirit, the delicate Ariel, that Jack had, used, however, to refer frequently to it as "a mighty strong evening entirely."

On another occasion Moriarty's wits were brought into collision with those of the celebrated Jacky Barrett, already alluded to (for such was the innocent familiarity with which his grotesque appearance and character inspired every one to designate him), one of the most extraordinary vegetables that the unchanging gloom of a college cloister ever stunted in its growth. It is but proper, however, to state that this effect was purely accidental; as there has been nothing for a long time in the discipline of any of the British universities with which it is essentially connected. The fellows of Trinity College are found, as their habitual inmates, among the most polished circles, and to which their acknowledged high position in society affords them ready access. But Jacky's habits and manners, originally strange and uncouth, the result, in some measure, of his humble origin among the cabbage-gardens of Glasnevin, were hardened into the most striking eccentricities by the life of seclusion to which he devoted himself. His love of money was intense, as proved by the large sums accumulated at his death, and which were bequeathed by him to the general purposes of charity. McKeery, of Nassau Street, who published all

the caricatures of the day, used to exhibit in his window a print of him, wherein the outlines of the face, so marked in the original, were tolerably preserved, but exhibiting a plumpness and smoothness to which, I do not think, they were ever entitled. There used to hang, and I suppose there still does hang, a portrait above the chimney-piece of the librarian's room, which preserves the general spirit of the features, that of intense penuriousness, in an admirable degree. For this the artist enjoyed peculiar advantages. It need scarcely be told, to any person who knew him, that the idea of having his picture done at his own expense never entered his head, even in the most violent paroxysms of excited personal vanity; the fact being that the university, anxious to retain some memorial of an individual of such deep erudition, as his undoubtedly was, had commissioned an artist for the purpose. As an essential condition, however, Jacky insisted that he should be formally summoned before the board, and there solemnly informed that he must look to the university chest alone for remuneration, utterly dismissing the idea, if he had been sufficiently insane ever to have entertained it, of the proceeding being, in any degree, private and personal. This might, in ordinary cases, be reckoned a tolerable security against misconception; but where guineas were concerned—many guineas—"a power of guineas," as he used to conclude, with a sort of sigh, his daily perusal of the portrait for a course of years afterwards, too much caution, where error was fatal, could not be observed. He, accordingly, at the commencement of each sitting, en-

tered a formal protest against any portion of the expenditure being supposed to attach to himself.

"Do ye see me now (his favourite exclamation), Misthur Picthur-painter? It's not me, by any means, that's to pay for the picthur, wur you to make me ivir so purrty, by reason that it's Trinity College, Dublin, and not me that's vice-provost of Trinity College, Dublin."

"Oh! Mr. Vice-Provost," would the artist reply, working in a portion of blarney—a command over which is of rather more service to his profession than over his colours—"the honour of having so distinguished a sitter is in itself quite a sufficient remuneration—quite, I assure you, sir."

"If it's for puttin' a red curtain behin' me you are," would the distinguished sitter break out again, "as ye see in them picthurs in the examination hall, the divil resave me," (his language occasionally smacked of the rude strength of the cabbage-garden period). "Oh! the Lord forgive me! for I won't mention what I was a-goin' to say, which was, the divil resave me if I pay ye for it. And then there's another reason. Who wud know me afore a curtain, that nivir had so much as a window-blin', only wanst, an ould surplice, that I wore into full of nothin' but holes, that I put up to keep out the sun, when I was a-readin' for the fellowship! And then there's a third reason. Where wud ye get a curtain to dhrav it afther, barrin' ye wurn't to send for the ould red shawl, that, the day they rose me to be a sanior fellow, I for joy made a present ov to my ould Katty\* out ov her wages."

These remonstrances, eliciting in

\* Katty, as her master called, and therefore all of us, is quite an historic personage in the annals of the Irish University. No one who has ever heard of Jacky but must have likewise heard of Katty. My acquaintance with the earlier part of her history is, I regret to say, very imperfect. A writer in an early number of a northern periodical has endeavoured to supply this defect, but still there is a great want of authentic documents. Her father, it is understood, was a gentleman of extremely unsteady habits, being a roving tinker. Her own education, however, it is supposed, was conducted with a view to a charge of pewter pots in a public house. But whether through a blight cast upon her unrequited affections by some haughty barman, poor thing!—or whether it was a disgust at the general baseness of mankind, as typified by an unusual quantity of base copper palmed on her in some Saturday night's reckonings—or whether, after all, it was simply because there was much work and little pay—certain it is that, one day, she craved an interview with her liege lord of the pot-house; tendered to him the pots of office, which he was graciously pleased to accept—after counting them over not more than half-a-dozen times, and subducing

their expression a corresponding and oft-renewed cast of features intensely penurious, with their attendant air of anxiety wound up to agony, gave the artist an excellent opportunity of catching their habitual aspect, and of which he has availed himself with much ability.

After discharging the really labo-

rious duties attached to the situation of a junior fellow, Jacky was finally elevated to the high rank of vice-provost. By this he was relieved from all academic duties, but that of examining for fellowships and scholarships annually; attending the meetings of the senior board weekly;\* and eating his dinner at three o'clock

eight-pence for dinges — and finally withdrew unto the soft obscurities of Jacky Barrett's coal-hole, as his sole attendant. With him she summered and wintered through all his gradations of sizar, scholar, junior fellow, senior fellow, and vice-provost, taking rank accordingly, and which she never failed, when called in question, to vindicate with all proper spirit and shrewishness. These occasions were chiefly furnished by the extravagant behaviour of Tip, the little old dwarf badgeman at the gate, and with whom she maintained a constant feud. I wish to speak tenderly of this little gentleman's memory, and am therefore disposed to believe that his constantly waylaying her at the dining-hall steps, on her return from the paddock with a pitcher of water, about twelve o'clock each day, and then and there throwing himself into a skirmish of tongues or "aigle-baigling." I am disposed, I say, to refer such conduct to no darker motive than an instinctive feeling which prompted him thus to relieve himself from the excitement of a halfpenny-worth of whisky, to which he was occasionally subject — say once a-day — and talk himself sober. "Who are yez that's settin' yer-self up wid yer imperance?" would, at a highly excited point of the dialogue of the violent Tip, at the top of all the voice he had, and which evaporated in a squeal, "Who are yez, ma'am, I wud likes to know?" "Who am I?" would be the fair lady's quick response, as if anxious to relieve Tip's inquisitive soul from the pains of ignorance, "Who am I? yez would like to know, ye *madhawn*! Get oud wid yez, ye brat! that's only fit to thrash corn in a stable-lantern. Troth, it's just bekase there's not enough of yez to hit, that makes me so pacable. — Who am I? ye wud likes to know," returning to the question in hand, after bringing her hearer into a state of philosophic calmness adapted to the dignity of an historical infamy, by the delivery of these few left-handed personal compliments. "I'd have yez to know," bringing her face on a level with Tip's, with a view to his convenience in hearing, on the deafest side of his head, and elevating her voice to a scream, "that I'm the Vice-Provost's wumman, ye varmint."

Her pride in her master was great, and extended even to his personal appearance. On Commencement's Day, when the Doctors of the several faculties meet the Vice-Chancellor in their scarlet robes, and which Jacky always solemnised by a clean shirt, not hesitating, when the laundry cycle interfered, to intercalate a shirt, he would be seen to creep out, the image of Napoleon's little red mare, from the hall-door below, while Kitty was engaged in her observations from the lobby-window above. After pursuing him with her eyes, in silent admiration, until out of sight, she would draw in her head, muttering, "Well, an' there's no use spakin', but he's a mighty warlike figure, shure enough."

Nor was her master's attachment to her less; as was, indeed, well evinced by his handsome behaviour, on occasion of the poor creature slipping and dislocating her arm, at his hall-door, when about to proceed in quest of a halfpenny-worth of milk for his breakfast. A little after noon, he actually passed the outer gates, a circumstance hitherto appertaining to the receipt of his half-yearly dividend at the Bank, and, preceded by a porter with a lighted lantern, he arrived safe at one of the city hospitals, and being conducted to the bedside of his faithful menial, he made many and anxious inquiries about the condition of the moaning sufferer. He then inquired about his halfpenny.

This personal sketch may be wound up by describing her as one never tried, even in the perilous season of her prime — as Lord Byron says Italy was — by the fatal gift of beauty; of habits extremely simple, little versed in the more showy refinements of life, even to the extent of washing her face occasionally.

\* His simplicity in practical matters, money always excepted, often displayed itself on these occasions, and gave rise to many well-known anecdotes, of which a couple will here suffice. One of the members of the board having proposed the erection of a lamp in a dark corner of one of the squares, Jacky accepted the idea, and proceeded to improve it by the proviso that it "shud be taken down at night for fear them vagabonds of students shud brake it." On another occasion, a difficulty arose as to the disposal of a large quantity of rubbish accumulated during the progress of some new buildings, "Dig a hole for it, can't ye?" was the luminous counsel which burst over the darkened conclave.



in the commons' hall daily—all of which functions he discharged well, the last especially. Just as the first stroke of the clock announced the advent of that important hour, there would be seen to emerge from the vice-provost's house, a little old figure of some five feet and four inches high. A rusty old black coat, of that sort which it is not easy to conceive as having been ever new, and destined to a faded and aged look from its infancy, with a corresponding waistcoat, sprigged all over with porter-stains, constituted the upper portion of his integuments. The smallest possible pair of small-clothes were met by a pair of coarse rig-and-fur black stockings, encasing legs of uniform thinness, and whose extremities were lost in a huge set of copper-buckled shoes, upon which Katty's ingenuity, with all the resources of soot and spittle at command, could never raise a polish. The spectator's idea of two knitting-needles stuck in a corresponding number of turf-sods was hereby considerably refreshed. His first object, on getting fairly out, was to close the door carefully behind him; and then to test the security of the fastenings by bringing his person to bear on it, in a manner less graceful than effective, by that sort of manœuvre which we call in Ireland "advancing backwards." He then took a hasty review, through the dusty window, of a number of cocks and hens, kept in an unused parlour, out of a whimsical humour, and with no reference to the larder, and which, forming his brigade, as it were, of household troops, were now drawn up, on chairs and presses, for evening parade. Inspection over, a process which occasionally involved an audible threat of a drum-head court-martial against some refractory recruit of a pullet, and of inflicting immediate punishment by tying its leg to the table on his return, squeezing down a threadbare velvet cap of the old Oxford model, and thereby thrusting into view a wood-shaving or two, with which, picked up in the courts, he kept in a sort of a club a few grey hairs behind—a curious joint sacrifice to Prudence and the Graces. Then tucking up a little gown, with plaits white with the undisturbed dust of years, he finally broke out

into a small trot. For this spirited movement, and executed with a vigour beyond his years, there were several reasons. The first was general, and referred to the fact that in our paradise—the condition of fallen humanity—"there is fear lest dinner cool," an idea not to be dwelt on, in the excited state of his appetite, without risking a sudden access of insanity. Moreover, it is the privilege, and one always kept by him in wholesome exercise, of the senior of the hall for the day to claim, for his especial comfort and well-being, a tankard of October and a manchet of bread. His rights on this head might now be considered as of proscriptive authority, as none were likely to advance theirs until assured of his absence, which just meant his death. Now, as a general way of reasoning, this was all very well; yet he could not but reflect that men, even fellows of colleges, are but mortal,—good ale is most seducing, and human patience in matters of manchets is limited, and not to be over-taxed. But even had these reasons, confessedly excellent, not existed for despatch, one still remained behind, strong enough to have set London Monument on the trot. There was infinite cause to dread an ambuscade, laid behind the chapel-pillars, against the peace of his pocket, by some of his relations from Glasnevin; for whom, as he was very rich and they were very poor, he felt all the abhorrence proper in such cases. Now, unless out-flanked by a vigorous movement in front, capture on such occasions, he knew from experience, was inevitable, and which would not be redeemed by any thing short of an enormous ransom. Even half-crowns themselves had been known, more than once, to have been spoken of, in the agitation of the moment, and under the distracting consciousness of dinner deferred. On the steps of the dining-hall M<sup>r</sup>. Allister, the head porter, stood to receive him, in his state-face—a deep smile of respectful welcome, accurately graduated to the rank of him it was intended to greet, indented across his whole countenance, as if absorbed in a phantom flute. "The junior scholar will be pleased to say grace," would this worthy official proclaim, after having

conducted the vice-provost to his place at the head of the fellows' table. To this ceremony Jacky paid a reverential attention, not incompatible with his shaving off, and then cross-cutting, several slices from a round of cold beef, and which was placed, by his special orders, so that he could command it whilst standing. During the process of absorption, knife and fork both acting as elevators in rapid alternation, his eye was carefully perusing the bill of fare supported against a plate. He was thus enabled, relieved from the importunities of an angry appetite, to exercise thereupon a cool and sound discretion, and was less likely to experience, on the score of a rash selection, a fruitless repentance when he could eat no more.

On withdrawing to his house, his evening passed in a still more solitary manner than his morning. A profound stillness prevailed through the whole wide range of his apartments. His only domestic, old Katty, smoked and dozed alternately by a smouldering fire in the kitchen on the basement story, while her master lay on an old sofa in one of the garrets under a sky-light, engaged with some huge folio of Oriental learning, and which was kept in position by his knees drawn up at a sharp angle. From the bottom of the valley thus formed, his eye would peer up enviously at the broad surface of oddly twisted characters, a gentle slumber now and then stealing over it in the exhaustion of old age. This would sometimes be protracted until night had set in, undisturbed, if not soothed, by the chirping of the sparrows, sitting in full divan on the glass in the roof, apparently discussing whether Jacky, with whose person they, as old residents, were quite familiar—although they had never seen the colour of his crumbs—and was lying crouched up just below them was dead or alive, and prying into his privacy with all the easy impudence of true-bred town-sparrows. He would, probably, be awakened by the fall of the huge volumes from his knees on the floor, the sullen sound passing down, amid the dead silence, to the foundations, and rousing his ancient handmaid from a corresponding state of tranquillity. Both would then

stumble off to their respective pallets through the darkness, the flash of a light rarely cheering, as it passed the windows, the long range of buildings which contained them.

With this mode of life, dreary and without comfort as it appeared to be, he was contented, and might possibly have been happy, after his own measure of happiness. His attachment to it seemed even to increase as the symptoms of a coming change thickened. "I will live many a tall fellow down yet," would he be heard repeating to himself by way of cheer. But he spoke from out the shadow of death.

When the final consummation arrived, the usual formalities of respect were duly observed. The chapel was arrayed in full mourning. The college-bell rung a muffled peal at intervals, day and night, for a stated period, its vigorous tones deadened into a hollow boom. As it broke out suddenly at an advanced period of darkness, impressing an unnatural sense of nervous chilliness on the students at their late vigils, the lamps were extinguished in all the buildings, and they got them to bed at once. Swelling unimpeded over the sleeping city, the night-faring seaman, as he rounded the Howth rock, met its one low wailing note, and wondered whence at that strange hour and why it was coming. His remains were conveyed, in preference to the chapel-vaults, to the humble burying-place of his family at Glasnevin, from the members of which he had been so long separated—his own choice to be sure—but whom it was thought fitting he should join again in this their common and long home. A train of dignitaries, among which his relatives in humble garb were encouraged to mingle, accompanied the procession. The solemn service of the church for a brother departed in the faith was performed at full length—the coffin was lowered by those nearest of kin in silence—a reverential decorum prevailed as the grave was closing over its new tenant—every thing in short was there, and fitting in its time and place—every thing but the human tear that is so beseeching for all who die. Where was it to come from indeed? Alas! the strange though harmless being, now out of sight, had forgot

to cherish its fountain of love in a single bosom.

But let all this pass. It must have been through some accident, I forget what, that a fellow of such high standing as the vice-provost should have been appointed to examine a *division* of under-graduates. Be that as it may, the allotment falling on the particular one, wherein Jack Moriarty and his historian flourished, was by no means considered a god-send. In the first place, Jacky had a decided taste for supplying us with copies of the Greek author appointed for examination, with characters contracted and difficult, and we had a taste equally decided for such as were easy and plain. Again, his mode of pronouncing English was as original as every thing else about him; yet any slowness of apprehension on our part was apt to irritate him. The term examinations for each of the four classes (each class averaging at four hundred) in Trinity College, Dublin, it may be as well to state, for the enlightenment of the unfortunate being who was never there, are conducted, at intervals, during two successive days, two hours in the morning being allotted for that purpose, and the same portion of the evening.

Contrary to the usual practice, Jacky, instead of sitting in among us, had withdrawn to a less occupied part of the immense hall, and directed each to attend him in succession. This was probably done to avoid, as much as possible, the heat, which was intense, as the month was that of June, and the place was much crowded. As each returned back to his seat, after undergoing his portion of the examination, he was eagerly questioned by those whose hour of trial was yet to come.

"Well J—," would be the exclamation of us all, with mouths agape like a nest of unfledged birds awaiting their mother's beak, "What sort of an old boy is Jacky?"

"Why, then, he's just the devil's own darling boy, in the first place."

"But did you answer any thing at all, man?"

"Aye, about as much as the Con-naught man shot at, and missed—nothing."

"Oh! murder!" was the cry of anguish.

I have forgotten—it is a duty I owe to my happiness to forget—what was the ancient author appointed for the Latin portion of the examination. I merely retain the impression of his having been a regular *poser*; in fact, I might go farther, and say, he was a decided *sticker*, and one that would put Jack Moriarty's metal to the test. We accordingly waited, with anxiety, his turn for being called up.

His report was undecided. Jacky had observed, through the whole process of Moriarty's stumbling through a few sentences, an ambiguous silence, only interrupted by a nasal flourish of trumpets between his fingers, and from which nothing could be inferred. In fact, Jack declared to his numerous friends and admirers, that unless he rallied during the last two hours, his prospects were decidedly *bluish*. A large body of them accompanied him from his rooms to the door of the examination-hall, but despondingly. Regulus's procession was a bridal party to it. They felt that he was proceeding on the forlorn hope. His return was doubtful, and the chances of a supper trembled in the balance.

"Moriarty!" said Jacky, as Jack was seated with a desk between them to undergo an examination in Homer, "what quarter of the country do you come from?"

Jack. From Kerry, sir; my father is a college tenant. A fine trust of fancy, and the more to the credit of his powers, as totally unaided by any suggestions from fact, Sligo being his honoured cradle.

Jacky. Do you see me now? Does he pay his rent as he ought to do—to the day?

Jack. To the day, sir! to the hour—to the minute—to the second—his first duty. "My first duty, decidedly," he says to me, "and will be yours, I hope, my dear John, when I am gone." And I say to him, "I hope so, too."

Let no writer hereafter, in wishing to speak of a firm unflinching surface, fly to the nether mill-stone for a simile. Be Jack Moriarty's face the standard of comparison, from this forth.

Jacky. Humph! (*but not an angry humph*.) There's a parcel of them chaps that comes up out of the

country, and nivr drames about opinin' a book, with their imperance.

*Jack (patronising the idea at once).* Just so, sir—it may well astonish you—it has often done me. But impudence, alas! is the national weakness (*dolefully*).

*Jacky.* I see, Moriarty, by your marks, that you're one of the biggest bad ones in your Latin. Here, thry yer hand at a bit of Homer.

*Jack (anxious to waste the time, a limited portion being allotted to the examination of each student).* You would wish me, I am disposed to think, Mr. Vice-Provost, that previous to my proceeding to translate the Greek, and I sincerely agree with the most tasteful critics in thinking, that a translation only impairs the ineffable beauties of the original; and I do hope to live to see the day when the practice of translating Greek or Latin will be totally abandoned, and the sooner the better. I could say an infinite number of excellent things on this point, but I am most unwilling to waste, Mr. Vice-Provost, your valuable time. But to return to our original point—just so, sir. You would wish me, I am disposed to think—I was so disposed from the first to think—that I should read out the Greek itself?

*Jacky (after several attempts to stem the torrent of Jack's eloquence).* To be shure I do, sirrah! If you were to come for to go for to put a Homer in a pig's han', he wud know that he must read it over at laste wonst afore he cud transhlate.

*Jack.* Your illustration, sir, is most effective; it decides the point with me.

Here Jack enunciated boldly three or four lines of Homer.

*Jacky.* Stop! here's a whole power of proper names. I'll give you a push upon yer antiquities. Give me a karacter of Nestor.

*Jack.* Nestor, sir! Oh! yes! an old Grecian. I heard it well spoken to by an old Trojan of a schoolmaster on my father's college property in Kerry, an enthusiastic admirer of

your life of Swift,\* by the by, and thinks you have decided the question. So do I, indeed.

How the question was settled, or what indeed the question itself was that was to be settled, is a matter about which his historian knows just as little as Jack himself.

*Jacky (not without a soothed sensation).* Then go on with yer karacter.

*Jack.* Nestor, it would appear, was a respectable old chieftain, who was much in the practice of suggesting, in all difficulties, the expediency of Agamemnon, or some one else, giving a supper, and of asking himself thereunto: but as this was a sort of advice he never seems to have taken to himself, and, indeed, it appears that through the whole *Iliad* scarcely one of the chiefs were known to have put their legs under his mahogany, the best critics are disposed to put him down as a regular old sconce.

*Jacky (thrown into a fit of musing by this off-hand piece of criticism, exacted by our friend Moriarty, and which, notwithstanding a seemingly ostentatious reference to former opinions, was considerably original).* Sconce! A word far on in the dictionary. I'll look it up afthur commons. May be it's the same as *skink*, and may be it's not. And may be Nestor had the manes, and may be he had not (*recovering*): but, come, get on wid yer transhlation.

*Jack.* With all pleasure.

And forthwith Jack sounded forth a few Greek words, and then a few English, by way of variety, his fluency being little impeded by the exercise of a just selection.

*Jacky.* Why! sorra' a taste of them's right, sirrah, by rason that they're all wrong.

*Jack (with a fine air of offended scholarship).* Wrong! Mr. Vice-Provost. I—a—really—a—cannot—a—see how that—a—can be—a.

*Jacky.* But do you see me now, they're wrong.

*Jack (having thrown himself into an approved thinking attitude for a moment).* And wrong, indeed, they arc.

\* The *Monthly Review*, in its notice of this work, complains of the obscurity resulting from the authors having totally unexplained such phrases as "Surplice-Chapel, Bye-book, fines, &c. apparently under the impression," says the Reviewer, "that the whole world was collected in one place, and that place, Trinity College, Dublin." To be sure, he thought so.

Well, how stupid! It is quite unaccountable. The fact is, I was supposed by my friends to know this part of the book as well as—any other part. (This *was* the fact.) But, since I have committed an error, it only remains for me, as a gentleman, frankly to acknowledge it, and ask your pardon.

*Jacky.* And where's the use in that? (*sensibly enough.*)

Now was Jack's time or never. Nothing but a *coup d'état* could save him.

*Jack* (*assuming an intense gentlemanly air, arranging between his wide extended finger and thumb his cravat, and stiffening his head up, the whole after the best manner of Government clerks, and other known masters of high punctilio*). I am—a—quite sure, Mr. Vice-Provost, in fact, perfectly conscious, sir—that—a—it is, in short, quite unnecessary for me to suggest to you, whose appearance betrays an *early* and habitual acquaintance with gentlemanly feeling (an emphatic weight judiciously laid upon the word "*early*," as intended to sink the paternal cabbage gardens of Glasnevin to the earth's centre), that when one gentleman falls into an error, which involves him with another gentleman, and which comes to be frankly acknowledged, it is the thing among gentlemen to overlook it, as if it had never existed. This—but indeed your own feelings, sir, as a gentleman, will have told you, that I believe this *is* the thing.

The gentleman whom this reference regarded looked up, and then looked down, and then looked up again. He seemed altogether thrown from his centre. A state of things, in short, had arisen, a style of nomenclature adopted, for which his previous experience could in no way have prepared him. To have been addressed as at the head of one of the first universities in the empire would have been accepted as a compliment; yet, justly, as one not unexpected. To have been told of his immense erudition must have met with some response in his daily consciousness: but to be called, no matter by whom, no matter on what occasion, at any period of his existence, a gentleman—his very demeanour reflecting habitually the tints of high and elegant life—appealed to

as one perfectly alive to the nice traits of feeling and conduct, which shed so graceful and delicate a covering over its social intercourse, however preposterous—but that is not the question—the present application was of the code of honour—these were things new to him indeed. He scrutinised, however, our friend Jack's face, but met nothing there but a decided expression of high, though somewhat haughty courtesy. The compliment to his personal appearance was, especially, that which, strange as it may appear, he was well disposed to appreciate. He had been known to punish, rather beyond the enormity of the offence, a student, who had, in passing, called out "*sweep*," meeting all attempts to evade, on the part of the offender, the charge of disrespect, on the ground that the exclamation regarded another object, by the simple circumstance, urged with his usual tact, of there having been, at the time, "*no other sweep in the coarts but myself, sirrah.*" And even so now had a secret chord of unsuspected sweetness been reached in the bosom of the little old man. The insidious poison did its office. The tempted fell. "*Delicious essence!*" so apostrophises Yorick the spirit of flattery, "*how refreshing art thou to human nature! How are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! How sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart!*"

"Moriarty, you may go to your sate."

"Do you give me my examinations, Mr. Vice-Provost?"

"Yes."

"Oh! rare Jack Moriarty!"

The hours appointed for examination were fast drawing to a close. The commonplace men, the middle classes of college society, the premium and caution-men forming the opposite extremes. My own respectable order, as I have hinted before, were apprised, by the several examiners, of their secure position. The *caution-men* received sentence, and thenceforth rehearsed, each a face appropriate to the condemned cell. The successful candidates for premiums, as their names were announced, felt their blood gushing through their

young hearts in a delicious torrent. The features of Berkeley, and Swift, and Burke, with his face that of a potato—but of a thinking potato, nevertheless—and the other giants of Alma Mater dancing before their eyes in the first delirium of such honourable happiness. Even amid the terrible heat, a cold chill came over the disappointed, and they pressed their hands against their throats, to relieve the choking sensation. Their labours concluded, the fellows moved towards the huge folding-doors, to secure a start for the fresh air, when the moment for throwing them open, as fixed by statute, should arrive. Each of us seized firmly our college caps, foreseeing the usual scramble. M'Allister stood with his hand on the lever that commanded the bolt, awaiting the signal from the outside.

Nor was the scene itself on the outside without its interest. There was assembled a large body of students, carefully arrayed in full academic costumes, according to orders strictly enforced on such an occasion. Among them was wedged an officer or two from the garrison fighting against the old enemy Time; schoolmasters anxious for the success of their former favourite pupils and grinders\* for their present. There, moves about a whole batch of old fathers, whose sons are *in for honours* in the hall, and have come to assist them by fidgeting up and down on the outside. These, some way or other, seem all to know each other, in the general community of their interests, and walk a dozen steps forwards in groups, and a dozen backwards, standing still being out of the question. The porter on duty has taken his stand on the steps, with a bell, such as is used in markets, raised to his shoulder, while his eye is fixed, and his mouth too, in his earnestness, on the wire attached to the small bell-tower above the commons' hall over the way, and which, from its connexion with the clock, descends at the very same instant as does the hammer. A provision is thus made for the moment which closes the scene of torture within the hall, being announced in the

most expeditious manner conceivable, on the principle of light, as testified by a common flash, travelling much faster than sound—a beautiful application of the results of science to the purposes of humanity. A couple of seconds more, and all will be known. The crowd moves on towards the door, ready to receive the torrent which is about to boil out. The fathers draw up in a line a little apart by themselves, and exert themselves to stand still, though poorly. What the deuce is the matter with that clock? Is it asleep? Or does it, out of an unfeeling vanity, purposely protract its brief space of importance, conscious that when the first stroke of the four is chimed not one in all that assembly will recognise the existence of the remaining three, though the tones rose from the sweetest music bells upon earth! Does it—oh! there it is, when it can't help it. Down goes the wire, down goes the market bell, down goes the bolt, and here they come. What a gush of faces, all burning with heat and excitement, such as marks them for half an hour afterwards! What a buzz of voices. "Well, how did you get on? Who got the premium? Poor P—lost it—only half a question of difference between them.—Give me a shake of your hand. I said you would be successful—did I not?—At least, I thought it.—Are you *stuck* (Latin for *caution*) oh! murder!—Will you come to the theatre to night?—I'm off for Sligo." &c. &c. The successful candidates form the centres of admiring groups. Persons who are strangers to them, and have no personal interest in the matter, join in greeting them. We all like to know and be near the successful, no matter on what, even the fortunate candidate for parish sweep, especially if it be wash-hand day. Their fathers shake hands with every body, just as if they, not their sons, had won the honours; but the disappointed creatures are allowed to move off by themselves, getting over to their rooms along by the walls, their fathers and *chums*, their whole suite, and who try to pour in words of cheer; which, however, will be better understood to-morrow after

\* *Coaches*, at Oxford; *Crammers*, at Cambridge; *Grinders*, at Dublin; drudges, every where.

the night's rest, supposing it is to come. "Never mind, my boy, think no more about it—you did all you could—your mother's satisfied—I'm satisfied—we're all satisfied. You had better go down to cousin Tim's for a week or so—you can have my gun—you'll beat him the next time—not a doubt of it." The *chum* assents to the father behind the son's back to this position, "Not a doubt of it, sir, I repeat, and come you both and dine with me at my hotel." This is all well enough; still, the next time is not the present time, and it is the disappointment of young ambition; but then, again, it *is* young ambition, and the spirit of youth will shake, I expect, all off by to-morrow.

But if I get on in this way I will assuredly lose the *symposium* at Jack Moriarty's rooms, which, I know, will be instituted to celebrate his magnificent escape. I lost one before, and that is quite enough in a moderate lifetime.

Preparations on an extensive scale were already making for the festival. Biddy Snout was in full activity, foraging for implements of conviviality, in any chamber in college to which access was possible. The results were splendid, and formed, when arranged on Jack's table, an imposing picture. Three black bottles of *Kinahan's Best* towered in the centre. A single glass tumbler with the same quantity of spoons—this latter display exhausting the plate-chests of Jack and his numerous friends, was surrounded by an infinite multitude of breakfast cups of all patterns, a nicety which made not the heart of our Commissary General, Mrs. Snout, sore, being only solicitous about their being large enough. Three kettles of cold water, but boiled at breakfast time before the fires were, on account of the heat, extinguished, and which hence acquired a delicious softness, were arranged within the fender. A few chairs were sprinkled about the rooms, utterly disproportioned to the number of guests expected, and which seemed reserved for the more distinguished portion, which the first comers, indeed, voting themselves unanimously to be that portion, would be sure to occupy. The rest would, of necessity, ottomanise it on the floor, right glad of the chance.

Commons over, there was an awful rush up stairs, Mrs. Snout standing for a moment, as her master was in the rear of the torrent, to do the honours, but at last threw open the doors of the banquet-hall, and fled before the tide, exclaiming, "The Lord be good to them, the playful craitures." Still, however, it did not become us to forget good manners, and we each of us, accordingly, as we passed Jack's open door, gave it a sound kick as a substitute for rapping, Jack heartily joining in this courteous ceremony. After the one tumbler, and all the cups were charged, and the solitary spoon had gone circuit, our host proposed the first toast.

*Humbug! and may I never forget the principles which got me my examinations.*

This constitutional sentiment was received as it deserved. A fearful hurricane of hammerings on table and floor ensued. The poor spoon, in its astonishment, flew round and round its tumbler like a rat round a cage. T—, the fellowship candidate in the chambers below, threw up his eyes towards the ceiling in a state of stupefaction, resulting from the storm over head; but he was brought, like St. Patrick's snakes, to "a sense of his situation" by his mouth filling with dust, produced by the awful concussion of the elements above him. Mrs. Snout put in her head, with a grin of ecstasy, "Och! my darlins, an' much good may it do yer all. Troth, it's no wonder ye shud be as dry as a bag of dust after the examinations." Here Biddy's presumption, addressing us so familiarly, was checked by a cup of punch, and the affectionate creature swallowed the affront with great good temper. After a cup, or two cups, or three cups, we attained a high state of excitement, and were rather above the ordinary singing point, so as to be satisfied with only that sort of a song, where there is a very small proportion of selfish *solo*, but an infinite quantity of *chorus*, wherein every man could enjoy his own noise.

"Come, Jack Moriarty, give us a song."

"The fact is, lads, I have no voice, but that is no difficulty."

"Certainly not. It will make none to us."

[*Sudden apparition of Mrs. Snout's face, wearing, as became a denizen of the coal-hole, a mingled expression of punch, and coal-dust, at a broken pannel of the room-door.*]

"An' sure, Mither Jack, ye wudn't be after openin' your mouth without a sup of punch first to keep the could from comin' in. By the same token there's nothin like rosinin' the mouth, says the ould fiddler."

[*Sudden annihilation of Bridget, the aforesaid, under a bombardment of college caps from every point of the horizon. A general and ungrateful adoption of her idea, nevertheless.*]

"Come, Jack, lose no time, or we'll not listen to you. Something pathetic."

"Yes, I think I will touch you up something weepy."

### **Song of the Soapless,\***

*As Sung at the Concerts of*

**JACK MORIARTY, Esq. No. 7, T.C.D.**

AND THE REST OF THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY.

**WORDS BY AUGUSTUS BOTHEREM, Esq.**

**MUSIC BY ALFRED SMOTHEREM, Esq.**

AND

INSCRIBED TO THE HON. EMMELINE L. FOTHEREM.

*Extract of a letter from a Lady of title to a Lady of title.*

"We have been thrown into an immense state of sensation by an exquisite ballad which has lately appeared, called the 'Song of the Soapless.' You can really form no conception of its effect. Sir C. W., the barrister, as he hung over the impassioned breathings of our dearest lady, was visibly affected. It is understood, in certain circles, which feel a great interest in detecting a kind of anecdote of their neighbours, and are far too generous to monopolise it, that the learned knight next morning ordered a quantity of the commodity referred to from a shop at Cornhill; an occurrence so unusual as to affect the shopkeeper with a fit of hysterics, and from which he has not yet recovered."

#### I.

Nay, chide not my weeping, love; haply the tear  
Which steals down my dark cheek, and waters its slope,  
With its full flood of grief into brightness may cheer  
The surface that mourns for its lost days of soap.

*First voice (by especial appointment). Soap!*

*Second voice (ditto). Soap!*

*All, each by his own appointment.*

The surface that mourns for its lost days of soap! (*Tenderly, but dispersedly.*)

#### II.

Sweet girl! how our memory feeds on the time  
When, bright from the wooden vase, stretch'd o'er the rope,  
My own pair of breathe-them-nots dangled sublime,  
T'was the task of thy fond hand, and time of our soap!

*First voice. Soap!*

*Second voice, joined by one or two impatient solos. Soap!*

*But every soul of us, 'Twas the task of thy fond hand and time of our Soap!*  
(*A round of tears. A voice from the corner touchingly imitates a pensive calf, with a view to mellow and improve the effect, and succeeds.*)

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\* This song is copyright.



## III.

When my country's proud bugle once bade me to part,  
 For a far foreign shore with the foemen to cope,  
 How heavy the duty she laid on my heart!  
 Ah! worse now the duty she lays on my soap!  
*First voice, with one or two more. Soap!*  
*Second voice, with two or three more. Soap!*  
*Every one of us, as if as many more,*  
 Ah! worse now the duty she lays on my soap!  
*Tears as above, calf as above.*

## IV.

But, come, fill our egg-shell once more, and the sigh,  
 When warm'd with its perfume, may breathe of a hope,  
 The next garret sky-nymphs next time, should you try,  
 They might lend, though refused oft, a rub of their soap!  
*An unanimous fantasia of calves.*  
*Omnes. Soap!*  
*Omnes. Soap!*  
*Omnes, with the addition of Mrs. Snout from her carbonaceous bower,*  
*for this time only, and quite unsolicited.*  
 They might lend, though refused oft, a rub of their soap!

Just as we let our final bellow, a most terrific shower of kicks fell on Jack's door. A voice then breathed a gentle bellow through the aperture for letters.

"Jack—Jack Moriarty, we know you are at home. Here's a deputa-

tion about going to the theatre, to wait upon you; and if you do not open the door, we will break it open."

"Oh! it's Thomson of the new square. Biddy, my dark page, proceed and unfold."

## MACAULAY'S LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.\*

THE conductors of the public business in England are honourably distinguished by three things from those of other nations devoted to the same pursuit. Their personal honour and honesty always stand unsullied; no suspicion of any pecuniary baseness can attach to any English minister, whether Whig or Tory. They take no bribes—they appropriate to themselves no public money. They have never even been accused of using the information they receive in their official capacity for the purpose of affecting the money-market and winning fortunes for themselves. It is not so with their political contemporaries in foreign parts. The second thing which distinguishes them from Continental statesmen is, that no rancorous feeling from the hot strife of the political arena is brought into the intercourse of private life. The most violent partymen on opposite sides may be the warmest allies in some intellectual pursuit, and meet as cordial friends over the social board. A third distinction is that English politicians, with scarcely an exception, retire gracefully into private life, while their political occupation is in abeyance, or when actually gone, and seek in some other honourable and lofty pursuit employment for minds too active by nature, education, and habit, to endure idleness. They make not themselves ridiculous by vain repinings after lost power—they make themselves not contemptible by paltry intrigue for their own personal restoration to office. All this is, for the most part, different with the men abroad. Our leading politicians are sure to be men of taste and learning; and it is delightful to see them, whether released or exiled from the burthen of public affairs, recurring in the decline of life to the beautiful studies of their youth, or, in maturer manhood, seeking to extend their renown by labours in another career, and

plying the pen of the commentator, the historian, or the poet. William Pitt in his retirement betook himself once more to hold converse with the illustrious Greek, whose matchless oratory roused the admiration, and lent wings to the ambition, of his boyhood. The venerable Eldon, and his brother, "the enlightened magistrate of nations," loved in their retirement to revive the classic lore on which the youthful powers of their great minds were exercised, and which first enabled them to plant a firm footstep on the road to worldly prosperity and undying fame. Fox and Burke, at every interval of political leisure, turned the mighty floods of their oratory into the channels of literature. In an earlier day Bolingbroke did the like; and in that day, abounding with the greatest names England can boast of, we have the example of Sir John Davis, of Bacon, and of Raleigh, amongst a host of others. Perhaps the case of the august captive, who could make his spirit travel free through all antecedent time, to compensate for his body's thralldom, and devise an adequate employment for his mind—the only one that could suit its grandeur—in writing the history of the world, is the most touching in that world's long story to him who thinks nicely and has a due appreciation of intellect and will. Impressed with these feelings, it is with unfeigned pleasure we observe that the two most intellectual and capable members of the late ministry have lost no time in presenting themselves to their fellow-countrymen in their literary capacity,—that capacity, decidedly, in which they are most calculated to shine. They probably feel that, as public servants, the doom upon them is not simply a long exile, but the awful "never to return!" That it should be so is certainly better for the British empire, and, we sincerely believe, for themselves here and their posthum-

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\* *Lays of Ancient Rome*. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. London, 1842. Longman and Co.

ous renown hereafter. Lord John Russell, although his abilities are not in any particular great, possesses most commendable industry and zeal, and a true faculty of application, which is in itself as high as it is a rare power, alike physically and mentally; and he has access to stores of documents which would enable him to make valuable contributions to the modern history of our native country at some of its most interesting periods. Our business, however, is not at present with him or his recent publication. Mr. Babington Macaulay claims our attention; but before we give ourselves up to him, we would fain remark that there is one other retired minister (we mean Lord Palmerston) whose faculties and learning, and the proof of whose early performances—sportive, but strong of flight—in conjunction with Frere, and Croker, and Canning, and whose later efforts on adequate occasions, regarded as pieces of argumentation, and outpourings of a full mind in answering oratory, shew that few men are more capable of producing a work which should confer honour on himself, and bring advantage to his country. In one branch of modern historical knowledge Lord Palmerston stands confessedly without a rival, and it is that which records the relations of Great Britain with foreign powers. If he would only turn that to the account of which it is capable, he might win a name which his countrymen would not easily let pass away. We now address ourselves to Mr. Macaulay. The announcement of a new book, from the vast multitude of our modern authors, rarely excites any other feeling in us excepting one of nausea, dreading lest we might be compelled in duty to review it. A genuine emotion, however, passed through our frame as we read of the promised *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Mr. Macaulay is the author of two admirable ballads, the *Armada* and the *War of the League*. Great is their vigour of expression—beautifully picturesque the scenes they conjure up. They are evidently the effusions of a brilliant fancy and of a male mind. The second, which relates to the Battle of Ivry, is little known. A few

verses will shew that it is not inferior to the *Armada*, and superior to any thing, in its way, which could be produced by any of our living poets who still continue to write:—

“ Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are,  
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre !  
Now be there heard the merry sound of music and of dance,  
Through thy corn-fields, green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France;  
And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,  
Rapture again shall light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.  
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,  
For cold, and stark, and still, lie they, who wrought thy walls annoy.  
Hurra ! Hurra ! a single field hath turned the tide of war,  
Hurra ! Hurra ! for Ivry, and for Henry of Navarre !

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day,  
We saw the army of the league drawn out in long array,  
With all its priest-led citizens and all its rebel peers,  
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.  
There rode the blood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land,  
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand.  
And as we gazed on them, we thought on Seine's empurpled flood,  
And good Coligny's hoary head all dabbled with his blood ;  
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fates of war,  
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre !

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour dressed,  
And he has bound a snow-white plume around his gallant crest;  
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rose from wing to wing,  
Down all the line, the deafening cry, God save our lord the king !  
He looked upon his people and a tear was in his eye,  
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.  
And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,  
Charge where you see this white plume wave amidst the ranks of war,  
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.

Hurra! the foe is moving, hark to the mingled din  
 Of steed and fife, and trump and drum,  
 and roaring culverin;  
 The fiery duke is pricking fast across  
 St. André's plain,  
 With all the hireling chivalry of Gueldres  
 and Almayne.  
 Now by the lips of those you love, fair  
 gentlemen of France,  
 Charge, for the golden lilies now, upon  
 them with the lance!  
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a  
 thousand spears in rest,  
 A thousand knights are riding hard be-  
 hind the snow-white crest;  
 And in they burst, and on they rush,  
 whilst, like a guiding star,  
 Amidst the thickest conflict blazed the  
 helmet of Navarre!

Now God be praised the day is ours,  
 Mayenne hath turned his rein,  
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter, the  
 Flemish count is slain.  
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds  
 before a Biscay gale,  
 The field is strewn with wounded steeds,  
 with flags and cloven mail;  
 And then we thought on vengeance, and  
 all along our van  
 Remember St. Bartholemew! was passed  
 from man to man.  
 But out spake gentle Henry, No French-  
 man is my foe,  
 Down, down with every foreigner, but  
 let your brethren go.  
 Oh! was there ever yet a knight, in  
 friendship or in war,  
 So gallant and so gracious as the soldier  
 of Navarre?

Ho! maidens of Vienna, ho! matrons  
 of Lucerne,  
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair, for  
 those that never shall return!  
 Ho, Philip! send for charity thy Mexi-  
 can pistoles,  
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass  
 for thy poor spearmen's souls.  
 Ho! gallant nobles of the league, see  
 that your arms be bright,  
 Ho! burghers of St. Geneviève, keep  
 watch and ward to night!  
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant,  
 our God hath raised the slave,  
 And mocked the counsel of the wise,  
 and the valour of the brave.  
 Then glory to our God on high, from  
 whom all glories are,  
 And glory to our sovereign liege, King  
 Henry of Navarre!"

We have given the whole of this right Protestant ballad; we felt that in curtailing it we should have been breaking a gem. We considered, too, that in presenting to our readers

in its entirety this ballad, which was originally thrown away upon some sickly annual or obscure periodical, we were laying before them an excellent exemplar of the peculiar style and powers of the writer. But there is prose as well as verse in this volume of Macaulay's now before us. A word, in the first instance, about his prose: we speak of it generally. It is well known that he is the writer of those long biographical and critical articles in the *Edinburgh Review*. To his pen it is all lovers of literature are indebted, amongst many other eloquent papers, for those on Lord Clive, Warren Haastings, Sir Robert Walpole, and Sir Walter Raleigh. The style in which Macaulay composes is very gorgeous, sometimes, it cannot be denied, meretricious, and now and then, like a harlot, vulgar in its load of finery, but it is, upon the whole, fascinating and imposing. Having once begun you can rarely, though sometimes shocked by instances of bad taste and unjust feeling, stop until you have finished the article; and it invariably leaves you—whatever you may think of the performance as a piece of oratory—whatever may be your conviction as to the soundness of his statements, and the cogency of his arguments—whatever may be your conclusion as to whether he has, or has not, proved his case—it invariably, we say, leaves you with a respectful impression of the natural abilities, the wide-spread reading, and lofty ambition of the writer, who hesitates not to grapple with subjects the highest and most difficult upon which the moral and political philosopher can be engaged. At the same time, however, you cannot fail to perceive that, although he marshals his facts with ability, that he possesses not the high reasoning power; that though his order be specious—though it wear the show of clearness—it is not the real *lucidus ordo*; that he is not master of the science of method; that to him leading thoughts are not revealed as he studies books, or the characters of men; that the subtle, cementing, subterraneous power, which Coleridge styles the INITIATION of method, has not been vouchsafed to him. You see, too, that the reading in its depth bears no just proportion to its width, that

where the flood hrawls loudest in its impetuous career it is oftentimes the most shallow; that his learning is rather a thing of memory, embodying the statements and conclusions of others, than a precious collection of results—of *formule*, to borrow the language of mathematics, worked out by the operations of reason from the masses of facts first subjected to the understanding—a precious collection lying at ease in the small cells of the brain, but always ready to be evoked, and capable of expansion throughout the universe. It is plain, too, that in the generous ambition which inspires Macaulay,

“*Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,*”

there is an over-due admixture of personal feeling, such as that which weighs down to the mere “earth, earthy,” a portion of the *Divina Comœdia*. His prejudices as an individual and as a party-man are vehemently strong, and often distort, and always embitter, what he says and writes. Such, at least, is the general conviction; and this it was which gave such tremendous effect in the House to a rejoinder made on the instant by Sir Robert Peel, to a vocalised pamphlet of our author's, by way of reply to an old speech of Peel's, when he accused Macaulay at the very outset with then creeping forward to vent upon him the sweltering venom of a three months' preparation. This venom, we believe, is entirely political. There is a freemasonry in those things; and from Macaulay's visible appreciation in his writings of all that is good and beautiful, with an intenseness which forbids the imagination of hypocrisy or pretence, we have no doubt that he is personally a good fellow. But as to his political prejudices, honest and inborn, we apprehend he might, if we may judge from his writings, say with Milton, as he desired himself to be moved away when the approach of Charles II. in the park was announced, “I never loved kings.” The first Stuart he assails with all the virulence of a fanatical round-head. His admiration, like Landor's and Taylor's, is of that ideal form of government, well sung by the last-named in his *Philip Van Artevelde*, but which is no more than a beauti-

ful dream of what never was, and never can be:—

“There was a time, so ancient records tell,  
There were communities, scarce known by name  
In these degenerate days, but once famed,  
Where liberty and justice, hand in hand,  
Ordered the common weal; where great men grew  
Up to their natural eminence, and none,  
Saving the wise, just, eloquent, were great;  
Where power was of God's gift, to whom he gave  
Supremacy of merit, the sole means  
And broad highway to power, that ever then  
Was meritoriously administered:  
Whilst all its instruments from first to last,  
The tools of state for service high or low,  
Were chosen for their aptness to those ends  
Which virtue meditates.”

Doubtless a seat in the cabinet, and Mr. Macaulay's great personal success in life, must have operated powerfully towards reconciling him to the present state of things; but we are pretty certain that the aspiration of his earlier days was to be a popular leader. But this may not be; his strength lies not in his voice but in his pen. After this little introduction, we will proceed to the despatch of business. We now turn calmly to his volume. When we first saw it, we opened it with no ordinary emotion; here, at the outset, we must candidly confess it has not fulfilled our expectations. Not, however, that it is ill executed — not that it does not contain many very fine poetical passages — not that it is not written with much vigour and fire—not that it is not entitled to very high praise. The feeling, however strong within us, is that we might have reasonably anticipated that the author of the *Armada* and the *War of the League* would have done better than he has done.

In other words, the Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay is, by no means, so successful a “metre ballad-monger” as plain Mr. Macaulay. This will appear by and by, when we shall come to quote. The number of lays is four. They are ushered in by a long introduction, in which

is something of a parade of read-and-something of an affectation of destiny. Mr. Macaulay labours at length to shew that Rome, in early days, had ballad poetry. It cites the authority of Ennius, Cato the censor, and Varro, Dionysius, and Cicero, and Valerius Maximus, and Horace, Virgil, Servius the commentator, Gellius, and Lord only knows besides, to support his theory of the existence of those ballads. Who, nowadays that Niebuhr would have written, disputes the

No doubt there were ballads in ancient Rome, and some of them metrical legends of gods and goddesses, and mythical heroes, and of real men; and fragments of these have glided down the stream of time, and were seized upon by poets as waifs and strays floated from the wreck of an earlier age. But though this be the case, yet to be seen whether we can cite so far as Mr. Macaulay leads us, and by the particular it has pleased him to pursue the proposition that Rome had ballad poetry has been already established, and his purpose might have been answered by quoting Arnold, instead of evoking such a host of poets. We believe the truth is, there never was the nation or yet, which had not, soon after we were possessed of a capable language, some species of ballad poetry. Macaulay after having, under the auspices of his classical authorities, applied this general proposition to the particular of old Rome, proposes to say:—

The proposition, then, that Rome had ballad poetry, is not merely in all probability, but is fully proved by evidence of the greatest weight. The proposition being established, it is as easy to understand why the history of the city is like almost everything else in Latin literature—namely, here almost every thing else is poetical, imaginative where almost everything else is prosaic. We can only hesitate to pronounce that the ancient, pathetic, and truly national ballads, which present so striking contrast to all that surrounds them, are the old and defaced fragments of that poetry which, even in the age of the censor, had become antiquated, which Tully had never heard

a line. That this poetry should have been suffered to perish will not appear strange, when we consider how complete was the triumph of the Greek genius over the public mind of Italy. It is probable that, at an early period, Homer, Archilochus, and Herodotus, furnished some hints to the Latin minstrels; but it was not till after the war with Pyrrhus that the poetry of Rome began to put off its old Ausonian character. The transformation was soon consummated. The conquered, says Horace, led captive the conquerors. It was precisely at the time at which the Roman people rose to unrivalled political ascendancy that they stooped to pass under the intellectual yoke. It was precisely at the time at which the sceptre departed from Greece that the empire of her language and her arts became universal and despotic. The revolution, indeed, was not effected without a struggle. Nævius seems to have been the last of the ancient line of poets. Ennius was the founder of a new dynasty. Nævius celebrated the first Punic War in Saturnian verse, the old national verse of Italy. Ennius sang the second Punic War in numbers borrowed from the *Iliad*. The elder poet, in the epitaph which he wrote for himself, and which is a fine specimen of the early Roman diction and versification, plaintively boasted that the Latin language had died with him. Thus what to Horace appeared to be the first faint dawn of Roman literature appeared to Nævius to be its hopeless setting. In truth, one language was setting, another dawning. The victory of the foreign taste was decisive: and, indeed, we can hardly blame the Romans for turning away with contempt from the rude lays which had delighted their fathers, and giving their whole admiration to the great productions of Greece. The national romances, neglected by the great and the refined, whose education had been finished at Rhodes or Athens, continued, it may be supposed during some generations, to delight the vulgar. While Virgil, in hexameters of exquisite modulation, described the sports of rustics, those rustics were still singing their wild Saturnian ballads. It is not improbable that, at the time when Cicero lamented the irreparable loss of the poems mentioned by Cato, a search among the nooks of the Apennines, as active as the search which Sir Walter Scott made among the descendants of the moss-troopers of Liddesdale, might have brought to light many fine remains of ancient minstrelsy. No such search was made—the Latin ballads perished for ever. Yet discerning critics have thought that they could

still perceive in the early history of Rome numerous fragments of this lost poetry; as the traveller on classic grounds sometimes finds, built into the heavy wall of a fort or convent, a pillar rich with acanthus leaves, or a frieze where the Amazons and Bacchanals seem to live. The theatres and temples of the Greek and Roman were degraded into the quarries of the Turk and the Goth: even so did the old Saturnian poetry become the quarry in which a crowd of orators and annalists found the materials for their prose. It is not difficult to trace the process by which the old songs were transmuted into the form which they now wear. Funeral panegyric and chronicle appear to have been the intermediate links which connected the lost ballads with the histories now extant. From a very early period it was the usage that an oration should be pronounced over the remains of a noble Roman; the orator, as we learn from Polybius, was expected on such an occasion to recapitulate all the services which the ancestors of the deceased had, from the earliest time, rendered to the commonwealth. There can be little doubt that the speaker on whom this duty was imposed would make use of all the stories suited to his purpose which were to be found in the popular lays. There can be as little doubt that the family of an eminent man would preserve the copy of a speech which had been pronounced over his corpse. The compilers of the early chronicles would have recourse to these speeches; and the great historians of a later period would have recourse to the chronicles.\*

Running over many pages whose object is to shew that actually in modern nations ballads had been made the foundation of chronicles, and these, in their turn, of history, we find him arrived at the following conclusion. "Such, or nearly such, appears to have been the process

by which the lost ballad-poet Rome was transformed into his. To recover that process, to form some portions of early history back into the poetry out of which they were made, is the object of this work." He then informs us that the poems to follow, he speaks in his own person, but in the name of an ancient Roman citizen.

There are only four lays, 'the Battle of the Regillus;' 'Virginia;' and 'Prophecy of Capys.' All, 'Virginia,' relate to times anterior to the dissolution of the great monarchy. We will accordingly serve for the lay of 'Virginia' remarks, that we shall take the opportunity of making upon this of ancient Roman history; and of ancient Romans, which Mr. Macaulay has been at so much pains to set forth, and in whose spirit he formed his ballads. Having explained his plan, we will, for the present, employ ourselves on his verses. The 'Prophecy of Capys' is the last, and, in opinion, taken as a whole, the best lay of them all. Amulius has been slain, and Numitor restored to the children of the war-god. They lay at the head of a procession; or the head of Amulius on the point of his broad sword—the other on a boar-spear, the head of Cambrinus pontiff—

"Who spake the words of doom,  
'The children to the Tiber,  
The mother to the tomb.'"

Red with blood—in the livid  
their father Gradivus, they  
their grandsire's hall:—

\* We have refrained from loading our pages with Mr. Macaulay's notes on the above passages; in which he dilates upon the Saturnian measure, and other branches of learning; he differs with Bentley, and rushes boldly into the very. We will not say a word on this subject, farther than to remark that he has a laudable desire to rival his great opponent, even in a caprice. Bentley, in the tracts prefixed to his edition of *Terence*, took it into his head to write:—

"Quin et iambicus ille *καταληκτικός*,  
Terentio multum et merito amatus,  
Apud nostros quoque in magna gratia est;  
Nam si remit | tent quippiam. | philumenam | dolores.  
Is decently | run through the lungs: | and there's an end | o' Bully.

Mr. Macaulay, not to be outdone, says:—"Indeed there cannot be a perfect Saturnian line than one which is sung in every English nursery—

'The queen was in her parlour eating bread and honey.'"

" In the hall-gate sat Capys,—  
 Capys, the sightless seer ;  
 From head to foot he trembled  
 As Romulus drew near.  
 And up stood stiff his thin white hair,  
 And his blind eyes flashed fire ;  
 ' Hail ! foster-child of the wondrous  
 nurse !  
 Hail ! son of the wondrous sire !

But thou—what dost thou here  
 In the old man's peaceful hall ?  
 What doth the eagle in the coop,  
 The bison in the stall ?

Our corn fills many a garner,  
 Our vines clasp many a tree,  
 Our flocks are white on many a hill,  
 But these are not for thee.

For thee no treasure ripens  
 In the Tartessian mine ;  
 For thee no ship brings precious bales.  
 Across the Libyan brine.  
 Thou shalt not drink from amber,  
 Thou shalt not rest on down ;  
 Arabia shall not steep thy locks,  
 Nor Sidon tinge thy gown.

Leave gold, and myrrh, and jewels,  
 Rich table and soft bed,  
 To them who of man's seed are born,  
 Whom woman's milk hath fed.  
 Thou wast not made for lucre,  
 For pleasure, nor for rest,  
 Thou that art sprung from the war-  
 god's loins,  
 And hast tugged at the she-wolf's  
 breast.

From sunrise until sunset,  
 All earth shall hear thy fame ;  
 A glorious city thou shalt build,  
 And name it by thy name.  
 And there, unquenched through ages,  
 Like Vesta's sacred fire,  
 Shall live the spirit of thy nurse,  
 The spirit of thy sire.

The ox toils through the furrow,  
 Obedient to the goad ;  
 The patient ass up flinty paths  
 Plods with his weary load.  
 With whine and bound the spaniel  
 His master's whistle hears ;  
 And the sheep yields her patiently  
 To the loud clashing shears.

But thy nurse will hear no master,  
 Thy nurse will bear no load ;  
 And woe to them that shear her,  
 And woe to them that goad !  
 When all the pack, loud baying,  
 Her bloody lair surrounds,  
 She dies in silence, biting hard,  
 Amidst the dying hounds.

Pomona loves the orchard,  
 And Liber loves the vine,  
 And Pales loves the straw-built shed  
 Warm with the breath of kine.

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And Venus loves the whispers  
 Of plighted youth and maid,  
 In April's ivory moonlight,  
 Beneath the chestnut shade.

But thy father loves the clashing  
 Of broadsword and of shield ;  
 He loves to drink the steam that reeks  
 From the fresh battle-field.  
 He smiles a smile more dreadful  
 Than his own dreadful frown,  
 When he sees the thick black cloud of  
 smoke  
 Go up from the conquered town.

And such as is the war-god,  
 The author of thy line,  
 And such as she who suckled thee,  
 Even such be thou and thine.  
 Leave to the soft Campanian  
 His baths and his perfumes ;  
 Leave to the sordid race of Tyre  
 Their dyeing vats and looms.  
 Leave to the sons of Carthage  
 The rudder and the oar ;  
 Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs,  
 And scrolls of wordy lore.

Thine, Roman, is the pilum,—  
 Roman, the sword is thine,  
 The even trench, the bristling mound,  
 The legion's ordered line.  
 And thine the wheels of triumph,  
 Which, with their laurelled train,  
 Move slowly up the shouting streets  
 To Jove's eternal fane.

Beneath thy yoke the Volscian  
 Shall veil his lofty brow ;  
 Soft Capua's curled revellers  
 Before thy chairs shall bow.  
 The Lucumoes of Arnus  
 Shall quake thy rods to see ;  
 And the proud Samnite's heart of steel  
 Shall yield to only thee.

The Gaul shall come against thee,  
 From the land of snow and night,  
 Thou shalt give his fair-haired armies  
 To the raven and the kite.  
 The Greek shall come against thee,  
 The conqueror of the east,  
 Beside him stalks to battle  
 The huge earth-shaking beast ;—

The beast on whom the castle,  
 With all its guards doth stand,  
 The beast who hath between his eyes  
 The serpent for a hand.  
 First march the bold Epirotes,  
 Wedged close with shield and spear ;  
 And the ranks of false Tarentum  
 Are glittering in the rear.

The ranks of false Tarentum  
 Like hunted sheep shall fly ;  
 In vain the bold Epirotes  
 Shall round their standards die.

F



And Appennines' grey vultures  
Shall have a noble feast,  
Of the fat and of the eyes  
Of the huge earth-shaking beast.

Hurrah for the good weapons  
That keep the war-god's land !  
Hurrah for Rome's stout pilum,  
In a stout Roman hand !  
Hurrah for Rome's short broadsword,  
That through the thick array  
Of levelled spears, and serried shields,  
Hews deep its gory way.

Hurrah for the great triumph  
That stretches many a mile,  
Hurrah for the wan captives  
That pass in endless file !  
Hlo ! bold Epirotes, whither  
Hath the Red King ta'en flight ?  
Hlo ! dogs of false Tarentum,  
Is not the gown washed white ?"

The critic, by the way, in this grand burst, might, in more than one instance, object to the accuracy of the predictions made by the sightless seer. We, however, will pass over all but one. The Romans, our great predecessors in the art and *pluck* of boarding, would have been by no means disposed to

" Leave to the sons of Carthage  
The rudder and the oar."

And the treaty with Carthage in the first year of the Republic very distinctly belies the prophecy :—

" For thee no ship brings precious bales  
Across the Lybian brine."

On the whole, however, this lay is by much the most true, characteristic, idiomatic as it were, and classical of the four. It ends very finely. Such a conclusion is of the order that marks the compositions of Mozart and Beethoven ; and proves the hand of the master :—

" Then where o'er two bright havens  
The towers of Corinth frown ;  
Where the gigantic king of day  
On his own Rhodes looks down ;  
Where soft Orontes murmurs  
Beneath the laurel shades ;  
Where Nile reflects the endless lengths  
Of dark-red colonnades ;  
Where in the still, deep water,  
Sheltered from waves and blasts,  
Bristles the dusky forest  
Of Byrsa's thousand masts ;  
Where fur-clad hunters wander  
Amidst the Northern ice ;  
Where through the sand of morning land  
The camel bears the spice ;

Where Atlas flings his shadow  
Far o'er the Western foam ;  
SHALL BE GREAT FEAR ON ALL WHO HEAR  
THE MIGHTY NAME OF ROME."

Bravo, Macaulay ! Hurra ! for the mighty fearful name, breathe it in what syllables you may—Rome, Valentia, Flora, Febris—Hurra ! for the war-god, the common progenitor of the Roman and of the Norman, the Saxon and the Dane, fused into the might of Englishman, to whom has descended upon earth the imperial glory and the sway !

This whole lay is, we repeat, indeed a magnificent burst of versification, imbued with the full classic spirit. It is one the like of which could be made in no other modern language. The soul of the ancient Greeks and Romans has passed into the English, and to them, accordingly, has been vouchsafed the appropriate tongue to give it utterance. When English orators speak, when English poets sing on classical subjects, it is in the lofty consciousness that they are dealing with things pertaining to their predecessors in glory and dominion, and which has thus been, with their empire over mind and matter, transmitted to be their own. Heirs, in arts and sciences, in literature and philosophy, to the Greeks, and the carriers out of their marvellous inventions into the fulfilment of mighty works, to influence the destinies of all human kind ; as, for instance, in enlarging the exquisite toy of Gelon of Syracuse into the full majesty of the steam-engine ; they are the heirs of the Romans in martial renown and extent of empire. Shakspeare may have had little of mere scholastic learning, but no writer ever comprehended better the character of the Roman people, and that of their most distinguished men ; as his matchless series of Roman plays doth well testify. There it is that a perfect mastery is exhibited, not alone over the legends of the early days, which mark, in some sort, the spirit of an age, but likewise over the proud historic personages, who are restored to light in all their living lineaments ; and, thanks to his magic power, mightiest Julius, and the triumvir Antonius, and young Octavius, and the immortal murderers, Brutus and

Cassius, and the rest, are all before us, and have their being. Every character is as nicely discriminated, and as truly drawn, as in former life; each has its position and unmistakable idiosyncrasy, and is committed to your mind for ever in its own peculiar outlines, its peculiar hues and colours. Not all that you can gather from the pages of Cicero and other contemporary and classic writers gives you a more exalted, and yet more precise notion of Marcus Brutus as he appeared to his countrymen than the one passage of Shakspeare:—

“*Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all :  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar :  
He only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle ; and the elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might  
stand up,  
And say to all the world, ‘this was a  
man !’*”

Nor is the character of the greatest of all that ever breathed, except Alexander the Great, less perfectly seized, and thrown out upon the page in a few bold and rapid touches. The chivalry and the philosophy, the firmness and the gentleness, which constituted the leading characteristics of the all-accomplished Julius have been most thoroughly divined, most accurately drawn, and brought out into the fullest light by a miraculous power of art. Dreadful has been the night that ushers in the morning:—

“Big with the fate of Cæsar and of Rome.”

“And graves have yawned and yielded up their dead ;  
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol ;  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,  
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets ;  
O, Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.”

But mark Cæsar:—

“Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come, when it will come.”

So saith too the philosophic motto of the Russells:—

“*Che sarà, sarà !*”

But, in point of fact, the more and more we enlarge our minds to comprehend, the more and more shall we be convinced how completely the genius of Shakspeare “plucked out the heart of the mystery,” with reference as well to Roman story as to all other matters which, with his unconventional book-learning, he adventured to treat. A striking instance of this is noticed by Arnold. This great historian observes:—

“It requires, indeed, no ordinary man to act the part of a popular leader against a popular aristocracy. Even in the Forum the patrician clubs were now the strongest party ; so great is the superiority of youth, high birth, training in martial exercises, and organisation over mere numbers. But when they left the Forum, the tribunes were but individuals, often advanced in life, with few slaves and no dependants, exposed in their own persons, and still more in their families, to all the insults and oppressions which wealth, rank, and their numerous clients, enabled the patricians to offer. Whose spirit would not be broken by such a trial ? Who but the very boldest and firmest of men would have scrupled to purchase security in private life from such constant persecution, by withdrawing in his public capacity that opposition which, after all, he might feel to be hopeless ?”

These philosophical remarks, however surely they must have presented themselves in the substance to the mind of every wise student, were, for the *first time*, given a place in an historical work by Arnold. But the “Poet of all Time” had already divined them in the essence. The Doctor observes :

“Shakspeare has truly seized this point in the character of the tribuneship, that

it was generally held by men of mature, or even of advanced age; the tribunes who oppose Coriolanus are elderly men, like the city magistrates of modern times; and the aristocratical party taunt them with their want of strength, — ‘Aged sir, hands off!’ ‘Hence, rotten thing, or I will shake thy bones out of thy garments!’ So the popular leader at Syracuse, Athenagoras, complains, of the youth and presumption of Hemocrates and his party. And this is natural; for he who has to make his own way to fame cannot expect to be distinguished as early in life as those who are recommended at once to public notice by the celebrity of their family.”

Doubtless, it was the spirit of this just remark which led Shakspeare to his conclusion. In fine, no man who ever wrote since the actual days of Greece and Rome was so deeply imbued with classic feeling as our own Shakspeare, who, we are told, had small Latin and less Greek. No man ever made the mind of the great buried ages of the world whereof he treated so thoroughly his own. Another of our poets, and he one of the moderns, like Shakspeare scant-well learned in the niceties of the Greek and Latin tongues, and the machinery of their versification, had a most glorious classic inspiration. We mean Lord Byron. Never does the undying stream of life run in more abounding vigour through his verses than when he sings, as it may be, the song of triumph or Marathon or Thrasymene, — of Salamis or of Cannæ, — of the Isles of Greece or the trebly hundred triumphs of the lofty city. Sylla, the most fortunate of men, in life and death, had his felicity prolonged even unto this, that, after the lapse of ages, there was granted unto his memory a poet capable of conceiving his character and doing justice, in the most sublime strains, to its surpassing merits for a *Roman*. Sylla was first of victors; he was the most Roman of all the iron men of Rome; and fitly was he blazoned forth to all time, in all the splendour of his peculiar lineaments, making a concentration and exemplar of all that ancient Rome adored in man, through the power of verses, worthy of such a theme, and unexcelled in beauty, truth, and grandeur.

“ Oh, thou, whose chariot roll’d on Fortune’s wheel,  
Triumphant Sylla! thou, who didst subdue  
Thy country’s foes ere thou wouldst pause to feel  
The wrath of thine own wrongs, or reap the dues  
Of hoarded vengeance, till thine eagles flew  
O’er prostrate Asia! thou, who with thy frown  
Annihilated senates — Roman, too,  
With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down  
With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown —

The dictatorial wreath, — couldst thou divine  
To what would one day dwindle that which made  
Thee more than mortal? and that so supine  
By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid?  
She who was named Eternal, and array’d  
Her warriors but to conquer — she who veil’d  
Earth with her haughty shadow, and display’d,  
Until the o’er-canopied horizon fail’d,  
Her rushing wings! Oh! she who was  
Almighty hail’d!”

Looking back a little in our file of poets, we find many who could vivify dead classic subjects, and pour them forth, in burning verses, potent over each and every emotion of the human heart. Bear witness, amongst the foremost and the mightiest, the august works of Dryden and of Milton! The ode of the one and the epic of the other take their state in undimmed majesty beside the most resplendent efforts of ancient art and of the world’s more youthful genius.

Dryden and Milton, however, were men of profound and various learning, and their classic enthusiasm, and the fruit it bore in the fulfilment of the lofty enterprises on which they entered, is not so much a matter of wonderment as the taste which led, and the powers which enabled, Shakspeare and Byron to deal with themes of the ancient lore. The latter two had the whole *poetry* of the Greek and Roman story within their grasp. It is open to any man who can read that most charming storehouse of high thoughts, noble deeds, and most exquisitely amusing narratives — the

false alike with the true—Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*. The former had this with all the learning to boot. Mr. Macaulay in this point of view stands between. He had the poetry of the classic ages, so abundantly thrown forth and in so fascinating a manner by the writers of the Elizabethan age, clearly before his mind, and he had a little of the learning. Not very much, however. He is far behind any modern scholar of repute, and infinitely removed from those scholars of the age of the Tudors and Stuarts, under whose auspices the choicest productions of the historians, philosophers, orators, poets of old, became acclimated in England, and were the familiar themes of allusion in all literary conversations where ladies and gentlemen took part. He has handled the dry bones of ancient classic literature, but he has brought away with him little but the dust. He has reconstructed no skeleton of mammoth or behemoth, like Niebuhr or Arnold, from the data afforded to him in the bones and fragments of bones he has examined. All that he has done in vivifying classical subjects he might have done just as well without ever having studied more than the mere tasks of the idle school-boy. Apply a test to this. Suppose (and no great stretch of imagination is required, for Father Prout of ours would do that to which we are about to allude in half-an-hour's fine frenzy, after removing his spectacles to let his eye roll unimpeded after the prescribed fashion of poets),—suppose, we say, any of these *Lays* of Macaulay turned into Greek! What would they be? Words—words—words! And very indifferent words too! The sound and fury would necessarily be gone, and the signification in the original being very slight and widely spread, like liquid manure on a hungry field, would, in the Greek, reek away into nothing. But how different would it be with passages relating to classic story from Shakespeare, or Milton, or Dryden, or Byron! Turn these into what language you please, and the *idea*, and the notions, suggestive of trains of conceptions which expound and adorn it, must still remain. Still the poetry—that which is creative in men's minds—the great male principle,

must remain; as the dread Supreme of the Pagan world was still the same under whatever style he might be addressed, whatever attire he might wear, in whatsoever tongue he might be adored. The same may be said of another great poet, recently of the living—Percy Shelley. He was, perhaps, the first of all translators, not alone from the Greek, but from other languages; as, “The Homeric Hymn to Mercury,” “The Cyclops of Euripides,” the “*Scenes from Calderon*,” and from the *Faust* of Goethe, abundantly testify. He is one who, following in the footsteps of the great masters of our tongue, the translators of the Bible, Shakespeare, Bacon, Raleigh, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Bolingbroke, and Edmund Burke, has shewn how marvellously near, in copiousness, in accuracy, in vigour, and pictorial power, our own English comes to the miraculous language of antiquity, in which Homer yet sings and Demosthenes still speaks. The Grecian soul and fire which inspired those translations of Shelley naturally animated him in his original effusions upon classic subjects, and the consequence is, that though they wear the outward garb of the other great language, English, they are in the essence, as they might be made in the clothing, pure Greek. Not in the least so is it with Macaulay. What he writes is plain, impracticable English; utterly unavailable, whatever may be the subject treated of, for any purpose excepting that to which it was originally directed, or for any auditory save that of a John-Bullish one, which very willingly lends him its ears. There is nothing of deep thought in Macaulay's lays or ballads; little, if indeed any thing, of imagination. Nothing lies beneath the surface of the rapid, dancing, glittering flood of words; it is the stream which the thunder-shower makes in the bed of the mountain rivulet; it is exciting and beautiful in its shouting and in its bubblings whilst it rushes forward, but when it has run its brief course, the depth of silence swallows up its noise and tumult, and the gallant bearing of its *onset*;—it is no more where it ran, it leaves no trace behind, and it has no future function to perform. The power of Macaulay is in the pomp and vigour of verbal

expression, not in thought, pregnant with trains of thought, or in imaginations which enable the poetic reader to people infinite space with rich or delicate imaginations. Certainly his epithets are fine and suggestive. His vocabulary is limited in extent, but it is of excellent quality, being taken chiefly from the works of great Elizabethan writers. His lines are in themselves, and, as they run, fine, sounding lines, but they would not stand the test so judiciously applied by Horace to poetry. Break up a line of Macaulay's, and you will in vain seek the *disjecta membra poetæ*. We have said enough to shew how completely localised to England and Englishmen must be Macaulay's effusions, wherever he may lay the scene, and however he may try to identify himself with the hardships of other countries and of other days. Without further comment for the present, we pass on to another lay, the first in the volume,—the lay of "Horatius." The extract we are about to make needs no introduction to the merest schoolboy:—

"Just then a scout came flying,  
All wild with haste and fear—  
'To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;  
Lars Porsenna is here!'  
On the low hills to westward  
The consul fixed his eye,  
And saw the swarthy storm of dust  
Rise fast along the sky.  
And nearer, fast, and nearer,  
Doth the red whirlwind come,  
And louder still, and still more loud,  
From underneath that rolling cloud,  
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,  
The trampling and the hum.  
And plainly and more plainly,  
Now through the gloom appears,  
Far to left and far to right,  
In broken gleams of dark blue  
light,  
The long array of helmets bright,  
The long array of spears!  
And plainly and more plainly,  
Above that glimmering line,  
Now might ye see the banners  
Of twelve fair cities shine;  
But the banner of proud Clusium  
Was highest of them all,  
The terror of the Umbrian,  
The terror of the Gaul.  
And plainly and more plainly  
Now might the burghers know,  
By port and vest, by horse and crest,  
Each warlike Lucumo.  
There Cilnius of Arretium  
On his fleet roan was seen;

And Astur of the four-fold shield,  
Girt with the brand none else may  
wield,  
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,  
And dark Verbenna from the hold  
By reedy Thrasymene.  
Fast by the royal standard,  
O'erlooking all the war,  
Lars Porsenna of Clusium  
Sat in his ivory car;  
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,  
Prince of the Latian name;  
And by the left false Sextus,  
That wrought the deed of shame.  
But when the face of Sextus  
Was seen among the foes,  
—A yell that rent the firmament  
From all the town arose.  
On the house-tops was no woman  
But spat towards him and hissed;  
No child but screamed out curses,  
And shook its little fist.  
But the consul's brow was sad,  
And the consul's speech was low;  
And darkly looked he at the wall,  
And darkly at the foe.  
'Their van will be upon us  
Before the bridge goes down;  
And if they once may win the bridge,  
What hope to save the town?'  
Then out spake brave Horatius,  
The captain of the gate;  
'To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late.  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the temples of his gods;  
And for the tender mother  
Who dandled him to rest;  
And for the wife who nurses  
His baby at her breast;  
And for the holy maidens  
Who feed the eternal flame,  
To save them from false Sextus  
That wrought the deed of shame?  
Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
With all the speed ye may;  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play.  
In yon straight path a thousand  
May well be stopped by three.'  
'Now who will stand on either  
hand,  
And keep the bridge with me?'  
Then out spake Spurius Lartius;  
A Roman proud was he:  
'Lo! I will stand at thy right hand  
And keep the bridge with thee.'  
And out spake strong Herminius;  
Of Titian blood was he:  
'I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee.'  
'Horatius,' quoth the consul,  
'As thou sayest, so let it be.'  
And straight against that great array  
Forth went the dauntless three.

For Romans in Rome's quarrel  
Spared neither land nor gold,  
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
In the brave days of old."

The phrase in this, "Sir Consul," has been largely held up to ridicule by the small wits "on town," and this not undeservedly; it has the sin of affectation about it. "O Consul" would have answered the purpose of his verse quite as well, and would have been classical to boot. "Sir Consul," instead of raising the dignity of that ancient magistrate, was calculated only *desorienter* old Rome altogether. A facetious friend of ours attempts to account for this signal instance of bad taste on the part of Mr. Macaulay, upon the supposition that, if he wrote "O Consul," one of those provoking misprints might take place which will sometimes occur in the best-regulated printing-offices, and his innocent line be transmuted into the dread, rebellious invocation,—

"To arms, to arms, O Connell!"

We suggested to the critic, that our author might have got over this difficulty by addressing this magistrate by his proper appellation *prætor*, as the word *consul* (*colleague*) was not brought into use until after the second secession of the plebeians to Mount Aventine, the overthrow of the Decemvirs, and the revolution *v. c.* of 305. The first two consuls, properly speaking, of Roman history were L. Valerius and M. Horatius; so we shewed triumphantly that Macaulay had no just grounds for his squeamish apprehensions. Our friend also remarked that he thought it was not in good taste to make Horatius Cocles, his hero, a member of the inferior tribe, while he makes his two companions belong each to one of the two higher tribes, the Ramnenses and Titienses, from whom the senate were chosen. Niebuhr's suggestion of giving each tribe a representative in the defence of the bridge might have been adopted, without doing a poetical injustice to the great Horatian house. But we merely smiled at this criticism. To proceed, however. We look upon the burst of feeling on the appearance of Sextus as finely and forcibly described; but it is John Bullish: there is nothing Roman or classical

in it, as in the speech put into the mouth of Horatius, and still more in those beautiful and noble lines in which the characteristics of the Roman Gracchus are so well described and brought out in bold relief from the contrast presented in the smooth flow and peaceful images suggested by the preceding verses:—

"And Venus loves the whispers  
Of plighted youth and maid  
In April's ivory moonlight,  
Beneath the chestnut shade."

We should have preferred "silvery" to "ivory;" the sheen of ivory is all too cold, and dull, and hard, and gives you no notion of the soft, subdued, moist gleams of moonlight, when the

"Winds are breathing low and the stars  
shining bright."

"But thy father loves the clashing  
Of broadsword and of shield:  
He loves to drink the steam that reeks  
From the fresh battle-field:  
He smiles a smile more dreadful  
Than his own dreadful frown,  
When he sees the thick black cloud of  
smoke  
Go up from the conquered town."

Horace, in his second ode, has pursued the same course, and produced the like grand effect. We look upon it as a matter of praise, rather than of blame, that Mr. Macaulay should have caught a suggestion from this, and been able to imitate so successfully the spirit of his great original. Horace sings:—

"Sive tu mavis Erycina ridens,  
Quam locus circumvolat, et Cupido:  
Sive neglectum genus, et nepotes,  
Respicis, auctor.

Heu! nimis longo satiate ludo,  
Quem juvat clamor, galeaque leves,  
Acer et Mauri peditis cruentum  
Vultus in hostem."

Homer's oft-repeated line completes the picture of the war-god:—

"Αἶψα, Αἶψα, βροτολοιγὴ μαίφονι  
συχισιπλήτῃ!"

But much as Mr. Macaulay may be indebted for inspiration and imagery to the classic writers, and, as he acknowledges, to our ancient ballad poetry and Sir Walter Scott,

he is under larger obligations to his former self as a ballad-writer than anybody else. The peculiar form of expression, and style of thought, which, however adorned as they are, and ought to be, to constitute their character by classical and historic allusions, are peculiarly English and Elizabethan. Some of those very expressions that have been laughed at are such as Sir Thomas North would have delighted to use. But many of those peculiarities which form a charm in his ballads, when the theme is England or English, turn into defects when the theme is an antique foreign legend. The costume, in one case—the *Armada*, for instance—is perfect; in the other it is incongruous and incorrect; and the rattle of the metre assorts ill enough with our notions of the stern, grave, iron men of Rome, and the measure of the *Lays* that would make a welcome pulsation on their ear. Strings of names, when the men are shadows, and the places, for the most part no better, and when they are even not so have yet no power on our hearts, are, however sounding they may be, things of little, indeed, no interest; but how different it is when all their proper names are big with associations stretching through the realms of history, and the actual and visible present. The force of this will be observed when we quote a stirring passage in Macaulay's *Armada*:—

“ Night sank upon the dusky beach, and  
on the purple sea;  
Such night in England ne’er had been,  
nor e’er again shall be.  
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds from  
Lynn to Milford Bay,  
That time of slumber was as bright and  
busy as the day;  
For swift to east, and swift to west, the  
warning radiance spread;  
High on St. Michael’s Mount it shone—  
it shone on Beachy Head.  
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along  
the southern shore,  
Cape beyond cape, in endless range,  
those twinkling points of fire;  
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Ta-  
mar’s glittering waves,—  
The rugged miners poured to war from  
Mendip’s sunless caves;  
O’er Longleat’s towers, o’er Cranbourne’s  
oaks, the fiery herald flew;  
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge,  
the rangers of Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night  
rang out from Bristol town,  
And ere the day three hundred horse had  
met on Clifton Down;  
The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked  
forth into the night,  
And saw o’erhanging Richmond Hill the  
streak of blood-red light.  
Then bugle’s note and cannon’s roar the  
death-like silence broke,  
And with one start, and with one cry,  
the royal city woke.  
At once on all her stately gates arose the  
answering fires;  
At once the wild alarm clashed from all  
her reeling spires;  
From all the batteries of the Tower  
pealed loud the voice of fear;  
And all the thousand masts of Thames  
sent back a louder cheer;  
And from the farthest wards was heard  
the rush of hurrying feet,  
And the broad streams of flags and pikes  
dashed down each roaring street;  
And broader still became the blaze and  
louder still the din,  
As fast from every village round the  
horse came pouring in:  
And eastward straight, from wild Black-  
heath, the warlike errand went,  
And roused in many an ancient hall the  
gallant squires of Kent.  
Southward, from Surrey’s pleasant hills,  
flew those bright couriers forth;  
High on bleak Hampstead’s swarthy  
moor they started for the north;  
And on, and on, without a pause, untired  
they bounded still,  
All night from tower to tower they sprang  
—they sprang from hill to hill,  
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o’er  
Darwin’s rocky dales,  
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the  
stormy hills of Wales,  
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on  
Malvern’s lonely height,  
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the  
Wrekin’s crest of light,  
Till broad and fierce the star came forth  
on Ely’s stately fane,  
And tower and hamlet ran in arms o’er  
all the boundless plain,  
Till Belvoir’s lordly terrace the sign to  
Lincoln sent,  
And Lincoln sped the message on o’er  
the wide vale of Trent,  
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on  
Gaunt’s embattled pile,  
And the red glares on Skiddaw round  
the burghers of Carlisle.”

This grand muster-roll of places  
is to an Englishman what Homer’s  
catalogue of the ships must have  
been to an ancient Greek. All have  
their associations personal or historic.  
But the shadowy names of Latin and

Etruscan towns and villages, whose very site is doubtful, speak in no sort to the feelings of any living man. The *hurraing*, too, in this *Armada*, and the Battle of Ivry, is appropriate enough —

“ We have fought with our swords,  
burrah ! ”

but there is too much of the Cossack in putting it, as in the “ Lay of Cypys,” so prominently and so frequently forward in a Roman triumph,

“ Hennis d’orgeuil, O mon coursier  
fidèle,  
Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les  
rois.”

It will be readily perceived, too, from the quotations we have made, how constantly Macaulay repeats the nervous phrases and fine images which shew so grandly in his first ballads. The description of the “ start and bound,” with which “ the royal city woke,” is deserving of the highest praise. Nothing can be more picturesque than the line,—

“ And the broad stream of flags and pikes  
dashed down each roaring street.”

No man is more conscious of this than Mr. Macaulay, but he displays it to a degree which wears the air of poverty of invention, or of pridefulness. Homer, in the rich excess of his poetical imagery and illustration in pictorial words, may with a placid triumph be permitted to repeat again the same passages, as though they had been done to expound and portray such and such a subject, and could not be surpassed even by their creator. The poet saw that they were good. When, however, he reproduces them, it is in the entirety of their outward form, to suit the like matter to that whereon they had been before employed. Macaulay, on the contrary, uses the essence, but throws a thin disguise over the form. Thus, above, we have “ the roaring streets ; ” and in the *Lays* we have the “ shouting streets,” “ the bellowing forum,” “ the roaring gate,” and so on. We have “ the thousand masts of Thames,” and “ Byrsa’s thousand masts.” We have “ loudly and more loudly,” and “ plainly and more plainly,” and “ nearer and more near,” as constantly recurring in the *Lays* as the hurrahs of the *Ballads*. In short,

there is a vast deal of reproduction of that which was originally good for the once in the place in which it appeared, but which, when called into use again and again, stamps the writer with mannerism, or something worse. In the “ Battle of the Lake Regillus ” there are many fine passages, though it is, upon the whole, something heavier than the other two to which we have alluded. The following description of a horse running away after the death of his rider is fine, though evidently suggested by—

“ Blood-shot his eyes, his nostril spread,  
The loose rein dangling on his head ;  
Housings and saddle bloody red,  
Lord Marmion’s steed rushed by.”

Still we repeat the description is good, though Macaulay seems to have some odd notions of horsemanship ; for he talks with great fervour of men riding at the topmost pace with *slack* rein and bloody spur. We suspect a canter on the high-road has been the highest speed with which he was ever personally acquainted, and that he is not conscious of the absolute necessity of keeping a horse together when he is going the pace :—

“ Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,  
The dark grey charger fled ;  
He burst through ranks of fighting men,  
He sprang o’er heaps of dead.  
His bridle far outstreaming,  
His flanks all blood and foam,  
He sought the southern mountains,—  
The mountains of his home.  
The pass was steep and rugged ;  
The wolves they howled and whined ;  
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,  
And left the wolves behind.  
Through many a startled hamlet  
Thundered his flying feet :  
He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,  
He rushed up the long white street.  
He rushed by tower and temple,  
And paused not from his race  
Till he stood before his master’s door  
In the stately market-place.  
And straightway round him gathered  
A pale and trembling crowd,  
And when they knew him, cries of rage  
Broke forth, and wailing loud :  
And women rent their tresses  
For their great prince’s fall ;  
And old men girt on their old swords  
And went to man the wall.”

We now pass on to the character of those *Lays*, and propose, in the



first instance, to compare them with what those lost *Lays* were of which Mr. Macaulay has treated. We prefer Dr. Arnold's account, however, of the probable literature of ancient Rome, and shall quote it accordingly:—

"The end of the reign of the last king of Rome falls less than twenty years before the battle of Marathon. The age of the Greek heroic poetry was long since past; the evils of the iron age, of that imperfect civilisation, when legal oppression has succeeded to the mere violence of the plunderer and the conqueror, had been bewailed by Hesiod three centuries earlier; Theoginis had mourned over the sinking importance of noble birth and the growing influence of riches; the old aristocracies had been overthrown by single tyrants, and these again had every where yielded to the power of aristocracies under a mitigated form, which, in some instances, admitted a mixture of popular freedom. Alcæus and Sappho had been dead for more than half a century; Simonides was in the vigour of life; and prose history had already been attempted by Hecataeus of Miletus. Of the works of these last, indeed, only fragments have descended to us; but their entire writings, together with those of many other earlier poets, scattered up and down through a period of more than 200 years, existed till the general wreck of ancient literature, and furnished abundant monuments of the vigour of the Greek mind, long before the period when history began faithfully to record particular events. But of the Roman mind under the kings, Cicero knew no more than we do. He had seen no works of that period, whether of historians or of poets; he had never heard the name of a single individual whose genius had made it famous, and had preserved its memory together with his own. A certain number of laws ascribed to the kings, and preserved, whether on tables of wood or brass in the Capitol, or in the collection of the jurist Papirius, were almost the sole monuments which could illustrate the spirit of the early ages of the Roman people. But even those, to judge from the few extracts with which we are acquainted, must have been modernised in their language; for the Latin of a law ascribed to Servius Tullius is perfectly intelligible, and not more ancient in its forms than that of the fifth century of Rome, whereas the few genuine monuments of the earliest times, the hymns of the Salii and of the brotherhood of husbandry, *Fratres Arvales*, required to be interpreted to the Romans of Cicero's time like a foreign language; and of the

hymn of the *Fratres Arvales* we ourselves judge, for it has been accidentally preserved to our days, a meaning of nearly half of it is only guessed at. This agrees with Polybius says of the language treaty between Rome and Carthage concluded in the first year of the Commonwealth; it was so unlike that of his own time, the end of the sixth century, the beginning of the seventh century before Rome, that even those who understood it best found some things in it which with their best attention, they scarcely explain. Thus, although the legends were undoubtedly made and sung at times of the kings, at funerals and in commemoration of the worth of the noblest of the Romans; though some of the actual stories of the kings may, perhaps, have come from this source, yet it does not seem that they were ever written, as they were altered from one generation to another, nor can any one tell at what time they attained to their present form. Traces of a period, much later than that of the kings, may be discerned in the legends, and I see no reason to differ from the opinion of Niebuhr, who thinks that we now have them they are not more than the restoration of the city after the invasion of the Gauls. If this be true, there rests a veil not to be removed only on the particular history of the early Romans, but on that which we should much more desire to know, which, in the case of Greece, has been brought forth in such full light, the native power of their genius; what they thought, what they hated and what they loved. Yet although the legends of the early Roman story are neither more nor yet co-eval with the subject which they celebrate, still their fame is great, and their beauty and interest surpassing, that it would be unable to sacrifice them altogether. The spirit of inquiry and of fact, and the desire to exclude them from the place which they have so long held in Roman literature. Nor shall I complain of readers who pass over with indifference the legends, and tempt me to put together the fragments of our knowledge, and present them with an outline of the times of the kings, at once interesting and without spirit; while they will with interest the immortal story of the fall of Tarquinius, and the victory of Porsenna and the Latins, as it has been handed down to us in the rich legends of the old heroic *Lays of Rome.*"

All this is very beautifully expressed by Arnold. Would that with his great industry, and his appreciation of the value of the

had been spared to complete the work he commenced! We are deeply indebted to him for marshalling some dreams, all of the olden time, and bringing them to our notice through the gate of horn. But, after all, to what does it come? They are still dreams—thin dreams. All that we really know of ancient Rome, with the exception of one public document preserved by Polybius, is comprised in a very few words written by Tacitus,—“*Urbem Romam à principio res habuere.*” Of a certainty, we know no more, than that the kings of Rome had a large and wide ascendancy, and that by the results of popular convulsion, followed by a civil war, the whole frame of the empire was as completely broken to pieces as by striking out with your sword you might shiver a globe of glass. History presents no example of so severe a destruction of every thing pertaining to a people, in every possible respect, as that which followed

upon the Etruscan invasion, first; and, secondly, the crashing conquest of Rome by the Gauls. All before that date is mere, mere fable; and it is not indigenous, as Mr. Macaulay seems to think. But, probably, we will take up the subject at another time, making Mr. Macaulay’s fancies the theme for writing in good earnest about ancient Rome.

But terminating thus abruptly for the present, let us not be misunderstood. No man has a higher appreciation than the writer of the above article of Macaulay’s enthusiasm and genius, or a more buoyant delight in his nervous versification. His *Ballads* long ago, when we first saw them, we got by heart at a burst; and it is no small portion of his *Lays* which recurs to us at idle moments, to make unbidden music in our ears, and usurp our memory. From the very depths of our heart, Macaulay, we cheer you on your lofty way.

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THE KINGDOM OF THOUGHT.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh! the Kingdom of Thought hath its rivers of beauty,  
Where Fame speeds her barque free from rocks and defiles.  
Noble hills there arise, and the highest is Duty;  
But the best scenes of Thought are its beautiful isles.  
One crown’d by a grove, where a temple immortal  
To Shakspeare, that wonder of mind is begun;  
Where Ariel, the gifted, attends at the portal,  
Whose gates shine afar like the gates of the sun;  
There names beam around that are honour’d in story,  
Old relics of bards in those classic domains;  
Oh, the kingdom of Thought hath its rivers of glory,  
And vast is the empire where Genius reigns!

There, bower’d among roses, the Sylphs and the Graces  
Wake music from lutes that the angels have tuned;  
There, known by the laurels that shadow’d their faces,  
The Muses of old with man’s spirit communed!  
Leaf, colour, and light, their enchantment revealing,  
Appeal in a language to poetry known;  
For each leaf hath its music,—each ray hath its feeling,—  
And Eloquence breathes in those hues—all its own!  
Then give me a name that is honour’d in story,  
Take station, and fortune, and all that remains,—  
If I’m heir to that land with its rivers of glory,  
A son of that empire where Genius reigns!

## CONFESSIONS OF GEORGE FITZ-BOODLE.

## DOROTHEA.

THE reason why my Memoirs have not been continued with that regularity which, I believe, is considered requisite by professional persons, in order to ensure the success of their work, is a very simple one—I have been otherwise engaged; and as I do not care one straw whether the public do or do not like my speculations (heartily pitying, and at the same time despising, those poor devils who write under different circumstances)—as I say, I was in Scotland shooting grouse for some time past, coming home deucedly tired of evenings, which I devoted to a cigar and a glass of toddy, it was quite impossible to satisfy the curiosity of the public. I bagged 1114 brace of grouse in sixty days, besides dancing in kilt before her M—y at Bl—r Ath—l. By the way, when Mr. F—x M—le gives away cairngorms, he may as well say *whose property* they are. I lent the man the very stone out of a snuff-mull with which Charles Edward complimented my great-aunt, Flora MacWhirter.

The worthy publisher sent me down his Magazine to Dunkeld (a good deal of it will be found in wadding over the moors, and perhaps in the birds which I sent him), and, at the same time, he despatched some critiques, both epistolary and newspaperacious, upon the former chapter of my Memoirs. The most indignant of the manuscript critiques came from a member of the Hebrew persuasion. And what do you think is the opinion of this Lion of Judah? Simply that George Savage Fitz-Boodle is a false name, assumed by some coward, whose intention it is to insult the Jewish religion! He says that my history of the Löwe family is a dastardly attack upon the people! How is it so? If I say that an individual Christian is a rogue, do I impugn the professors of the whole Christian religion? Can my Hebrew critic say that a Hebrew banker never cheated in matters of exchange, or that a Hebrew was never guilty of a roguery? If so, what was the gold-dust robbery, and why is Ikey Solomons at Botany

Bay? No; the Lion of Judah may be a good lion, but he is a deucedly bad arguer,—nay, he is a bad lion, he roars before he is hurt. Be calm, thou red-maned desert-roarer, the arrows of Fitz-Boodle have no poison at their tip, and are shot only in play.

I never wished to attack the Jewish nation, far from it, I have three bills now out; nor is he right in saying that I have made a dastardly statement, which I have given under a false name; just the contrary, my name is, as every body knows, my real name,—it is the *statement* which is false, and I confess there is not one word of truth in it—I never knew, to my knowledge, any Hirsch or Löwe in my life; I never was with Minna Löwe; the adventures never did occur at Bonn. Is my friend now satisfied? Let him remember, in the first place, that the tale is related of individuals, and not of his people at large; and in the second place, that the statement is not true. If *that* won't satisfy him, what will? Rabbi, let us part in peace! Neither thee nor thy like would George Fitz-Boodle ever willingly harm—neither thee nor any bearded nor unbearded man. If there be no worse rogues in Jewry, the people is more lucky than the rest of the world, and the fact is good to be known.

And now for the second objections. These are mainly of one kind—most of the journalists, from whose works pleasing extracts have been made, concurring in stating, that the last paper, which the Hebrew thought so dangerous, was, what is worse still, exceedingly stupid.

This disgusting unanimity of sentiment at first annoyed me a good deal, for I was pained to think that success so soon bred envy, and that the members of the British press could not bear to see an amateur enter the lists with them, and carry off laurels for which they had been striving long years in vain. Is there no honesty left in the world, I thought? And the thought gave me extreme pain, for, though (as in

the Hebrew case above mentioned) I love occasionally to disport with the follies and expose the vices of individuals, to attribute envy to a whole class is extremely disagreeable to one whose feelings are more than ordinarily benevolent and pure.

An idea here struck me. I said to myself, "Fitz-Boodle! perhaps the paper *is* stupid, and the critics are right." I read the paper: I found that it *was* abominably stupid, and, as I fell asleep over it, an immense repose and calm came over my mind, and I woke reconciled with human nature.

Let authors consider this above fact well, and draw their profit from it. I have met with many men, who, like myself, fancy themselves the victims of a conspiracy—martyrs; but, in the long run, the world and the critics of nowadays are generally right; they praise too much perhaps, they puff a small reputation into a huge one, but they do not neglect much that is good; and, if literary gentlemen would but bear this truth in mind, what a deal of pain and trouble might they spare themselves! There would be no despair, ill-humour, no quarrelling with your fellow-creatures, nor jaundiced moody looks upon nature and the world. Instead of crying the world is wicked—all men are bad, is it not wiser, my brethren, to say, "I am an ass?" let me be content to know that, nor anathematise universal mankind for not believing in me. It is a well-known fact, that no natural man can see the length of his own ears; it is only the glass—the reflection that shews them to him. Let the critics be our glass, I am content to believe that they are pretty honest, that they are not actuated by personal motives of hatred in falling foul of me and others; and this being premised, I resume the narration of my adventures. If *this* chapter don't please them, they *must*, indeed, be very hard to amuse.

Beyond sparring and cricket, I do not recollect I learned any thing useful at Slaughter House School, where I was educated (according to an old family tradition, which sends particular generations of gentlemen to particular schools in the kingdom; and such is the force of habit, that, though I hate the place, I shall send

my own son thither too, should I marry any day). I say I learned little that was useful at Slaughter House, and nothing that was ornamental. I would as soon have thought of learning to dance as of learning to climb chimneys. Up to the age of seventeen, as I have shewn, I had a great contempt for the female race, and when age brought with it warmer and juster sentiments, where was I?—I could no more dance nor prattle to a young girl than a young bear could. I have seen the ugliest, little, low-bred wretches, carrying off young and lovely creatures, twirling with them in waltzes, whispering between their glossy curls in quadrilles, simpering, with perfect equanimity, and cutting *pas* in that abominable cavalier scul, until my soul grew sick with fury. In a word, I determined to learn to dance.

But such things are hard to be acquired late in life, when the bones and the habits of a man are formed. Look at a man in a hunting field who has not been taught to ride as a boy. All the pluck and courage in the world will not make the man of him that I am, or as any man who has had the advantages of early education in the field.

In the same way with dancing. Though I went to work with immense energy, both in Brewer Street, Golden Square (with an advertising fellow), and afterwards with old Coulon at Paris, I never was able to be *easy* in dancing; and though little Coulon instructed me in a smile, it was a cursed forced one, that looked like the grin of a person in extreme agony. I once caught sight of it in a glass, and have hardly ever smiled since.

Most young men about London have gone through that strange secret ordeal of the dancing-school. I am given to understand, that young snobs from attorneys' offices, banks, shops, and the like, make not the least mystery of their proceedings in the saltatory line, but trip gaily, with pumps in hand, to some dancing place about Soho, waltz and quadrille it with Miss Greengrocer or Miss Butcher, and fancy they have had rather a pleasant evening. There is one house in Dover Street, where, behind a dirty curtain, such figures may be seen hopping every night, to

a perpetual fiddling; and I have stood sometimes wondering in the street, with about six blackguard boys wondering too, at the strange contortions of the figures jumping up and down to the mysterious squeaking of the kit. Have they no shame *ces gens*? are such degrading initiations to be held in public? No, the snob may, but the man of refined mind never can submit to shew himself in public labouring at the apprenticeship of this most absurd art. It is owing, perhaps, to this modesty, and the fact that I had no sisters at home, that I have never thoroughly been able to dance; for though I always arrive at the end of a quadrille (and thank Heaven for it too!) and though, I believe, I make no mistake in particular, yet I solemnly confess I have never been able thoroughly to comprehend the mysteries of it, or what I have been about from the beginning to the end of the dance. I always look at the lady opposite, and do as she does; if *she* did not know how to dance, *par hazard*, it would be all up; but if they can't do any thing else, women can dance, let us give them that praise at least.

In London, then, for a considerable time, I used to get up at eight o'clock in the morning, and pass an hour alone with Mr. Wilkinson, of the Theatres Royal, in Golden Square;—an hour alone. It was “one, two, three; one, two, three—now jump—right foot more out, Mr. Smith; and if you *could*, try and look a little more cheerful; your partner, sir, would like you hall the better.” Wilkinson called me Smith, for the fact is, I did not tell him my real name, nor (thank Heaven!) does he know it to this day.

I never breathed a word of my doings to any soul among my friends; once a pack of them met me in the strange neighbourhood, when, I am ashamed to say, I muttered something about a “little French milliner,” and walked off, looking as knowing as I could.

In Paris, two Cambridge men and myself, who happened to be staying at a boarding-house together, agreed to go to Coulon, a little creature of four feet high with a pig-tail. His room was hung round with glasses. He made us take off our coats, and

dance each before a mirror; one of us was standing before playing on his kit—the sight of a little master at the pupil was so supremely ridiculous, that I burst into a yell of laughter, which so offended the old man, that he walked away abruptly, and begged me not to repeat my visits. Nor did I. I was just getting into walking then, but determined to drop walking and content myself with quadrilling for the rest of my days.

This was all very well in France and England; but in Germany, what was I to do? What did Hercules do when Omphale captivated him? What did Rinaldo do when Armida fell upon him her twinkling eyes? No, to cut all historical instances short, by going at once to the earliest, what did Adam do when Eve tempted him? he yielded and became her slave, and so I do heartily trust every honest man will yield until the end of the world—he has no heart who will not. When I was in Germany, I say, I began to learn to *waltz*. The reader from this will no doubt expect, that some new love-adventures befell me—nor will his gentle heart be disappointed. Two deep and tremendous incidents occurred which shall be notified on the present occasion.

The reader, perhaps, remembers the brief appearance of his Highness the Duke of Kalbsbraten Pumpernickel, at B—— House, in the first part of my Memoirs, at that unlucky period of my life when the Duke was led to remark the odour about my clothes, which lost me the hand of Mary Macalister. After the upshot of the affair with Minna Löwe, (I cannot say but that for a time I was dreadfully cut up by her behaviour), I somehow found myself in his Highness's territories, of which anybody may read a description in the *Almanach de Gotha*. His Highness's father, as is well known, married Emilia Kunegunda Thomasina Charleria Emanuela Louisa Georgina, Princess of Saxe-Pumpernickel, and a cousin of his Highness the Duke. Thus the two principalities were united under one happy sovereign in the person of Philibert Sigismund Emanuel Maria, the reigning Duke, who has received from his country (on account of the celebrated pump which he erected in the market-place of Kalbsbraten) the well-merited ap-

pellation of the Magnificent. The allegory which the statues round about the pump represent, is of a very mysterious and complicated sort. Minerva is observed leading up Ceres to a river god, who has his arms round the neck of Pomona; while Mars (in a full-bottomed wig) is driven away by Peace, under whose mantle two lovely children representing the Duke's two provinces, repose. The celebrated Speck is, as need scarcely be said, the author of this piece; and of other magnificent edifices in the *Residenz*, such as the guard-room, the skittle-hall (*Grossherzoglich Kalbsbraten pumpernickelisch schhillelspiel saal*), &c., and the superb sentry-boxes before the grand-ducal palace. He is Knight Grand Cross of the ancient Kartoffel order, as, indeed, is almost every one else in his Highness's dominions.

The town of Kalbsbraten contains a population of two thousand inhabitants, and a palace which would accommodate about six times that number. The principality sends three and a half men to the German Confederation, who are commanded by a general (excellency), two major-generals, and sixty-four officers of lower grades; all noble, all knights of the order, and almost all chamberlains to his Highness the Grand Duke. An excellent band of eighty performers is the admiration of the surrounding country, and leads the grand-ducal troops to battle in time of war. Only three of the contingent of soldiers returned from the battle of Waterloo, where they won much honour; the remainder was cut to pieces on that glorious day.

There is a chamber of representatives (which, however, nothing can induce to sit), home and foreign ministers, residents from neighbouring courts, law presidents, town councils, &c., all the adjuncts of a big or little government. The court has its chamberlains and marshals, the Grand Duchess her noble ladies in waiting and blushing maids of honour. Thou wert one, Dorothea! Dost remember the poor young Engländer? We parted in anger; but I think—I think thou hast not forgotten him.

The way in which I have Dorothea von Speck present to my mind is this, — not as I first saw her in the

garden, for her hair was in bandeaux then, and a large Leghorn hat, with a deep riband, covered half her fair face,—not in a morning-dress, which, by the way, was none of the newest nor the best made—but as I saw her afterwards at a ball at the pleasant, splendid little court, where she moved the most beautiful of the beauties of Kalbsbraten. The grand saloon of the palace is lighted—the Grand Duke and his officers, the Duchess and her ladies, have passed through. I, in my uniform of the —th, and a number of young fellows (who are evidently admiring my legs and envying my *distingué* appearance), are waiting round the entrance-door, where a huge Heyduke is standing, and announcing the titles of the guests as they arrive.

"HERR OBERHOF UND BAU INSPEKTOR VON SPECK!" shouts the Heyduke; and the little inspector comes in. His lady is on his arm—huge, in towering plumes, and her favourite costume of light blue. Fair women always dress in light blue or light green; and Frau von Speck is very fair and stout.

But who comes behind her? Lieber Himmel! It is Dorothea! Did earth, among all the flowers which have sprung from its bosom, produce ever one more beautiful? She was none of your heavenly beauties, I tell you. She had nothing ethereal about her. No, sir; she was of the earth earthy, and must have weighed ten stone four or five, if she weighed an ounce. She had none of your Chinese feet, nor waspy, unhealthy waists, which those may admire who will. No; Dora's foot was a good stout one; you could see her ankle (if her robe was short enough) without the aid of a microscope; and that envious, little, sour, skinny Amalia von Mangelwürzel, used to hold up her four fingers, and say (the two girls were most intimate friends, of course), "Dear Dorothea's waist is so much dicker as dis;" and so I have no doubt it was.

But what then? Goethe sings in one of his divine epigrams:—

"Epicures vaunting their taste, entitle me vulgar and savage,  
Give them their Brussels-sprouts, but I  
am contented with cabbage."

'I hate your little women, that is  
when I am in love with a tall one;

and who would not have loved Dorothea?

Fancy her, then, if you please, about five feet four inches high—fancy her in the family colour of light blue, a little scarf covering the most brilliant shoulders in the world; and a pair of gloves clinging close round an arm that may, perhaps, be somewhat too large now, but that Juno might have envied, then. After the fashion of young ladies on the continent, she wears no jewels or gincrackes, her only ornament is a wreath of vine-leaves in her hair, with little clusters of artificial grapes. Down on her shoulders falls the brown hair, in rich liberal clusters; all that health, and good-humour, and beauty, can do for her face, kind Nature has done for hers. Her eyes are frank, sparkling, and kind. As for her cheeks, what paint-box or dictionary contains pigments or words to describe their red? They say she opens her mouth and smiles always to shew the dimples in her cheeks. Psha! she smiles because she is happy, and kind, and good-humoured, and not because her teeth are little pearls.

All the young fellows crowd up to ask her to dance, and taking from her waist a little mother-of-pearl remembrancer, she notes them down. Old Schnabel for the Polonaise; Klingenspoehr, first waltz; Haarbart, second waltz; Count Hornpieper (the Danish envoy), third; and so on. I have said why I could not ask her to waltz, and turned away with Colonel Trumpenpack all night.

In thus introducing this lovely creature in her ball-costume, I have been somewhat premature, and had best go back to the beginning of the history of my acquaintance with her.

Dorothea, then, was the daughter of the celebrated Speck before mentioned. It is one of the oldest names in Germany, where her father's and mother's houses, those of Speck and Eyer, are loved wherever they are known. Unlike his warlike progenitor, Lorenzo Von Speck, Dorothea's father had early shewn himself a passionate admirer of art; had quitted home to study architecture in Italy, and had become celebrated throughout Europe, and Ober Hof architekt, and Kunstundbau inspektor of the united principalities. They are but four miles wide, and his genius has

consequently but little room to do. What art can do, however, he did. The palace is frequently whitewashed under his eyes; the theatre painted occasionally; the noble public buildings erected, of which I have already made mention.

Smarting with recollection of Minna, I had come to Kalbsruhe scarce knowing whither I went; and having, in about ten minutes, seen the curiosities of the place (I did not care to see the king's palace, the chairs and tables have no great charms for me), I had ordered horses, and wanted to get on I cared not which when Fate threw Dorothea in my way. I was yawning back to the hotel through the palace-garden, a valet-de-place at my side, when I saw a young lady seated under a tree, reading a novel, her mamma on the same bench (a fat woman in blue) knitting a stocking, and officers, choked in their stays, and various orders on their spinach-coloured coats, standing by in various attitudes—the one was caressing a fat-lady-in-blue's little dog; other was twirling his own moustache, which was already as near as possible curled into his own eye.

I don't know how it is, but I like to see men, evidently intimate with nice-looking women, and on good terms with themselves. The something annoying in their cur complacency—their evident sunshine happiness. I've no woman to me sunshine for me; and yet my heart to me, that not one, but several suns, would do good to my system.

"Who are those pert-looking officers," says I, peevishly, to the guide, "who are talking to the vulgar-looking women?"

"The big one, with the epaule is Major von Schnabel; the little one, with the pale face, is Stiefel von Klingenspoehr."

"And the big blue woman?"

"The Grand-ducal Pumpenrichian-court-architectress and Upper Palace-and-building-inspectress, Von Speck, born V. Eyer," replied the guide. "Your well-born honour has seen the pump in the market place; that is the work of the great Von Speck."

"And yonder young person?"

"Mr. Court-architect's daughter, the Fräulein Dorothea."

Dorothea looked up from her novel here, and turned her face towards the stranger who was passing, and then blushing turned it down again. Schnabel looked at me with a scowl, Klingenspoehr with a simper, the dog with a yelp, the fat lady in blue just gave one glance, and seemed, I thought, rather well pleased. "Silence, Lischen!" said she to the dog. "Go on, darling Dorothea," she added, to her daughter, who continued her novel.

Her voice was a little tremulous, but very low and rich. For some reason or other, on getting back to the inn, I countermanded the horses, and said I would stay for the night.

I not only staid that night, but many, many afterwards, and as for the manner in which I became acquainted with the Speck family, why it was a good joke against me at the time, and I did not like then to have it known, but now it may as well come out at once. Speck, as every body knows, lives in the market-place, opposite his grand work of art, the town-pump, or fountain. I bought a large sheet of paper, and having a knack at drawing, sat down, with the greatest gravity, before the pump, and sketched it for several hours. I knew it would bring out old Speck to see. At first he contented himself by flattening his nose against the window-glasses of his study, and looking what the Englander was about. Then he put on his grey cap with the huge green shade, and sauntered to the door: then he walked round me, and formed one of a band of street-idlers who were looking on: then at last he could restrain himself no more, but pulling off his cap, with a low bow, began to discourse upon arts and architecture in particular.

"It is curious," says he, "that you have taken the same view of which a print has been engraved."

"That is extraordinary," says I, (though it wasn't, for I had traced my drawing at a window off the very print in question.) I added that I was, like all the world, immensely struck with the beauty of the edifice; heard of it at Rome, where it was considered to be superior to any of the celebrated foun-

tains of that capital of the fine arts; finally, that if, perhaps, the celebrated fountain of Aldgate in London might compare with it, Kalbsbraten building, *except* in that case, was incomparable.

This speech I addressed in French, of which the worthy Hof-architekt understood somewhat, and continuing to reply in German, our conversation grew pretty close. It is singular that I can talk to a man, and pay him compliments with the utmost gravity, whereas, to a woman, I at once lose all self-possession, and have never said a pretty thing in my life.

My operations on old Speck were so conducted, that in a quarter of an hour I had elicited from him an invitation to go over the town with him, and see its architectural beauties. So we walked through the huge half-furnished chambers of the palace, we panted up the copper pinnacle of the church-tower, we went to see the Museum and Gymnasium, and coming back into the market-place again, what could the Hof-architekt do but offer me a glass of wine and a seat in his house? He introduced me to his gattin, his Leocadia (the fat woman in blue), "as a young world-observer, and worthy art-friend, a young scion of British Adel, who had come to refresh himself at the urquellece of his race, and see his brethren of the great family of Herrman."

I saw instantly that the old fellow was of a romantic turn, from this rhodomontade to his lady: nor was she a whit less so; nor was Dorothea less sentimental than her mamma. She knew every thing regarding the literature of Albion, as she was pleased to call it; and asked me news of all the famous writers there. I told her that Miss Edgeworth was one of the loveliest young beauties at our court; I described to her Lady Morgan, herself as beautiful as the wild Irish girl she drew; I promised to give her a signature of Mrs. Hemans (which I wrote for her that very evening); and described a fox-hunt, at which I had seen Thomas Moore and Samuel Rogers, Esquires; and a boxing-match, in which the athletic author of *Pelham* was pitched against the hardy mountain-bard, Wordsworth. You see my education was not neglected, for



though I have never read the works of the above-named ladies and gentlemen, yet I knew their names well enough.

Time passed away.—I, perhaps, was never so brilliant in conversation as when excited by the Assmaushäuser and the brilliant eyes of Dorothea that day. She and her parents had dined at their usual heathen hour; but I was, I don't care to own it, so smitten, that, for the first time in my life, I did not even miss the meal, and talked on until six o'clock, when tea was served. Madame Speck said they always drunk it; and so placing a tea-spoonful of bohea in a caldron of water, she placidly handed out this decoction, which we took with cakes and sartinies. I leave you to imagine how disgusted Klingenspoehr and Schnabel looked when they stepped in as usual that evening to make their party of whist with the Speck family! Down they were obliged to sit—and the lovely Dorothea, for that night, declined to play altogether, and—sat on the sofa by me.

What we talked about, who shall tell? I would not, for my part, break the secret of one of those delicious conversations, of which I and every man in his time have held so many. You begin, very probably, about the weather—'tis a common subject, but what sentiments the genius of Love can fling into it! I have often, for my part, said to the girl of my heart for the time being, "It's a fine day," or, "It's a rainy morning!" in a way that has brought tears to her eyes. Something beats in your heart, and twangle! a corresponding string thrills and echoes in hers. You offer her any thing—her knitting-needles, a slice of bread and butter—what causes the grateful blush with which she accepts the one or the other? Why she sees your heart handed over to her upon the needles, and the bread and butter is to her a sandwich with love inside it. If you say to your grandmother, "Ma'am, it's a fine day," or what not, she would have no other meaning than their outward and visible view, but say so to the girl you love, and she understands a thousand mystic meanings in them. Thus in a word, though Dorothea and I did not, probably, on the first night of our meet-

ing, talk of any thing more than the weather, or trumps, or some subjects which, to such listeners as Schnabel and Klingenspoehr and others, might appear quite ordinary, yet to us they had a different signification, of which Love alone held the key.

Without further ado then, after the occurrences of that evening, I determined on staying at Kalbsbraten, and presenting my card the next day to the Hof-Marshall requesting to have the honour of being presented to his highness the prince, at one of whose court-balls my Dorothea appeared as I have described her.

It was summer when I first arrived at Kalbsbraten. The little court was removed to Siegmundslust, his highness's country-seat: no balls were taking place, and, in consequence, I held my own with Dorothea pretty well. I treated her admirer Lieutenant Klingenspoehr with perfect scorn, had a manifest advantage over Major Schnabel, and used somehow to meet the fair one every day walking in company with her mamma in the palace garden, or sitting under the acacias, with Belotte in her mother's lap, and the favourite romance beside her. Dear, dear Dorothea! what a number of novels she must have read in her time! She confesses to me that she had been in love with Uncas, with Saint Preux, with Ivanhoe, and with hosts of German heroes of romance; and when I asked her, if she, whose heart was so tender towards imaginary youths, had never had a preference for any one of her living adorers, she only looked, and blushed, and sighed, and said nothing.

You see I had got on as well as man could do, until the confounded court season and the balls began, and then—why, then came my usual luck.

Waltzing is a part of a German girl's life. With the best will in the world, which, I doubt not, she entertains for me, for I never put the matter of marriage directly to her—Dorothea could not go to balls and not waltz. It was madness to me to see her whirling round the room with officers, *attachés*, prim little chamberlains with gold keys and embroidered coats, her hair floating in the wind, her hand reposing upon the abominable little dancer's epaulet;

her good-humoured face lighted up with still greater satisfaction. I saw that I must learn to waltz too, and took my measures accordingly.

The leader of the ballet at the Kalbsbraten theatre in my time was Springbock, from Vienna. He had been a regular Zephyr once, 'twas said, in his younger stone days; and though now fifteen stone weight, I can, *hélas!* recommend him conscientiously as a master; and determined to take some lessons from him in the art which I had neglected so foolishly in early life.

It may be said, without vanity, that I was an apt pupil, and in the course of half-a-dozen lessons I had arrived at very considerable agility in the waltzing line, and could twirl round the room with him at such a pace as made the old gentleman pant again, and hardly left him breath enough to puff out a compliment to his pupil. I may say, that in a single week I became an expert waltzer; but as I wished when I came out publicly in that character, to be quite sure of myself, and as I had hitherto practised not with a lady, but with a very fat old man, it was agreed that he should bring a lady of his acquaintance to perfect me, and accordingly, at my eighth lesson, Madame Springbock herself came to the dancing-room, and the old Zephyr performed on the violin.

If any man ventures the least sneer with regard to this lady, or dares to insinuate any thing disrespectful to her or myself, I say at once, that he is an impudent calumniator. Madame Springbock is old enough to be my grandmother, and as ugly a woman as I ever saw; but though old, she was *passionnée pour la danse*, and not having (on account, doubtless, of her age and unprepossessing appearance) many opportunities of indulging in her favourite pastime, made up for lost time by immense activity whenever she could get a partner. In vain, at the end of the hour, would Springbock exclaim, "Amalia, my soul's blessing, the time is up!" "Play on, dear Alphonso!" would the old lady exclaim, whisking me round: and though I had not the least pleasure in such a homely partner, yet for the sake of perfecting myself, I waltzed

and waltzed with her, until we were both half dead with fatigue.

At the end of three weeks I could waltz as well as any man in Germany.

At the end of four weeks there was a grand ball at court in honour of H. H. the Prince of Dummerland and his princess, and then I determined I would come out in public. I dressed myself with unusual care and splendour. My hair was curled and my moustache dyed to a nicety; and of the four hundred gentlemen present, if the girls of Kalbsbraten *did* select one who wore an English hussar uniform, why should I disguise the fact? In spite of my silence, the news had somehow got abroad, as news will in such small towns,—Herr von Fitz-Boodle was coming out in a waltz that evening. His highness the duke even made an allusion to the circumstance. When on this eventful night, I went, as usual, and made him my bow in the presentation, "*Vous, Monsieur,*" said he, "*vous qui êtes si jeune, devez aimer la danse.*" I blushed as red as my trousers, and bowing, went away.

I stepped up to Dorothea. Heavens! how beautiful she looked! and how archly she smiled, as, with a thumping heart, I asked her hand for a waltz! She took out her little mother-of-pearl dancing-book—she wrote down my name with her pencil—we were engaged for the fourth waltz, and till then I left her to other partners.

Who says that his first waltz is not a nervous moment? I vow I was more excited than by any duel I ever fought. I would not dance any contre-danse or galop. I repeatedly went to the buffet and got glasses of punch (dear simple Germany! 'tis with rum-punch and egg-flip thy children strengthen themselves for the dance!)—I went into the ball-room and looked—the couples bounded before me, the music clashed and rung in my ears—all was fiery, feverish, indistinct. The gleaming white columns, the polished oaken floors in which the innumerable tapers were reflected—all together swam before my eyes, and I was in a pitch of madness almost when the fourth waltz at length came. "*Will you dance with your*

sword on?" said the sweetest voice in the world. I blushed, and stammered, and trembled, as I laid down that weapon and my cap, and hark! the music begun!

Oh, how my hand trembled as I placed it round the waist of Dorothea! With my left hand I took her right—did she squeeze it? I think she did—to this day I think she did. Away we went; we tripped over the polished oak floor like two young fairies. "*Courage, monsieur,*" said she, with her sweet smile; then it was "*Très bien, monsieur,*" then I heard the voices humming and buzzing about. "*Il danse bien, l'Anglais;*" "*Ma foi, oui,*" says another. On we went, twirling and twisting, and turning and whirling; couple after couple dropped panting off. Little Klingenspohr himself was obliged to give in. All eyes were upon us—we were going round *alone*. Dorothea was almost exhausted, when

\* \* \* \*

I have been sitting for two hours since I marked the asterisks, thinking—thinking. I have committed crimes in my life—who hasn't? But talk of remorse, what remorse is there like *that* which rushes up in a flood to my brain sometimes when I am alone, and causes me to blush when I'm a-bed in the dark?

I fell, sir, on that infernal slippery floor. Down we came like shot; we rolled over and over in the midst of the ball-room, the music going ten miles an hour, 800 pair of eyes fixed upon us, a cursed shriek of laughter bursting out from all sides. Heavens! how clear I heard it, as we went on rolling and rolling! "My child! my Dorothea!" shrieked out Madame Speck, rushing forward, and as soon as she had breath to do so, Dorothea of course screamed too, then she fainted, then she was disentangled from out my spurs, and borne off by a bevy of tittering women. "Clumsy brute!" said Madame Speck, turning her fat back upon me. I remained upon my *séant*, wild, ghastly, looking about. It was all up with me—I knew it was. I wished I could have died there, and I wish so still.

Klingenspohr married her, that is the long and short; but before that event I placed a sabre-cut across the young scoundrel's nose, which destroyed *his* beauty for ever.

O Dorothea! you can't forgive me—you oughtn't to forgive me; but I love you madly still.

My next flame was Ottilia; but let us keep her for another number, my feelings overpower me at present.

G. F. B.

## LIFE OF SIR MURRAY MAXWELL.

## CHAP. VII.

INTERNAL SYSTEM OF MANAGEMENT—NARROW ESCAPE OF THE *ALCESTE*—OPERATIONS ON THE COASTS OF CORSICA AND ITALY.

THE tide of public events ran at this period with so strong and steady a current, that in striving to keep pace with it we have found ourselves incapacitated from saying a word as to the system of internal discipline, according to which Captain Maxwell conducted the affairs of his own ship. It seems to have united, in a very happy manner, firmness with moderation, a vigorous enforcement of their peculiar duties on all ranks with a generous regard to the personal feelings of the men. To the infliction of corporal punishment Captain Maxwell, as has been stated already, entertained a strong aversion; nevertheless, as he was not influenced, either by the love of popularity or by that maudlin sensibility which is unable to distinguish between justice and rigour, he overcame his own feelings as often as the necessity was pressed upon him, and *compelled* those to do their duty on whom a higher and a better motive seemed to have no influence. The following letter, addressed to Lord Collingwood, and bearing date 30th of October, 1809, seems to place his views, in reference to this matter, in a conspicuous point of view:—

“My Lord,—Being under the disagreeable necessity of troubling your Lordship with a request for a court-martial, to try a prisoner charged with an offence of so serious a nature as that described in my accompanying letter, I feel myself bound, as captain of the ship, to assure you, that the government of the *Alceste* is carried on upon a system which is neither violent nor rigorous, nor such as by any perversion of language can be described as severe.

“Ever since I have been intrusted with so important a charge as the command of one of his majesty’s ships, it has been my practice, as far as possible, to prevent, by wholesome regulations, the commission of crime, so as to supersede the necessity of much punishment, which I regard as no proof of a good state of discipline, but the reverse. Unfortunately, however, we do not all think alike on this subject; and some of my officers (no punishment of any description being left to their discretion) con-

ceive that they best perform their duty by making frequent complaints of the people. Accordingly, I found, to my regret, when the enemy’s ships came out on the 21st, that there were no fewer than twenty-one names on the black-list for various offences. I did not take any notice of the circumstance for awhile; but by and by when three or four of their frigates chased us, and approached so near as to render an action more than probable, I thought the opportunity a good one for clearing off my list by a little admonition, and, if possible, by a general pardon. Only one man was punished. The last I had to examine was Robert Chubb, and him also I was just going to forgive, when he thought proper to look, and speak, and act, in a manner so insolent, as entirely to prevent my carrying this intention into effect, more particularly as we were then in the presence of an enemy, when an officer’s authority, however tempered by mildness, must be firm as adamant.

“My ship’s company, my Lord, though one of the weakest, I will be bold to say, that ever attempted to navigate a frigate of this class, are quiet, orderly, and, in every respect, well behaved. We have only five men in the ship, besides the petty officers, who know any thing of a seaman’s duty. We are sixty short, and of the number on board thirty-seven are foreigners. But, thank God, we have all a little zeal, and do our best, and will be able, I hope, at all times to perform any service with which your Lordship may be pleased to intrust us.”

Of the happy effects produced by this method of government, and the excellent spirit which prevailed among both officers and men, many instances might be given; but we content ourselves with the following, wherein the willingness of the crew, and the decision and forethought of the commander, are alike conspicuous. It happened, that in the early part of the year 1809, the British frigate *Proserpine* had been taken by the enemy, under circumstances not, perhaps, extraordinary, but exceedingly mortifying to those on board. Like the *Alceste*, she formed one of the in-shore squadron, and having been observed by the enemy at anchor

just before night-fall, they sent out, under cover of the darkness, a very superior force, and contrived to spread their meshes so completely round her, that she was forced, on the return of light, to surrender. Encouraged by this success, the French were in the frequent habit of trying a similar stratagem against other of the look-out vessels, and once the escape which the *Alceste* made was marvellous. She had been reconnoitring, and was close off the harbour's mouth, when, at sunset, the breeze suddenly fell. A dead calm followed, which endured throughout the greater part of the night, relieved only at intervals by what seamen call a cat's-paw; that is to say, by a puff or breath of air which would last for, perhaps, three minutes, and then lull again. Such a position could not but be felt to involve the good ship and her company in serious dangers, and many and anxious were the looks which were cast up into the sky and over the indolent canvass. But the cat's-paws coming with greater frequency as the night advanced, and the ship's head being kept steadily towards the offing, anxiety gradually gave way to assurance, and assurance produced its customary results. The people turned in, and the charge of the ship devolved, as it usually does in like cases, upon the watch.

Captain Maxwell had retired to his cot, and was asleep, when the officer of the watch came to him about two in the morning, with a report that a noise had been heard in the distance, of which the look-out men could make nothing, but which sounded to him like cheering. Captain Maxwell considered for a moment, and then, without so much as sitting up in bed, desired that the officer would turn up the hands instantly, and hoist out the boats. The order was executed of course; the hands were turned up, the boats manned, and, in the space of a few minutes, all the strength of the crew was employed in towing the frigate out to sea. It was well that so much promptitude had been exercised, for, soon after the first impetus had been given to the frigate, two French line-of-battle ships were seen moving towards her, which, had their boats' crews been a little less noisy, might,

and probably would, have succeeded in getting her under their broadsides. As it was, they contrived to approach so near, that at dawn some shots, at a long range, were exchanged; but the land-wind happily springing up, the *Alceste* crowded sail, and her pursuers not caring to trust themselves far from home, gave up the chase.

Early in the spring of 1810, the brave and good Lord Collingwood died, leaving Sir Samuel Hood in temporary command of the fleet, which he retained till the arrival on the station of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Cotton. It was subsequently to the coming of the last-named officer, that the *Alceste* was relieved from her look-out duties near Toulon, and detached to operate generally, and at the discretion of her commander, along the whole line of the enemy's coast. And a very active as well as interesting period of Captain Maxwell's service this appears to have been. Passing to and fro from point to point, he swept the seas of every species of craft that shewed a French ensign, taking some, destroying others, and keeping the remainder in a state of close blockade. Of the sort of warfare to which this coasting-service led it is impossible to convey to the mind of the reader any clear notion, except by describing, in detail, one or two of the most memorable exploits in which we find the *Alceste* and her people engaged. The following seems to have been, at least, a daring enterprise; that it did not lead to the full measure of success was no fault of the gallant spirit that conceived the plan, or the strong arms which did their best to carry it into execution.

Having chased several vessels into the port of Agaye, a small close bay in the immediate vicinity of Frejus, Captain Maxwell determined, after a good deal of reconnoitring, to attack them at their anchorage, and, if possible, to cut them out. It was ascertained, however, that towards the accomplishment of this end the ship could afford no assistance. Two batteries, one on each side of the channel, effectually commanded the port, as well as all direct approach to it from the sea; and their position was such—high up upon the brow of the hill—that no degree of elevation

given to her guns would enable a shot from the frigate's deck to reach them. If assailed at all, they must therefore be assailed from the shore; and this again could be done only by landing parties under cover of darkness, and trying the effect of a surprise. Accordingly, on the night of the 22d of May, strong parties of seamen and marines were ordered to be in readiness, and to them, and to the officers appointed to command them, Captain Maxwell issued the following instructions:—

"The party will proceed towards the shore in two divisions, one making for the right of the bay, the other for the left.

"Lieutenant Wilson will command the division on the right of the bay, Mr. Bell that on the left.

"Lieutenant Ferrant will take charge of the boats on the right, Mr. Day of those on the left.

"Lieutenants Lloyd and Hawky, R.M., will accompany Mr. Wilson.

"The march from the boats to the point of attack must be made in close order and perfect silence, success, without loss, depending greatly on the attention to those matters. Coolness and determination in closing with the enemy will, I feel convinced, be displayed with the habitual energy and spirit of British seamen and marines.

"As soon as the battery on the right is carried, a blue light is to be burned, upon which Mr. Ferrant will immediately close up with the boats, for the purpose of boarding and bringing out the vessels. The boats on the left are to close up in like manner, when the battery on that side is carried. But as the view from the boats may be obstructed by the land, they will advance to their respective batteries whenever the ship shall fire two guns in quick succession, and burn one blue light.

"The signal for the boats and landing party to return on board, will be three guns, one blue light, and one rocket, in succession.

"The battery on the left is to be destroyed as soon as captured, and the party to proceed, when the boats come up, to take possession of the vessels, and bring them out. The battery on the right is to be kept by a strong guard till the vessels are got out, when it, also, is to be demolished.

"As many circumstances may occur which cannot at present be foreseen, I repose every confidence in the discretion and judgment of the officers to surmount all difficulties, and crown the attack with honourable success. Given on board the

Alceste, off Agaye, this 21st of May, 1810.

"Parroll, Alceste,  
"Countersign, 'Hoon.'"

The expedition thus formed, though in all its arrangements perfect, and, as far as numerical strength was concerned, fully adequate to the attainment of the object in view, failed of the success which had been anticipated. Night movements are, at the best, precarious; and if undertaken in a country either entirely or partially unexplored, are liable to be frustrated by a thousand accidents. On the present occasion, for instance, the party of which Lieutenant Wilson, first of the *Alceste*, was at the head, found it necessary, in order to reach the fort, to traverse a thick wood, in the heart of which they were unexpectedly opposed by a strong picket of French infantry. The marines managed to disperse the ambuscade without difficulty, but no sooner had the firing begun, than the guide effected his escape, and Mr. Wilson, conscious of his inability to proceed without a guide, determined at once to retreat. He carried this resolution into effect, and reached his boats without losing a man; but in doing so he rendered profitless the brilliant success which had attended the efforts of Mr. Bell. That officer, reaching his ground without a check, had carried the battery on the left of the bay at a rush. He spiked the guns, destroyed the carriages, blew up the magazine, and rolled the shot into the sea; but he could not venture, unsupported from the opposite shore, to penetrate farther. Therefore, having ascertained how it had fared with Lieutenant Wilson and his followers, he in like manner betook himself to his boats, and the whole returned on board, baffled and annoyed, yet no wise disheartened or indisposed to try the same experiment over again.

To say that Captain Maxwell was not mortified by this failure would be to deal unfairly by our subject. Every precaution that prudence could suggest had been taken to ensure a different result, and as the enemy's vessels were understood to be laden with valuable cargoes, the prize was accounted worth the hazard that might be incurred in arriving at it. At the same time he imputed no

blame to any one. By the desertion of the guide Mr. Wilson's strength was paralysed, and the retreat of the co-operating party rendered Mr. Bell's success worthless. But though he blamed no one, Captain Maxwell was determined to retrieve the failure if possible; and the following was the expedient to which he had recourse for the purpose of doing so.

The enemy, well pleased to have escaped a direct attack by land, were too prudent to trust themselves to any manifest hazard at sea. They kept close to their moorings, therefore, let the wind blow from what quarter it might, and for two entire days and nights the *Alceste* continued to beat off and on to no purpose. On the third night, however, Captain Maxwell having manned the barge and yawl, and armed the one with a carronade and the other with a field-piece, sent them away under the command of his very able sailing-master, Mr. Bell, with directions to lie in ambush in a little cove, which, though well sheltered among the rocks, was yet close to the harbour's mouth. This done, he himself made way, so that when daylight returned the *Alceste* was no longer visible from the shore, and the enemy rejoiced in a belief that the blockade had been raised.

Captain Maxwell had calculated on the convoy's attempting to escape, and the result proved that his reasoning was just. For, no sooner was the coast seen to be clear, than the whole of the blockaded vessels put to sea. They were creeping along shore, cautiously indeed, yet in apparent unconsciousness that danger was near, when Mr. Bell with his two boats suddenly darted among them, and a scene of ludicrous confusion followed. Four feluccas (two of them well armed) were boarded and carried in an instant, two more were driven among the rocks, and the remainder, putting their helms up, ran for the harbour. Meanwhile, the batteries on the heights cannonaded the assailants with great vigour, and a heavy fire of musketry was opened upon them from the beach. But Mr. Bell had made an excellent disposition of his little force. Leaving a midshipman (Mr. Adair) with three men in the barge to reply to the enemy's fire with the carronade, he himself, in

the yawl, passed from vessel to vessel, and throwing a few hands into each, soon made himself master of as many as the space of time at his command would allow. And with such excellent will did the four brave fellows in the barge work their guns and ply their shot, that they effectually covered the retreat, so soon as it became necessary to withdraw with the prizes. Not a man was hurt in the accomplishment of this dashing service.

From Agaye Captain Maxwell proceeded to Corsica, where he found the *Topaze*, of thirty-eight guns, and took her under his orders. Martino Bay was the point towards which they directed their course, and there, sure enough, Captain Maxwell found that of which he was in search, namely, more of the enemy's vessels to attack, and a fresh opportunity of distinguishing himself. The position of the enemy was this:—

Martino bay, or, to speak more accurately, the harbour of Martino bay, is formed by a natural promontory on one side, and a mole-head run a good way out into the sea on the other. Both salient angles are armed: that where the neck of land stretches out, with a redoubt, on which there were mounted, at the period of which we now speak, three heavy guns; that upon the mole-head with a battery open in the rear, yet sufficiently defended, both in front and on the flanks, from any fire that might be directed against it from the seaward. When the *Alceste* and *Topaze* approached, two large vessels were discovered lying at their moorings under the redoubt; while behind the mole, and close to the town, a fleet of small craft had crowded. Moreover, the redoubt and the battery commanded all approach to the harbour; for the one was distant from the other not more than the range of grape-shot.

Having taken as accurate a survey of the position as circumstances would allow, and come to the conclusion that though strong it was not impregnable, Captain Maxwell made up his mind to make an attempt upon the two vessels, by first of all taking possession of the redoubt, under the guns of which they were sheltered. Accordingly, during the night of June the 21st, fifty seamen, armed

with muskets, and seventy marines, were thrown ashore in a little bay about a mile and a half to the right of the redoubt. They did not, indeed, make good their landing altogether without opposition, for the enemy discovered the boats soon after they quitted the ships, and opened upon them a heavy, though, as the result proved, a harmless fire. But their onward progress was not checked for a moment. Without losing a man, the gallant little army made good its landing on the shore, and with great regularity formed there; Lieutenant Wilson, of the *Alceste*, being in chief command.

Mr. Wilson's order of battle seems to have been a judicious one. He threw out a sort of advanced guard, as well as a flank patrol of marines; and keeping his main body in reserve, at some little distance in the rear, pushed, with a quick step, for a hill which overlooked and commanded the redoubt. But the hill in question was by far too important not to have been occupied at the first alarm; neither did Mr. Wilson expect to find it otherwise. On the contrary, his instructions to the advanced guard were to accept the battle, which he made no doubt would be pressed upon them; and then, by falling back, to draw the enemy from their strong ground, and bring them, in a state of confusion, upon the main body. The marines obeyed the instructions to the letter. No sooner had they arrived within range of the French than they began to fire. The French replied with a volley; and the advanced guard giving way in well-feigned disorder, the French set up a shout, and pursued down the hill. The results need scarcely be detailed. The main body of the English having formed line, threw in a close and well-directed volley, amid the smoke of which, and cheering lustily, they sprang forward. There was no further resistance. The hill was won; its defenders were scattered and broken; and the assailants carried, pell-mell, with the fugitives, into the body of the redoubt.

As soon as the firing on shore was heard, the two frigates stood in, and placing themselves within point-blank distance of the mole, opened upon it with great effect. By and

by, a blue light, thrown up from the redoubt, gave notice that it was in possession of the English; and while the three guns mounted there were turned to aid the fire of the frigates, the boats pressed forward to secure the shipping. The latter were taken possession of without opposition. Then followed the work of destruction on shore. The guard-house and magazine were both blown up; the guns were spiked and rendered un-serviceable by jamming; and the shot rolled over the parapets into the sea. Finally, though followed by a strong force, and occasionally fired upon, the victors made good their retreat to the beach; and returned on board, bringing several prisoners along with them, with no more loss than one man killed and two wounded.

For this gallant exploit, which was executed in the face of tremendous odds, there having been not fewer than 330 good troops opposed to 120 seamen and marines, the little squadron received the thanks of the Admiralty, as well as the hearty commendations of Admiral Sir Charles Cotton. Yet, daring as the enterprise undoubtedly was, it cannot, according to our notions of such matters, be compared with another which not many days afterwards was performed by the same ships' company. We should act unfairly by the subject of the present memoir, were we to tell the tale of this later boat action in any other words than his own; for it was ever Sir Murray Maxwell's usage to give the full meed of praise to such as, carrying out his plans, rendered themselves conspicuous for their courage, their skill, or their endurance. And as we are not aware that of the following affair any public notice has elsewhere been taken, we feel that it is the more incumbent upon us to let the prime mover, if not the chief actor in the scene, speak for himself.

The *Alceste* having parted from the *Topaze*, continued her course as heretofore, harassing the enemy's trade, and keeping the entire line of his coast in a state of alarm. On the 3d of July, she drove a ship behind the mole at Genoa, cannonaded the mole itself, and sent her shot over it. On the 9th, an opportunity appeared to offer for the ac-



complishment of a still more important service, and the subjoined despatch will shew that it was not permitted to pass unimproved :—

*" H. M. S. Alceste, off Cape Delle Melle,  
" 9th July, 1810.*

" Sir,—In my endeavours to execute the service which you have been pleased to intrust to me, namely, that of annoying the enemy's trade on this coast to the utmost extent of my power; I find that very little is to be done without the co-operation of the boats; inasmuch as the enemy steadily refuse to move from their strongholds so long as the ship appears to be within two leagues of the shore. And it is with a feeling of mingled pride and sorrow that I have the honour to describe to you how three of them conducted themselves this day, in an attack upon a convoy of ten sail, and a large xebeque of ten guns (twenty-four, eighteen, and nine-pounders), under the protection of which they were prosecuting their voyage.

" Having manned the barge, the yawl, and the gig, I put the whole under the command of Mr. Bell; having under him Messrs. McQuean and Adair, midshipmen, the latter in the yawl, the former in the gig. They made way right into the heart of the convoy, carried three and drove five on shore; but finding it impossible to bring off the prizes without beating the xebeque also, the following plan was adopted:—Mr. Bell, leaving Mr. McQuean in the gig to cover two of the captured vessels, which had fallen so near the land as to be exposed to a fire of musketry from the troops on the beach, took with him the yawl, and rowed first for the third prize, which the xebeque had managed to recapture. This was his own again in a moment, notwithstanding all the opposition which the xebeque could make, both with her great guns and musketry; after which, the gallant fellows laid the xebeque herself a-board. And then began a contest, such as for determined bravery, on both sides, has seldom been paralleled. Out of twenty-two officers and men that went into action on our side, sixteen were either killed or wounded; yet they never quitted the enemy till he was driven under the batteries of Allasso; from which place he will never, in all probability, be able to move.

" It will give you some idea of the mettle these lads are made of, when I inform you that Mr. Bell, their leader, though severely wounded by a grape-shot in the breast, while moving on to the attack, concealed his hurt, lest a knowledge of it might dishearten the men; and that Mr. Adair, his gallant young associate, though he had his left arm

shattered to pieces in the act of boarding, kept that likewise a secret and went on. John Giles, likewise a seaman, being mortally wounded, begged that he might be allowed to have the last shot; and as there could be no doubt about the aim when the boat's cannonade was touching the enemy's side, the match was put into his hand. He fired the gun, gave a faint huzza, and instantly expired.

" The first thing to be done after the boats returned, was to see that the wounded were dressed and the prizes secured; after which, I went with the ship off the town of Alberque, where the five vessels had run ashore. Here a shoal, which seemed to extend to some distance, met us; but Mr. Hickman, whom I sent a-head in the barge to sound, led us past it into five fathoms water, where, at the distance of about musket-shot from the shore, I anchored with a spring on the cable. We then opened our fire; and in the course of two hours, knocked to pieces, not only the stranded vessels, but all the houses that were nearest to the beach.

" There were from four to five hundred French soldiers assembled here, but as they stood behind a mud intrenchment which our shot could not penetrate, I regret to say that we did not succeed in doing them any damage.

" Our loss this day has been severe; for in addition to the killed and wounded in the boats, we had one killed and two wounded on board; one of them, I fear, mortally. The latter is Lieutenant R. Hawkey, royal marines, a brave-spirited young man, whose brother fell so nobly, not long ago, in the Baltic. I deeply lament the casualties; but along a line of shore, bristling as this does, with cannon and bayonets, such things are to be expected.

" I have the honour to be," &c.

It seems difficult to account for the absolute neglect with which this most dashing exploit was treated. Neither from the Admiralty, nor from the commander-in-chief, was any letter of acknowledgment received; and the very sufferers in the action appear, from some reason or another, to have failed of obtaining the reward which, in like cases, is usually bestowed upon brave men. Mr. Bell's wounds, indeed, proved to be of so serious a nature, that he was forced to quit the service. We presume that he retired with a pension, and we are very sure that in the resignation of so gallant and zealous an officer the navy of England sustained a serious loss.

But Mr. Adair, though mutilated by the amputation of his arm, was permitted to continue a midshipman till the end of the war, and was actually passed over in the general promotions of 1814 and 1815. Towards the close of the latter year the rank of lieutenant was indeed conferred on him; yet even then he obtained the tardy boon only through the earnest and often-repeated solicitations of Captain Maxwell, under whose command the whole of his time, as midshipman, had been spent.\*

Such was the order of Captain Maxwell's life, and such his method of harassing the enemy, till, in the month of August, 1810, he received orders to rejoin the blockading force off Toulon. It was then that he contrived, in the manner already described, to extricate his ship from the danger which menaced it; and then, too, he became a witness, and, in some sense, a contributor to the rescue of the British brig-sloop *Philomel* from the very jaws of capture. No doubt the chivalrous conduct, on that occasion, of Captain Halliday, in the *Repulse*, must be fresh in the recollection of all to whom the events of the late war are familiar. But as we write for other than naval men, we may be permitted to give some account of the transaction, more especially as, in the published narratives already in circulation, some shadow of injustice has been done to the subject of the present memoir.

In the early part of August, 1810, three French store-ships, bound for Toulon, were chased by the British in-shore squadron, to which the *Alceste* was attached, into the anchorage of Perqueroles, one of the cluster of the Hyères. There Cap-

tain Henry Guion, of the eighteen-gun brig-sloop *Philomel*, closely watched them. They were formidable vessels, capable each of encountering, hand to hand, the best of the twenty-eight-gun frigates which then took rank in the British navy; and being laden with valuable stores, it became an object of some importance to the English that they should not escape;—to the French, that they should be extricated from their difficulties.

The beleaguered ships kept their ground, waiting for a breeze, till the 26th, when covered by a feint on the part of the French fleet, they weighed and made sail. One effected her escape, and reached Toulon; the other two were obliged to put back, and returned to their anchorage. But, on the morning of the 31st, daylight shewed the Toulon fleet in motion, and immediately afterwards the two store-ships again got under way. Captain Guion, unwilling to relinquish his prize, gallantly crossed them. Whether he was aware of the advance of the whole French fleet seems to be uncertain: but, however this may be, he did his best to stop the fugitives at *Pointe Escampearion*, and a sort of desultory action ensued. Meanwhile Captain John Halliday, who took afterwards the name of *Tollemache*, and died a short time ago, seeing the dangers that beset the brig, threw himself forward to protect her. He opened his fire upon the enemy's advanced frigates, which, however, being to leeward of them, he could not immediately reach; and signalling the *Philomel* at the same time, caused her to retire.

The retreat of the *Philomel* set

\* We cannot resist the inclination which we feel to insert here an anecdote of this gallant young man, such as would have come in, with excellent effect, in the biography of Nelson himself. It happened, on a certain occasion, that Mr. Adair was detached, when quite a youth, in command of one of the *Alceste's* boats, to cruise along the enemy's coast. From some cause or another, his stock of water was exhausted, and his crew became much distressed. The ship was far away. There was no chance of getting a supply except by landing; and the whole line of coast, more especially at the watering-places, was filled with troops. What was to be done? Young Adair soon made up his mind on that head. Having loaded his carronade to the muzzle with grape-shot and musket-balls, and got all his small arms ready, he ran the boat's head on the beach, in the very face of a French piquet; he then sprang out alone, and coolly walked up to the officer. "See, sir," said the boy, "you see what my people are about! The match is lighted, and I have given them orders to fire both upon you and me, unless you permit us to water without molestation." The French officer, who seems to have been a chivalrous soldier, was so delighted with the lad's spirit, that he not only permitted water to be taken off in abundance, but loaded the boat with fruit and vegetables besides.

the store-ships free, and they escaped; but the little brig was not, on that account, extricated from her difficulties. On the contrary, a French squadron, led on by Rear-admiral Baudin, in the one-hundred-and-twenty-gun ship *Majestieux*, continued working out, evidently in the hope of cutting her off; and though she made all possible sail upon a wind, they had well-nigh succeeded. By and by, that is to say, about noon, two French frigates opened their fire upon the brig, which she returned with her six-pounders out of her stern-ports. Twenty-five minutes subsequently the *Repulse* aided her in part by firing her stern-chasers in like manner, keeping her way at the same time. But Captain Halliday no sooner saw that the enemy's shot passed over the *Philomel* than he became satisfied that, if she was to be saved at all, measures more energetic must be adopted. Accordingly, without looking round to ascertain whether there was any support at hand, and fully alive to the hazard of a movement made in the face of an entire squadron, he bore up, and, placing himself directly between the brig and her pursuers, fired his whole broadside at the French frigates. A warm action ensued; for a third frigate had by this time come up, and several line-of-battle ships were steadily advancing; yet, so tremendous was the force of the *Repulse's* fire, that in less than a quarter of an hour the enemy shrank from it. The three frigates fell back upon the line-of-battle ships, and the whole withdrew into the harbour.

Thus far our account corresponds with that of Mr. James; neither has that careful historian committed an error, when he describes Captain Guion as testifying his sense of the obligation under which Captain Hal-

liday had laid him in the well-known signal which the *Philomel* threw out. "You have **REPULSED** the enemy," ran the telegraph, "and nobly saved us; grant me permission to return thanks." But in his notion that the *Warspite* seventy-four, and the *Alceste*, the only British ships then in sight, were distant from the scene of operations by nine miles, the historian has been misled. The *Alceste* was not only close up, but she crossed the French line-of-battle ship within gun-shot; and her commander was thanked by Captain Halliday for the eagerness with which he pressed forward to join in the fray. The retreat of the French squadron hindered Captain Maxwell, it is true, from taking any active part in the skirmish, but his prompt advance was, doubtless, not without its effect in bringing the skirmish to so speedy as well as prosperous an issue.

On this second tour of duty in the blockade of Toulon, Captain Maxwell remained till the approach of the winter, when he was once more directed to cruise along the coast of Italy; and in the month of November we find him in command of a small squadron in the Bay of Naples. It does not appear, however, that any opportunity was afforded of renewing, on that occasion, the scenes of a former year; for, as he himself expresses it, in a letter to Admiral Boyles, "the bad weather prevented him from keeping close to the land, and nothing either could or would stir along shore during the winter months." Accordingly, after cruising backwards and forwards, till her stores became exhausted, and her powers of sailing were materially injured, the *Alceste* betook herself, first to Palermo, and, by and by, in the month of February, 1811, to Malta, to refit.

#### CHAP. VIII.

PROCEEDS TO THE ADRIATIC—STATE OF THINGS THERE—THE ISLAND OF LISSA—HIS MEASURES FOR KEEPING IT, AND ANNOYING THE ENEMY.

We have now arrived at a stage in the personal career of Sir Murray Maxwell, which renders it necessary, for the purpose of conveying a correct idea of his proceedings, that a rapid view should be taken of the causes which led to the establishment of French

dominion, rather than of French influence, along the shores of the Adriatic. In order to effect this, no more seems necessary than to recall to the reader's remembrance the issues in which the German campaign of 1809 had resulted, after the fatal combats of *Asperne* and *Wagram*

were fought. By these the strength of the German empire may be said to have been dissolved. To purchase peace, the emperor ceded, in favour of the princes of the confederation of the Rhine, Saltsburg, Bercholsghaden, and no inconsiderable portion of Upper Austria. To the King of Saxony, acknowledged as such, he relinquished part of Bohemia; to the same prince, in his character of Duke of Warsaw, he gave up the city of Cracow, and the whole of Western Galicia. Russia, likewise, then a neutral, if not in alliance with Buonaparte, received, out of the spoils of her former friend, a portion of Eastern Galicia, containing a computed population of 400,000 souls. But France, as if resolute to cut off the chief of the House of Hapsburgh from all means of direct communication with England, would suffer no power except her own to occupy the little sea-board of which Austria could boast, and accordingly wrested from her, in addition to the previous acquisition of Venice, the whole of those wild, yet not unprofitable districts, which extend round the Gulfs of Trieste and Fiume, and lose themselves at last in the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia. By these means her last sea-port, Trieste, passed from Austria. Carniola, Friuli, the circle of Villach, with parts of Croatia and Dalmatia, became united to the French province of Illyria; and the sway of Napoleon was as completely acknowledged throughout the whole extent of the Adriatic as it ever was in the Bay of Biscay, or among the ports and harbours that skirt the European banks of the Mediterranean.

The advance of French influence in any direction, by land, gave, as it were, the signal for pushing wider and wider the dominion of England over the seas. The Adriatic, which had heretofore suffered but little from the pressure of the war, became henceforth a station for a British squadron, and many and gallant were the exploits by which our seamen distinguished themselves on this new, and, therefore, to them, acceptable field of operations. It is not for us to speak in detail of their success. The capture of Cozza, the occupation of Lissa, and the glorious action of

panions, are now matters of history; nor do the annals of naval warfare exhibit a page more brilliant than that on which stand recorded the operations of the 13th of March. But glorious as the triumph was of four British over six French frigates, the latter supported, too, by five smaller vessels of war, brigs, schooners, and xebèques, to make to it more than a passing allusion would carry us beyond our proper field of discussion. We content, ourselves, therefore, with stating, that all these events had occurred previously to Captain Maxwell's arrival on the station, and that he reached it in consequence with no very sanguine expectation that it could afford to him, as it eventually did, the opportunity of winning the crown of a conqueror.

It does not appear that, for some little time after his arrival in the Adriatic, Captain Maxwell undertook, or was called upon to undertake, any extraordinary service. Like other commanders, he cruised about, chasing every strange sail that appeared, and keeping the line of coast in a state of virtual blockade. But it was not till about the middle of April that, having the Acorn sloop-of-war placed under his orders, he was intrusted, in an especial manner, with the protection of the island of Lissa. That barren, but not therefore worthless, plot of ground, was then, be it remembered, in the occupation of detachments from the seamen and marines of the squadron. It was a perfect eye-sore to the enemy, as affording secure anchorage to the cruisers that infested the coast; and more than once they had assembled in force for the avowed purpose of retaking it. And though Captain Hoste's memorable victory had broken their strength by sea, they still counted on being able to throw across, as it were, by surprise, troops enough to overpower the feeble garrison in the first instance, and eventually to keep the island against all the efforts of the fleet. Accordingly Captain Rowley, while he proceeded with the seventy-four to blockade the harbours of Corfu, caused the frigates and lighter vessels to keep guard, if we may so speak, in the head of the gulf, an arrangement which brought the

Alceste and her little consort into the position just described, and kept them beating backwards and forwards for some days between Lissa, on the one hand, and the island of Cozza on the other.

Captain Maxwell was thus engaged, his powers of vigilance being somewhat heavily taxed, when there arrived on his cruising ground the *Belle Poule*, of thirty-eight guns. The late Sir James Brisbane, by virtue of his seniority of rank, took upon himself the chief command of the little squadron. He had been ordered thither, indeed, in consequence of the assembling of fresh masses of troops, and the rumoured determination of the enemy to force a landing; and he now brought intelligence that a French man-of-war brig might daily be expected, bringing with her supplies for the frigates *Danaé* and *Floré*, which had escaped from Captain Hoste and taken shelter in Ragusa. Under these circumstances, Captain Brisbane determined to seek the stranger out, and, if he could not succeed in making a prize of her, at all events, to destroy her. For without the stores with which she was laden the frigates could never put to sea; and so long as they stood apart from the scene of operations, Lissa appeared to be safe from all serious risk of capture.

Leaving the sloop of war to watch against a sudden surprise, the two frigates accordingly stood up the gulf, and on the 7th of May descried the gun brig of which they were in quest. She ran from them, and found shelter in the harbour of Parenzo. It is a small cove or inlet on the coast of Istria, approachable only through a narrow channel, and contains no greater depth of water within than fifteen feet; nevertheless, having ascertained that in the position which she first took up the brig might be cannonaded with effect, both frigates stood in within a cable's length of the rock, and opened their fire. They were fired upon in turn, as well by the brig as by a battery of heavy guns from the shore, several shots from which hulled both ships, without, however, doing any serious injury, or hurting any one on board. But so correct was their practice, and so overwhelming the weight of their cannonade, that in little more than an hour the brig cut her cable. She

was then run ashore, and placed under shelter of the battery.

It did not suit the views of the commanders of the British frigates to leave their prey even thus. They had made up their minds to destroy her; and destroyed she must be: and seeing that to reach her in their ships appeared to be no longer practicable, they devised a different plan for the accomplishment of their purpose. There is an island, in the mouth of the harbour, about musket-shot removed from the town, which, as soon as darkness set in, they occupied with two hundred seamen and a hundred marines; and there, on the summit of a steep and rugged acclivity, they, after incredible exertions, threw up a battery. It was armed with four heavy nine-pounders, and two field-pieces, the latter being designed to operate as a diversion, by firing upon the enemy's redoubt; and at break of day a combat began, which continued, without intermission, throughout five hours. It terminated in the total destruction of the brig. In spite of a stout resistance from four French batteries, which threw a converging fire upon the British position, the brig was literally beaten to pieces; after which the assailants returned with their cannon and spare ammunition to the ships, having sustained a loss of no more than four men killed, and as many wounded.

It is worthy of remark, that the conduct of this creditable affair was intrusted entirely to Captain Maxwell. On him the command of the shore party devolved, and as a necessary consequence the selection of a proper site for the battery; the erection of which he superintended throughout the night, as he did the management of the guns in the morning. Captain Maxwell shewed himself on this, as on every other occasion, calm, collected, and singularly patient of fatigue, and obtained the warm praise of his immediate superior. "I cannot conclude," says Captain Brisbane, in his official despatch, "without offering to Captain Maxwell my warmest acknowledgments for the very able support and assistance I received from him. He anticipated every wish, and the resources of his well-appointed ship afforded us the most essential aid."

It was about this time that Sir

Samuel Hood received the official notification of his appointment to the command in the West Indies. Of the warm friendship that subsisted between him and Captain Maxwell, we have had occasion more than once to speak. The following extract from a letter which is now lying before us will shew, that Sir Samuel did not allow the changes either of time or place to interfere with or interrupt that feeling:—

*"Hibernia, off Toulon,  
"26th April, 1811.*

"My dear Maxwell, — The other day the *Gleaner* arrived with despatches from England, and, by a letter from Mr. Yorke, I find I am to be appointed to the Jamaica command, with the approbation of the Prince Regent. It is at this moment a very doubtful and speculative one, particularly under the present agitation in South America and the uncommon conduct of the United States. Be convinced I shall not forget your wishes, if any thing turns up satisfactory.

"I will not fail to write to you before I leave England, and will make inquiry at Barbados, about your Surinam affairs, and other matters.

"I shall be glad to hear you have met with some good fortune in the prize way. Sibly has been successful, and our frigates in the Adriatic most fortunate, and so may I trust be the *Alceste*. No person has a greater desire for your welfare than yours most sincerely,

"SAMUEL HOOD."

It is worthy of remark, that throughout the whole tenor of his service Captain Maxwell had cherished an earnest wish to serve under his first friend and patron, Sir Samuel Hood; and the principle, for it grew into something stronger than a feeling, laid the foundation to him of much inconvenience and loss. But we shall have occasion to refer to this matter by and by. For the present we confine ourselves to the course of Captain Maxwell's services in the Adriatic.

Captain Maxwell's instructions directed him to attend to two matters; first, the maintenance of Lissa against all attempts that might be made upon it; and next, the doing as much mischief as possible to the enemy's trade, in the Upper Adriatic. The charge was in every point of view a serious one, for the anxiety of the French to recover the island was well known; and the force of Captain Maxwell's

disposal wherewith to baffle them appears to have been quite inadequate. That he himself felt it to be so, is shewn in a document which has happily been preserved — a paper which he sent in to the commissioners for auditing the public accounts, when claiming to be reimbursed for the heavy expenses which he had incurred in the public service. But that he never for a moment distrusted the result, is certain. Let the following extract from the paper in question tell its own tale. It describes not only the actual position of the belligerent parties, but the measures which the British commander adopted in order to supply, by artificial means, the natural strength that was wanting to him:—

"In the year 1811, I was intrusted with the command of a small squadron, to cover and protect the island of Lissa, of which the enemy were then very desirous to possess themselves, and on which they had already made one serious attempt. It was defeated by the capture and destruction of their ships by the squadron under the command of Captain Hoste. But the French government had subsequently directed their general in Dalmatia, to collect a strong military force on the island of Leisina, whence, protected by a numerous flotilla which they placed at his disposal, it was assumed that a descent upon Lissa would be easy.

"We had no means of preventing this armament from assembling at Leisina, which soon became very formidable; and we were driven in consequence to adopt every expedient possible in order to strengthen our own position. Among other things, we erected two batteries to defend the entrance of St. George's harbour, and built a strong guard-house and barrack. We also repaired and fortified an old castle, to cover the town and bay of Carnesa, on the opposite side of the island, and converted, at great expense, several vessels which we had captured into gun-boats, and stationed them at the various points where the enemy might be expected to attempt a landing.

"Both officers and men not only laboured incessantly in the construction of these defences, but they cheerfully consented to the appropriation of our prizes — some of which were laden with timber and other building materials — to the public service. A number of artificers, masons, and labourers, were likewise hired by me to assist us; and several native boatmen were kept constantly in pay for conveying in their vessels from the islands of Curzola and Augusta stones, lime, and

wood, of which we stood in need. I had no authority for incurring any expense, unless, indeed, my orders to defend the island at all hazards would bear such a construction; consequently, the whole was undertaken at my own risk and on my own responsibility. I had, however, the satisfaction to perceive that our defensive measures foiled all the efforts of the enemy; and when at last their squadron appeared off the island, and we were enabled, by leaving our marines in garrison, and our gun-boats on their stations, to go out and engage them, and capture two of their ships, this success amply compensated for the toil and vigilance of five whole months, and set us free by causing the force in Lissa to break up and return into Dalmatia."

The closing sentence in this extract shews, that for not less than five months the defence of Lissa was absolutely provided for by Captain Maxwell and the inadequate naval force at his disposal. We believe that during the greater portion of this time he lived principally ashore, exercising in civil, as well as in military matters, the office of governor; and we know that he was called upon to report officially, both as to the advantages to the British government of keeping permanent possession of the island, and the best means of retaining it with the hearty consent of the inhabitants. We subjoin an extract from the report:—

"I have found, upon carefully reconnoitring every part of the island, that there are only two places, besides the harbour of Port St. George and Carnesa Bay, where an enemy could attempt to land. The places in question are small fishing bays, Port Manica, about five miles to the south of this, and Port Cheava, four miles to the north. There are no roads leading from either of these places, by which it would be practicable to move with wheeled carriages. Mule-tracks among the rugged rocks there doubtless are; and by means of these mountain-guns might be brought on the animals' backs to the heights that command the harbour. I believe, too, that this is the very plan of attack with which the enemy threaten us, provided they succeed, as they hope to do some dark night, in throwing two thousand men upon our shores. And as the distance is only two hours' sail with a fair wind, we have no right to assume that the attempt will not be made, far less to suppose that if made it must necessarily fail. I therefore trust, sir, that you will seize the earliest opportunity of representing to the commander-in-chief

the condition in which matters stand, and of requesting that he will take measures for the prevention of a catastrophe which would be severely felt, not by myself alone, but by the whole squadron.

"The advantages which we derive from the continued occupation of Lissa are many and great. In the first place, it is a convenient harbour for our shipping; in the next, as a smuggling depot for the vent of colonial produce, it is very valuable to us. Hitherto, indeed, the precarious tenure by which we hold it has operated as a check upon the speculative dispositions of the Maltese merchants; but whatever sugars, coffee, pepper, bark, &c., they have brought has been promptly and advantageously disposed of. You will be the better able to form an opinion of what might be done in this way when I inform you of the number of arrivals and departures to and from the enemy's coast during the time that I have had charge of the squadron. The arrivals have been 417, the departures, 523; and this, notwithstanding the most rigorous prohibitions, Lissa having been declared by the enemy, ever since the 13th of March, in a state of blockade. The importations are generally grain, cattle, stock, wood; the exportations, wine, sugar, pepper, salt, vinegar, and oil.

"I some time ago called the principal landholders together, to consult them as to the measures which might best promote their welfare and that of the island in general. They were unanimously of opinion that it would be desirable to prohibit the importation of foreign wine, and to grant them passports such as might preserve for them the sardines which are caught upon their shores, and with which they used formerly to supply the markets of Trieste, Venice, and Fiume. I did not hesitate to comply with their wishes, and the arrangement will, I am sure, meet with your approbation, because it never could be intended that the inhabitants of an island outlawed by France, in consequence of their coming under the protection of England, should be cut off from all the sources of trade which were formerly open to them. So long, however, as licenses are granted by the government of Malta to bring wine from the enemy's islands and reload it here, while the wine grown on the island is permitted to spoil in the hands of the grower, the landowners are sufferers to a great extent. Wherefore, till I shall receive positive orders to encourage a trade so injurious to the island of Lissa, I have determined to withdraw the protection of his Majesty's ships under my command from the boats and vessels that bring the enemy's wine to this port;

ust that the result will be that chants shall be induced to pur- wine of Lissa, which has long the reputation of being the best driatic.

ily, as to the works required for nanent defence of the island, I , that in addition to the batteries e have thrown up, and Carnesa which we have repaired, two towers, at Port Manica and Port respectively, will be ample. The of these will not cost a very um; and the presence of two and fifty marines would, I ld to say, place the island beyond h of insult."

were Captain Maxwell's is to the importance of the f Lissa, considered as a sta- British ships of war, and a entrepôt for the enlargement ish commerce; and such his uching the means that might ssary to keep it in a proper f defence. Of the means at his disposal for this latter

it remains to speak, and e reader will perceive, were ough. The squadron con- f three sail, two frigates and y-gun ship. There was his ceste, of thirty-eight guns; ive, likewise, of thirty-eight ommanded by as gallant a as ever went afloat, Captain Alexander Gordon; and the Captain Bligh, a class of ves- h is not now to be found in ice. For though the Mulé ight, and Imogene sloop-of- ned him towards the close of on, they remained under his d only a very few weeks, and arines were never landed. e crews, therefore, of three e largest efficient only as a the smallest incapable of except against a flotilla, he himself called upon at once n the island, and to meet and e the attacks of whatever orce the enemy might be in ion to assemble in the upper the Adriatic. And when it is that, over and above a camp na of two thousand men, ere in Ragusa two frigates arge corvette, and at Venice f-battle ship ready to put the weight of responsibility upon him throughout six

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long months will be admitted to have been abundantly onerous.

Had Captain Maxwell confined his attention, under such circumstances, exclusively to defensive operations, no prudent person would have blamed him. His instructions directed him, however, not only to keep Lissa, but to annoy the enemy whenever an opportunity might present itself; and to these he attended with a zeal as sleepless as if his strength in those seas had been quite overwhelming. There is now lying before us a whole pile of his official despatches, from which we think it right to select only two or three extracts, because, to notice every minute operation in which he and his gallant comrades took part would swell our narrative beyond the limits which ought of right to circumscribe it. On the 28th of July, for example, he writes thus to the commodore:—

"Having received information that the enemy were purchasing large quantities of grain, for the purpose of storing Ragusa and their garrisons along the Dalmatian coast, I detached the Active to intercept their victuallers, if possible, on their passage, and the enclosed letter from Captain Gordon will shew how effectually this service was performed."

The enclosed letter does shew this; for it describes how three gun-boats, and a convoy of eighteen sail, were captured by the boats of the Active, a serious interruption to the arrangements which Marshal Marmont had made, and a source of extreme privation in the fortified places, which were thus denuded of their supplies.

Again, we find a despatch dated August the 16th, which contains, among others, the following announcement:—

"I beg to inform you that the three gun-boats captured by the Active were immediately manned, and sent on the coast of Dalmatia, with a division of boats from the squadron, under Lieutenant Hickman of this ship. Their orders were to prevent the enemy from getting their supplies along shore; and not a boat has been able to pass till yesterday, when a strong breeze, and, perhaps, a wish to celebrate the day (Napoleon's birth-day), induced a convoy of seventeen sail to attempt the passage. One armed vessel, and four others laden with grain, were taken.

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The rest were all dispersed; only four succeeded in getting by, and had there been less wind, the whole must have fallen."

Meanwhile, this indefatigable man was not regardless of the dangers which more immediately threatened him. On the 22d of August he writes:—

"The two frigates and the corvette are still at Ragusa, quite ready for sea. They threaten to come down within the islands and raise the blockade which the gun-boats captured by the *Active*, together with some boats from the ships, have vigilantly kept up on the coast between Zara and Spalato ever since the convoy was taken. When the *Acorn* returned from the upper part of the Adriatic, I sent her to reinforce our flotilla, and Captain Bligh informs me

that not a boat can pass. The most pressing orders have been issued by the French government to forward by sea supplies of every kind to Ragusa and the Boca de Cattaro. Wherefore our little blockading flotilla is at present a serious thorn in their side; and you may rest assured, that nothing which our slender means can afford will be left untried to harass and annoy them. Manning the three gun-boats, garrisoning Hoste's Island, and Carnese Castle, keeping up the look-outs on Mount Gordon and Whitby Hill, together with more than half our boats constantly watching the opposite shore, keep the *Alceste* and *Active* rather short of men; but there are still enough left to cope with the Ragusa gentlemen, if they will only have the goodness to venture out. We have taken and destroyed a large number of the enemy's vessels, as the accompanying returns will shew."

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## REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS,

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.



## No. III.

BERRYER.

WHEN first I saw Berryer with his noble bust, his magnificent face, and his graceful and dignified form, he was conversing with great energy with the Prince de Polignac in the Chamber of Deputies. He seemed to be saying to him by his gest and manner, connecting them as I did with the events which were passing, "Prince! it is very true that I have been elected to support your government; to defend the old and fixed principles of the French royalty; to stand by the throne of St. Louis; to raise my voice against the sweeping and reckless principles of a fierce and untameable democracy; and to plead for our altars, our homes, and our monarchy; but then there must be no *coups d'état*! Ours must be a parliamentary conflict with evil! We must fight beneath the protection of the Charter and the laws! We must only resort to those measures which are obviously, and not obliquely, placed within our reach. We must not strain this or that article of the Charter, to favour any particular notions, or to support the views of the Duchess d'Angoulême! If the Chamber should be unruly, let it be dissolved. If the elections should be disloyal, let it be dissolved again! Let us appeal to the nation, and see whether the Chamber will refuse the budget! I know it will not do so; but we must not anticipate that it will. We must not care for hostile expressions, for uncourteous phrases, or even for disagreeable, unpalatable sentences introduced into the address, provided they do not attack the principles we conscientiously defend. We must not anticipate the decisions of the Chamber. Let us wait for its acts. It will be time enough to think of acting without it, when it shall have refused to the crown the means of carrying on the government. Then the nation would rally round the throne of the Bourbons, and France would pronounce not on you, but on the men of the

Revolution, its severest anathemas. I am not sent to this Chamber to seek to restrain the lawful exercise of its undoubted prerogatives, but to defend those of my king from encroachment! This I will do to the utmost of my power and with the best of my talent; but we must remain in the ways of legality—we must not run counter to the laws. If there be revolt, it must come from those who are in heart opposed to the Charter, although they are loudest in crying in its favour. We must throw on our adversaries the *onus of proving* that we violate the Charter by keeping within its limits; and as our noble France is, after all, a thinking and a reasoning nation, we may hope for a reaction which will place the old royalty in that position of pre-eminence to which it is entitled; instead of in that attitude of defence, of peril, of anxiety, and apprehension, which so ill becomes its past history, and its, I hope, future destinies."

I shall never forget the one-sided look of the prince as Berryer addressed him. The one had in his mind bold, noble, honourable chimeras. For after all they were chimeras; since he relied on the good sense and the sterling qualities of a people which existed no longer. The French people in 1829 and 1830 were not what the people of the Restoration or of the Empire, much less of the old monarchy, were known to be. Half a century of revolution had overthrown all fixed principles, and up-rooted all notions of a stable and practical character. Berryer did not believe this, or rather he hoped that to be true which he desired might prove so. He was, indeed, mistaken; but his errors were those of a great and generous mind, and of a frank and noble heart. But the prince had neither lost nor forgotten any of his antecedents. He who plotted the destruction of Buonaparte yet believed in the possibility of re-establishing the old monarchy without

the Charter, and of re-forming the political institutions of France without admitting into their principles any of the elements of popular government. The prince looked far from pleased. His countenance was one of a surprised and disappointed man. It seemed to say, "I thought Berryer would have gone all lengths with us, but I was mistaken. I thought the fourteenth article of the Charter was in his, as well as in my opinion, the 'God-send' of the monarchy. I expected he would at all times have rushed to yonder tribune, and defended inch by inch a counter revolution. But I am wrong! Surely he is not infected with the leprosy of the Collards, the Periers, and the Roys of France!"

The conversation lasted about a quarter of an hour. Many eyes were fastened upon the "young" Berryer, for his father was then living, a true specimen of an independent, talented, and highly honourable advocate, and many a lip pronounced the words "a second Mirabeau." That eulogy was not excessive, for Berryer, the son, the now living and immortal Berryer of the nineteenth century, has left far, far behind him the Mirabeaus and the Burkes, the Foxes and the Pitts, of their eventful period. At length the president rang his bell of "order," and Berryer took his seat. Nature has done so much for this splendid orator in his person, that, even when his voice is not heard, it is a great pleasure to look at him. He was at that period redolent of health and of hope; and he delighted in the prospect of devoting himself to the defence of the throne of St. Louis. At court he was a most special favourite. Peyronnet had unbounded confidence in his talents, and Charles X. in his devotedness. The Duchess of Berri loved him as her brother; and when he entered the palaces of the Tuileries or of St. Cloud, he was received with open arms and the most affectionate welcomes. At the court there was even a little jealousy felt respecting him; and some of the old heads "hoped he would be prepared to meet the coming storm, and would not shrink at the moment of the conflict." They meant more than was expressed when they said this. They were prepared to play "all or nothing" with their

political *coups d'état*, and they apprehended, most correctly, that Berryer was not prepared for any such measures. They relied on the conqueror's sword of Bourmont, and hoped that his triumphs in Algiers would either induce the Chamber to become moderate, or would lead the king to yield to the solicitations of the Polignac ministry. "We have had enough of the Charter," was their cry; "let us now call for a monarchy, and dash from us these republican traitors." Alas! this language was too inviting, too tempting, for an old man, and a flattered monarch, to reject; and the ordinances of July 1830 made their appearance!

These ordinances came like a thunderbolt to Berryer. Of course he was not ignorant of the rumours of the court, and was aware that the ministers of Charles X. would be in a decided minority in the newly elected Chamber; but his project was to defeat an unconstitutional faction by constitutional means, and to convince the country by facts, that nothing but legality was proposed or intended. So that Berryer was not made acquainted with the *secret* of Prince Polignac, that secret being to get rid of the Charter by a side wind, and to restore, as far as might be, the old royalty of 1780. To effect this, France must have as much unlearned the history of half a century as had De Polignac himself; and all the conquests which democracy had made must have been abandoned by those who obtained them. This was impossible! yet, impossible as it was, the work was attempted; and five days afterwards the throne was vacant; the populace lived in the palaces; the princes wandered through Normandy to the coast and to exile; and the principal actor, the then late prime minister of France, endeavoured to secrete himself from arrest and vengeance, by adopting the costume, habits, and even idiom, of a common domestic.

The next time I saw Berryer he looked seven years older. His face was full of sorrow. He was proceeding with hurried steps to the Chamber of Deputies. It was illegally convened by public clamour to make a king, found a dynasty, and vote a constitution! As he crossed over the Pont Louis XVI. he was recog-

nised by the people, and the mob shouted "*Vive la Charte !*" "Which Charter?" asked Berryer, most good-humouredly, "the one that you have destroyed, or the one we are to make?" Those who surrounded him smiled, and cried, "*Vive Berryer !*" He bustled on, and gained that hall where so many deeds had been done of which history has, and will speak, to the very end of time. When he entered the Chamber there was raised a buzz of satisfaction, and yet a movement of surprise. Where were the 450 deputies who had been elected by France to attend to and watch over her interests? The Royalist party, composed of nearly 200, had fled to the departments, rushed to Belgium, Switzerland, or Germany, or were hidden up in retreats from what they most apprehended—the violence of the mob! The history of the first revolution had undoubtedly made very vivid and permanent impressions on all Royalist minds. Few families there were who could not recall some scenes of atrocity in which themselves, or their parents, had been the sufferers; and it must not excite surprise that personal courage, in many instances, failed in these moments of trial and of popular insurrection. And yet, after making every allowance for the fears of the aged, and the cowardice of the mere lovers of ease and of worldly amusements and enjoyments, it is a disgraceful fact that, when the throne of ages had to be defended, the rights of the Duke of Bordeaux to be brought forward and enforced, and the injustice of visiting the sins or the errors of an aged grandfather on a youthful grandson, had to be denounced, Berryer was the only deputy of all the 200 who had, but a few days before, surrounded, courted, flattered Charles X., and vowed eternal devotedness to himself, his cause, his principles, and his monarchy, who dared to ascend the tribune, and plead for these with all the energy of an intrepid heart, and all the gratitude of a faithful though independent servant, and with all the conviction of a man who believed there was nothing for France between the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon and anarchy.

This was the noblest period of a life hitherto devoted to the defence

of true Conservative principles. What cared he for the scowl of the Republican party; for the interruptions of some, and the deathlike silence of others; for exclamations of astonishment at his boldness—not to say insolence (at least, in their opinion); and what cared he for the hootings or howlings of the mob without, triumphing, as it did, over the remnants of its barricades and its desecrations? No! the roaring of the wind, or the screeching of the night-bird, were not less matters of indifference to Berryer, than were the tumultuous assemblings and threats of the unchained populace of Paris. And why? Because what he said, he believed; and the cause he advocated was one of right, of justice, and of true freedom. How often, during the debates which took place in the Chamber of Deputies, during the remarkable days which followed the revolutionary movement of 1830, did Berryer ascend the tribune, protest against the illegality of their proceedings, tell them, "In the face of France and of the world, that they had not received a mandate to make a king, and to vote a constitution;" and whilst the impatient Centres said, "'Tis enough! 'tis enough! There is no time for delay! The country demands a conclusion," he would again rush to the tribune and implore the majority in whose power, for the moment, the destinies of France were placed, to consider the awful responsibility they had taken upon themselves, and what succeeding generations would record of their hasty and premature proceedings. The Past with its experience; the Present with its divisions; and the Future with its dark, lowering clouds, were all available to his argument, and were all brought to bear, by him, on the questions under discussion.

The position of Berryer was undoubtedly one of no ordinary character, for it was one of chivalry, since he defended the cause of that mother to whom Chateaubriand afterwards said, "*Madame! votre fils est mon Roi !*" and it was one of loyalty, for Berryer had sworn allegiance to the eldest branch of the House of Bourbon, and he kept his oath sacred to the last. And it was one of great trial for monarchical

principles, since some cried, "*Vive la Republique!*" others, "*Vive Napoleon II.!*" and others, "*Vive le Duc d'Orleans!*" whilst none but the Vendéans and the Chonans dared to cry, "*Vive Henri V.!*" so that Berryer stood alone; and those who ordinarily voted and acted with him had retired far, far away, from the scene of action and of conflict, and confined themselves to silent admiration of his courage and his daring.

There are many who are of opinion that had he not stood *alone*, the majority of the Chamber, aided by popular clamour and revolt, would have expelled him, and all who thought and acted with him, from the house. This is by no means impossible; for Berryer was looked upon by all parties as a chivalrous knight, who was entitled to protection, if not to sympathy — to admiration, if not to love. Now and then, indeed, when the cries of the mobs from without were heard of "Give us a charter!" "Give us a government!" the timid portion of the Liberal Deputies became impatient to terminate all preliminary debates, and at once to come to some one general and sweeping vote by which all might be decided, and doubt no longer exist as to the final result. "We have had enough of these interruptions," cried some. "The old dynasty has been heard and is condemned," ejaculated others; and, but for Berryer, who continued to plead, to reason, to denounce, many a time would the demand "*to finish*" have been complied with. But though he stood alone, he was not helpless. Many an act of injustice he averted! Many a monstrous proposition he caused to be rejected or postponed! He knew that France when no longer under the influence of excitement, passion, and revenge, would think and act very differently, and would desire that other arrangements had been made; and therefore, to the last, he maintained his ground, and fought gloriously in the breach. At the end of each day of conflict, he retired to his home to gather new strength for the coming contest, and to prepare for the stormings and the howlings of the ensuing morn. But where were those "familiar friends," those "kindred spirits," those "devoted coadjutors," who had been returned by

the Royalist electors of France to stand by the throne, and by the old principles of an hereditary monarchy and peerage? They were not! — and therefore the cause was lost. For it must not be supposed that France made the revolution of 1830. France, by degrees, and after much doubt, consideration, reflection, and comparison, adopted the revolution, if you will, but she did not make it. And if the deputies, who were returned to fight the battle for the monarchy against the usurpations of the democracy, had remained as faithful to their posts and their obligations as Berryer, it is possible that the Duke of Bordeaux might now have been king of France.

When the protests, arguments, and entreaties of Berryer had failed, in spite of their power and their number, to prevent the accomplishment of the projects of the Revolutionists, he withdrew from the scene of conflict. He was not one of those who walked from the Chamber of Deputies to the Palais Royal to offer the throne of France to a new branch of the House of Bourbon. His mind was now directed to the organisation of the Royalist party, to preparations for elections in the Departments, to measures of safety for the old Royalist families of France, to making provision for the pensioners of the old Civil List, now ruined by the revolution, and to the seeing about "what could be *done*" to prevent the spread of revolutionary and anarchical principles into social and private life.

On one occasion when I met Berryer, he was arguing the whole matter of the future with a Royalist of great fortune and rank, and who insisted on the adoption of the principle of seclusion and of secession. He thought that the duty of the royalist party was clearly that of protest and separation.

"Go not to the electoral colleges; go not to the Councils of the Departments; go not to the Chambers of Peers or Deputies; go not to the Prefectures or Sub-prefectures in the Departments; resign all posts which you could hold if you would; visit no one; put down all your establishments at Paris; reside wholly, and in obscurity, in the departments; spend not *one centime* per annum

more than you can possibly avoid ; withdraw your sons from the public schools over which Liberals will in future preside ; have nothing to do with the colleges, for the followers of De Lammenais will have more partisans than will the Archbishop of Paris ; and in public do not appear,—no, not even at the Chambers,—but let the wealth, learning, rank, and honour of the country withdraw wholly into seclusion, and await what time shall disclose.”

Oh, how magnificently did Berryer reply to this old and faithful, but greatly mistaken, servant of the ex-dynasty. How he pointed out to him, but in terms so modest, though so manful,—so musical, though so frank,—the evil consequences which must follow such a line of policy as this. “Do you remember, sir,” asked Berryer, with somewhat of a playful air, “that there *was* a period when the Bourbons had been so long absent from France, that the young men of 1814 did not even know who *was* Monseigneur the Duke of Orleans ? And when it was necessary to explain, again and again, to the people who *were* the different living members of a race of princes to which France owed most of her greatness ? Take care, sir ! take care ! The time may come when, if your policy should be adopted, it might be a matter of mere curiosity on the part of the people to know who *were* the royalists of 1830.”

“At least it would never be forgotten, my dear Berryer, that *you* were one !” interrupted the old and able Royalist.

“But it would be of far more importance to France, sir, that it should ever be remembered that you, to the last, had not only remained what you ever were, but had contended for the same principles *in public* to the last,” replied Berryer, in his most winning way.

“Not *in public*, my friend,” retorted the Royalist ; “you know what I am in heart.”

And then Berryer discoursed in his own most lofty and impassioned, glowing and glorious manner, of the history of that Revolution, from which so many lessons might be learned by those who had studied it with advantage. He shewed, 1st, how monarchical principles had from

time to time defeated democracy when they had been brought forward with energy and continuousness. 2d, How the old royalty had always lost ground when it shunned discussion. 3d, How the cause of paternal government had nothing to fear from the liberty of the press. 4th, How small and apparently contemptible minorities, in favour of moderate systems, had swelled, by means of discussion and free debate, into large and victorious majorities. 5th, How unnatural a position it was for men of property to leave legislation as to property, to be conducted by men who had none themselves ; how absurd it was for rank to give way to common citizenship ; and how unworthy it would be for the education, morality, learning, and piety of the country, to place themselves, forsooth, under the protection of its ignorance, immorality, and impiety ! 6th, How unworthy would modern Royalists prove themselves to be of the names of their progenitors, if, for the mere sake of personal ease and freedom from annoyance, they should leave principles to their fate, and consent to be involved in one general ruin ; and then, finally, rising at every new proposition to greater heights of eloquence and of feeling, how great a neglect it would shew of all that was patriotic, philanthropic, and moral, for the Royalists of France to place so little confidence in those great and eternal principles of divine government, as wholly to abandon the direction of the state to those in which they could not place any confidence, and for whom they could not have any one possible sympathy.

The old Royalist listened with more than attention,—with rapture ; but his course he could not, or would not, then alter. His purse was placed at the control of the Royalist committee, and he afterwards joined their ranks ; but, for the time being, he felt himself called on to return to seclusion and thoughtfulness. I am disposed to think that even De Lamartine was of that opinion. He would not, for the time, return to France. M. de Villele, that soundest of all Royalists, if any can be sounder than Berryer, condemned himself also to isolation ; and, for nearly ten years of his life, he “looked through the loop-holes of retreat,” and mourned

over the past; and was only curious for the future. Not so Laurentie, the Duke de Fitz-James, De Genoude, or De Valmy. They, with a few others, formed, with Berryer at their head, and Chateaubriand as an observant bystander, the nucleus of that royalist party which now occupies an important position in the Chamber of Deputies, and are aiding in the overthrow of wrong, and in the support of right measures, by transferring its votes to this side, or to that, according as duty and patriotism, principle and wisdom, shall dictate. But for Berryer, there would have been now no Royalist party in the Chamber; and the children of 1830 would have asked in 1843, "And who *are* the Royalists?" They are well known now, for their compactness, their discipline, their decision.

The great delight of Berryer is the society of talented and remarkable women. He is by no means indifferent to their personal charms, and is a great admirer of beauty; but he is most captivating when surrounded by women of *haut ton*, of distinguished minds, of wit, humour, and *finesse*. Then it is that, opening the floodgates of his well-stored, and yet poetic and imaginative, mind, he gives vent to all his eloquence, playfulness, genius, and pathos. His eloquence is easy, flowing, and natural, but his powers of conversation are so wonderful, that, wholly without intending it, he absorbs you. If you try to resist him, and to get up a counter-conversation, or an opposition to his views and opinions, you are soon overcome, in spite of yourself, and you find that *you* also are one of his most entranced listeners. Berryer has also the advantage of being a gentleman and a scholar, as well as an orator and a statesman, a pleader and a patriot. This is not often the case with the men of the French Liberal party. One of those who most served, in the later years of his life, his day and generation, was, most undoubtedly, Casimir Perier. He placed his giant hand on the heart of reckless democracy, and tore it from its system. But Perier was neither a gentleman nor a scholar. The forms and usages of high and classic life were unknown to him; thus, whilst he comprehended his

duties and knew how to perform them, when he conversed with Count d'Appony, and sought, with him, to render the new French dynasty acceptable, if not pleasing, to Europe and the world, he must always have felt that he was a citizen-diplomatist, and was awkward in the best saloons of Paris and at the court of the Tuileries. He was not merely blunt, he was rude, and even coarse; though loyal, single-minded, and straight-forward. But Berryer is the charm of every society into which he enters; and whether he speaks to a monarch, a servant, or a beggar, he is first, and, above all, a gentleman.

But Berryer is comparatively poor! How is this? Is it his own fault? Certainly not. If the Revolution of 1830 had not taken place, he might have become a little *Croesus*. All was open to him. He might have remained an advocate and deputy, with one of the largest *clientelles* in Paris, or he might have been *procureur du roi*, or minister of justice, or, doubtless, in time, even president of the council and prime-minister of France. But the Revolution put an end to all these hopes and prospects. The new government and the new dynasty, of course, addressed themselves to those who supported, not to those who opposed them; and to be just to them both, it must be admitted that the Orleans dynasty has amply and even magnificently rewarded all who have defended it. Berryer, by his manly eloquence and courageous conduct, during the discussion of what should constitute the new order of things in France, had made himself "*the*" champion of the Royalist party, and from that position he could not recede. All his time was absorbed either in the Chamber of Deputies or at the courts of law, in gratuitously defending such legitimists as were arrested and tried for giving utterance to their political opinions; or in correspondence with some of the members of the ex-royal family; or in the arrangement and new organisation of the Royalist party, so that his large practice as a barrister became neglected; and Berryer's immediate friends were compelled to appeal to that party whom he served with such honour, fidelity, zeal, and genius, for the means of his support. That party spontaneously and grace-

fully responded to such an appeal. They knew that the sacrifices he had made for them, as a party, had been unlimited, and the subscription was worthy of the occasion. Besides which, certain wealthy commoners and peers placed their names for a certain sum per annum, and the difficulties in which Berryer had placed himself were met. For many years, however, his unavoidable expenses, as the head of the Royalist party, were greater than his income, and another appeal was made, which was as successful as the one which preceded it. Since that period this distinguished man has partially returned to his professional duties, and men of all political opinions are delighted to avail themselves of his prodigious talents, when the causes they have to commit to his care are not connected with that thorny and most difficult of subjects—party politics.

Poor Berryer! He has just lost his wife in the prime of her days, in the moral splendour of a life distinguished by every charm, grace, and virtue. Amiable, cultivated, highly accomplished, benevolent, and pious, he had in her a companion worthy of his graver as well as of his lighter hours. To her he was devotedly attached; and in him she saw her friend, her lover, her counsellor, her husband. These are the separations which remind us of the sojourning, the wandering, the uncertain and variable character of our passage through this world. Apparently formed for each other by tastes, associations, pursuits, and principles, and united by ties which all who knew them desired should be indissoluble, it hath so occurred that the links in this family chain, so golden and so beautiful, should be snapped asunder, and that France's greatest orator should be plunged into grief and mourning. Such is the lot of our poor humanity! Yet we speak of the future, as if it were our own!

Berryer is still surrounded by friends, who love, admire, cherish, hallow him. They know the integrity of his purpose, the disinterestedness of his conduct, the objects of his life; and whilst all of these cannot but inspire in them an admiration for his moral and political character, they are personally attached to him for his blandness,

suavity, heartfulness, and generosity. His heart is as capacious as his mind, and, without exception, all who know him love him.

In those private circles where all is told and all is said, *sans peur et sans reproche*, it is sometimes whispered that he is too generous, has more of genius than of common sense, and is not, for the sake of his family, sufficiently attentive "to the one thing needful." That *one thing needful*, be it remembered, is—gold! But that is *not* the opinion of Berryer himself. He does not desire to be rich,—he never did. He is not ambitious of wealth or of place; but he is of doing good, and in this respect he is largely gratified. Oh, how many poor, helpless, unfortunate beings he has pleaded for during the last twelve years, who, by their unwise and impetuous conduct, had exposed themselves in moments of insurrection and rebellion to the just vengeance of outraged laws! How, with his syren song, with his magnificent appeals, his astounding and touching eloquence, he has rivetted both judges and jurymen, and extorted, in spite of evidence, but as so many homages to mercy, verdicts of acquittal! And then when the courts of law have rung with the applauses of an enchanted and captivated audience, he has quietly withdrawn from the scene of his triumphs, planned some new course of usefulness to the unfortunate, and opened up new channels for the relief of those who, though acquitted, had been ruined by months of painful and desolating imprisonment.

I have heard it sometimes alleged against Berryer that he does not confine himself to pleading for the Royalists when under charges of a political character, but that he will also exert all the magical influence he possesses over the court and the jury in behalf of Napoleonists, and even of Republicans. Now this charge, when thus stated, appears to be a grave one, but when examined, will be found to redound greatly to his honour. When Berryer pleads for Royalists, he does so as a political partisan, or rather as the chief of his party. And then it is that he asks the jurymen whether all this confusion, all this contradiction, all this anarchy, is not the result of the



spread of those principles which the Revolution of July 1830 established, countenanced, or confirmed? And then he asks for an acquittal. When Berryer pleads for Napoleonists and for Republicans, he does so as a barrister, as an advocate, retained and paid as any counsellor in England would be on a similar occasion. It is the lawyer, and not the politician, who is heard. But even then, never forgetting his own principles and those of his party, he adds, that his clients are simply carrying out, and carrying on those principles of popular sovereignty which constitute the basis of the present government, and that if any persons are to be blamed it is those who first taught the Napoleonists and the Republicans to feel that it was lawful, nay, even praiseworthy, to rebel against an existing government and existing institutions. "*La revolte est jamais permise*," is the motto of this great orator and statesman; and he enforces that doctrine not only in his speeches but by every act of his life.

I have seen and known Berryer in moments of great excitement, immense public difficulty, and considerable personal embarrassment. I have seen him rush to La Vendée to save the Duchess of Berri, if it were possible, from the counsels of unwise, rash, and dangerous men. I have seen him plead at the bar of the Chamber of Peers for the most unfortunate of men, and the most inefficient of ministers. I have seen him conjure his own party not to commit suicide, either by its exultation or its depression. I have seen him attack, at the tribune of the nation, the foreign policy of a ministry, and overthrow it. I have seen immense assemblies of deputies and of the public hang with palpitating interest on every word uttered by his lips, and on almost every cadence of his voice, big as they were with the fate of whole systems, as well as with the

destinies of cabinets. I have seen him grapple with the great orators of the house, and one after the other overthrow them. I have seen little Thiers agonise to attack him, but so writhe beneath his eloquent philippics as almost to vow he would never speak more in his presence. I have seen many a sort of *Jubilate* sang or danced, roared or screamed by all parties, when every man forgetting that he was of any party but that of the nation, has joined in the chant of triumph at the conclusion of his most wondrous harangues. And yet I have never seen him hector, look vain, smile with satisfaction at his own conquests, or turn petulant or hasty away from the veriest inferior to him in attainments or influence. He is always the same; the same fine, flowery, broad, luxuriantly fertilising river; carrying on its bosom a moral canvass spread open to the winds of heaven, and directed to a port of calmness, dignity, and security. The grandeur and the greatness of his country; the union of all her sons in a common and national fraternity; and the advancement of moral truth, harmony, and virtue, are the grand objects of his life; and he seeks to accomplish them by means which are worthy of the ends he proposes to attain.

This humble tribute to his worth is written by "one who has a good memory," and whose memory is agreeably stored with recollections of this distinguished being. Long may he live! May the sorrows which now shade his path ripen his virtues, and mature his excellencies! May all who are dear to him long enjoy the delights of his society, and the mild and beneficent friendship of his heart! And should these lines cross his path, may he remember that English Protestant Conservatives can estimate his usefulness, sympathise with his labours, and desire his success!

## COLLOQUY BETWEEN THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

1842. MIDNIGHT, 1843.

*The Clock strikes while they are speaking.*

1843.

WE meet! So soon to part? Nay, pr'ythee stay,  
And tell me how my days and months shall glide.

1842.

Hark to yon bell! It bids me pass away,  
Borne on the stream of Time's resistless tide.

1843.

But thou hast seen so much. I fain would learn  
From thee to guide my course where all is gloom.

1842.

Unknown must be thy fate, till in thy turn  
The Future shall consign thee to the tomb.

1843.

Fain would I that some great and noble deed  
Within my coming reign achieved might be,  
To raise my fame as centuries succeed—  
The beacon for a long posterity.

1842.

I once had dreams like thine. All dream when young.  
But now, like some spent wave that rolls to shore,  
My race is ended as yon iron tongue  
Proclaims aloud, "Time past is time no more."  
Yet take this counsel:—Should vain Hope allure  
And idle Fancy meet thee, shun them both.  
Take heed. Believe experience, sage and sure,  
The path to Greatness is not that of Sloth."

[*Exit at the last stroke of the clock, the vibration of which is yet floating in the air, when bells begin ringing and other jovial sounds are heard to herald in the new year.*

1843 *solus*.

Hark! the merry, merry bells!  
All the world's alive to greet me.  
How the joyful music swells,  
Youth and Beauty dance to meet me.

[*Enter two fair nymphs whom he rushes forward to welcome and embrace while speaking.*

Welcome! beauteous radiant twain!  
Hope, thou angel! Fancy, dear one!  
Can one think of care or pain  
With such lovely charmers near one?  
Gaily we'll our way pursue,  
'Tis duty's path. I feel—I feel it!  
Though that dotard Forty-two  
With envious spite would fain conceal it.

[*And forthwith the young year goeth on his course rejoicing between Hope and Fancy, on whom he leaneth.*

## OUR EASTERN POLICY.

WE do not know how far it may suit the tastes, rather than the policy, of the present government, to lay before Parliament, when it shall meet in February next, a full and faithful history of the great events which have recently befallen in the East; but this much we venture to predict, that the tale, if fairly told, will prove to be one of the most curious as well as instructive to which the world has, of late years, listened. With respect, indeed, to our contest with the Affghan tribes, little, we apprehend, remains to be communicated of which either the Parliament or the people of England are at this moment ignorant. It is no longer a secret, that for our original quarrel with these mountaineers, neither the plea of justice nor the excuse of expediency can be urged. They had offered us no insult, they had done us no wrong, they had disturbed the quiet of none of our allies or dependants, they were desirous of living at peace, at least with us. A good deal of discord certainly prevailed among them at home, with which, however, we had no earthly concern; but their chief made no secret of his anxiety to place himself and his resources entirely at our disposal, provided only we would exert the moral influence which our position gave us, in saving him from the aggressions of an ambitious neighbour. Moreover, this same chief, whom, when it suited our own purpose, we denounced as an usurper, had been repeatedly acknowledged by the governor-general of India as the legitimate head of his nation. There was a British agent residing at his durbar, to whom he appears, on every occasion, to have deputed himself with kindness and marked favour, and through whom he took occasion, whenever a fitting opportunity presented itself, of expressing the sense which he entertained of the value of a British alliance. What it was that hurried Lord Auckland into war with this personage, his lordship, perhaps, but certainly no other living man, can explain. For the manifesto with which the Indian government of 1838 prefaced the appeal to arms, which it was considered judicious to make, has been

long since proved to be, in every one of its clauses, diametrically opposed to the truth.

Again, it is no longer a secret in any circle, that not only was Lord Auckland's manifesto untrue in all its allegations, but that the very reverse of what he there proclaimed to the world as a *casus belli* had been communicated to him over and over again by his own agents. His lordship knew that the Affghans, so far from being aggressors in the quarrel with Runjeet Singh, had suffered a grievous wrong at his hands; one of their most valuable provinces had been wrested from them by that crafty chief, and they were naturally desirous to recover it; yet they did not resort to violence till all their endeavours to enlist British justice and British sympathy on their side had failed. In like manner, their tampering with Russia and Persia, as it never, in point of fact, took a definite shape, so was it attributable entirely to the remissness with which their application for support from the side of Calcutta had been met. And as to the ridiculous rhodomontade of opening the Indus, and providing fresh outlets to commerce, we are astonished that even Lord Auckland could have been guilty of it. The Indus has never been closed, within the memory of man, against any enterprising merchant who might experience a disposition to stem its current, and was able to surmount the shallows that encumber its mouth, while the whole range of country, as well upon the banks of the river as beyond, is, and always has been, as open to commerce as it is ever likely to become. All this Lord Auckland knew—for it had been repeatedly communicated to him; yet the reverse of all this he assumed to be the fact; and then, under the pretence of vindicating British honour, which had never been outraged, and establishing commercial treaties with a people who do not so much as understand the meaning of the term,—his lordship suddenly recalled a messenger, whom he had specially commissioned, from the court of the prince to whom the commission was addressed, and talking big about le-

gitimacy (a strange term in the mouth of a Whig!) took by the hand a spiritless exile whom his own people had cast out, and marched hot-foot upon Cabul.

The skill with which our Whig governor-general carried on his military operations was, in every respect, commensurate with the justice of the cause which they were undertaken to support. To the recommendations of Sir Henry Fane, an officer trained in the school of Wellington, and familiar with war from his youth up, no regard was paid. An army was assembled, just sufficiently numerous to render the means of transport and maintenance difficult to be provided, yet so weak as that a single reverse at any of its stages must have stopped it. This host, gathered together at the suggestion of *ladies and aides-de-camps*, was hurried across the Indus at different points, and thrown helter-skelter into one of the strongest countries that ever became the theatre of their movements to regular columns of attack. No care was taken to establish a base of operations any where. Though between the army and its supplies lay the territories of certain chiefs, on the continuance of whose friendship, were the tide to turn against us, no prudent person could calculate for one hour; neither was any request made to concentrate here an army of reserve, nor was it proposed to establish so much as a chain of posts under the protection of which couriers might pass to and fro, and convoys of ammunition and stores be sent forward from Hindustan as they might be needed. On the contrary, away went Sir John Keane, and away went his people, neither the one nor the other appearing to care whether their rear might be protected, or the reverse. And so passes were threaded, in which a hundred resolute men might have arrested the progress of ten thousand; and the astonishment of the invaders was excited chiefly by this—that nobody came forth to resist them. At last the gate of Ghuznee was, by a lucky hit, blown open; the fortress was carried by assault; Dost Mahommed, after a feeble attempt to meet us in the field, surrendered, and Cabul was our own. Certainly the annals of modern warfare offer no parallel to the

celerity with which the standards of England were carried, without a check, through that wild country.

There was great rejoicing in every Whig circle when intelligence of the success of the Affghan expedition reached London. The cabinet blew a note of triumph through every penny trumpet at its disposal; and the *Globe* and *Morning Chronicle* took up and prolonged the sound. Never had England produced such statesmen as my Lord Palmerston and Sir John Hobhouse,—never had India been governed by such a chief as the Earl of Auckland. As to Sir John Keane, the honour of the peerage fell far short of his deservings, while the breasts of his lieutenants were liberally, though it was acknowledged very inadequately, adorned by a large distribution of stars and crescents, the gift of Shah Sooja, and the emblems of the Doorannee empire. Nor were our happy rulers cut off at that time from the characteristic privilege of having many and severe flings at their rivals. The poor Duke!!—it was clear to all the world that his faculties were going at last. He had committed himself beyond the power of redemption, by protesting against the expedition ere it was set on foot; and he now only proved that obstinacy may survive the vigour of mind out of which it sometimes arises, by persisting in his belief that the danger was not past. The danger not past! Why, what would people have? Was not Dost Mahommed a prisoner? Was not Shah Sooja set on the throne of his ancestors? Had not the whole of the Doorannee empire owned his sway? And, above all, were we not determined to keep military possession of the country till a sovereign of our own creation should have had time to consolidate his power? The wise men of the Whig faction had neither time nor patience to argue about a point which the God of battles had determined. Theirs was the triumph, of which they defied the Tories to deprive them; and now it only remained for them to determine to what ulterior objects of commerce and conquest such marvellous successes should be turned.

From the scene of his glories, the hero of Ghuznee returned home,

that he might kiss the queen's hand in acknowledgment of the coronet which she bestowed upon him, and draw parallels in the presence of the Court of Directors, between his own exploits and those of Alexander the Great. The latter was rather an ill-advised measure; for though Lord Keane be a brave soldier, he is scarcely, as a commander, equal to the Macedonian; at least, there are survivors from the unfortunate New Orleans expedition who will not be persuaded to take his lordship's military talents at the value which he himself appears to have set upon them. But, be this as it may, his lordship's departure from India does not appear to have given the smallest uneasiness either to the home or to the local government. Why, indeed, should it? According to their view of the matter, all serious difficulties were at an end. Afghanistan was conquered; and though a master in the art of war might have been needed to achieve the victory, a chief of humbler pretensions would surely suffice to keep what another had won. Accordingly, in the place of the second Alexander, Major-General Elphinstone assumed the command, so far, at least, as any military officer can be said to have commanded in a camp over which certain field-deputies, called in the language of British India civil commissioners, exercised unlimited sway.

Such were the immediate results of the glorious campaign of 1838. Shah Sooja sat upon the throne. He was kept there by a British army; not very numerous, perhaps, yet in the highest possible state of efficiency; and though the corps in question was to all intents and purposes isolated, nobody either at Cabul or in India appeared to care a straw about the matter. It was not exactly so at home. Here and there a voice might be heard, which spoke of the insecurity of General Elphinstone's position, cut off from all communication with British India, except so far as a barbarous tribe, paid for the purpose, might keep open the passes in his rear; and dependent for every morsel of food upon the good faith of a people proverbially faithless. But who regarded such a voice? Whig statesmen and Whig editors alike laughed it to scorn. General

Elphinstone was just as secure at Cabul as Lord Auckland could be at Calcutta. There was neither the power nor the will to disturb him. The Affghans, as a nation, were delighted to find themselves once more under the mild sway of their legitimate sovereign; and granting that a chief might continue here and there hostile, what could one or two refractory clans do against a whole people?

Such arguments as these were, of course, accepted as conclusive. The croakers gradually became ashamed of themselves and held their tongues, except in the case of that doting old Duke alone, who persevered in asserting that the main difficulties of the undertaking were yet to be developed.

Right merry and cheerful were the despatches which came by every overland mail to Leadenhall Street and Cannon Row. The conquered country was gradually settling down into order. A good police was organised in the city, and one or two expeditions, which had been undertaken against one or two predatory hordes, would be sure to put a stop to the petty disturbances that now and then occurred in the provinces. So strong, indeed, did the commissioner feel himself, that already he was beginning to consider how the expenses, incidental upon the position of himself and his colleagues, might be diminished. He would not, it is true, recommend that the salaries of individuals should be diminished. It was absolutely necessary that gentlemen representing John Company should be able to support the dignity of their stations; but then he did think that the amount of force kept at Cabul was unnecessarily great, and to the plan of subsidizing the Beloochees he wholly objected. The paying to them of so many thousand rupees per annum, avowedly as the price of their guarding the roads to and from the Indus, was not only a lavish and idle expenditure of public money, but it brought disgrace upon the English name. Accordingly the payments were ordered to cease, and Sir John Hobhouse, as if suddenly infected with the spirit of Joseph Hume, filled up a despatch with the expressions of his high approval, and sent it off to the startled and economical commissioner.

A lull, ominous because profound and of long continuance, followed the adjustment of this matter. There came no tidings from India for several months, or if there did nobody cared to inquire into their purport, for by this time the public mind at home was grown restless and dissatisfied under the continued pressure of Whig misgovernment. In fact, there was a complete revolution in the tastes and fancies of the legislature; and the Melbourne ministry, to their great surprise, found themselves in a minority of one in their own parliament. Of the issues of that defeat we need not stop to make mention. Instead of resigning, like men of sense and principle, and thus allowing their sovereign to stand fair with the country, they prevailed upon her to dissolve, and were soundly beaten at a general election, wherein all the arts that base minds ever have recourse to were called into operation in the hope of saving their places.

The excitement of the moment caused India and all connected with it to be forgotten. Men struggled, as if for life and death, to bring in their favourite candidates; and when a Conservative majority of some ninety had fairly kicked the incapables adrift, there was but one feeling, that of joy and triumph, from Caithness to Cornwall. But scarcely had the renegades rendered up their portfolios, when rumours of some terrible miscarriage in their foreign policy began to circulate. There was bad news from the East. Something or another had gone wrong in the scene of Lord Keane's glories, though what that something might be no one pretended to declare. The routed Whigs, of course, denied the charge. The Beloochees, it was true, had turned restive on finding their annuity stopped; but General Sale was marching against them with an adequate force, and all would be brought right in the twinkling of an eye. Was it so? Let the frightful catastrophe of the Bolan pass answer our question. Like the bursting of a thunder-cloud, came upon us, all at once, intelligence that Afghanistan was in a flame. Our gallant army had been surprised at Cabul; our commissioner and general had both lost their heads; there had been fighting without victory; endurance

without escape from danger; negotiations led to nothing; and, finally, a safe conduct, and a retreat. We gladly draw the veil over all that followed; for even to look back upon it now,—now that our national credit has been retrieved,—is agony. But this much we are bound to say:—That the old Duke ceased, from that hour, to elicit the contemptuous pity of Lord Palmerston: his obstinacy might remain, but he was no longer in his dotage.

Thus far we have followed the thread of Whig policy in its dealings with Afghanistan. We have now to speak of the steps taken by a Conservative government, in order to disentangle the skein and to save India. For it was not the mere loss of 9000, 10,000, or 12,000 men that England had to deplore,—the prestige of her military renown was gone: her Asiatic neighbours, on every side, from Ava to the Punjab, saw this, and exhibited a hearty disposition to take advantage of it. The Sikhs, as if some new light had burst in upon them, began to collect troops in various quarters. The Ameers of Scinde, and even the chief of Punjab, drew themselves up; the Ghoorcas, once the terror of our best disciplined Sepoys, furnished up their old matchlocks, and an army of 40,000 or 50,000 Burmese moved towards Arracan. Neither were the tidings of General Elphinstone's overthrow lost upon the disaffected within our own provinces. From one extremity of India to another,—from the Himalaya mountains to Cape Comorin,—the Mussulman portion of the hundred millions of people who own the sway of Great Britain pricked up their ears and indulged in dreams of recovered dominion for their race. In the mosques at Delhi, under the very eyes of the British authorities, thanksgivings were publicly offered up for the victories achieved by the faithful; while neither less alarming nor less new, a spirit of mutiny began to shew itself in more than one native regiment. The Whigs, in the giddiness produced by the success of their first efforts, had boasted much of the boldness of their policy, and desired us to watch its results. We did watch them; and we found that by the influence of Whig policy

every stone in the fabric of our Indian empire was shaken, and that one misfortune more, let it come from what quarter it might, was not unlikely to bring down the noble ruin on our heads.

It was under such circumstances, and at such a moment, that Lord Ellenborough accepted the office of governor-general, and proceeded to his station. He carried with him the confidence of a Conservative administration, the best wishes of a Conservative parliament, unlimited discretion from the Court of Directors and the Board of Control, and the hatred of the Whigs. Of all these various deposits he proved himself worthy. Confident in the gallantry and perseverance of General Sale, he made no premature attempt to carry relief to Jellalabad, nor contemplated, for one moment, a reiteration of that insane advance of which the disaster of Cabul was but the legitimate issue. His first act was to issue a proclamation, which at once restored confidence to the timid and confirmed the doubtful in their allegiance; his next to assemble such a force on the Indus as should render resistance on the part of the Affghans and treachery among the Seikhs alike hopeless. He knew that time spent in organising a sufficient army was not time wasted; and he held his generals back from striking a blow till they could strike home. Never was there so base and groundless a calumny as that which charged him with the design of aiming only at the relief of Sale, and then retiring without an effort to recover the prisoners. Lord Ellenborough's views have never changed since he first assumed the reins of government. He is too sound a politician not to be aware that defeat must be retrieved at all hazards by a power which depends on the sword. He might feel, even as we do, that the Affghan war was an unjust one; but he could not withdraw from it till he should have re-established in Central Asia the conviction of British invincibility. Wherefore, with consummate prudence he collected his strength, hiding all the while his real object from the world; and launched it at last with a degree of vigour, before which every obstacle gave way.

We wish that we had space enough at our command to institute a rigid comparison between the plans of the last and of the first British campaign across the Indus. The task would be as pleasant to us as we are vain enough to think it would be instructive to our readers; for in truth it would lead us to contrast the very spirits of Whiggery and Conservatism together. For the present, however, we must put a restraint upon our inclinations; yet we may not quit this part of our subject without adverting to the last act in the eventful drama—Lord Ellenborough's noble proclamation. As was to be expected, the manliness with which he denounces the policy of his predecessor, and his frank avowal of the determination of England to confine herself henceforth within the Sutledge as a boundary, have excited the bitter spleen of the Whigs. Poor Lord Palmerston is well-nigh beside himself. So pressing, indeed, is his bile, that it hurries him into a course of conduct not less indiscreet than it is violent; for he is wasting his small strength in the concoction of articles for the *Morning Chronicle*, and will leave himself nothing whatever to say when the question comes under discussion in the House of Commons. Yet to what, after all, do the ex-foreign secretary's charges amount? To some breach of official etiquette; some innovation upon established usage; which restricts, it would appear, each incoming governor from condemning in words the conduct of his predecessor, while it leaves him at liberty to regulate his own by a standard diametrically opposed to it. Was there ever cause of anger so childish; and in a Whig, so ludicrously at variance with professed principle? We really thought that it had been a recognised axiom among Reformers, that to considerations of the public weal all things else should give way, at least we remember that it was on this principle that every great measure used to be both propounded and carried through when Whiggery was in the ascendant.

But Whiggery is not the ascendant now; and, therefore, the noble ex-secretary becomes irate. Nevertheless, Lord Ellenborough has said his say, and there is no withdrawing from it. The people of India have

been told that though one governor-general may be hurried into the commission of moral wrong, another is not bound to persevere in it; and receiving at the same time the most convincing proof that this determination to act honestly is the result neither of weakness nor of terror, they bow the head and wonder. The results are, that all which the Whigs had put in jeopardy, the Conservatives have re-established and confirmed. The valuable treasure wasted, and the still more valuable lives thrown away, are indeed lost to the country for ever. But the persuasion that the military strength of England sets all effort to shake it at defiance, is more firmly rooted than ever in the Asiatic mind. Our Indian empire, which one short year ago seemed on the eve of dissolution, is stronger than it has ever yet been since its foundations were laid; for the governor-general's avowed determination to keep at peace himself, and to force his neighbours into the adoption of a similar policy, has disarmed all hostility, not towards us alone, but on the part of the different native powers, one towards another.

So much for the difference between a Whig and a Conservative system of managing the affairs, of what for distinction's sake we must call Central Asia. Let us next turn our eyes upon China; where, as well as in Afghanistan, a curious game of battledore and shuttlecock has been played by the rival factions. The Whigs themselves will scarcely deny that under their *régime* the war with China began. The Whigs themselves must admit, that within one short year after the accession of the Tories to power the war with China has been brought to a close. Are not these two sentences worth a whole volume of argumentation? Does not the plain matter of fact involved in them weigh heavier than a thousand syllogisms? "Oh, but," say the Whigs, "you are not dealing fairly by us! The war was none of ours. It has been impending ever since our countrymen began to hold communication with the Chinese people; indeed nothing but the apathy of previous governments prevented its occurrence long ago. And as to the successes about which you make a song, they are the results of arrangements made

by us, of which you have had the good fortune to carry out the execution." Modest assumptions these, especially the latter. We must endeavour to ascertain, by the process of analysis and examination, how far their candour corresponds with their simplicity.

The Whigs say that they are not responsible for the rupture that occurred in 1838. They admit that hostilities were precipitated by the boldness with which the opium-dealers forced their drug at that time into the Chinese market; but they scout the idea that either by the government at home, or by Captain Elliot their representative abroad, the smuggling trade in opium was encouraged. Let us do the Whigs justice: there is great truth in these allegations. The opium-trade has never, since the closing of the port of Macao, been countenanced by any person in authority. Connived at, it might be, for the best of all reasons — because the power to put it down was wanting; but it was certainly not encouraged, far less fostered by her majesty's commissioner as a source of national or legitimate revenue. Still we repeat what we have already affirmed, that the responsibility of the late war rests wholly on the Whigs, and the following is the process by which we prove it.

Of an empire so far removed beyond the utmost limits of Eastern Asia as to have escaped a visitation from both the Macedonian and the Roman arms, antiquity supplies us with but few and uncertain hints. That its inhabitants were the Sinae, or Thinae, spoken of by Arrian, as importing raw and manufactured silks by way of Bactria into the west, has indeed been conjectured, and is by no means improbable. But the notice which he takes of them is by far too vague to permit our building upon it any theory whatever; and it seems now to be admitted, that except by Arrian alone they are never so much as alluded to in the classic authors. Still we have the best right to assume that long before the Roman empire had attained to the summit of its power, that of China was become pretty much what at this day we find it. The great moralist and historian Confucius was, for example, a contemporary of Herodotus,



and his historical works profess to be no more than a compilation from the writings of earlier annalists. While, therefore, we feel justified in treating as mythological the tales which would carry us back to the times of Puonkoo and his immediate successors, we are constrained to acknowledge that under the fables which they relate, no trivial portion of truth must lie concealed.

Like other branches of the human family, the Chinese, though dwelling apart from the rest of the world, appear in ancient times to have undergone the sort of rude discipline which frequent wars of tribe against tribe supply. When Confucius lived, for example (and he died *B.C.* 477), that which is now one enormous empire was divided into several nations; having, however, a common origin and common manners. By the chiefs or sovereigns of the whole of these the philosopher was held in such respect, that his counsels appear to have preserved peace among them during the threescore years and ten of his public career. But his death gave the signal for a recommencement of contests, out of which the consolidation of the empire gradually arose. Accordingly about the year *B.C.* 240, we find China divided into a predominant sovereignty on the one hand, comprehending that portion of the present empire which lies to the north of the Great Keang; and on the other, into a swarm of lesser principalities, over which, by degrees, the emperor extended his sway; till, finally, in the year of our Lord 260, the lesser states seem to have been absorbed; and China, in its geographical relations, became such as we now find it.

It is not to be supposed that the Chinese were all this while exempt from what we may be permitted to call foreign invasions. The Tartars early broke in upon them; indeed, it was to resist their invasions that, in the year *B.C.* 201, the great wall of China was erected. A stupendous fabric it was, a stupendous fabric it still continues to be, standing forth at the end of 2000 years a monument of human labour and ingenuity; which, beginning at the Gulf of Peking, runs all the way to Western Tartary, — a space of not fewer than 1500 miles; — and it is nowhere in

ruins. But Chinese wall, built by the 13th century, and against the barbarians who were designed to invade. They continued to surmount under various leaders, at different points and in various ages, till, by and by, incursions which were undertaken with a view to plunder ended in the acquisition of dominion. The Mingols under Kahlai Khan were the first foreigners who won and retained the throne of this extensive part of the inhabited world. They were displaced, in 1368, by a native of the Mings; who, in their turn, though not till after a long and fierce war, made way for the founder of the present Tartar dynasty. And here it is worthy of remark, that in the founders of the existing dynasty there was united, through frequent intermarriages, the blood of almost all the races by whom the throne of China has been filled. The adoption of them, therefore, and their followers and descendants, of customs at variance with those of a nomadic life, is a circumstance less to be wondered at than speculators on such subjects are apt to imagine. The Manchow Tartars were almost as much Chinese in feeling amid their native forests as on the plains of Nankin; it is not surprising that they should have become Chinese in more than fighting after they had made themselves masters of the empire.

The truth, however, is, that the triumph of Chinese over Tartar customs was much less complete than historians in general represent it have been. In the matter of dress, for example, it was the vanquished who gave way to the taste of the conquerors, not the conquerors who yielded to the prejudices of the vanquished; and so complete has been the triumph of the Tartar over the Chinese costume, that of the last you find no traces except upon the stage. Moreover, in points of great importance than the shaving of the head or the arrangement of a pig-tail the Tartars innovated upon the usage of their new subjects. Under the native sovereigns the Chinese appear to have coveted rather than shunned free communication in trade and diplomacy with the rest of the world. Ho-ty, one of the most distinguished of the Han dynasty, sent a minister

in the year 94, as far as Arabia; while in the reign of Trajan, a victorious Chinese general led his army to the shores of the Caspian. Moreover, in the same reign, namely, A.D. 161, a mission proceeded from Rome itself, with a view to draw the connexion between the two states closer, and the persons composing it are represented to have reached the Chinese capital; but, as they returned without having effected any thing, and have left no records of their proceedings behind them, the mere fact of their voyage (for they went by sea) is all of which we can now speak.

That a portion of the Ten Tribes made their way into China, and are distinctly traceable there in the second century before Christ, seems to be a fact well established. Their descendants, indeed, are still spoken of in the province of Houan, where they principally reside as "the sect that pluck out the sinew;" and an account which they give of themselves, as delivered to us by Père Gozani, the Jesuit, settles the point of their origin and lineage. From the ancient Chinese, they seem to have sustained no persecution on account of their religion, or for any other cause. Neither was there a disposition manifested to oppose by authority the progress of the Gospel in China, either when it was first carried thither by the Nestorians so early as the middle of the seventh century, or at a subsequent period when Innocent IV. sent Giovanni Carpini to superintend the affairs of the church in that quarter. Moreover, Chinese junks used to make their way at that time as far as the coast of Malabar. These not only traded on liberal terms with the people whose shores they visited, but they were the bearers of messengers commissioned by the court of Nankin to invite foreigners to an unreserved commercial intercourse with all the ports of the Chinese empire. It is not, therefore, with the Chinese, but with their Tartar rulers that the blame rests of establishing a restrictive system in trade; and even of the Tartars there were several who broke through the unwise system, though never so effectually as to apply a radical cure to the evil.

The government of the extraordinary people of whom we are writing

is, and has been from time immemorial, patriarchal. What the father of a family is to his children, a mandarin, or magistrate of a district, is to his district; what a mandarin of the first class is to his province, the emperor is assumed to be to the whole body of his subjects. Implicit, unquestioning, and cheerful obedience is indeed the one great moral precept which, from the first dawn of reason up to the separation of the soul from the body, is impressed upon the mind of the Chinese; and so firm is the hold which the principle has taken upon all classes, that to act under any circumstances in contravention of it seems to be impossible. Whatever the magistrate requires to be done, that the people are prepared to do at any amount or sacrifice. The whole maritime population once abandoned their homes and retired inland, because the government conceived that except by making a desert along the margin of the sea, they should not be able to deliver themselves from a band of pirates which harassed them. And we cannot doubt that were a similar mandate issued to-morrow, not Canton only, but the entire sea-board from the Gulf of Tongquin to that of Ley-Tong, would in like manner be left to us desolate.

The moral sense is among the Chinese far more accurately defined than among any other nation of the East. In their dealings with foreigners they are, indeed, represented as practising chicanery to a frightful extent, and as habitual violators of their engagements. But let us remember, in the first place, that it is with the very refuse of the Chinese population that foreigners for the most part come in contact; and in the next, that in these respects the Chinese only follow the example which foreigners have too often set them. Among themselves they appear to be honest, industrious, frugal, temperate, cheerful. They are, moreover, the best educated people upon the face of the earth. Out of the countless millions that constitute the population of the empire, there is scarcely a man who is not able to read and write sufficiently for the ordinary purposes of life; and of other acquirements than mere reading and writing, a respectable share

goes down to the very lowest classes. In fact, a Chinese, be his own state what it may, is impelled by every conceivable motive to bestow a good education upon his son. For not only is this required of him by the law, but as there is no hereditary nobility in the empire, place, pay, honour, rank, authority, are all open to be competed for, and are all given as the rewards of intelligence and learning.

Of the great ingenuity of the Chinese in most of the arts of civilised life, it is impossible to speak too highly. The art of printing was known and practised among them full five hundred years before its invention in Europe. They do not, it is true, make use of leaden types, and their system of *composing* differs, of course, essentially from ours. But their wooden frames serve all the purposes of the very best stereotype; and they multiply books through the means of such types with astonishing rapidity. In like manner, their manufactures in silk, porcelain, cotton, and even in iron, are ingenious and beautiful in the extreme. They make no use, it is true, of linen or even of calico in their apparel; they wear no shirts, neither are their beds supplied with sheets, or their tables with tablecloths. But the silken garments which are universally worn in summer, and the furs in which the higher orders shroud themselves in winter, are at once of excellent texture and of great value. The latter constitute one of the principal imports both by sea and land into China.

The Chinese are not only a civilised, but in their own way a refined people. They have some odd customs, such as wearing the hat as a mark of respect in the presence of a superior, cleaning the soles of their shoes with whitening, placing the honoured guest on the left hand; but in the main they are to the full as attentive to what they regard as the elegancies of life as the natives of any of the most cultivated nations of Europe. In this respect, indeed, they differ essentially from the inhabitants of the west, that among them fashions and usages never vary. The style of dress in which the Chinese arrays himself at the present hour was adopted by his forefathers many

generations back: and any attempt to innovate upon it, if it were not put down by the strong arm of the law, would inevitably bring public scorn upon its author. Nor is it in reference exclusively to such subjects as these—to the cut of their garments, to the furnishing of their apartments, to the architecture of the houses themselves, or to any other point connected with private life, that public opinion exercises among the Chinese a great and salutary influence. The government itself, however despotic in theory, pays in the system of its operations extreme deference to this principle, while the people manifest their respect for it in the most open and undisguised manner. A striking example of what we are now saying is given in Mr. Davis's valuable work, *The Chinese*. He tells us, that owing to the peculiar organisation of society in Canton, the place is proverbial throughout China for the loose morality both of its rulers and merchants; yet that, even there, a strictly just and conscientious mandarin goes not without his reward. Such an one, not many years ago, obtained the government of the province. He would neither accept presents from the Hong merchants, nor shut his eyes to their knavery; and when the time came for his making room for a successor, the entire population of the city turned out to do him honour. They clothed him in a robe of many brilliant colours; they pulled off his boots as he was going to enter his sedan, supplied him with a new pair, and kept the old ones as a relic. Nor was it in the city alone that the feeling shewed itself. At every town and village through which he passed, till he had attained the extreme limits of his district, the same thing occurred; and some scores of pairs of boots laid up as relics in some scores of different places, bear testimony to his worth, and to the respect which it procured for him.

The houses of the Chinese are in their own way both handsome and commodious. Travellers describe those belonging to the upper classes as very similar in their form and style of architecture to the habitations discovered at Pompeii; for they are generally built in a sort of quadrangle, and have the windows to look

out upon the interior of the square. They are, however, larger than the Roman houses, that is to say, they cover a more extended space, though they never rise in height above two stories from the ground; and their internal arrangements, not less than the style of their furniture, seem to be peculiar. You find, for example, under a common roof, saloons, sleeping chambers, pleasure-gardens, artificial lakes, rocks, woods, and kitchens. They have chairs, heavy and high-backed, which they cover with silk hangings or scarlet cloth; and their living apartments are crowded with ornamental jars, cabinets, and spit-boxes. For smoking seems to be as much in vogue with them as with the polite circles of North America; and they do what the Yankees do not—provide this species of accommodation for their visitors.

Enormous as the surface extent of China is, for it extends full twenty degrees in length, and as many in an average breadth, it is still the most densely peopled country on the face of the earth. The amount of population has been set down in round numbers at three hundred millions, but whether the statement be better than a rude guess is questionable. Be this, however, as it may, one fact is indisputable, that the soil is so entirely monopolised in providing sustenance for man, that no space has been left for the support of the larger quadrupeds. The Chinese horses are both few in number, and in strength and size diminutive in the extreme. There are no pasturages on which to turn out herds, or flocks, or beasts of the field. The hog abounds, and is generally eaten; but then he is almost as useful in life as in death; for he does duty as a scavenger about the premises of his owner, and is killed and cooked only as occasion requires. Dogs, likewise mice, rats, cats, and other vermin, all come under the head of *vivres* among the Celestials; while fish, which abound both along the coast and in the rivers, supply the mass of the people with their food. It is curious enough that the potato should not have found favour in the sight of the Chinese. But the case is so, though of greens and other vegetables they are exceed-

ingly fond, notwithstanding that rice is their great staple, and their wheat is excellent.

The great means of internal communication are supplied in China by rivers and canals. Of the former there are two, the Yellow River and the Yangste Keang, which, in respect to the extent of their course, and the volume of water carried down by them to the sea, rank second in the known world only to the Amazons and the Mississippi. Of the latter there are multitudes in every directions; but by far the most remarkable is the Cha-ho, or "River of Flood-Gates," which, commencing at Lintsing-chow in Shantung, is continued beyond the Yellow River, and measures from end to end not less than six hundred geographical miles. This prodigious work, worthy to be spoken of in the same breath with the Chinese wall, was begun by Kab-lai Khan, and completed by his immediate successors, and is of such a depth as to float junks of the largest size; these being equal in their draught of water to an English vessel of, perhaps, three hundred tons burthen. Moreover, the Imperial Canal serves other and highly beneficial purposes, than by affording a pathway across half the breadth of the land. Into it are drained innumerable marshes, the districts adjacent to which are still subject to be visited by intermittent fevers, and would, but for the outlet to the stagnant water which the canal affords, prove absolutely uninhabitable.

The sedan-chair is the sort of carriage which is chiefly used by persons of influence in China. There are, indeed, little wagons for hire, in which persons attached to our missions, both in Lord Macartney's time and subsequently, performed part of their journey; but the Chinese themselves never have recourse to them unless driven to the last shifts. Neither the chair nor the wagon is however brought into requisition in any quarter where a canal or navigable river holds its course, unless the expedition be one of ceremony, or require a very narrow space of country to be traversed. There are no regular posts in China for the conveyance of letters; but ponies are kept saddled at appointed sta-

tions for the convenience of such persons as may be employed on the public service; and with one of these each mandarin whom the emperor may honour with a despatch is of course supplied. Public carriers for the conveyance of baggage and parcels are, however, to be found every where. They are perfectly trustworthy, and are paid by the parties making use of them at the rate of eightpence of our money *per diem*. It is worthy of remark that the Chinese authorities issue passports to travellers with as much form as such things are managed in Austria or France; and that in all their business transactions they differ less from ourselves than we differ from the Spaniards, or the Turks from the Russians.

The police of China is excellent. So profound, indeed, is the people's reverence for the law and its administrators, that a single policeman will find out and arrest a malefactor in the heart of his gang, without incurring any risk, or receiving so much as an insult. Some of their punishments are severe. They put to death by torture in cases of high treason, and behead or strangle the children of the traitor. They apply the lash, likewise, without much delicacy, and bring men to reason by confinement in the stocks. Yet, upon the whole, the law, though exceedingly minute, is not vexatious, —at least to a people who from their infancy are instructed in its requirements, and trained up to the observance of them.

In the arts of peace the Chinese are very far advanced. Their literature is infinitely superior to that of any other Asiatic nation; indeed, their theatre may be compared not unfavourably with that of ancient Greece, and their novels, are some of them capital. In the art of war, whether we look to the arming or the organisation of their troops, they are a thousand years behind all the rest of the world. Neither have they the slightest desire to make advances in it. Their education is all peaceful. They have a proverbial saying which sufficiently indicates the horror which they entertain of a state of strife, whether it be with foreign or domestic enemies, "Better be a dog in  
; than a man in anarchy." And

the universal subserviency of the military to the civil mandarins has, of course, a strong tendency to continue the feeling.

Great deference is paid in China to old age. The emperor himself, if a grey-headed suitor approach the throne, will rise to receive him; and as the grey head is honoured only because it is an emblem of wisdom, learning and acknowledged talent receive the same sort of deference every where. We have said elsewhere that in China there is no hereditary aristocracy. Perhaps the statement ought to be modified; for the relatives of the imperial house enjoy the privilege, throughout all generations, of wearing the yellow, or imperial colour; while the descendants of a person ennobled continue noble till the fifth generation, each son sinking, however, one step below that on which his father stood. But if these personages be destitute of personal merit, the mere circumstance of their honourable birth avails them little. "By learning," says a Chinese proverb, "the sons of the common people become great; without learning, the sons of the great become mingled with the mass of the people."

Three kinds of religion, independently of Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, appear to have each their votaries in the Celestial Empire. The great bulk of the people are disciples of Confucius, whose theology would seem to have approached very near to a pure theism; for, though sacrifices are offered both to heaven and earth,—these seem to be regarded rather as emblems of the Omnipotent than as distinct gods. The same thing may be said of the sort of worship which is offered to the emperor, and even to his portraits. What the Deity is to the universe at large, his vicegerent appears to be to the Chinese people; while the vicegerent, though he might not refuse the sort of vicarious adoration that is offered to him, describes himself as a man, and worships the Universal Father. But the religion of Confucius does not stand alone. We have Buddhists in considerable numbers established in China, from a date contemporary with the personal ministrations of the philosopher; and the sect of Tayu is nu-

merous. The latter religionists appear to be absolute atheists, whose moral code bears a striking resemblance to that of Epicurus, as his disciples corrupted it. Of the Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians, it is scarcely necessary to speak. The first are not very numerous, but they receive ample toleration; the second are now few in number, and overlooked; the third—thanks to the bigotry and folly of popes and monks—have well-nigh been rooted out from the Celestial empire. It remains to be seen how far England will do her duty, by striving, discreetly, and by instruments adapted to the purpose, to recover for a purer faith the ground which the Jesuits once occupied; and which, had there been common prudence among the rulers of their church, they might have held to this day. If she be guided by a righteous spirit in this thing, then may we count upon a blessing as sure to attend her exertions in another way. If she either neglect the opportunity which God himself appears to have offered, or rush to take advantage of it with a fanaticism which must defeat its own object, then will she prove herself undeserving of the protection of Him by whom alone kings reign, and nations become rich and powerful.

It has now, we believe, been ascertained, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the ideas which used to be cherished respecting the structure, and consequent impracticability to foreigners, of the Chinese language, are perfectly groundless. The Chinese, like every other written tongue, has its alphabet, or primitive characters, or roots, out of the modifications and different arrangements of which all its words arise; and these roots, bearing no resemblance whatever to the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt, amount to two hundred and forty, and no more. Two hundred and forty radical letters are, it must be admitted, a good round number; rendering the language which is compounded of them the reverse of easy to him who sits down, at middle life, to make himself master of it. But it may be mastered, and has been mastered already; and, seeing that there are no varieties in it, as far at least as the written character is concerned, the great importance of becoming ac-

quainted with it must be felt by every reflecting man. The language of three or four hundred millions of human beings is something, in comparison with which all our European dialects, yea, even than of ancient Greece and Rome, sink into insignificance; for, though the vernacular tongue of one Chinese province differ as widely from that of another as English differs from Portuguese, the natives of all employ the same written signs to signify the very same things. We earnestly trust, therefore, that to public employment at any of the newly opened ports no man will be admitted who is not at least a learner in the Chinese language. We cannot doubt that the clergymen who may be sent out to look after the spiritual welfare of our residents and traders at these ports will devote all their spare hours to the acquisition of so important an accomplishment.

With this great empire, with this extraordinary people, England first began to aim at the establishment of an intercourse at a period comparatively so recent as 1596. It was then that three ships were fitted out, by the directions of Queen Elizabeth, and despatched with letters from her majesty to the Emperor of China, under the charge of one Benjamin Wood. But the ships in question were lost,—no trace of any thing having been effected by them was ever discovered; and a project entered upon hastily, and in a sanguine spirit, was laid aside. Meanwhile, however, both the Portuguese and the Dutch were pushing a lucrative trade with China, not always in the most creditable manner. The former, under Perestrello, Perez de Andrade, and Ferdinand Mendes Pinto, soon contrived, by the outrages of which they were guilty, to bring the very name of a European into discredit: the latter, after establishing themselves on the west side of the island of Formosa, suffered a defeat from the Celestials, and abandoned the station. Nevertheless, neither the one nor the other ceased to drive a profitable trade,—even while they mutually laboured to undermine each other's credit, and blacken each other's reputation,—while both, so soon as the English did appear in the field, turned fiercely against them. The consequence was,

that the very first British fleet that navigated the Yellow River was compelled, in self-defence, to engage the Bogue forts; and that the same results followed in 1637 which befell in 1840. The enemy's batteries were silenced; boats' crews of British seamen carried their works by assault; and the Chinese, laying the blame of the quarrel on the Portuguese, were, at the very outset, thrashed into good behaviour, and commercial intercourse.

It does not appear that this first enterprise, though admitted to have been productive of considerable profits to those engaged in it, was followed up with much spirit, or very quickly. Merchants were then less venturesome than they are now; and the East India Company, under whose auspices the attempt had been made, appear scarcely to have affixed its full value to a trade with China. But in 1664, and again in 1676, and subsequently in 1685, fresh voyages occurred, which, though determinedly opposed by both the Dutch and the Portuguese, resulted favourably. At the latter of these periods we were admitted to Canton; and in 1736, found Amoy and Ningpo opened to us; from which, however, owing to the rapacity of our traders, we were in due time expelled. Canton, after this, became the single emporium of our trade; and there the Company organised, by degrees, its factory.

We have neither space nor inclination to describe all the little quarrels that arose between our merchants and the Chinese authorities. The latter would insist upon our people adoring the emperor: our people refused; and Commodore Anson was, in 1741, called in to arrange the difference. And then it was that, by a series of well-managed intrigues, the Hong merchants contrived to thrust themselves in between the chiefs of the English factory and the mandarins; cheating both, deceiving both, and making to themselves large profits. Moreover, the mutual jealousies of the English and the French wrought much evil to both parties, and encouraged the Chinese to assume towards all foreigners a bearing which was well-nigh intolerable. Among the atrocious precedents which the truckling of the French tended to

establish, was that of demanding, in case a Chinese should lose his life, that the party who might have been instrumental to the calamity should be delivered up; and him, no matter whether he were a homicide by misfortune or by evil design, they uniformly strangled. Once, and once only, the English yielded to a demand of the sort. The gunner of the ship *Lady Hughes*, while firing a salute, having killed a person on shore with the wad of one of the guns, the mandarins insisted upon his being handed over to them, that he might go through the form of a trial; and he was surrendered, after the same mandarins had pledged their words for his safety. The poor fellow was carried within the gates of the city, and publicly strangled,—a sort of warning to his countrymen, in all time to come, of which they have never since been forgetful.

By this time the trade with China was not only estimated at its full value, but by the independent mercantile interests at home, if not by the East India Company, its importance was much overrated. Mr. Dundas was therefore urged to get an embassy despatched to Peking; and in 1788, Colonel Cathcart sailed in the *Vestal* frigate as the king's representative. But the death of Colonel Cathcart, which occurred in the Straits of Sunda, rendered this endeavour abortive; nor was it revived till 1792, when Lord Macartney, in the *Lion*, went forth on a similar errand. Of his lordship's mission, and of the results to which it led, we do not think that we are required to give any account. The object which he sought to attain was not accomplished. No ports were opened to our trade in general except Canton alone; and the license especially granted to one ship, the *Hindustan*, to communicate with the people of Chusan, and the parts adjacent, ought to have taught us that we were not such losers by the arrangement as was generally supposed. The *Hindustan* had accompanied the *Lion* in her outward voyage, and was laden with every variety of goods which the English market could produce; yet, though she offered them at Chusan, at Ningpo, and elsewhere, not a Chinese dealer would look at them. The Chinese

were quite ready to trade, but it must be in their own way. They would exchange their teas and silks for our silver, or, in an underhand way, for opium. But our cottons, cutlery, linens, and manufactured wares in general, they positively refused to accept as articles of barter.

And here, by the way, it is necessary to observe, that not now for the first time was this sort of experiment tried; neither was the result different on this occasion from what it had previously been. The Chinese are, and have long been, expert manufacturers of every sort of article, whether for dress or otherwise, of which they stand in need. They will take from foreigners the raw material, whether it be linen thread, skins, pig-iron, or woollen fleeces; but they reject the same material, either woven or wrought to their hands, and refuse to sell their commodity, except for bullion or opium. The consequence has been, that, up to the present moment, though we have annually imported teas, to the value of some four millions sterling, we have invariably paid for it at the rate of, perhaps, a million and a half in Spanish dollars, and two millions and a half, or thereabouts, in smuggled opium. For it is worthy of remark, that the trade in opium, which was once openly and fairly carried on at Macao, degenerated into a smuggling commerce, after the jealousy of the Portuguese had driven it away; and, as we shall take occasion presently to explain, assumed the importance which now attaches to it, only after the natural and necessary results of Whig legislation began to develop themselves.

We need not stop to speak of the little jars which from time to time occurred, while the Company's agent continued supreme at Canton, and the Hong merchants were his sole customers. The Hong merchants were too deeply interested in the continuance of the trade, long to endure an interruption of it; and to this measure the Company's representative often had recourse, and never without producing a salutary result. Accordingly, though we are far from doubting that Lord Amherst's mission in 1816 did something—yea, and a good deal—to improve the relations of this country with China, we are

quite sure that in bringing both Hongs and mandarins to their senses, the chief of the factory at Canton was an infinitely more efficient instrument. For, let it never be forgotten, that under the Company's flag Europeans of all nations found protection; that the gentlemen in charge of the Company's factory were intrusted with almost absolute power; that they could send out of the Chinese seas any British vessels which might dare to violate the regulations which they had passed for the management of the trade, and that this authority over their own countrymen gave them, in the eyes of the natives, a degree of consequence, of which it is difficult to understand the full importance. Well might the Duke of Wellington, in his memorable protest against throwing open the trade, denounce the measure as one fraught with incalculable mischief. To be sure, the same power which in all other cases brings good out of evil, whether the evil, threatened or incurred, be physical or moral, may, and probably will, render the blunders of the Whigs conducive to the measure of human happiness and to the advancement of true religion. But that the Whigs are strictly responsible for the late war, and for all the misfortunes to which it might have given rise, is just as certain as that to them the East India Company stand indebted for the renewal of their charter, shorn of the clauses which gave to it its chief value, by ensuring to them a monopoly of the trade with Canton.

The expulsion of our countrymen from Macao through the intrigues of the Portuguese, led, so early as 1822, to the establishment, on a very limited scale, of a contraband trade in opium all along the eastern coast of China. The harbours being every where excellent, the smuggler managed to land his drug and to bring off, in exchange, silver, or silk, and so long as the Company's authority remained unshaken, he did so quietly, and without annoyance to any one. But in 1833 the Company's privileges ceased, and the hardihood of those who called themselves free-traders became immediately conspicuous. Another experiment on the fitness of British manufactures as articles of barter had been



made in 1832. It proved as profitless as all that went before it; and now resolute and, in some sort, desperate men, finding that opium alone would go down, poured it in upon the Chinese like water. Meanwhile, between the mandarins at Canton and Lord Napier, the first commissioner under the new order of things, serious differences had arisen. His lordship came out as the king's representative; he would have nothing to say to the Hong merchants; he brought with him *no credentials addressed to the emperor*, but only a sort of letter of recommendation to the viceroy of the province. Was there ever such blundering heard of? Were the Whigs themselves, visionary as we admit them to have been, so insane as to imagine that a people like the Chinese would arrive, as it were by intuition, at a knowledge of all the novel vagaries in which they might judge it expedient to indulge? The Chinese knew something about "the Company," and had long been accustomed to respect the individuals who represented at Canton the majesty of that abstract idea,—the Chinese were sufficiently enlightened to understand the position of a functionary, who, professing to represent the sovereign of a remote and independent nation, might lay his credentials before their own sovereign and treat with him as with an equal;—but this curious anomaly which our Whig ministers introduced to them—this personage, who, retaining no share of the power which the Company's chief had exercised, yet claimed to be regarded as the representative of England's majesty, and who, setting up this claim, presented a sort of deprecatory epistle, not to the emperor, but to one of the emperor's least dignified lieutenants, the Chinese did not know what to make of him,—and, as a matter of course, treated him with the most absolute indifference. Lord Napier began by declaring that his instructions forbade him to hold any communication with the Hong merchants. The viceroy of the province positively refused to treat with him at all, except through that respectable corporation, and within a month or two after his arrival at Canton, the commissioner was constrained to strike his flag and to retire to Macao in disgust, where he died.

The Whigs say that they are not responsible for the late war, inasmuch as the proceedings of the Chinese authorities, while seeking to suppress the contraband trade in opium, were past all endurance. The Whigs are at once right and wrong. They are right in what they say of the violence and bad faith of Governor Linn from first to last; they are wholly wrong in this—that they put out of sight the gross and inexcusable folly which marked their own method of substituting the king's authority in Canton for that of the Company. The truth is, that not one of the commissioners under the act of 1833 had, or now has, the smallest authority to dictate to such merchants as may send ships to the Chinese coast, on what terms, or according to what system, they shall carry on the trade. The opium-dealers knew this, and were not slow to take advantage of it. They pushed their nefarious speculations so far that the attention of the imperial government was drawn to them, and the emperor's deputy, finding that there was no longer a British chief at Canton, hastened, in his own way, to abate the nuisance. Hence the violences which marked the proceedings of the Chinese in the early part of 1837; hence the arrest of the whole body of British subjects resident at Canton in 1838; and hence the appeal to arms which Captain Elliot was forced to make, after he had given his assent, in order to save the lives of very many British subjects, to the seizure of all the opium which might be found either ashore or embarked on board of ships, whose commanders conceived that they were protected, at least from foreign violence, by the British flag that waved over them. In few words, the late war was not the result of any blunders or weaknesses on the part of Captain Elliot, Whig though he be. Captain Elliot could not help himself. He was forced into every act which he perpetrated by the radical feebleness of the authority under which he acted. He would willingly have done better had the means been afforded him; indeed, he proposed to the Chinese a co-operation of his authority with theirs for the suppression of smuggling. But as they were totally at a loss in what light to regard him, they rejected his offer, and so the

opium was seized and hostilities began.

It appears, then, that the blame which was so liberally thrown upon Captain Elliot attaches, not to him, but to the government which he served. They legislated in a hurry, as they have invariably done, and the defects of the law, rather than any designed obliquity of purpose, involved their country in hostilities with China. And now what shall we say touching the peace? Was *that* the work of the Whigs? We trow not. In all Lord Melbourne's cabinet we defy the most prying to detect one name concerning which it could with truth be asserted that it distinguishes a man qualified to conduct *any* war to a successful termination. Besides, were they not nearly three years about it? And are not the characteristics of all their operations feebleness, mistaken parsimony, and shame? No, my Lord Palmerston, you may fill column after column in the *Morning Chronicle*, but you will not convince us, nor, indeed, any reflecting person, that the peace of Nankin is not the result of the military operations of the last eight months; and under whose auspices these operations were carried on, we need not stop to particularise. The Duke may have fallen into his dotage at the time he warned you against your mad march into Affghanistan; but he has wonderfully recovered his faculties since the disasters thereby incurred called for a remedy, and the opportunity of suggesting a plan for bringing China to its senses was afforded him.

And now, repeating the substance of the sentences with which this paper began, namely, that the tale of these two wars, if *fully* and fairly told, will be replete with instruction, we cannot lay aside the pen without addressing a word or two of sober remonstrance to the manufacturing and trading portion of our readers. We are not surprised to hear that they are filled with hope and joy at the prospect of finding in China a ready market for their wares. The idea of bringing some three or four hundred millions of *civilised* men into communication with the great European family is, indeed, a glorious one.

Neither do we doubt, that in the course of ages, China will trade with England—aye, and with France and Germany too—on a footing of the most perfect good understanding and reciprocity. But we warn our countrymen against building too much at the outset on the benefits which the opening of the four new ports are said to promise. There is no reason to believe that the Chinese of 1843 are essentially different in their tastes and habits from the Chinese of 1833. At the earlier period, however, we know that they could not be prevailed upon to accept our manufactured articles in exchange for the goods which alone they had to offer; and by far the most important of these goods being tea, it were worse than madness to count on any large accession to our commercial wealth by any excess in its importation. When, therefore, we read of increased activity in the manufacturing districts, arising out of the Chinese war, and dependant on the Chinese trade for its continuance, we confess that the intelligence only fills us with alarm, for we are old enough to remember the frightful crash of 1825, and we have no desire whatever to witness a renewal of it.

So much for Whig policy, the obvious tendency of which will, we trust, be dragged into the light of day so soon as parliament shall assemble. Now one word to the Christian world, which cannot, unless its eyes be judiciously blinded, fail of seeing the hand of the Most High in all that has lately befallen. If the Church of England omit to bestir herself, she will be much to blame. A great and glorious field is opened to her exertions. May she have grace to enter upon it vigorously and in a becoming spirit. For his vision is darkened indeed who fails even now to perceive that not for the mere purposes of commercial intercourse have four hundred millions of our fellow-creatures being brought, as it were, into subjection to us. China will certainly become a province of His kingdom upon earth. Woe be to England if she let the opportunity of taking the lead in this great work pass from her unimproved!

## THE DUKE'S LAST VICTORY OVER BONEY-PART.

THE brave old Duke! the brave old Duke!  
 Who thrash'd the Crapauds right and left;  
 Who never England's cause forsook,  
 But served her most when most bereft:  
     Unclouded glory gilds him yet,  
     Oh! never may its sun be set!

The feast was high in Walmer's Hall,  
 Beside a Queen's right hand sat he,  
 When Gallia's Genius, black with gall,  
 Stole, like a fiend, across the sea.  
     "Hill," cried she, "'s in the Vale of Death,  
     And now to stop Vilainton's breath!"

A savoury steam was on the air  
 When first she touch'd our English ground;  
 The Reptile sniff'd, and hasten'd where  
 She guess'd the hero might be found:  
     "Ha! Ventrebleu! vat dat I see?—  
     There's partridge, too!—*toujours perdrix!*

*Tant mieux!* great men have met their fate  
 By *trifles*, mushroom, or grape-pippin;  
 I now can exercise my hate,  
 If the old warrior's throat I whip in  
     A leetle bone; why! bless my heart,  
     Then he is slain by a Boney-part!"

And, presto! chipping, *en artiste*,  
 The splinter of a drumstick, stuck it  
 In the brave veteran's throat. "How *triste*  
 And pale he looks! He kick de bucket!  
     Ha, ha! soon life sall quit de corps!"  
 Chuckled the hell-hag: "*Vive la Mort!*"

Death thank'd her, yet his smile was grim—  
 It put no lustre in his eye;  
 "Not thus, not thus I send for him,  
 By nobler means the Duke shall die.  
     The Conqueror of Waterloo  
     Belongs to me, and not to you."

"Behold my acolyte! His trade  
 Shall for the nonce be no misnomer."  
 A doctor enter'd and essay'd  
 To extract the bone; but, stiff as comb, or  
 Harrow, it would not budge an ace,  
 But stuck, most Whiggishly—to place.

Death stood aghast,—old Gallia grinn'd,  
 The doctor wore a serious frown:  
 "If I can't coax you up, my friend,  
 Then by the gods you shall go down!"  
 Into the pharynx another tool sprang,  
 And the Boney-part went down—*Probang!*"

## MORAL EDITORIAL.

Whenever Gallia's osseous sprout  
 Sticks in our country's throat or crown,  
 If we should fail to *fork it out*,  
 Why then, by Jove, *we'll knock him down!*

LONDON:

MOYES AND BARCLAY, CASILE STREET, LECHESTER SQUARE.

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

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PLEASURES, OBJECTS, AND ADVANTAGES OF LITERATURE INDICATED.

### No. II.

A LATIN poet, in a famous maxim, considers a possession to be valuable only in proportion as it is *capable of being known by other persons*. The sentiment of Persius seems to be an illustration of the story of Demosthenes, who rejoiced to hear himself pointed out in the street as the celebrated orator, a confession justly ridiculed by Cowley.\* In a similar spirit of display, Jeremy Collier thought that the furniture of the mind should be constantly brought out, and Bentley told his nephew never to read a book that he could not quote; but the advice of Selden† is wiser—to refer only to such authors as are usually read; to study others for our *own improvement and delight*, but not to name them. D'Israeli‡ notices the modest diffidence of some of our early writers. They looked with alarm, he thinks, upon the halo of immortality that encircled the printing-press. The printer of England's *Helicon* was obliged to conceal the names of the contributors with slips of paper pasted over. The poems of Surrey appeared after his death; Sidney did not compose the *Arcadia* with any view to publication; Sackville's *Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates* was sent into the world without a name. The juvenile poetry of Milton dropped from his imagination, like blossoms from the boughs of a tree in an

unvisited garden. He gave their bloom and odour to the wind, heedless where it wafted them, and conscious that the garden was his own, and that he could bend over every flower when it pleased him—

“The summer rose is to the summer  
sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die.”

How pleasing it is to contemplate Richardson, during his tedious apprenticeship of seven years at a printing-office, stealing an hour from rest to cultivate his mind, and scrupulously *buying his own candle*, that his master might not be defrauded. Or, again, how affecting is the spectacle of the celebrated Chinese scholar, Dr. Morrison, working at his trade of a last and boot-tree maker, with a Bible or some other book before him; and when in China, keeping his earthen lamp from blowing out with a large volume of Matthew Henry's *Commentary*! How many illustrations, of still deeper interest, could the thousand lonely chambers of our colleges and our streets proclaim to the world, if, for once, their walls were endowed with a voice! Men, whose names have vanished, like their own slow-moving shadows upon the illuminated curtains, have yet found in all their penury, and sorrow, and pain, that *Literature is its own reward*.

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\* Essay—Of Obscurity.

† Amenities of Literature, vol. ii. 278.

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† Table Talk, vol. ix. 1679.

It was so with the students of the *early*, as it is and will be with students of *all* time. Chaucer has sketched a poor scholar among his Canterbury pilgrims. The Oxford clerk has neither benefice nor office. His horse is lean, his own face meagre, and his cloak threadbare, but still he bears a merry heart, and still goes on his way rejoicing :—

“ For him was lever\* han at his beddes  
bed,  
A twenty bokes, clothed in black or  
red,  
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,  
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie :  
But all be that he was a philosopre,  
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre ;  
But all that he might of his frendes  
hente,†  
On bokes and on lerning he it spente.  
Of studie toke he moste care and hede.  
Not a word spake he more than was  
nede ;  
And that was said in forme and rever-  
ence,  
And short and quike, and full of high  
sentence :  
Souning in moral vertue was his speche,  
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly  
teche.”

It is not in the power of all men to distinguish themselves by the lustre of their acquirements or the fertility of their invention. Nor is it expedient or necessary that books should be studied with a view to composition, or that the disciple should struggle to emulate his master. Yet the exercises of an amiable and cultivated intellect ought not to be despised. As in the family of mankind, so in the family of letters—*despise not the least*. Great authors—the Ciceros, the Dantes, the Taylors of an age—are, indeed, the trees that embellish the landscape of literature, and cheer the traveller with the richest fruit. Let us not overlook the lowlier flowers that blossom in the shade. The gentle panegyrist of home feelings and descriptions often conducts us to his mightier teachers of heroic or philosophic song ; as the violet, that purples the mossy trunk of the oak, often allures our footsteps to the tree that shelters it. Collins brings us to Tasso, Dyer shews from Grongar Hill the lovelier scenery of Thomson. A love of letters

may stimulate a student to seek for the honours of authorship, without possessing the *ability* ; he may desire to be the rival, when Nature intended him for the scholiast, of Milton. But even the passage of these thoughts through his mind will not be without advantage to himself, as the fruit of his toil may not be unprofitable to others. The story dies out with the winter fire, but it may leave some moral of wisdom upon the ear ; the poem, that only blooms its little day of domestic reputation, may breathe a reviving or a purifying fragrance upon some dejected or some corrupted heart ; as the rose, when its leaves are strewed along the ground, may mingle its bloom with the exhalations of the earth, and so continue its work of refreshment and purification † when it no longer possesses any colour or beauty.

We all seek for friends, we find one in Literature. If we do not depart from our earthly *friends*, they depart from us ; but Literature, though it may be forsaken, never forsakes. The poet Simonides, returning from Asia to Ceos, suffered shipwreck. His companions busied themselves in rescuing their property from the waves ; Simonides remained a tranquil spectator. They inquired the cause of his inactivity and indifference. “ All that is mine is with me,” was the reply. In the shipwreck of our fortune, Literature takes us to its bosom with a closer and a fonder embrace ; if it heightened the joys or rocked asleep the sorrows of our childhood, it watches over the troubled visions of our sickness, and pours light upon the darkening eyes of our age. In the morning of life, it comes to us arrayed in the beauty of hope ; in the evening, in the beauty of recollection. The common evils of the world are dispossessed of all their injurious power by the music of literature. When Sandys and Cranmer visited Hooker at Drayton-Bauchamp, near Aylesbury, they found him with a Horace in his hand, quietly watching over a flock of sheep. The chimes of the poet still rang in his ears, when he was called away to rock the cradle of his child, and yet Hooker was happy even in his

\* Rather have.

† Get.

‡ Azais des Compensations.

sadness; he could take his intellectual joy with him, and while he sat on one side of the cradle, he could see Horace himself sitting upon the other.

And if in the tranquil retirement of the study, and amid the recreations of home and friends, the magical power of books be felt and acknowledged, how much more vivid will their influence be in the solitude of distant lands, in the pangs of adversity or in the watches of sickness? The memory of a book returns with redoubled charms at seasons like these; it not only pleases by its own beauties, but by the long train of endearing associations which it awakens and detains before our eyes. It has the voice of a friend, and transports us among the remote scenes of our happiness and love. When Sir Joshua Reynolds and other English visitors to the opera in Venice, heard a ballad which, at the time of their departure from England, was being played in every street of London, the tears rushed to their eyes; space and time were annihilated, and the familiar faces of home smiled around them. Who has forgotten the touching incident of Sir John Moore repeating the *Elegy* of Gray while floating along the waters that bathed a remote shore?

Literature has its *solitary* pleasures, and they are *many*; it has also its *social* pleasures, and they are *more*. The Persian poet, Saadi, teaches a moral in one of his pleasing apologues. Two friends passed a summer day in a garden of roses; *one* satisfied himself with admiring their colours and inhaling their fragrance; the *other* filled his bosom with the leaves and enjoyed at home, during several days, with his family, the deliciousness of the perfume. The first was the *solitary*, the second the *social* student. He wanders among many gardens of thought, but always brings back some flower in his hand. Who can estimate the advantages that may result from this toil and this application of it? It was said by Southey that the poetry of every nation is coloured by the national character, as the wine of different soils has its own peculiar raciness and flavour. And so it is in the economy of families; the fruit upon the domestic ground tells us not only what

*seed was sown*, but what cultivation was bestowed upon it. The father, instructing and delighting the little circle of relatives and friends round the hearth of winter, is often a missionary to prepare the way for the angelic footsteps of Piety.

The domestic life of virtuous genius has many delightful pictures to soothe and engage our eyes. We like to see Richardson reading chapters of his novels to his listening friends in his favourite grotto; and Sterne never looks so amiable and captivating as when he appears by his own fireside with his daughter copying and his wife knitting. His own description is a very lively sketch. Writing to a friend, Sept. 21, 1761:—

“I am scribbling away at my *Tristram*. These two volumes are, I think, the best I shall write as long as I live; 'tis, in fact, my hobby-horse, and so much am I delighted with my uncle Toby's imaginary character, that I am become an enthusiast. *My Lydia helps to copy for me, and my wife knits and listens as I read her chapters.*”

Cowper has painted his own domestic fireside with a still livelier pencil; it has all the minute touches, and finish, and warmth, of an *interior* by a Dutch artist. The shutters closed, the curtains let down, the sofa wheeled round, the fire quickened into a blaze; then the journal of travels by land or perils by sea is opened, or the page of the historian is made vocal, while his faithful Mary Unwin, with her shining store of needles, sits quietly listening in the opposite chair.

A very charming paper might be composed out of the records of the assistance which men of genius have received from “them of their own household,” in carrying on their difficult labours. Many who have read with admiration and respect of the discoveries of the late Sir William Herschel are ignorant that his labours were alleviated and assisted by the watchful affection and the unwearied enthusiasm of his sister, who has lived to see the fame of her brother equalled, if not outshone, by the reputation of her nephew. Miss Caroline Herschel, as we are told by Professor Nichol, shared in all the toil by which the astronomical investigations of her brother were attended. She braved the inclemency

of the weather, she passed the night by the side of the telescope. "She took the rough manuscripts to her cottage at the dawn of day and produced a fair copy of the night's work on the ensuing morning: she planned the labour of each succeeding night, she reduced every observation, made every calculation, and kept every thing in systematic order." Surely this is one of the most interesting paragraphs in the history of feminine affection and intelligence.

XVI. The great object in literature, as in every other occupation of life, is to act *upon a plan*; to divide the hours of the day into little *plots of seed-ground*, from each of which a harvest is to be reaped. To-day, the proverb tells us, is yesterday's pupil. A careful examination of a day will teach us how intimately associated is each hour with its predecessor and successor; they are children of time, and inherit the features and the infirmities of their parent. One ill-spent hour gives birth to a second, that to a third. The family soon increases. "If you devote this day to study," wrote Johnson to Boswell,\* "you will find yourself still more able to study to-morrow;" and at an earlier period he had told Baretti,† that one week and one year are very much alike. Bishop Butler has given us the same advice with his usual fulness of meaning: "We are capable not only of acting, and of having different momentary impressions, but of getting a new facility in any kind of action, and of settled alterations in our temper or character. *The power of the two last is the power of habits.*"‡ Acts are only resolutions grown up, of which the larger number die at their birth.

Bishop Butler was unable to discover any kind or degree of enjoyment offered to man, except *by means of his own actions*; and this opinion, if carefully examined and honestly interpreted, will be found to be well-founded. Exertion is essential to happiness. Even the heavenly food was to be *gathered up*. In the wilderness of life, the food of the understanding is bestowed upon the same conditions,—an appetite is alike

obtained and rewarded by exercise. We have a very elaborate and curious delineation of the day of a scholar of antiquity, in one of the familiar letters of Pliny, from which some interesting particulars may be selected, and bound together. He rose,§ generally, with the sun; believing that darkness and silence were favourable to meditation, he always had the shutters of his chamber-windows closed. Thus abstracted from the allurements of outward objects, the eye, obedient to the direction of the mind, dwelt upon the pictures of the imagination. If he was engaged in any composition, he selected this portion of the day for its consideration; not confining himself to the construction of the plan, but selecting the expression and harmonising the periods. Having intrusted to his memory as much as he thought it could retain, he summoned his secretary, and, opening the shutters, dictated to him what he had composed. He pursued the same course until ten or eleven o'clock, when he walked on the terrace or in the covered portico, still meditating or dictating, as before. He carried his studies into his chariot, finding that the change of situation preserved and enlivened his attention. Upon his return, he took some repose; then walked out, and afterwards repeated some Greek or Latin oration,—not so much for the improvement of his elocution as of his digestion. In modern times, Gassendi and Hobbes adopted the same habit. He then walked out again, was anointed, and went into the bath. The supper-hour was now at hand. If his wife or a few friends were present, a favourite book was read to them; and when the repast was ended, they were amused with music or an interlude. A walk in the society of his family succeeded. Thus the evening was spent in various conversation, and the longest day glided away unobserved. Visits to the surrounding villages often furnished a pleasing episode in the history of the day.

With this agreeable sketch we may contrast a picture of a learned English bishop in the sixteenth century, a man intimately associated with one

\* Dec. 8, 1763.

† June 10, 1761.

‡ Analogy, c. v.

§ See his Letter to Fuscus. Letter xxxvi. b. 9.

of the most eventful periods of our ecclesiastical history—*Bishop Jewell*. The morning has been consecrated to study by the example of every Christian scholar. Hacket calls it, very prettily, and in the spirit of Cowley or Carew, the “*mother of honey dews and pearls which drop upon the paper from the student’s pen.*” The learned and excellent Bishop Jewell affords a very delightful specimen of the day of an early English scholar, who not only lived among his books but among men. He commonly rose at four o’clock, had private prayers at five, and attended the public service of the church in the cathedral at six. The remainder of the morning was given to study. One of his biographers\* has drawn a very interesting sketch of Jewell during the day. At meals, a chapter being first read, he recreated himself with scholastic wars between young scholars whom he entertained at his table. After meals his doors and ears were open to all suits and causes; and at these times, for the most part, he despatched all those businesses which either his place or others’ importunity forced upon him, making gain of the residue of this time for his study. About the hour of nine at night he called his servants to an account how they had spent the day, and admonished them accordingly. “From this examination to his study (how long it is uncertain, oftentimes after midnight), and so to bed; wherein, after some part of an author read to him by the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, commending himself to the protection of his Saviour, he took his rest.” And in the arrangement and disposition of the day, we find all scholars, whether of ancient or modern days, especially watchful to gather up every *spare minute*. Spare minutes are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a true, as well as a striking line, when he affirmed that,—

“Sands make the mountain, moments  
make the year.”†

Of all the portions of our life, the spare minutes are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden. Now it

is precisely during these little intervals of idleness or amusement, that the good angel of Literature—of Literature baptised by Religion—waits upon those whom he loves, and who welcome his visits, with some flower to charm their senses, some song to soothe their ear, or some precious stone to delight their eyes. Spare minutes occur in every portion of the day, but they never come with a sweeter influence than in the hour of twilight. The picture which Cowper has drawn of an evening at Weston, may be transferred to the firesides of our readers. The wintry winds, that rattle the bolted shutter, awake a livelier feeling of warmth and gratitude. How many thoughts of genius and of devotion, still living through the world, were born amid the indistinct glimmer of the parlour twilight! Ridley, gazing into the expiring embers, after the toil and disputes of the day, beheld, it may be, the English Church rising in all her harmony and magnificence. Raleigh called up from those red cinders, in which Cowper created trees and churches, cities with gates of gold, and forests stretching into the remote horizon. Milton, while bending over his father’s hearth at Horton, and reflecting upon the studies of the day, beheld, perhaps, the dim outline of some majestic story, over which those treasures of Greek and Latin fancy and eloquence were to diffuse so sweet a charm.

“Bright winter fires that summer’s part supply,”

was the pleasing line of Cowley. These winter spare minutes are the harvest homes of memory. Thoughts, that have been gleaned in distant fields during the day, now bring back their little sheaves to the garner. The celebrated Barrow always kept, during winter, a tinder-box in his room, frequently rising in the night to pursue his studies. One of his works was written in spare minutes of this description.

And the influence of spare minutes upon our lives cannot be estimated too highly. A particular feature in Livy’s character of Philopœmen is his constant *habit of observation*; his military knowledge was always fit for

\* See account of his life prefixed to *Century of Sermons*, 1609.

† Young.



action. The cultivation of a single talent, in the spare minutes of the busy and humblest employment, may exercise the most important influence upon our future prosperity, and happiness, and fame. But this talent must be *ready for production* at a moment's warning. The history of one of the most popular English poets of the eighteenth century will illustrate the remark. Prior, on the death of his father, was brought up by his uncle, who sent him to Westminster School, where he remained until the trade of his relative, a vintner, required some additional energy to conduct it; and young Prior was taken from the school to the tavern. He obeyed the call of gratitude and affection; but amid all the sordid duties of his situation he retained a love of the classical pursuits which he acquired at Westminster. Horace was the companion of his leisure hours. It happened that the famous Earl of Dorset frequented the tavern kept by Prior's uncle, and during one of his occasional visits a dispute arose between that nobleman and his companions respecting a passage in the Latin lyricist. A gentleman of the company suggested that a young man lived in the house who might be able to decide the question. Prior was called into the room, and immediately obtained the patronage of Dorset by the ready accuracy and taste of his scholarship. In a short time, the vintner's nephew was on his road to Cambridge. His subsequent history is familiar to all; from academic he rose to political distinction; and the boy, who had been removed from school to serve in a tavern, became so important an actor in the scenes of history, that Swift informed a friend,\* "Prior is just come over from France for a few days; *stocks rise at his coming*." A few hours spent over the poetry of Horace were the simple instruments of his elevation.

XVII. An employment of spare minutes implies the presence and the nurture of an industrious spirit. Literature is not like science, strictly *inductive*; its mysteries are not to be unfolded by thoughtful scholars tracing on the obscure hints dropped by

the hand of nature† or of man. A basket left upon the ground, and overgrown by the acanthus, suggests the Corinthian capital; the contemplation of the sun's rays along a wall produces the achromatic telescope; the movements of a frog reveal the wonders of electricity and galvanism; and an idle boy unexpectedly shews the way to the most important improvement of the steam-engine.‡ Nothing like this ever happened, or can happen, in literature. The *Iliad* stands at the *beginning*, not at the *close*, of the history of letters; the curtain of the drama *rises* instead of *falling*, with the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus; Chatham *borrow*s from Demosthenes instead of adding to him; Robertson and Southey have not heightened the pictures of Livy; Montesquieu has not outgazed the sagacity of Tacitus. Education cannot create genius; intellectual and natural prodigies *grow of themselves*.

Literature is not inductive with relation to its *creators*; it is strictly so with relation to its *students*. The stars of *heaven* are not more remote from the understanding of a child, than the stars of *literature* from the comprehension of the uncultivated intellect. The multiplication-table and the grammar respectively teach the *first* steps; every new acquisition increases the number. Taste itself is only the sum of a long series of processes of reflection. These chains of induction will of course be linked with greater or less rapidity, according as the faculties of the mind possess greater or less quickness and tenacity of apprehension. Sir Isaac Newton told Coates that he had perceived a peculiar property of the ellipse without having gone through any intermediate connexions of argument and analysis; Pascal solved the problems of Euclid without any effort; and Mrs. Somerville unconsciously unfolded the mysteries of algebra. But these luminaries of intellect are our guides, not our models; we have not their light, because we are placed at remoter distances from the orb of Genius. But every person can practise the patient diligence, though he may want the piercing sagacity of Pascal.

\* October 23, 1712.

† Butler's Anal. p. ii. c. 3.

‡ Lord Brougham.

Hogarth commences his delineations of sin with a sketch of a boy playing on a tombstone. The illustration may serve also for intellectual degradation. Industry should be the companion of *childhood*. It is especially expedient to form and cultivate a habit of *attention and reflection* in the dawn of our days. Gassendi informs us, in his minute and elegant life of Peiresc,\* that he always read with a pen by his side, and underlined every difficult passage, that he might recur to it again. The profound scholar Ruhnken adopted a similar practice; and Wytenbach gives an interesting account of his method of reading a Greek book. Without these habits of attention and reflection, reading is only an *occupation*, not an *employment*. Reading, at most, to adopt the sentiment of an old writer,† can only elevate our mind to that of the author whom we peruse; whilst meditation lifts us upon his shoulders, and enables us to see farther than he ever saw, or could see. "Salmasius," said Gibbon, "read as much as Grotius; but the first became a pedant, and the second a philosopher." Leibnitz discovered in the intellectual system of Cudworth extensive erudition, but little reflection; and Bolingbroke considered that the incessant toil of reading afforded him no intervals for meditation. The advice of a most learned and eloquent scholar—of one in whom the piles of knowledge were kindled by the fire of imagination—cannot be too constantly present to the memory. Proportion an hour's meditation to an hour's reading, and thus dispirit the book into the scholar. In the natural world we see the polyp taking its colour from the food that nourishes it. To a certain extent, the same phenomenon will commonly occur in the operation of the intellect. Meditation, acting as it were upon the organisation of the mind, *assimilates* its nourishment; and this mysterious operation in a healthy understanding is not *apparent*. Winckelman‡ mentions, that in the statue of Hercules, the expiring effort of antique sculpture—the veins

are *invisible*. The robust frame of Genius is nourished by channels equally secret from the common eye. To this nourishment the study of foreign languages will contribute; but it is a study which must be restrained within moderate limits, and directed with caution to a particular object.

When Warburton recommended a youthful friend to the notice of Hurd, he requested him to check the student's ardour in the acquisition of languages. "Were I," wrote Warburton,§ "to be the reformer of Westminster school, I would order that every boy should have impressed on his Accidence, in great letters of gold, as on the back of the Horn-book, that oracle of Hobbes, 'Words are the counters of wise men, and the money of fools.'" A knowledge of languages, as generally embraced in the scheme of modern education, is only a fringe upon the scholar's garment, and frequently conceals the awkward movements of an uncultivated mind. Living languages, as they are called, are chiefly studied with reference to society; they form the currency of fashionable life. But however agreeable or even beneficial this employment of them may be, it is obviously not their only nor their most important use. A language is really valuable, as it supplies ideas; as it becomes a channel to conduct a new stream of thoughts into the memory. Italian should be acquired, not to visit the Opera, but to read Dante; the ear should be familiarised with French idioms, not to enjoy the coteries of Paris, but to appreciate Bossuet. When Johnson's pension was granted, he exclaimed that if it had been bestowed twenty years earlier he would have gone to Constantinople to learn Arabic, as Pococke did. In this spirit the acquisition of a language belongs to the Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature, but in no other. And in every language thus investigated, the tree of Beauty with all its branches of wisdom, and fancy, and grace, will be easily discovered. Under those boughs let the student sit. Nor will he be obliged to wander far for the

\* De Vita Peiresae, lib. sext. 365. Bishop Jebb praises the graceful Latinity of this volume.

† Hist. de l'Art chez les Anciens, t. ii. p. 248.

‡ Goodman.

§ September 23, 1750.



sweet flower of moral instruction,—

“Facilis quærentibus herba,  
Namque uno ingentem tollit de cespite  
silvam,  
Aureus ipse.”

And in speaking of the study of languages, let me not omit to mention the delight and the improvement which are to be derived from reading at least the *Greek Scriptures* in their original tongue. It is one of the graceful tales of classic fiction that Ulysses escaped the enchantment of the Syrens by binding himself to the mast, but that Orpheus overcame their charm by singing the praises of the gods. The great art of the Christian student will always be applied to extract out of every book instruction and comfort, but he will look for his moral protection and consolation only to *one*. He will prepare himself for the little voyage of the day by searching the Scriptures. When we remember the illumination which learning has shed upon the dark places of Truth, we shall feel with Benson, that fanaticism, however ardent its endeavours, will never succeed in banishing Literature from the household of Faith. Every student cannot, of course, be familiarly acquainted with the interpretation, the illustration, or the criticism of the Scriptures; but it is in the power of a large number to acquire some knowledge of the most important works which good and learned men have devoted to that sacred subject. Take, for example, the following list. A few hours of the Sabbath day, devoted to the study of these books, will furnish the busiest man with an answer to every inquiry as to the nature and grounds of his belief:—

1. D'Oyley and Mant's Notes to the Bible.
2. Lowth on Hebrew Poetry.
3. Bishop Jebb's Sacred Literature.
4. Bishop Gray's Key to the Old Testament.
5. Bishop Percy's Key to the New.
6. Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*.  
— Evidences of Christianity.
7. Bishop Butler's Analogy.
8. Burnet, or Beveridge, on the Articles.
9. Bishop Pearson on the Creed.
10. Bishop Marsh's Lectures.
11. Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures.

12. Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History.

To read the Scriptures in their original tongue, is not the privilege of many; but of the New Testament, and of St. Paul's Epistles in particular, it may be affirmed, that no person can fully understand their deep and suggestive spirit, unless he has acquired some knowledge of the Greek language. In the Epistles of St. Paul almost every word is a picture, which enlarges as the eye lingers upon it. A few verbal illustrations, and those familiar to every scholar, can only be produced. In the Epistle to the Romans (viii. 26), the Apostle speaks of the Spirit helping our infirmities; the word, rendered *helpeth*, expresses the action of a friend assisting another to raise a burden, by supporting it on the other side. The word (2 Cor. xiii. 6) *adenipai*, which our version explains by *reprobates*, describes persons who were unable to give any testimony or proof (with a reference to the *trial of gold*) of the indwelling power of Christ. St. Paul tells the Galatians (v. 7) that they did run well, and inquires who *hindered* them that they should *not obey the truth*. It is a metaphorical expression taken from a person crossing the course, in the Olympic games, and so *intercepting* the progress of the runner. Commentators have noticed the force imparted to the description given by St. James of the fragility of human riches and dignity, by the employment of the *past tense*, a circumstance not regarded in our version. Virgil has produced a similar effect by a change of *tense* in his wonderful description of a tempest in the first Georgic.

XVIII. The sciences have no legitimate place among the *pleasures of literature*; pleasures, indeed, they give, but of a different order. Every attempt to prove the influence of mathematical investigation upon the poetical mind has been unsuccessful. It has, however, been often renewed. Black supposes Tasso to have derived from scientific researches that methodical and lucid arrangement of his poem, in which he is considered to have excelled Ariosto. The names of Virgil and Milton have also been mentioned with considerable emphasis; by the former of whom mathematics are said to have been com-

bined with medicine, and by the latter with music. The example of Virgil is a weak one. Like Gray, whom he appears to have resembled in the painful elaborateness of composition, and the retiring fastidiousness of taste, he carried his inquiries over every path of learning, and amused the curiosity of his learned leisure with scientific inquiry. To ascribe the harmony of the *Æneid* to the mathematics of Virgil, is to assign the rural pictures of the *Elegy* and *Odes* to the botany of Gray.

Milton's allusion to his scientific occupations occurs in the second Defence, where he speaks of relieving the retirement of Horton and the perusal of Greek and Latin authors, by occasional visits to London for the purpose of purchasing books, or learning any new discovery in mathematics or music. But the illustrations, which these sciences supplied to his poetry, are only valuable when they are obvious, and displease the eye of taste in exact proportion as they become intricate. Johnson thought it unnecessary to mention his ungraceful use of terms of art, because they are easily remarked, and generally censured. If Milton had been entirely ignorant of science, he would have produced a completer poem.

Black conceives that the fantastic disarrangement of Ariosto bewildered the fancy of Spenser, and weakened the interest by destroying the unity of his poem. But if science could have furnished a rudder to guide him through those intermingling streams of thought, Spenser possessed an ample store.

It has been related of a celebrated mathematician, that while he never was able to discover any sublimity in *Paradise Lost*, the perusal of the queries at the end of Newton's *Optics* always seemed to make his hair stand on end, and his blood run cold.\*

Gibbon rejoiced that he had, at an early period of life, abandoned mathematical demonstrations.

One inherent defect seems to exist in all mathematical studies; they occupy the mind without filling it; they exercise the reason without nourish-

ing it. As a substitute for philosophical researches, they are not only nothing, but they are worse than nothing. Burnet has placed this objection in a clear light:—

“ Learning, chiefly in mathematical sciences, can so swallow up and fix one's thought, as to possess it entirely for some time; but when that amusement is over, nature will return, and be where it was, being rather diverted than overcome by such speculations.”

It was, perhaps, for this, among other reasons, that Bossuet excluded science from the circle of theological study; and Fénelon turned with disgust from what he called *les traits diaboliques de géométrie*.

Let me here interpose one word of caution. I do not speak of science considered in itself, as the mother of discoveries, the contributor to civilisation, the ameliorator of suffering; but of science as bearing upon the human mind; as affecting the cultivation of the taste, the regulation of the appetites, the government of the heart. Gray, who despised the mathematical pursuits of Cambridge, is reported to have lamented his ignorance in maturer life. Without inquiring into the foundation of this assertion, it may be at once admitted that the science of method will always be beneficial to a full mind like Gray's. The misfortune of science, early and exclusively cultivated, is that it finds the mind empty and leaves it so. It is an elaborate mechanism to convey water, with no water to convey. In every country Imagination, in its noblest form, has preceded science. Homer sang, and Æschylus painted, before Aristotle had given a single rule.

Warton has not forgotten to notice this circumstance in reference to the condition of England in the thirteenth century:—“ Nor is it science alone, even if founded on truth, that will polish nations. For this purpose the powers of the imagination must be awakened and exerted, to teach elegant feelings and to heighten our natural sensibilities.” Science has its own objects, and pleasures, and duties.

It is the business of science, if with Mr. Davies,† I may venture to apply

\* Alison on the Nature of Emotions of Sublimity and Beauty.

† Estimate of the Mind, sect. vi.

a heathen illustration, "To lead the inquirer through the beautiful range of harmonious and mutually dependent operations which pervade the economy of the universe, until he has found that the last link in nature's chain is fastened to the foot of Jupiter's throne." But the chain is frequently dropped or broken before it reaches the Great First Cause.

"Never yet did philosophic tube,  
That brings the planets home into the eye  
Of observation, and discovers, else  
Not visible, his family of worlds,  
Discover Him that rules them; such a  
veil

Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,

And dark in things divine."

And it is not impossible that Cowper, watching the summer sun descend over the village spire of Emberton, may have attained to a grander and wider conception of the magnificence and glory of its Creator, than all the watchers of the stars from the Chaldeans to Herschel.

Let the elements of science, then, be offered to all; but let them know their place; let them be held in subordination to pure literature. They are calculated, in certain cases, to brace the faculties, and to give distinctness to the reasoning and acquisitive powers; they may be means to an end; they may serve to connect materials, to impart symmetry to argument. Let not the scaffolding be mistaken for the palace. Let them be adapted to the tastes and capacity of the student; it is one thing to shape the understanding, and another thing to

"Petrify a genius to a dunce."

It was the opinion of the Swedish Charles that he who is ignorant of arithmetic is only half a man; and every reader of Boswell knows what book was the companion of Johnson in his Highland travels. Take your Bonnycastle; but if the student never opens Euclid, his literary pleasures will not be diminished. Perhaps I speak warmly, for I speak from the heart. Science may be a Minerva, but to me, at least, she is always, in the vivid line of Ben Jonson,—

"Minerva holding forth Medusa's head."

There is a stony chill about the eyes of the goddess that pierces the very soul of imagination with its arrowy cold, and benumbs all the joyous faculties of the mind; and when I behold the features of the intellect awakening from their suspended animation, beneath the kindling and down-stooping eyes of Poetry, I often think of the fantastic description of the recovery of Thaisa in the doubtful play of *Pericles*.—

"Nature awakes; a warmth  
Breathes out of her; she hath not been  
entranced  
Above five hours. See how she 'gins to  
blow  
Into life's flower again! She is alive;  
behold,  
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly  
jewels  
Which *Pericles* hath lost,  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;  
The diamonds of a most praised water  
Appear to make the world twice rich."

#### THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

##### FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

In olden time a castle stood, high, dark, and stern to view,  
That overlook'd the land, as far as ocean's margin blue.  
Fair fragrant gardens girt it round, like wreaths with blossoms bright,  
Where sparkling fountains upward sprang, in rainbow-coloured light.

There dwelt a monarch proud who called that fair domain his own,  
Yet 'mid its beauty made his seat a dark and dreaded throne,  
For all his thoughts were fierce with hate, rage on his glances rode,  
His speech was ever of the scourge, and what he wrote was blood.

There came unto this castle-gate a noble minstrel pair,  
The one had bright and golden locks, grey stream'd the other's hair;  
The old man bore a harp, and rode a steed adorn'd with pride,  
His young companion lightly stepp'd the courser's flank beside.

And thus that old man to him spake. "Be ready now, my son,  
Recall our sweetest lay, and give thy voice its richest tone,  
Be all our skill together joined, of joy and pain to sing,  
For we, to-day, must soothe to rest this cruel-hearted king."

Soon both the minstrels stood within the lofty hall of state,  
Where on his throne, amid his court, the king in grandeur sat.  
The king with glance as bloody-red as the northern streamer's light,  
The queen with gaze as soft and mild as the moon of summer's night.

The old man struck the strings and drew a tone of wondrous swell,  
That ever on the ear with sound of richer volume fell ;  
And heavenly clear the young man's voice arose the notes among,  
Heart-thrilling as the music wild of a spirit-chorus'd song.

They sang of Peace—of Love they sang—of the golden time of youth,  
Of Freedom, and the Worth of man, of Holiness and Truth ;  
They sang of all that thrills the breast, of every influence soft,  
They sang of all the noble themes that raise man's soul aloft.

The courtiers, as they gathered round, each gibe and jest forbore,  
The sturdy warriors of the king they knelt their God before ;  
The queen, at once with sorrow and a gentle joy oppress,  
Threw to the minstrel youth the rose she wore upon her breast.

"Ye have seduced my knights, and now would ye my queen beguile !"  
The monarch said, and all his frame with fury shook the while ;  
Then drew his sword and swiftly pierced the fair young minstrel's heart,  
Whence, for that tide of golden song, a bloody stream doth part.

As by a storm dispersed, the guests fly scattered with alarm,  
And the minstrel youth breathed out his last upon his master's arm ;  
He wrapped his mantle round the corse, and placed it on the steed,  
And bound it fast, and with it left that castle stern with speed.

But at the threshold of the gate, halted the singer grey,  
And seized his harp that bore the prize from every harp away,  
He dash'd it 'gainst a pillar's base, that far the fragments flung,  
And spake a curse that fearfully through hall and gardens rung.

"My curse be on thee, house of blood ! in thee no more be found  
The voice of song, the harp-strings' note, or melody of sound,  
Nor aught but groans, the tread of slaves, and the gush of many tears,  
Till ruin to a shapeless heap thy walls and turrets bears.

Wo to ye gardens ! blooming now in the soft rich light of May,  
Ye lent more darkly to mine eye this sight of blood display ;  
Ye all shall wither, and your streams no more shall through ye flow,  
As o'er a stony wilderness, man's foot shall o'er ye go.

Wo to the murderer, thou curse of the minstrel's tuneful line !  
Nor wealth, nor power shall shield thee long from the doom that shall be  
thine ;  
Thy name shall be forgotten, and eternal night shall share,  
Shall perish like the last small cloud that melts to empty air."

The singer old thus spoke his ban, and Heaven has heard his call,  
That castle to the dust has gone,—to dust each tower and wall.  
As emblem of departed pride, one column stands alone,  
But, cleft and splinter'd, that ere night, may too be overthrown.

Around, instead of gardens fair, is waste and desert land,  
No tree now casts a shadow there, no brook runs through the land,  
That monarch's name no song preserves, no hero-book of verse.  
**Lost—sunk—forgotten—be it so : such is the MINSTREL'S CURSE !**

## A TALE OF BRAMBER CASTLE.

GENTLE reader, have you been to Bramber Castle? if so, you will, indeed, have difficulty in recognising in the quiet-looking ruin the formidable fortress it once was. Bramber, with its neat little village and comfortable inn, is the very place for a picnic party (indeed, I speak from experience); and who, when seated on the grass beneath its dilapidated walls, enjoying a cold collation (I believe that is the term) — with agreeable companions, mind,—can regret the time when the surrounding forests echoed to the Norman horn, and its now dried-up moat (a most delightful place for a *tête-à-tête* promenade) served to defend its proud towers from some marauding baron, fired by love of the chieftain's daughter, or, yet more frequently, of the chieftain's gold? Still the spot is, or ought to be, sacred from the recollections of the great, the good, the beautiful, now no more. The simplest flower which usurps the place of its marbled halls is a not to be mistaken, though fragile memorial, of frail humanity. Those days are past for ever, and I fear, (unless the Earl of Eglintoun's example be followed) the age of chivalry, with its auxiliaries in the shape of tournaments, banquets, brave knights, and fair dames (whose eyes were brighter than their jewelled carcanets), are past for ever. The ladies are in the tombs of their ancestors, and one would suppose they had taken their jewels with them, if we may judge by the comparative scarcity of the present day. Peace to their ashes! changed are they now from the galaxy of rank and loveliness which thronged the princely halls of Bramber, in the year 11—, when Phillip De Broase held feudal sway over those fair territories, now in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk. But to my tale.

The last rays of an autumnal sun had tinged the limpid waters of the Ader, and illumined the woods which fringed its banks with a ruddy glow, when a small but brilliantly caparisoned train was seen ascending the steep acclivity leading to the principal entrance of the castle.

Not trifling was the sensation created in the neighbouring hamlets, by the glittering cavalcade (such a circumstance being of rare occurrence, as most of the barons in that part of the country were, with their retainers, absent on the mad expedition which was rapidly depopulating the fertile vales of England). Indeed, the leader of the party now in view had just returned from Palestine, so denoted the Crusaders' banner, waving in conjunction with the standard of the De Broase, and announcing the expected arrival of the baron's heir and only child Eustace. Slowly they wended, until, giving way to an irresistible impulse, the young knight, setting spurs to his charger (whose taper limbs and dilated nostrils proclaimed his desert origin), outstripped his followers, and entered the courtyard of the castle, alone and untended.

Vociferous, yet sincere, was the welcome which Eustace received from his father's assembled vassals, veterans who, having grown grey in the service, had dandled their master's son on their knee, and striplings who had received the same office from the youthful warrior. Those of his own age had mostly accompanied him, and were (at least the survivors, for war had made more than ordinary havoc in their ranks) now eagerly waiting for the expected greeting, on the disappearance of their lord through the inner portal.

Although in number the train of Eustace de Broase was certainly augmented, how many turned with a sickening feeling of disappointment on finding the one familiar cherished face replaced by the wild eyes and sinister aspects of the sons of the East! How many a white-locked mother, and dark-tressed maiden, learned that the mortal remains of him they loved were left to whiten on the plains of Syria, and turned from the scene of expected happiness with despair in their hearts, whilst their fathers and brothers did not attempt to conceal the dissatisfaction they felt at the number of strange dark visages who had taken posses-

sion of the out offices, and seemed likely to resent any attempts for their dislodgement in rather a more summary manner than might be compatible with the comfort of an English yeoman.

"Well, times *are* changed indeed," said old Hubert the falconer, as he slowly approached a group who had abandoned their usual afternoon's employment (of gaming, drinking, and fighting) to discuss the state of affairs, "Man and boy have I served the De Broase for seventy years, and such a collection of visitors never honoured Bramber before! Oh! had the good baron Henry, my first master, been alive, this would not have happened. I tell you what," continued the loquacious old man, "the Turks have landed to a certainty, and who knows but that is the great Saladin himself?" pointing to the sable visage and splendid attire of an athletic Nubian, who was shewing his ivory teeth, and uttering exclamations of delight at the antics of some morris-dancers, congregated on the joyous occasion. "Now," continued he, sinking his voice to a mysterious whisper, and warming with his subject, "if we could make him a prisoner, we should confer a lasting obligation on our master, and, perhaps, obtain a princely ransom into the bargain, so if you take my advice——"

"Don't be a fool, Hubert," exclaimed a voice at his elbow, which caused the intended conqueror of the invincible Saladin to turn pale as ashes; "mind your falcons and hawks, and learn not to meddle with what cannot concern you. Lord Eustace will brook no interference with aught that belongs to him, be it his Imperial or his Satanic majesty!"

So saying, with a laugh of derision, Hugh Fortbras, the favourite squire of the young lord, turned on his heel, leaving the discomfited orator in a state of ludicrous consternation, though still convinced something was wrong.

Whilst this scene was passing without, a lady sat alone at the casement of a richly tapestried chamber, situated in a turret overlooking the court-yard. She was watching the scene with a curiosity which would have done honour to one of those

genuine daughters of Eve—a modern lady's maid. Yet it needed not a second glance to assure you that no ignoble blood polluted the pure stream in the azure veins of that fair being,—a stream which had been transmitted from a long line of Saxon ancestors in all its original purity. Her eyes were fixed on the busy groups below, with an expression of melancholy, not in keeping with the hilarity which pervaded the whole castle. And yet Alice de Bouverie was not one of those sentimental heroines who live principally on sighs and tears, contriving to preserve their complexions through (and, in fact, look better after) trials, and sufferings, which would destroy more matter-of-fact individuals. No; unromantic as it may seem, the blush of health suffused her cheeks, and sparkled in her dark blue eyes, her light and fairy form was invigorated by constant exercise; exposure to the air had slightly bronzed her cheek, imparting a golden tinge to hair originally of a rich Saxon brown; its effects did not, however, extend to her neck, arms, and hands, which rivalled not the mountain snow, for some philosopher or other has affirmed that snow is black (besides, I think, a woman with a skin the colour of, or as colourless as snow, must be any thing rather than beautiful), but the fairest of her sex. Added to these qualifications, Alice could boast of those decided marks of aristocracy, small head, hands, and feet.

Some of my fair readers may, perhaps, inquire, how was this piece of perfection dressed? Briefly then, ladies, thus. She was attired, preparatory to the banquet, in a robe of purple velvet, lined and trimmed with sable; the tunic, or under dress, of white damask, brocaded with silver, was arranged with an air of coquetry, perfectly excusable in a young lady about to meet her affianced husband for the first time since childhood; for Alice de Bouverie was a wealthy and orphan heiress, the ward of Lord Philip de Broase, and the destined bride of his son. But to return to the dress. Her long ringlets—and hers were beautiful,—ringlets being then the fashion,—yes fashion! and in those days (doubt it who will?) were confined by a bandeau of priceless rubies, whilst the

arms, hands, and neck, of which so much has been said, sparkled with gems, like (what shall I do for a simile?), oh! like a snowdrop loaded with dew,—I think that is quite new, at least, as I have applied it. Her shoes were of velvet, fringed and spangled with gold; add a veil of silver muslin, and the toilette of a belle of the twelfth century is complete.

There she sat, and there she had sat (since her tire-women had left her) for more than an hour, in a fit of such deep abstraction that Elfried, one of her attendants, who had entered two or three times unobserved, gave it as her opinion "that it was very strange."

Then what clouded Lady Alice's brow? Poor girl! she hardly knew; a change was about to take place—a change the most important in woman's existence; and she had been too happy to feel sure it would be for the better. She had heard Eustace was handsome and brave, yet, perhaps, she might not like him, and, in spite of vanity, he might not like her. She knew that her broad lands rendered her a desirable acquisition even to the future Lord of Bramber, and she feared her wealth, not herself, might prove the attraction to its heir. If that were the case, she would rather wed the poorest serf—she would rather take the veil—she would—yes, she would exert her spirit (and, by the by, she had plenty of it); besides, Lord de Broase, who had quite spoiled her, would never force her inclinations, so she made herself perfectly easy, and, with the resignation of a martyr, awaited the expected summons. It came at last; one parting glance at her polished mirror, one doubt if she could vie with the dark-browed maids of Palestine (which deepened the rose on her cheeks), and Alice was gone.

Time passed away so rapidly that its flight was scarce heeded; Alice de Bouverie no longer dreaded the bonds which were to unite her to the brave, the handsome, and (the truth must be told) the beloved Eustace. Yes, she loved him; the wonder would have been had she done otherwise, for his powers of fascination must have been irresistible even to one

more accustomed to the honied words of adulation than herself.

This was a new epoch in her life; hitherto she had been calmly, contentedly happy, undisturbed by any strong feeling, yet without having experienced the cheerless void, the yearning after affection, which would have been felt by a differently constituted temperament; she had loved everything,—birds, flowers, the green turf, the old trees, even the dark gloomy chambers were endeared by associations of childhood and mirth. Besides, she loved Lord de Broase. He had supplied the place of parents, by her unknown, and consequently unregretted.

Having been taught to look forward to her marriage with his son as a thing of course, she had not employed the long absence of Eustace in investing him with every imaginary virtue, indeed she had scarcely thought of him at all. When, therefore, she did see him, it is not surprising he should kindle all the enthusiasm of feelings which, nursed in solitude, seized the first opportunity to burst forth with redoubled ardour.

Eustace de Broase was, indeed, the one to win a lady's heart, and Alice having always considered him her own peculiar property, made a virtue of necessity and surrendered hers at once. Mingled with her deep, intense, almost overwhelming bliss, came a feeling of astonishment that she could have been so happy before, or could ever have heeded things so trivial and unimportant as those which once engrossed her attention. Even Lord de Broase was forgotten. She would remain for hours silent and unobserved, watching the dark eyes and expressive countenance of Eustace, until she became blinded with tears of apprehension that her dreams of future happiness would never be realised.

She was his own, his chosen, his bride, and why should she indulge in vain conjectures respecting the years spent in another land? so far she was wise: yet had she been able to penetrate the bosom of her betrothed, she would have shrunk aghast from the conflict of uncontrolled passions there depicted.

All favourable feelings towards the young knight were certainly restricted to herself, the barren,

and his own immediate followers; for the English retainers declared none could recognise in the dark-browed and generally gloomy warrior the impetuous, yet generous youth, who, five years before, had embarked from his native shore with a band as frank and light-hearted as himself. He was, indeed, an altered being; sullen and reserved to his father's vassals, his Arab followers alone received any portion of his indulgence, and by them he was adored with an intensity incomprehensible to the blunt, straightforward islanders. In the chase, in the hall, or even during the repast, they were his inseparable companions; and he would not receive the sparkling wine-cup save from the hands of the gigantic Nubian, the particular object of Master Hubert's suspicions. "Then he would converse in a language," as the aforementioned worthy observed, "invented by the devil himself; for Father Oswy, the confessor, could not understand one word of it; so, of course, it was not fit for Christian ears." It was remarked during these conversations his eyes would flash fire, and his brow flush as if he were possessed. His only confidant was Ilugh Fortbras, who since his return was even more altered than his master. In the company of Alice he was more like his former self; although, at times, he appeared forgetful of her presence, and his voice would suddenly assume a tone of command, which, though unresented, did not escape the observation of the astonished girl. Added to these sources of annoyance, there were wild (and she would fain believe improbable) tales afloat amongst her attendants, in which an Eastern princess, with raven locks, eyes that might have shamed her Prophet's houris, and three provinces for her dowry, played a conspicuous part.

Why were the eyes of Lord Eustace constantly turned towards the East? Why was he so abstracted, even in the presence of his affianced bride? these were undeniable, though unanswerable, facts. But when Elfried, more curious or more fortunate than the rest, actually saw him press "a long tress of hair (so dark, so beautiful, it could belong to no human being,) to his lips,

and at the same time mutter some outlandish name," it was unanimously voted "he was married to a demon, who would make a breakfast of their lady out of pure jealousy."

To all this Alice turned, or endeavoured to turn, a deaf ear, although she was full as jealous as the demon, and her heart whispered it was the recollection of some dark-eyed Syrian girl which brought a cloud over the brow of Lord Eustace, not to be dispelled even by her. She would then check the thought, and chide herself severely for giving way to the suggestions of a sickly fancy. He had vowed eternal love, and she believed him; although it was pretty evident to all except herself that his hopes and wishes were centered in another clime. Still her first bright dream of love was passed, the freshness of her heart was gone; many and bitter were the tears she shed in her lonely chamber; more than once was she tempted to demand the interposition of Lord de Broase's authority, either to clear the mystery, or put a stop to the preparations for her nuptials then near completion. Yet, strange as it may appear, this determination was never carried into effect; perhaps from a foreboding that the desired elucidation would place an impassable barrier between herself and Eustace. Whatever were her motives, the evening of the expected day arrived without any attempt at opposition from the principal parties concerned.

In after years there were not, however, those wanting who asserted that the countenance of the intended bridegroom, as they separated for the night, wore an expression fearful to behold; and Lady Alice's bower-maidens were surprised the following morning by finding her couch unpressed, and herself as pale as a statue, and almost as cold, in the same position as that in which they had left her the preceding evening. At the sound of their voices she started as from a trance, and pressing her hand on her brow, seemed with difficulty to collect her evidently wandering senses. At length she succeeded, although a nice observer might discern an unnatural lustre in her eye, whilst a richer carnation than ordinary had chased the lily from her cheek. It were vain to



attempt an analysis of the feelings of that dreadful night; she felt herself on the verge of a precipice, from which she was unable to recede. Indeed the old chronicles do not scruple to affirm the coming events had passed before her with all the distinctness of reality. But leaving the lady to her women, let me request my readers' company in a large chamber situated in a distant part of the castle. It was imperfectly lighted by the beams of the rising sun (for it was yet early), which, whilst they shed a ruddy glare over the immediate vicinity of an oriel window, left the objects at the farther end but partially visible. Seated in a high-backed chair of black oak, elaborately carved, near a table covered with rolls of parchment and writing materials (a rare appendage to a soldier of those days), sat one whose ruminations, to judge by the expression of his countenance, were not the most pleasant; he still wore the embroidered vest, suited alone to the hour of festivity, which contrasted strangely with his pallid visage, rendered still more ghastly by the glare of two candles of perfumed wax glimmering fitfully in the sockets of the massive gold candlesticks, and waxing paler in the increased refulgence of the ascending luminary. A velvet cap, with its snowy plume fastened by a diamond crescent, lay on the rush-strewn floor, on this the dark eyes of the warrior glanced, and then as if by some connexion of thought, rested on the waters of the Ader, now glowing with all the varied hues of dawn. Wide was the contrast presented by the tranquil beauty of the landscape to the agonised aspect which gazed on it; the sable curls hung dank and lifeless over the fevered brow, the under lip had fallen, giving the lower part of the face the semblance of a corpse, the hands were clenched, the chest heaved convulsively, and the whole appearance betokened a prostration appalling in that iron frame.

"'Tis a lovely sight," he exclaimed, half soliloquising, half addressing a person in the shadow of a recess near him, and so sad, so sepulchral, were the tones, that his auditor (who was no other than Hugh Fortbras), albeit unused to manifestations of feeling,

actually started. "'Tis a lovely sight," he continued, "for those who have never felt the influence of purer, brighter skies; even I, who have so recently gazed on its unclouded splendour, can welcome it as a messenger from her. Oh! my own Zulma! dost thou even now gaze on thy natal planet, and weep the absence of thy truant knight? Or, perhaps, she has already forgotten me. What thinkest thou, Fortbras?" This was said in a tone which denoted an answer in the affirmative would prove any thing but agreeable; and the Squire, who was perfectly acquainted with his master's disposition, only replied by a shake of the head. A pause of some moments ensued, which was suddenly broken by Eustace exclaiming,—

"Tell me truly, Fortbras. Have I not acted the part of a villain?"

"My dear master," said the obsequious Hugh, "what can you possibly mean? It was the Lady Zulma's own wish that you should return and fulfil your engagement with—"

"Name her not, I command you!—at least, not now," he added in a more subdued tone. "I obey my father, and the fair Alice de Bouverie shall possess the titles, and, if she will, the broad lands, of the De Broase. That done, I once more gird on my sword, mount my steed, and with no other attendant but myself, depart—"

"Not to rejoin the Lady Zulma, I trust," said the squire, with a suppressed smile. "For by St. Mary! I would rather not encounter her ladyship's Arab blood, heated by what she would consider an insult to a race (as she once civilly told you), whose veins were filled with the fire of the orb from which they derived their being."

"Did she not tell me never to see her again save as the husband of my father's ward? Did she not bind me by my knightly honour?"

"Because she thought your love for her was deeper than your knightly honour (as you call it); and when you present yourself before her again (if such be your determination), the reward of your obedience is more likely to be the drugged cup or poisoned dagger, than any thing else I wot of. Be advised by me, my

lord, think no more of this Eastern syren, but rest content with one who (if not her equal in beauty) would be a far less troublesome companion,—at least, to my taste.”

The latter part of this speech, fortunately for Fortbras, escaped the ear of his master, who was in no mood to tolerate the flippancy in which he sometimes indulged.

The former raised the cap, and, detaching the gem, gazed on it with an eye, in which something very like a tear had made its appearance.

“Well, be it so, my Zulma,” he murmured, “this bauble has destroyed us both. Yet would I have respected the crescent for thy dear sake, and cheerfully have resigned sire and country for ever.

“But these,” he exclaimed, in a hurried tone, “are no reflections for the husband of Alice de Bouverie, and on his nuptial day too. Leave me for the present, Fortbras, and—stay!—give this packet to Zanga—he knows its destination, bid him despatch a courier immediately;—for an hour I would be alone.”

He was obeyed, and so well, that, after the lapse of twice the allotted time, Eustace might be discovered leaning over the stone parapet which surrounded the turret, every sense apparently merged in one, so intently was he listening to the sweet, yet wild notes of a wandering minstrel, who was amusing a crowd of idle retainers in the court-yard below:—

“My Arab maid, my Arab maid,  
My peerless Eastern flower,  
More fair than Keuser’s snowy wave,  
More bright than Eiram’s bower;  
My Peri of the flashing eye,  
And ever-changing wing,  
Not Sadis’s heaven-sent melody,  
Thy matchless charms could sing.  
In Merou’s caves a gem lies hid,  
A gem beyond compare,  
Oh! raise, dear maid, that drooping lid,  
And find its radiance there!  
The Houris of our Prophet’s heaven  
Dwell in immortal bower,  
In vain to me their beauty’s given,  
Without my Eastern flower.”

The strain ceased, recalling Eustace from the visions in which he which he had been indulging. The air, the voice, that strange wild melody, had transported him to scenes now past for ever. The surrounding

woods had been changed by the magician’s wand into lighted halls, decorated with a magnificence unknown in the palaces of Christian kings. And music, the soul-entrancing music of the East, floated on the perfumed air, mingling with the murmurs of the tinkling fountains. And there was a form more bright, more glorious than that which belongs to the daughters of earth. And there were eyes, dark, flashing, yet tender orbs, never to be forgotten. He started, and an exclamation escaped his lips, as he encountered the glance of the minstrel fixed on his face. Was it a delusion?—for a second, it was but for a second—the expression was the same which haunted his imagination at the moment, and was never absent from his heart. He gazed again, but it had passed away, and it was with a feeling of disappointment he threw a piece of gold into the extended cap of the timid boy, who was instantly lost in the crowd. It then, for the first time, occurred to Eustace, that the language was of the land, far dearer than the one to which he owed his birth; and often in the course of that eventful day, did his thoughts recur to the minstrel’s song, and still more often to the minstrel’s glance.

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’Twas midnight. The great hall of Bramber resounded with the name of Alice de Bouverie, as the wine-cups were drained on her departure for the nuptial chamber, when suddenly every eye was attracted by the alarming change which had passed over the countenance of the bridegroom. Large drops stood on his brow, his eyes started from their sockets, and his efforts to speak terminated in inarticulate murmurs. Fortbras who was near, hastened to the assistance of his master, but on raising the goblet which had fallen from his relaxed grasp, he recoiled with a look of horror equal to his own, and rushed from the hall. What was the cause of this?—a ring, a graven emerald, glittered in the empty vessel. Yet how came it there?—except by supernatural means, was above the squire’s comprehension. Had he not been so much frightened, the peculiar grin of the Nubian cup-bearer, and the

light form of a stripling who bounded behind the massy columns, and disappeared by one of the side-doors, might have afforded a clue to the mystery.

\* \* \* \*

Lady Alice sat alone—the last of her maidens had reluctantly retired, leaving the pale, and almost tearful bride (now divested of her gorgeous attire) languidly seated before a large mirror, which reflected her white robe and dishevelled tresses, in strange contrast to the court dresses of the stately dames on the dark tapestry, which formed a back-ground to the picture. Her head rested on her hand, and so completely was she absorbed in her own meditations, that not until the clock, striking one, reminded her of the lateness of the hour, did she raise her eyes. Her first glance convinced her she was no longer alone, and, paralysed by terror, she remained rooted to her seat, her eyes fixed on the apparition. A form of such surpassing loveliness as the intruder's could scarce be deemed meet subject for apprehension. Yet Alice trembled as she gazed on the wild and dazzling lustre of those dark orbs, though subdued by the long-fringed lashes. Her raven tresses fell in disorder over her neck, dress, and the back of the seat, against which she leant, almost blending with the Saxon locks of the alarmed girl. Amongst its luxuriant masses glittered a plate of gold, engraved with a verse from the Koran, and endowed, according her creed, with talismanic powers. Alice's heart whispered that the rich dark cheek and fantastic attire, which (though sparkling with gems of a value unknown in our land) appeared more suited to the other sex, could belong to none but Lord Eustace's Eastern love. If so, what brought her here? and she glanced tremblingly, first at the rich poniard which glittered in her girdle, and then at the tale of fiery passion depicted in those beautiful eyes. Her agitated attempt at escape was, however, frustrated by the intruder, at the light touch of whose small hand, she sank back motionless, as if fascinated by some invisible attraction.

"Bride of the De Broasc!" exclaimed the lady, in a voice musical

as the nightingales of her own East, "wilt thou refuse the rites of hospitality to a stranger on thy nuptial day?—one too, who has journeyed many a long and weary mile to gaze on the face of the future mistress of Bramber, and ascertain if fame has not exaggerated the charms of Alice de Bouverie. Thou art fair—fair as the Peris of my native land, wealthy and young, therefore a match for the noblest in thine own country; yet flatter not thyself thou ever didst or canst possess the love of Eustace de Broasc. No. Timid and gentle as thou art, thy future lord will pant for a soul haughty and untamable as his own, and fly, self-exiled, to another clime, sacred from the remembrance of one, alas! too dearly—too truly loved!"

At this confirmation of her suspicions, the unfortunate victim gazed in the face of the bright, yet terrible being before her, with a look so piteous, so helpless, that a drop glistened on the cheek of Zulma, in spite of all her efforts to repress it.

"I am more to be pitied than thou art," she exclaimed in a subdued tone; "yet, however dreadful the task, I were unworthy the race from which I sprang, did I shrink from its performance. For you there remains the consolation of friends, or, perhaps," she continued sarcastically, "another lord. Take heed you choose not one who has recently gazed on a Syrian sky, or felt the witcheries of a Syrian girl. 'Tis vain to call for assistance," she added, seeing Alice was about to do so, "your attendants cannot enter here,—thanks to the vigilance of your lord's Arab followers, who know no law save my will. But listen to a tale, which, however painful, is necessary as a justification to future ages for a deed of retribution demanded at my hands. How or where I met the heir of Bramber matters not: enough, we met, and meeting, loved each other, with a depth, an intensity, a fire, unknown and incomprehensible to a daughter of the cold north. We loved through perils, which to one timid as thou art, had proved destruction; for cruel and lingering is the death our law awards to the child of Allah, who shall gaze with any kindly feeling on an infidel. The very danger

increased our affection, and when Eustace swore that for me he would renounce sire, country, and religion, I felt,—I knew he was sincere. Of you, lady, he often spoke as his affianced bride, and with a brother's affection, but do not imagine one pang of jealousy ever disturbed my dream of happiness; if that feeling once take possession of the breast of an Eastern girl, she wears a poniard and can avenge herself. You may, perhaps, deem me selfish in requiring every sacrifice from Eustace, and offering no other requital than my love. Our situations were widely different. I was all to him—my affection would be a compensation for the dissolution of every other tie. Not so with me; true, I adored him, without him life were a weary void; but there was another feeling, so fervent, so intuitively woven with the threads of my existence, that one blow must sever both. This feeling did not diminish my love; if possible, it hallowed it. Although I could have ill borne any created being possessing so large a share of my lover's heart, as my princely Azim did of mine. Heart! did I say? heart, soul, mind, life itself, were full of thy image, my noble, generous, my murdered brother! Deprived of our father whilst infants, my twin-brother and myself were brought up together under our mother's care, contrary to the established custom of our country. One thought, one feeling animated us; we were united by a mysterious link; in childhood he was at once my playfellow and protector; the fairest flowers, the ripest fruits, were all for his pretty gazelle, as he would fondly call me. When we had attained the age of fifteen, our parent dying, I became uncontrolled mistress of his seraglio. The spoils of battle, the wealth of nations, were laid at his sister's feet; slaves more beautiful than those which composed the harem of Saladin himself were unheeded, save as they ministered to my gratification. Did I repay his love? The blindest enthusiast at the tomb of the great Abbas worshipped not with more wild idolatry than I. Woe to the hour your warriors landed on our shores! Woe to the hour I saw and loved De Broase! 'T was the eve of the very day on which Azim

left me to repair to the Emperor's camp; and as I gazed in his eyes, which eclipsed in brilliancy those of the detested Ali, I fondly imaged him performing deeds equal to those of the great Rustam's himself. No tear dimmed my eye as I clasped him in my arms, and bade him shew no mercy to the invading Giaour. Oh! great Allah! how were my feelings changed ere the next dawn! my country, my creed, all, all, were forgotten, save thee, my brother!

\* \* \* \*

"One evening we sat 'neath the ruins of that gigantic temple, erected by the demon slaves of the great Soloman; the air was redolent with the perfume of the roses and stocks which clustered round the fallen columns; the former flower seemed to breathe fresh fragrance at each note of her feathered lover, who poured forth his melody from an adjoining Agla thicket; whilst high above our heads the queen of night, with her attendant satellites, illumined the dark blue heavens with a degree of splendour denied by our Prophet to any land save that of his own chosen race. It was Love's own hour, and he, at least, was happy. We were talking of his home; my head rested on his shoulder: whilst I rallied him about his pale-browed bride with an air of affected pique, we were interrupted by a slave, whose dusty and blood-stained vest, pale face and agitated eye, told a tale of horror. Prostrating himself to the earth, he placed a sealed packet at my feet, and touching the dust with his forehead immediately retired.

"By the pale, cold light, I could easily decipher the characters since graven in fire on my brain. They informed me that my brother, my Azim, my Prince,—the last of my illustrious line, had been slain by an infidel,—a cursed Giaour,—an English bey, styled Eustace de Broase! Why did I survive that hour? Words were vain," said Zulma, passing her hand across a brow crimsoned with emotion,—“words were vain to express the anguish of my mind; I then experienced a foretaste of the torments prepared by Neckir and Monkir, for those who fail in crossing the bridge of Al Sirat. Yet I allowed no emotion to appear on my countenance; I folded the paper,

placed it in my throbbing bosom, and resumed the conversation thus interrupted in a more than usually playful tone.

"You must give me some proof of your love, Eustace," I said, half laughing, "or I shall fancy you do love Alice de Bouverie after all. Come, swear on this symbol of your faith to obey my commands, however unreasonable. I think you can trust Zulma," I added, with a smile, which overthrew any scruple Eustace might have felt in complying with my wishes.

"The unsuspecting warrior knelt at my feet, and, whilst his whole countenance beamed with affection, pressed the sacred relic to his lips, and breathed the fatal oath with as much devotion as if he worshipped at the shrine of some favourite saint. My triumph was complete; and as I stood erect in the pale cold moonlight, my veil thrown back, my face colourless as the marble around me, my vows of vengeance were registered in heaven. I believe the alteration in my appearance alarmed him, he would have spoken, but waving my hand to bar reply, I addressed him in a tone so calm, so collected, that I was myself surprised.

"Faithful devotee," I said, "Zulma accepts your vows, and her command is, that ere yon planet assumes the form of the crescent on my brow, you embark for your own land, and, without an hour's unnecessary delay, become the husband of your father's ward; that done, you may again behold me, and be called upon to ratify the remainder of your oath, previous to our final parting. Away! by your knightly honour, I charge you see me no more." I turned from him, how well he kept his word you can attest,—I am here to do the same."

She ceased; and ere the trembling bride could reply, a heavy tread was heard in the adjoining chamber.

"He comes!" shrieked Zulma, "none else could have advanced thus far. Lady, thine will be a blithesome bridal."

So saying, with an insane laugh, she turned towards the door, at the very moment when it was closed by Eustace, and immediately bolted by some one on the other side. Sad was the warrior's countenance, as with eyes bent on the ground, he

advanced towards the spot occupied by her to whom he had so lately plighted a heart not his own, with the full determination of confiding his history, and trusting to her generosity to free him from bonds so hateful.

Suddenly raising his head, his glance caught that of the one never-forgotten being,—his own bright, peerless, Eastern star. Another moment he was at her feet, covering her hands, and even the hem of her robe, with kisses; totally regardless of the half-fainting witness of this unexpected scene.

"Zulma! my worshipped! my adored one! we never part again," he exclaimed, as the proud girl burst into tears, and throwing herself into his arms returned his ardent embrace, and wept uncontrolled on his bosom. She quickly disengaged herself and stood before him the same calm, cold, remorseless being, as when she mentally pronounced his doom midst the ruins of Baälbec. Astonished and grieved, he would again have clasped her, but she impatiently repelled him, and stood aloof, with her tiny hands pressed on her heaving bosom, as though to tranquillise the tempest within.

"Lord of Bramber," she at length exclaimed, "I am here—here! in the castle of thy ancestors, in the presence of thy wife, do we meet to part for ever——"

"Zulma!" was the only agonised word which burst from the lips of Eustace.

"Interrupt me not!" replied the lady. "It ill becomes the hero of Ascalon, the favourite of his sovereign, the conqueror of the invincible Azim, to bandy words with a woman!"

"Zulma! Zulma! for mercy——"

"Am I not merciful? To my recreant lover—to the murderer of my brother—yes, start! 'tis true!—your victim whose death twined your brow with laurels was the being with whose existence you well know that of Zulma was entwined—nay, turn not so pale—Were not a sovereign's praises, and the loud plaudits of your brave Crusaders, sufficient to stifle a sister's tears?—You knew him not—and yet must I? Oh! great Allah! for what am I reserved?" She bowed her head, her

frame shook with the violence of her agony, the veins in her neck and temples were distended almost to bursting; at length, by a sudden effort, she recovered herself sufficiently to add in a hoarse whisper, more appalling than her subsequent vehemence: "Remember Baalbec! remember your oath! I claim its performance. She who adores you,—Eustace, beloved Eustace! must still avenge a brother's death. I am the last of his race, and on me devolves the task; must my hand be crimsoned with your blood?"

As that proud girl spoke, her voice was firm as ever; though her cheek and lips were ashy pale. Yet no tear dimmed her eye; as De Broase, again kneeling, received from her hand the small and poisoned dagger. With a sudden impulse he again sprang to his feet, clasped her to his heart, frenziedly pressed his scorching lips to hers, cold as ice itself, and then plunging the weapon to the hilt into a heart all her own, without a groan or sigh fell; one hand still

grasping her robe crimsoned with his blood, and expired. Regardless of the frantic shrieks of Alice de Bouverie, Zulma stood motionless as before, no sound escaped her lips, no sigh agitated her breast; her eyes were fixed on him who lay before her; at length she knelt beside him, her brother was avenged. Was Zulma happy?

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The nuptial chamber was thronged—the brave, the high-born, and lovely, were there. But what was the fate of the two fairest? One lay scatheless, hushed in the cold embrace of death; and Alice—the loved, the idolised Alice—was a wretched maniac. \* \* \*

Two tombs stand in the burial-place of the Lords of Bramber; the one of Parian marble marks the last abode of the hapless Alice de Bouverie. The other, supporting the figure of a Crusader, on whose brow was carved a crescent, contains the mortal remains of the heir of the De Broase and his dark-browed Syrian love.

#### REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS,

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

#### No. IV.

#### GUIZOT.

THE first time I saw Guizot it was after his suspension as Professor of History at the Sorbonne. Those who now call him a "*doctrinaire*," a "*refugee at Gand*," an "*eclectic*," a "*juste-milieu*" man, and a "traitor to France from a preference for English interests," were then vehement in his praise and industrious in his commendation! It was then the fashion to rail at, or to condemn, the Restoration. All that it did was pronounced to be jesuitical, anti-national, and opposed to French dignity and to the sympathies of the people. Guizot was standing in the centre of a group of students. Some were admiring him, others were questioning him in suppressed tones, but still in words of wrath, at the government; whilst he, as ever, was inculcating submission, quietness, and order. This has been the invariable course of his life.

He has essentially a parliamentary mind. He is so convinced of the perfect wisdom of the union of king, lords, and commons, in the formation of a government, suited to that age and constitution of society in which we live, that he is perfectly satisfied that all difficulties might be solved, and all perplexities met, by carrying into full operation the maxims and philosophy of representative institutions. Thus when he apprehended (I think unjustly) that the Prince de Polignac and his coadjutors had the intention of levying taxes without their being voted by the Chambers, he assisted in forming the society "*Aide toi, et le ciel t'aidera*." This society was to appeal to the courts of law, to carry up appeals from inferior courts to that of cassation, and, in one word, to resort to all necessary measures to defend those whose goods or

persons should be seized for refusing to pay taxes arbitrarily and unjustly levied. Now though I think and feel most strongly, that even the ordinances of Charles X. in 1830 would not have warranted M. Guizot in the belief he appeared to entertain respecting an intention illegally to levy taxes without the assent of the Chambers, yet the measure he resorted to, entertaining such a belief, was one perfectly free from any imputation of violence or illegality. In one word, it was not revolutionary. This is an epitome of that part of M. Guizot's conduct which preceded the Revolution of 1830. M. Guizot saw in the charter of 1814, granted by Louis XVIII., the foundation for a representative government; to that he adhered. When Napoleon Buonaparte broke his *parole* and returned to Paris, M. Guizot retreated to Ghent, because he loved not despotism, but constitutional liberty. When M. Guizot taught history at the Sorbonne, he did so with constitutional convictions, and as a friend of a mixed government. When the Jesuits succeeded in attacking him as a Protestant, he withdrew to his studies; never plotted against his king or the Charter, and was no party to revolutionary societies, or to secret manœuvres against the dynasty, or in favour of other, though distant combinations. When the Polignac cabinet was formed, he was one of those who believed that it *must* resort to *coups d'état*, or be short-lived and transient. He reasoned as follows. The Chamber of Deputies is opposed to the prince and his co-ministers; the electors are even more opposed than the deputies; the oftener the Chamber is dissolved, and the more frequently appeals are made to the electoral body, the greater will be the number of those who will be returned to oppose the cabinet; if the ministry will not yield to addresses or to protests, this majority in the Chamber will refuse or reject the budget; and then the ministry must either raise money, *i.e.* taxes, or loans, or both, by royal ordinance, or else it must be overthrown. Now the point whereon many differ with the very able M. Guizot is this, they do not believe, nor do I, that the

Chamber of Deputies in 1830 *would* have refused the budget. They would have done all but this, but they would never have voted a revolution, and thus justified *coups d'état*. They would have felt that it would not have been the government, or the king, but themselves who would have begun a revolution, if, because his majesty had chosen his own ministers, and adhered to that choice so long as they acted legally, they had refused the ways and means to the king. I am as confident as I am of my own existence that, if legality had been maintained, a mild and conciliating reply been given to an address from the Chamber of Deputies to the king, and then the budget presented to the house, that the budget would not have been rejected, and that the king and his ministers would, when the budget was voted, have obtained time for the preparation of legal and unobjectionable general measures. But, instead of this course being taken, Prince Polignac, all impatient to shew his zeal, and to give proof of his resolution, dissolved a chamber which had been just elected, and which he even refused to meet and to listen to, assumed its intention of refusing the budget, without any real grounds for that assumption, and, resorting to one article of the Charter of Louis XVIII., overthrew the other articles, and especially the liberty of the press and of the person. Thus came the Revolution of July: and M. Guizot entered once more the arena of party, not general, discussion. I have said thus much of M. Guizot and the Revolution, at the commencement of these my *souvenirs* of this great man, because it seems to me that there are several popular errors respecting him, generally current in this country; and because he is often praised for that which is not his merit, and on the other hand is distrusted by those who, if they knew him well, would confide in and respect him.

Well, then, when first I saw M. Guizot, he was an ex-professor of history. The Jesuits had insinuated that he would convert all the students to Protestantism; and the Royalists vowed he would make them all liberals. Both accusations were

unjust, but especially the former. M. Guizot is a Protestant, it is true, but of the same sort of calibre as the late Mr. Belsham. Just as heterodox, and just as indifferent. I need no other proof of this than his defence of the dogma, that as "Romanism and Protestantism are destined to live together in France, they may just as well remember this, and take it for granted, and so live on good terms as civil neighbours." Now this is the Protestantism of indifference, and not of conviction. If Luther had thus argued, he might have established a small, quiet German sect, and simply have declared that he saw with grief great errors in the Church of Rome, and that really he could not remain connected with it; but he might have added, "God forbid that I should disturb your quietness or repose, gentlemen Romanists! let us live good neighbours, I will not interfere with you, and you must not say any thing respecting me; I my way, and you yours; each marching to heaven by different courses." Now this, I need not say, was just the opposite course to that pursued by the great Reformer in question, but it is precisely the system of M. Guizot. When, then, the priests and Jesuits, in the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., affected great apprehension as to the religious character of the instruction of M. Guizot, they proved that they were essentially and wholly ignorant of M. Guizot's Protestantism. Nor were they scarcely less uninformed as to his political creed. If Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham are dangerous liberals, so was M. Guizot when first I saw him,—but not otherwise. If Sir Robert Peel be a liberal not to be trusted by either church or queen, so was M. Guizot when I first saw him,—but not otherwise. Their notions of civil liberty, and of political institutions, are as similar as possible, equally enlightened and philosophical. But their difference on religious matters is considerable: M. Guizot being an educational Protestant of the Unitarian school, and quite of Pasteur Coquerel's opinion, who has adopted that of Pope—

"For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

It is said, indeed, that M. Guizot's religious sentiments have undergone some change since the loss of his beloved, his almost idolised son, and that his previous latitudinarian principles have been greatly modified. I was as delighted to hear, as I am to record this rumour, though I am not answerable for its correctness. Still all that can be said, good or kind, of M. Guizot, my mind and my heart are equally desirous to believe.

The private circle of this great man was always one of the most delightful in Paris. It was there that the statesman and the politician were lost in the philosopher and the friend. Small were his apartments—far, far too small to admit the crowds of European, as well as of French, American, and English literati, who sought to claim the honour of his acquaintance, or who, having made, were not willing to lose it. On his reception nights the small street at the back of the *Madeleine* in which he resided was crowded with carriages, as well as all the contiguous streets, and his visitors moved more quickly from one little room to another than they otherwise would have done, because they felt that they owed this act of courtesy to those who came pressing after them. If it had been the drawing-room of a young and tasteful queen, or the levee of a popular and distinguished cabinet minister, no anxiety to be admitted, to speak, to exchange looks, could have been more closely and strongly marked than on these occasions. Madame Guizot, and one or two female friends, often the late Duchess de Broglie, the Lady Peel of France, presided at a tea-table where the simplest fare was distributed by pretty taper fingers, which even vied with bright eyes and enchanting smiles. Yet were those entertainments sumptuous with wit, with poetry, with philosophy, and with the best life of good society, and of the *élite* of Paris. But death here, also, has intruded too frequently to



permit me to think upon those once happy *réunions*, and the dear little house in the *Rue Ville l'Evêque* has witnessed tears, and sobs, and agonies of grief, which none can portray, and which even few can feel.

During the events of the three days of July 1830, M. Guizot remained a spectator. It is not true that he acted in this respect either against his principles or his teaching,—it is not true that he had instilled into the minds of the young and ardent a love of revolutionary liberty,—it is not true that he was the first to inculcate principles from the application and practice of which he fled. He thought, and he taught, that all could be done by the Charter, or in accordance with it and that the Polignac ministry, as well as the ordinances of July, could have been destroyed even without resorting to a revolution. Indeed, when Count d'Argout offered, in the name of Charles X., the withdrawal of the ordinances, and the appointment of a Casimir Perier cabinet, if M. Guizot, instead of Lafayette, had been charged to come to a decision, some other arrangement would have been effected than that which was made. But Lafayette, "the old woman of the Revolution," said, "It is too late;" and not long afterwards M. Guizot was called from his retirement to become a minister of state!

The first time I saw M. Guizot as minister, he appeared rather confounded than delighted with his new and unexpected honours. It was in the Faubourg St. Germain, at his ministerial hotel. He looked to me like one who was completely out of his element. Study, retirement, reflection—these, with private society and domestic enjoyment, were the objects of his preference. And yet there he was a minister of state to a revolution he had not made, and which now he strove to restrict and restrain within certain just and well-proportioned limits. M. Cousin was there with his German crudities, and M. Villemain with his sort of Lord Brougham eccentricities, and M. Dupin with his hard-headedness—not to say hard-heartedness—and all were very busy in complimenting *Monsieur le ministre*. But, in good truth,

"monsieur," seemed to say by his looks, "I wish I were back again in the *Rue Ville l'Evêque*."

The next time I saw M. Guizot he was out of office. He had got back to his philosophy and his family, and he was "all right again." His Protestantism, general, vague, and unenergetic as it was, always seemed to perplex him, and to stand in the way of his usefulness as a member of the government. For the government sought to stand well with the clergy, and yet how could it do this with a Protestant at the head of the state? And, strange as it may appear, it is a fact, that with irreligious men and downright unbelievers, the absurdities and superstitions of Popery are better relished, or, at least, preferred, to the simple worship, creeds, sacraments, and discipline of the Protestant Church. Not that the priests are loved, or that confession is admired by the males, and yet they send their wives and daughters to church, and appear to think they have some security for their virtuous conduct if they will but confess every quarter, or at least at Easter. When M. Guizot was not minister, he was always most ready and willing as a private individual, as a man of great weight and power in the country, or as a deputy, to exert his influence for the Protestant cause, or rather for Protestant pastors and evangelists. But when M. Guizot became minister, he was sadly afraid of being thought not sufficiently friendly to "the religion of the majority," that of the Romish Church, and did all he could to restrain the leaders of the Protestant party from any special efforts to promote the spread of Protestant doctrines and principles. In all this, however, he was perfectly consistent, but the pastors were often disconcerted by his coldness, and wished, as much as he did, that he had got back again to the "*Rue Ville l'Evêque*." "There," said one of them, "he listens to our complaints, writes to the minister of justice, and puts himself on correspondence with all the provincial authorities; it may be necessary to appeal to in order to obtain us justice and redress. But when he becomes minister he receives us very coldly, cautions us

against offending the mayors and judges, and gets rid of us as quickly as he can." The secret of all this embarrassment and apparent contradiction is this, that M. Guizot, as M. Guizot, can do that, which M. Guizot, as minister of state, cannot do. As a man, he is a Protestant; as a minister of state, he wears the appearance of impartiality, and protects all.

M. Guizot at the Tribune is as measured and calm, dignified and philosophical, as Sir Robert Peel, and is really his equal as a debater. The contrast between Guizot and Thiers is very striking; yet for years, when anarchy appeared threatening the institutions of France, they upheld the same cause, and fought against the same hydra. The fortunes, not of war, but of court intrigue and political partisanship at last led them to opposite camps, and Thiers headed "the war and the onward faction," but Guizot remained faithful to the party of resistance. On several occasions M. Guizot has given at the public Tribune tremendous lessons to Thiers, but the latter has seldom replied with success. Still Thiers is a "hard hitter," and it is not frequently that Guizot commences the attack. The perfect sincerity of M. Guizot is one of his very great attractions. He has no past to recall, no assertions to retract, no old declarations to regret. He can defend, politically, every act of his life, reasoning on the principles which at any rate he believes to be true. And he can say, "That which I was, I am; and that which I am, I shall remain."

There are some passages in the life of M. Guizot which are nevertheless curious and singular. One of the most extraordinary was his union with Thiers and Barrot to overthrow the Molé cabinet, and to diminish the personal authority and influence, will and policy, of Louis Philippe. I know that M. Guizot would defend that part of his career as in perfect consistency with his attachment to parliamentary institutions. I know he would say that it was because he was parliamentary that when he perceived a manifest tendency to encroachment by the head of the state on the prerogatives of the Deputies and of the

Peers, and that when he knew Count Molé exercised an influence which was Russian in its alliances, and favourable to despotism in its internal influences, that then it was he joined Messrs. Barrot and Thiers, and re-established an equilibrium between the three powers of the state. But was not such an alliance in itself anarchical, and was not the appeal they afterwards conjointly made to the passions of the people most unfavourable to the existence in a condition of suitable respect and reverence of the monarchical authority?

The too rapid transition of M. Guizot, from being the ally of Barrot and Thiers to becoming their dreaded foe, remains also to be satisfactorily accounted for. I know that the answer would be, I only formed the alliance for one object, namely, to re-establish a parliament government and majority; and now that is done, it is for the king to choose a government out of that majority—to which I belong. He would also say, that whilst he agreed with M. Thiers on the domestic, he no longer did on the foreign policy of France, and that it was precisely on foreign questions that the new cabinet was formed, of which he is really the chief. But then how came it to pass that for so many years Messieurs Guizot and Thiers thought and acted precisely similar on all foreign matters?

The last time I saw M. Guizot he was defending at the Tribune his own policy and administration. He was calm, collected, dignified, and almost sublime. He uttered with a deep and sonorous accent some of those political axioms for which his and Royer Collard's school was always distinguished. The Extremes of the House were indignant. The Centres rose to a man to cheer him. The smile that played on his lips seemed to say, "I see then I have a large majority." Yes, M. Guizot, you have, and it is well for France it is so.

How admirable was the defence of M. Guizot at the period to which I allude! with a strong Anglo-phobia against him, which had even reached the ranks of his own supporters, he had at once to proclaim himself a friend to the English alliance, but not its slave. He could not, consistently with his past life, and his

then present feelings also, abandon an alliance which is still in his opinion of vital importance to France; and yet he knew full well that if he had resigned the position to which he had attained, and had said, "I will give up my post as minister and leave it in the hands of my enemies, unless I can carry that alliance entirely," Count Molé was at hand, with the court to back him, and Russia ready to receive him with open arms; or M. Thiers was there with his war-party to cheer him on, and to leave France without either the north or west of Europe to coalesce with her. So that the moment of which I speak was one of great difficulty for M. Guizot; but he parried the thrusts which were made at him with admirable dexterity, and proclaimed a system of government of protection against, but not prohibitive of, English merchandise; peace with all the world, and a well-considered and desirable progress. Since that period events have transpired of great importance. Belgium has been preferred to England. Duties have been imposed on British manufactures which, if not altered, must lead to retaliation; and M. Guizot, after having made this sacrifice to the commercial ignoramuses of the Chamber, has made another to the war-party by refusing to ratify the treaty which admitted the right of search where vessels were suspected of carrying slaves, and of being engaged in the slave-trade. But have these concessions improved his political situation, or increased his power and influence? Has he neutralised the opposition, or silenced his implacable foes? Is he called less frequently than formerly the "*Transfuge de Gand*," or the "*doctrinaire*," or the "traitor to the interests of France?" Not one whit. But still he has faith in the parliamentary system; still, at the moment I am writing these lines, he is preparing to meet the Chambers; still he calculates on a majority, and points to the result of the ballot in the first *arrondissement* in Paris, and says, "My candidate has defeated the united coalition!"

Oh! the wonderful changes in the positions and degrees of influence of political men in France! Look at Guizot as a specimen! Now, a

student of history and moral philosophy! A popular and courted professor! Then proscribed and abandoned! Now preparing for new honours and fame by writing books that will outlive him! Now a minister, almost worshipped by the populace! Then scouted by that very populace, and insulted by charivaris in the provinces! Now victorious again, and at the head of public instruction throughout France! Then overthrown and rejected by a vote of the house, elicited by an oration of Berryer! Now joining Thiers and Barrot to obtain the establishment of a parliamentary government! Then separating from Thiers, and becoming the chief of a moderate Conservative party! Now pressing forward to a happy termination the European treaty of alliance, which acknowledged the right of search to abolish effectually and for ever the slave-trade. Then, forced to yield to his own beloved parliamentary system, and refusing to ratify a treaty which his conscience approves, but which his position prevents him from confirming! But let it not be said that this is a life of inconsistency, and that there is a want of harmony in his conduct. No; the whole of his conduct is in perfect keeping with his system and his creed, namely, that of a parliamentary government. He is willing to be minister, when called upon by his king, and supported by a majority; he is willing to retire, when either the king desires to change his advisers, or the Chamber its policy. Once or twice, indeed, he has been embarrassed as to his course, but his attachment to the English alliance has decided the line of conduct he has eventually resolved to pursue—I mean when compelled either to make some concessions to the commercial, and to the war-parties in France, or to resign. He knew full well that if he resigned, either the war-party or the Russian party would triumph, and that in either case he might bid adieu for a long period of time, both to his parliamentary form of government for France, and to his cherished and approved English alliance. So he resolved to remain in office, and to fight the battle which had long been threatened with the united coalition. And now I hear the war-note in the Cham-

ber! Not satisfied with the concessions already made, his opponents, and the enemies of England, require that even the anterior treaties as to the abolition of the slave-trade should be cancelled by France, and that she should resemble the United States, and stand aloof from this measure of benevolence and civilisation. But to this demand M. Guizot will reply by a decisive and non-mistakable negative; and should a majority in the Chamber of Deputies decide against him on such a question, he would act in accordance with his parliamentary principles, and resign!

M. Guizot is a sincere friend, a delightful and agreeable companion, full of sweetness, amiability, and even tenderness, and has a noble, warm, and most generous heart. But he is ambitious—not of place, but of reputation; not of wealth, but of fame; not of posts of rank and elevation, but of the opinions of the good and the wise. He is not indifferent to what history shall record of him, and he takes great pains to supply historians in his speeches, and by his writings and correspondence with the means of judging him cor-

rectly. He has enlarged and magnificent views on the subject of public instruction, and understands as well, if not better than any man in Europe, the philosophy of education. And when in office he effects much for the developement of mind as well as for the improvement of character. Some, indeed, have thought that he could have done more; and that he has not brought sufficiently to bear, when in office, on behalf of national education, the immense advantages which, in France, official power will ever confer and secure. But these men forget, that although M. Guizot is by no means a zealous and indefatigable Protestant, still that he is viewed with as much suspicion by all the Romish clergy as if he were, and that France is neither Protestant nor infidel, but Romanist. I say this advisedly.

On the whole, M. Guizot is a great man. I glory in his acquaintance, and am proud of having known him; I have watched him long and narrowly, and am satisfied that he is as honest and conscientious in public life, as he is charming and endearing in his private associations.

#### DAVID.

That was a happy day when first I became acquainted with DAVID, for he is the most truthful man I ever met with, in this sad world of treachery and deceit. I see him at this moment before me in his large sculpture rooms, or workshops if you will, with a blue smock frock on his back, a black and red striped military travelling cap on his head, with his chisel in his hand, covered with *poussière*, or the white powder of the stone or the marble, now looking at the giant block he is transforming by his genius and his touch from inanimate matter to a glowing life, which seems to move, to think, and to have its being; and then turning round to gaze at his beautiful boy, who is playing in his *ateliers* with the busts, or the heads, the medallions, or the castes, and models, which lie about in glorious profusion. And as my memory's eye recalls this great-minded, little-bodied man, my heart bounds forward to meet and to love him. Yet David is a Republican.

I have lately sketched in my last

and present "Reminiscences" the two extremes of BERRYER, the Royalist, and GUIZOT, the man *par excellence* of the constitutional and parliamentary party; and now comes DAVID, the Republican sculptor, the very *beau idéal* of democracy; the believer in human virtue and perfectibility, the asserter of utilitarianism, the supporter and friend of all who advocate Republican doctrines and dogmas, not only backing them by his name, his genius, and his friendship, but with his purse. Can all of these men be honest?—Yes. Should they all be loved?—Yes. Each of them views conscientiously man and society through different lenses. They are all of them equally sincere. Berryer believes in the fostering, nourishing, paternal, encouraging character of a powerful and united monarchy. He sees in its attributes protection for religion, for morals, for peace, for order, and even for progress. Guizot believes in the impossibility of securing a permanently good monarchical government,

unless the monarchy is restrained by public opinion on the one hand, and yet is supported and encouraged by an hereditary nobility on the other.

David believes that the people can govern themselves, and that progress and liberty can never be so safe or certain as when intrusted to the mass of society. Thus Berryer would establish a powerful, and yet a national and popular monarchy; Guizot, a mixed form of government, in which all the powers of the state should be happily blended; and David would have but one power—the *vox populi*, which he believes most sincerely to be the *vox Dei*.

David was born at *Angers*; was a pupil of his namesake the celebrated David, in his heart a Republican too; is the sculptor of the people; the donor of national monuments to France; the man who embodies a whole history in a few marble outlines, and whose chisel is as full of causes for wonderment as his mind. He is one of the strongest thinkers I ever met with, and will transfer his thoughts to stone or marble with a rapidity almost beyond belief. Take an example:—

I called on him one day when he had just decided on presenting to the birthplace of GUTTENBURG a gigantic statue of the founder of printing. But how should he represent his hero? Studying wooden blocks and types?—No! Sitting before his first letters and finishing them with his tools?—No! Or simply placed before him a table on which should be inscribed his name, or deposited his first work?—No; David's genius soared beyond this; he conceived the delight, the astonishment, the wonder, which Guttenburg must have felt when he drew off the first proof sheet, and beheld that the words which appeared before him were,

And there was Light.

Yes—with the establishment of printing the darkness of the past disappeared, minds, like bodies, might from that moment come into useful and glorious collision, the opposite hemispheres would approach each other, the art, the talent, the learning, the genius of antipodes, would

seem to meet; and ignorance, vice, and corruption, would be put to flight.

I was present at the creation of this bright thought, of this original and glorious conception, of this invention of a mind replete with sublime thoughts and glorious and glowing imageries. And how he took delight afterwards in exhibiting to me first the outline, then the drawing, then the clay model, and then the block sculptured into these striking, and speaking, and reasoning forms! And there, at last, stood GUTTENBURG, holding out the proof sheet from his first types, cut so roughly, and hewn so strangely, and yet producing the impression of the words, "And there was light."

"I have often imagined," said David, in his strong and masculine eloquence, "that beginning, which Moses has described so sublimely and so concisely. There was no form, there was all void. All was darkness and desolation, and abyss upon abyss, and depth after depth, with darkness, coldness, and an eternity of both upon the face of the earth. But there were waters. They rolled on in impenetrable masses, and added to the grandeur, but to the horror of the unseen scenery. But the Spirit of God, of beauty, of harmony, of power, of majesty, of uncreated genius, and underivable knowledge, was there; and it moved upon the face of the waters. What a movement was that! Darkness felt it, and fled. The waters felt it, and stood as a heap of an obedient and willing element, ready to retire at his control. That was the moment of indecision, uncertainty, and doubt; but the next all was transformed, for 'God said; let there be light; and there was light!' Then it was that void ceased! Then it was that the empire of unshaped, and concealed, and hidden principles was put to an end,—'For God saw the light that it was good; and he divided the light from the darkness.'

"And thus it was," continued David, in his own peculiar strain of noble and rich thought, and solemn cadence,— "and thus it was, my friend, when Guttenburg arose, when printing was invented, when man could tell his fellow-man wherever a book could reach him,—all he

thought of society, of mind, of government, of nature, of God himself. The mind, therefore, like the world without form and void, and with darkness upon its face, became emancipated from its cheerless prison, was freed from its chains and fetters, and leaped into life, action, and development! For there was light.

"Look at him!" he continued, "see how Guttenburg is himself startled even by the offspring of his own genius. Oh, how his soul doubtless seized, as by inspiration, the glorious fact, that from thenceforth the mind of man would be as omnipresent as the God who made it, and that truth,—mighty, glorious truth, might from that time become co-extensive with the world! Yes—and the light was good. For truth could now be made known; error could be combated by mind; vice could be denounced; bad governments could be exposed, and the wretched and the oppressed could communicate their sorrows and their desolation to untold millions of their fellow-men."

It is thus that David discourses, when he explains, to those he loves or confides in, the sublime productions of his master mind. He is always courteous, always polite, and even always affable; but when he knows that you regard him with feelings of affection and interest, his noble heart gives utterance to all its thrilling sympathies, and you hear some of those sublime thoughts which I have endeavoured to embody and report.

It is a happy thing for France, as well as for himself, that, by his union to a charming and most admirable woman, he became possessor of a large and most adequate fortune. That fortune they both place at the service of their country; for whilst they live in elegance and perfect taste and comfort, they devote by far the larger part of their income, as well as of their time and energies, and of David's genius and talents, to aggrandising and enriching the public places and museums of France by giant statues and colossal monuments of men and of events connected with the histories and glories of his native land.

The FRONTON of the Pantheon was another of those original and glorious conceptions of David which I

have studied with him, and was present when he concluded. There sits France over the entrance to the Pantheon, "erected by a grateful country to great and noble men." There she sits, receiving with delight their homage, bestowing with pleasure her favours. The old soldier shews his wounds and his children; the illustrious judge offers his judgments and decisions; Fénélon modestly rears his head, which is crowned with a garland of *immortelles*; the philosophers and the priests, the statesmen and the politicians, the artists, the poets, and the sculptors, men of science, of lore, and of learning, all approach the figure which represents France. To all who have distinguished themselves, and have thus, as her sons, not less distinguished her, she offers crowns and rewards; and a rich assemblage of genius and virtue is there collected, all accurately delineated and carved out of the solid block with an accuracy of physiognomy which leaves no doubt whatever as to whom they are intended to represent.

Now without entering into the history of this Pantheon, and without indulging in that spirit of satire which it were easy enough to apply to this receptacle of the ashes of the dead, it must be admitted, that as France *did* determine on consecrating this imposing building to such a purpose, nothing could possibly be more appropriate than the subject of this sculptured picture. And then of its execution it is impossible to speak too highly. The boldness, richness, variety of the figures, and at the same time their fineness of finishing, and beauty of execution, demonstrate, above all, the greatness and the delicacy of the mind of their author. For myself I have no sympathy for the Pantheon, nor for the ashes of those who have there been deposited; and often have I said this to the great and good David. But how ardent must be the enthusiasm of those Frenchmen who approve and sympathise with both! How often have I witnessed the old and the young, the poor and the rich, the ardent student and the grey-headed veteran, gaze with rapture on David's Fronton; and I have seen the tears roll down their cheeks as they have turned from its contemplation.

David has a great love for the English, but not for England. By England he means her government, not her families; her institutions of a political character, not her hearths. On the contrary, he is enthusiastic when he speaks of her sylvan villages, of her honest, homely, and quiet population; of her domestic scenery and pious love, of her noble charities, and the encouragement she offers to science, to the arts, and to civilisation. But David believes that the form of government which has been established in England, and copied, with certain changes, for the better or the worse, in some parts of Germany, in Holland, Belgium, France, Spain, and Portugal, is *the* one great impediment to the growth of democratic governments and of pure Republicanism. If he could believe that these constitutional governments were the forerunners of those of a more democratic character, he would hail them as harbingers of coming good, but he looks upon them as substitutes or apologies for those institutions which he hopes will one day become universal, and which he regards as essential to the happiness of man. "Behold all things shall become new," is one of his favourite devices, but those halcyon days which his genius or his fancy has anticipated are, of course, to be those of pure and unmixed democracy! The millennium which he anticipates is not one of a spiritual, but of a moral and a social character; and when he speaks of our Saviour he does so with enthusiasm, but it is always of him as the first and greatest of reformers.

In social life, David is almost perfect. Generous, forgiving, charitable, hospitable, humble, teachable, honest, high-principled, full of the milk of human kindness, and not possessing one iota of selfishness or of egotism, he is no apt illustration of that young man in the Gospel whom Jesus loved. But *he also* lacketh one thing,—and that one is religion.

David is one of the most industrious men I ever met with; for al-

though he is apparently constantly engaged in his profession as a sculptor, he is member of the Institute, and of the Royal Academy, and attends to all the duties which such memberships carry with them. He lectures, he receives pupils, he carries on a large correspondence, he is constantly intruded upon by visitors, he gives large parties, he admits the non-formal admission of friends at all seasons, he attends to his domestic and social duties, he reads, he belongs to political as well as to scientific associations, he is one of the political chiefs of his *arrondissement*, and finally, he is a mover, active and energetic, in certain Republican societies. Arago and David think alike and act together, and Armand Carrel loved David as his brother.

Reader, if ever you visit Paris, either for profit or for recreation, go to the cemetery of the *Père la Chaise*, and look at the monument of Foy; go to the *Place du Panthéon*, and contemplate the Fronton, and then walk quietly to No. 14 *Rue d'Assas* in the Faubourg St. Germain, and see in how quiet, sequestered, and humble a manner, lives this man of genius and taste, of patriotism and philanthropy; then ring the bell, ask of the *portier* permission to see the workshops of his master; send in your card,—examine well the carved glass cases of medallions, which are exact likenesses of great and distinguished persons, many of whom are Englishmen and Englishwomen; cast your eyes on the colossal figures which at the particular period you may call there may be engaging his time and genius,—and if, perchance, rather a short man, with a very large head, covered by immense quantities of hair, clad in a common smock-frock, with hands rough and rude, but with a physiognomy at once the most striking and benevolent you ever yet gazed on, should come across your path,—take off your hat, and do that man reverence—for it is DAVID,—and though he be a Republican, he is the most truthful being in all Europe.

## JACK MORIARTY AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES T. C. D.

## No. II.

JACK HEADS US ON A LITERARY EXPEDITION TO THE THEATRE, TO LAUGH AT A TRAGEDY,  
AND WE DO LAUGH.

THE reader will bear in mind the spirited manner in which the preceding Number was brought to a close, by a chorus to Jack's song, executed by the whole strength, and heart too, of the company, and whose cadence was unexpectedly sustained by a burst of wild irregular music, in the shape of kicks against his door on the outside, from as many of a band of amateurs as could possibly command the instruments. Part of this *concerto* may be supposed to have expressed a desire to get in, the remainder being a pure sacrifice to the Genius of Uproar. Even thus does a footman's knock, previous to his letting down the carriage-steps, bear in its motive a composite character, as the commencement is designed simply to indicate his master's presence and importance, the louder and longer, and the more magnificent portion, being as evidently altogether intended to indicate his own.

"What the devil are you kicking up such a row about?" was the exclamation with which Jack and all of us greeted the inundation of newcomers which poured in.

"Oh! did you hear us? Well, we're glad of that—we thought you didn't."

The burden of this response was chiefly sustained by two aspiring youths, *rejoicing* (an old college phrase) in the names of Thomson and Nixon. Both of them ranked amongst the most inveterate *caution-men* within the walls, and were much respected by Moriarty, with whom they were on a footing of the utmost intimacy. In fact, at an early stage of their acquaintance, I know that Thomson and Jack had wrung the knockers off each other's doors reciprocally. After many vain attempts to obtain a degree, Thomson retired in disgust to a small hereditary property in the county of Westmeath, and settling into a much-respected judge of a horse, developed a genius for *handicapping*, which his friends, it would appear, had pre-

viously mistaken as directed to the abstract sciences, and became henceforth an object of admiration and circumspection to all the sporting gentry of the neighbourhood. Of Nixon, I cannot say that my information reaches beyond the fact of his having been the son of old Nixon, I suppose, whoever he was, and with that curious point the reader must be content.

"Come, Jack, on with your worst coat, if worse you have than that which is on you. We're all for Crow Street Theatre; so up with you, every mother's son of you!"

"Why, what's the fun to-night?"

"Fun, is it? Why, man alive, isn't L——, the amateur barrister, to play *Macbeth*, and won't it take us all to laugh at it to do it any justice?"

The resolution of adjourning our meeting to Crow Street on the instant, if not a great deal sooner, was carried by acclamation, without the formality of its being put from the chair. This ceremony, moreover, would not have been indeed very practicable now, inasmuch as the regular chairman, Jack, had vacated his office the moment the proposal was announced, and, clearing the table at a bound, was already half-way down-stairs. There could not, in fact, have been any idea more opportunely broached. College parties being in their very essence of the bachelor order, we had not the means of varying the evening's amusements by ascending, as is usual, to the drawing-room, to rouse, like air let in on sleeping lamps, from their intentional torpor its inmates, especially the junior part, and who, although the piano is opened (that is abandoned for the present to the little girls), the music arranged, and the lights all trimmed, have not the slightest notion of throwing their pearls before the old dowagers in turbans, who, deeply imbedded in sofas, are engaged with their faces half turned round, talking to each other, in a drowsy earnestness, about



nothing. Nor was the usual substitute which the city had provided, and which consisted in the recreation of pulling watchmen about, available, as the hour for their "going on duty," as it was facetiously called (if that be referred to the idea suggested by the etymology, but which was, of course, obsolete in practice), had not yet arrived. Accordingly, we all sallied down-stairs, and mustered our forces, now amounting to something more than a hundred, at the public door of the building, as each compartment of chambers enjoying a common stair is technically denominated. Of this body, Moriarty, as a just tribute to his merits, was unanimously elected chief, and by his movements those of the party, in general, were to be regulated. A considerable proportion of our numbers comprised those whose names were on the county lists, wherein are enrolled all whose practice it is to attend merely the term examinations, as distinguished from the residents within the walls of the university. To several of these, their temporary chief was personally unknown, although none were strangers to his name and peculiar virtues, the glory whereof was spread among all college men almost through the whole island; but any difficulty on this head was speedily obviated by introducing themselves, as they did, in the easiest manner possible to Mr. Moriarty, calling him Jack on the instant. The order of march included a disposition of our party into files of four each, with strict injunctions to prevent a separation of forces, to take close order, while our commander-in-chief himself assumed such an advanced position as would enable him to move about freely, vapouring and raging in front like the old heroes in Homer. The word being given, off we set at a swinging trot, all talking at once, each one being obliged to act as his own listener, silence, where there were such anticipations of fun, being physically impossible. Just as we wheeled round into the long vaulted arch, which issues in the gateway, M'Allister, the head-porter, met us, and forthwith got into a high official state of agitation, his pale aged face quivering in every muscle, and his withered hands spread out to intercept our progress.

The clown's attempt to stop the Atlantic with a pitchfork is considered a good illustration of an useless effort; and Mr. M'Allister's attempt to stop us was one, too, not to be despised in its way.

"God bless me, gentlemen, what is this—what is this?"

"An expedition of a purely literary nature, Mr. M'Allister; isn't it, boys?" replied our Jack, with a mild seriousness of manner. "We're going to the theatre, Mr. M'Allister, solely with a view to improve our pronunciation by the best stage standards. Are n't we, boys?" said Jack, appealing to us confidently.

"Nothing else, we assure you; take our words for it, Mr. M'Allister," we all answered in one earnest chorus.

"Oh! but, gentlemen, me and the provost," said the official.

"Trust to our discretion, Mr. M'Allister," replied Jack; "you and the provost may go to sleep on that point."

"Our discretion, Mr. M'Allister," chorus again.

"Well, Mr. Moriarty, I *do* trust you, and am sure you will not make more noise than you well can."

"Never fear, Mr. M'Allister, we'll not make more than our medical attendants' certificates will warrant."

This parley over, although it did not remove altogether an anxious shade from the countenance of the good-hearted officer, who habitually looked upon the sons of Alma Mater as all his own, in sooth; for those which Nature had given him she had taken away again, and would not let him keep them, and so the poor man supplied the void as well as he could with us. He preceded us to the gate, evidently prepared to rate soundly whoever should impede us, as, however anxious he might be to stop us himself, he was not the man to allow any one else to do so. As we defiled through the narrow gateway—a comparatively small aperture in the huge folding-doors, and for which there is made a solemn provision in the original statutes, as a means of securing privacy—we could hear the old man issuing strict injunctions to the inferior porters to keep a lookout after those children (our infantine years averaged about eighteen), while he himself continued to pursue us with his eye for a long space.

"Who has e'er had the luck to see"—not Donnybrook fair, although that, too, is the guerdon of a glorious lot (Jack and I will be there anon—shall we not, Jack?—so shall the reader, too, if he behaves himself, and can muster twopence to pay the car), but Trinity College, Dublin, will remember the convex segment of iron railing, which separates the front of the building from the street. A small vacant space at each extremity is garnished by a range of apple-stalls, where the ancient ladies who smoke and smile from behind them, continue to sustain with their sweet voices during the day a concert piece of "Ten a penny—ten sweet apples a penny!" and hold a feast of paper lanterns until a late hour of the night. This portion of ground appertaining to the college forms a subject of university patronage, and which is understood to be exercised by the porters, to whom, on occasion of a vacant stall, memorials, with the proper documents, are to be addressed. In the centre of the railing there is an iron gate; and past it flows perpetually, as Johnson says of the Strand, the fullest torrent of a Dublin population. At this point may be seen the few private carriages of which the Irish metropolis can still boast, whose proprietors, to do justice to their system of domestic compensation, dine upon herrings; as people, indeed, must do, who will insist upon riding in carriages, (oh, sweet Dublin pride for ever!) long after the natural period of walking barefooted has, in the stages of fortune, reached them. Here, too, pass whole squadrons of dandies with whips and spurs, from whence, we may remark by the way, to conclude their possession of a horse would be rather rash logic. Nowhere through the whole city are there more old women run over than at the two crossings at each extremity of the railing, an arrangement attended with peculiar advantages. I do not allude so much to those resulting from so many old women being put out of the way, for these are obvious,—as to the relief from his monotonous circuit as such an exciting spectacle must necessarily afford to the officer of the Bank guard, who, sick of his lonely room, has been often known to rush madly out to see if he can see any

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thing. Nor would I exclude from the consideration of final causes the gleam of happiness hence derived on the poor galley-slaves of *grinders* in the front buildings, who are sure to start up at the smallest ghost of a scream, and run to the window. Bursting, then, through the tide which streamed across the aperture, and shouldering the crowd aside—a process which disclosed a pig or so—(I never saw in my time a respectable crowd in Ireland that had not one pig, at least, in the centre; the exact reason of which is, that it had no reason at all for being there. This is just the way with pigs; and it's just the same way, they say, with women)—we proceeded straight up the middle of the street. The Bank sentries became quite animated at the spectacle, and ordered arms, to enjoy it the better. On reaching the statue of King William III. in the centre of College Green, we saluted the old hero of the Boyne with a vociferous cheer, piquing ourselves, as we all justly did, on being excellent Protestants, however indifferent we might be as Christians. Our object now was, as a hurried glance shewed the direct entrance to the pit-door to be already blockaded by an immense crowd, to reach it by a circuitous route through Crow Street, into which also opened the door that gave access to the boxes, and which appeared likely, as being less known, to present fewer impediments. In this, however, we were disappointed, as it was in rather a more vigorous state of siege than the more open path. The fact was, that every person, as well as ourselves, had knowingly made for this secret point of approach, and found his neighbour there before him, just as knowingly as himself. Even thus did the managers of the Bank of Ireland once issue a series of notes, in which private marks of recognition were inserted, ingeniously enough too, except that they were so palpable that every body knew them, forgers and all. I do not, in truth, recollect many occasions which drew an equally large number of people to the theatre with the present. Mr. L——, whose name had operated as a charm to empty Moriarty's chambers in a twinkling, was an equally power-

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ful source of attraction to the population in general. He had repeatedly appeared—for the purposes of charity however, as being a gentleman in independent circumstances—on the Dublin boards, and with such a grotesque effect as never failed to excite the highest amusement. His attitudes were so extravagant—his intonations so violent—his gestures marked by such absurd vehemence—but, above all, his interpolations were so extraordinary, not simply of a few lines, but of whole scenes composed by himself on the spur of the moment, even to the extent, when carried away by the applause of the audience, of singing any song they required in the very midst of some high tragic crisis, and which from its utter irrelevancy made the contrast so irresistibly ludicrous, that the spectators were kept in roars of laughter, the more impetuous, from the apparent insensibility of their object to their direction, and who, **poor man!** continued to grunt out his notes all the more vigorously. The **very actors** on the stage lost all command of face, and even the head fiddler in the orchestra would screw down the corners of his mouth into as much of a smile as any head fiddler can be expected to indulge in who has any notion of what a head fiddler really is, and of his duty in shewing a model of dignity to all under fiddlers. Many of my Dublin readers will recollect the gentleman of whom I am treating, nor surely without some feeling of gratitude, if they can share in the sensation of Johnson, when excited by the memory of Garrick—his Davy Garrick—towards one who, in his own peculiar way, so “gladdened life and added to the public stock of harmless amusement.”

The reader will not have forgotten that the evening on which Jack Moriarty led on his valiant band beyond the defiles of the college gates belonged to a day far on in June. The exact period of this part of my story might probably be about half-past six o'clock. Of course there was the full light of day to shew us a sea of heads, which fluctuated to and fro in the narrow chaps of Crow Street. So closely was the living mass wedged together, that a pin let drop from an upper window could not possibly have insinuated its way

to the ground. The line extended even into Dame Street; and when increased by the accession of our party, was continued to the kerbstone on the farther side. As we, therefore, constituted the extreme portion of the crowd, and the multitude in advance was quite sufficient of itself to fill the pit to suffocation, it was plain that unless we could by some manœuvre break up the mass and then advance through the dissolved elements, we might abandon at once all hopes of seeing L—— for that night in his professional capacity.

“There’s nothing for it that I can see,” said Jack, after surveying the crowd on tip-toe for a few moments, and then taking private counsel with himself for as many more, “unless we institute a box royal—a strong measure, certainly; it can’t, however, be helped, that’s certain; so let us institute it without any further trouble.”

Now a Box Royal is a curious enough sort of an exercise. It is a form of war of a nature considerably peculiar, involving, as it does, the belligerent parties in a state of indiscriminate hostility, where each man hits his neighbour of the moment, and only of a moment, as the general agitation of the crowd precludes a longer period of propinquity, and, of course, never hits the same opponent twice. Under these circumstances, all that a reasonable person can do when he receives a blow is to soothe his sorrows by waging war against man abstract, and hit the very first he can. Thus, moreover, a sense of monotony resulting from one’s exertions being limited to a single object is happily enough obviated, and to the general spectator a pleasing variety is diffused over the scene. So then, upon the whole, we may conclude, that independent of the specific advantages proposed by my friend Jack as accruing therefrom, a box royal is one of those acts of a community which brings, in a tolerable degree, its own reward.

Immediately before Moriarty there stood—either on his own feet or those of some one’s else, for the crowd apparently lifted him up—a sallow-faced fat little man, having manifestly, however, an immense soul, as little men are apt to have, and who, instead of making the best of his embarrassed circumstances, by quietly

inhaling and expiring as much of the atmosphere as coolly as he could catch it, chose to vent it out in exclamations of impatience, apparently deluded with the idea that the door-keepers could hear him; carrying on the delusion, moreover, even to the extent of supposing that, if they did hear him, they would attend to him. This worthy little gentleman did Jack select as a fit subject for operations.

"I say, this delay is scandalous—scandalous!"

"I say so too, sir," said our excellent friend, wishing by his civility to encourage the little man's conversation, and lifting his hand in a very suspicious manner over the little man's hat.

"It is, sir, just as you say," said the little man, endeavouring to turn round to catch a glance of his courteous respondent's face, but which that courteous respondent prevented by a mild interposition of his elbow—accidentally, of course—just so.

"This must be represented to the manager," continued the little man, speaking earnestly to Moriarty's elbow.

"Possibly," said Jack, having by this time disengaged both his hands, and laid them softly on the crown of the little man's hat, "a letter in the Carrick's post with your name would tickle up these gentry's notions."

"Do you think so—eh? A good suggestion, and if——"

At this instant the treacherous Jack applied his whole force, and down over eyes and nose went the self-important's hat. This was enough. As much of the face as was visible, amounting only to the lips and chin, was pervaded with a quivering motion, and which testified how happy Jack's efforts had been in getting him into a passion. The ultimate results on which he had speculated were justified in the event, and a glorious *roué* was forthwith on foot. Jack did the extinguished one draw his clenched fist, and in the act struck the person close behind, who, exciting himself in a similar manner to revenge the injury, propagated the impulse backwards, while a corresponding agitation in an onward quarter was communicated by the direct blow. I wish to speak with all respect of that class of labours of scientific

men which have latterly been directed to the determination of the swiftest modes of communication. The French Institute are worthy of all praise, for the series of signals which they are about to attach to the national telegraphs. The experiments of Professor Wheatstone on magnetic wires, verified in many of our railways, can never be mentioned without honour. But if you would wish to see how far untutored nature will go, you ought to witness the spreading of a decent, sensible Irish *roué*. Scarcely had Jack taken his hands off the hat, whose precipitate descent was the original source of the commotion, when the whole air became literally one waving forest of fists. The screaming of the women, the shrill shrieks of the children, who had been prudently brought there by their parents, supposing—the only supposition the case could really admit of—that they had been brought there with a view to their being crushed into atoms, the professionally haggard faces of the thousand tailors, who dignify, as is well known, that locality with their presence, and who delighted to enjoy the stirring spectacle, leant, with skeins of thread round their necks and balls of yellow wax dangling from their waistcoat buttons, more than half-way out of the garret windows, apparently indifferent, in their zeal for useful knowledge, whether they tumbled out wholly or not—all continued to give a most thrilling interest to the scene. Surge after surge of clenched hands rose and fell, met and clashed, rose and fell again. Forward into the narrow aperture would dash a torrent of combatants, and which was in turn repelled with equal fury, and thrown back into the wider thoroughfare of Dawe Street. Amid the confusion, I was completely separated from my party, and could only catch a hasty glimpse of the primitive agitator Moriarty, and who, on such occasions, seemed notoriously at his ease, distributing a blow here and another there, yet so as in no way to distress himself, getting forward, and not fighting, being evidently his object. By this time I became conscious of being carried strongly forward, even amid the conflicting agitations which pre-

vailed, like the waves of a lake which, however swept by opposing winds, continue to set in towards the sluice that is draining its waters. The pit-door, in fact, which, being in Fowne's Street, was totally hid from me by the position which I had occupied, had been thrown open, and an entrance, legitimate or illegitimate, effected. The latter was by no means an unusual circumstance. The mania for theatrical amusements, we learn from Mathews, I think, was at one time so great in the Irish metropolis that the populace broke open the doors, carrying all before them, tossed the pit-keeper on the stage, and saw the whole play for nothing. As soon as the fact of the doors being opened began to be understood, a cessation of hostilities, by a tacit understanding, gradually ensued, although the pressure, now increased tenfold, caused a number of upraised hands to remain in that position for some moments, as it was physically impossible for their owners to reclaim the vagrant members. By a lucky accident, I was pushed forward by a wave of extraordinary violence and tumbled down the small flight of steps inside the pit-door, with not more than twenty upon the top of me, the remainder being shot violently head-foremost to the extent of several yards, giving such, in point of start, a great advantage over me. Recovering myself, however, I struggled into the pit, which was already two-thirds full, and having by this time suffered a martyrdom of pressure, I passed quietly into the little peeping places at the top of the house, appropriately called pigeon-holes. This expedient would enable me to enjoy the storm which I foresaw would, in a few moments, commence raging below, and from my dim loophole of retreat, "I could see the great Babel, yet not feel the stir." The spectacle which the house presented was curious, and one that deepened in interest every moment. The boxes were already thronged with a large proportion of the beauty and fashion of the metropolis, for J.—'s performances were sure, in those days, to attract even the more fastidious members of an audience to an extent which the genius of John Kemble, could he rise from the dead, would almost fail at pre-

sent to effect. The open space which surrounded the pit between the wall that faced the street and an interior fence was crammed to suffocation, while the struggle to reach the doors which gave immediate access to the interior was terrific. To reach any of them, it was necessary to ascend a small flight of steps. Looking down from my observatory, I could perceive, through the open doors, a mass of faces, lit up into an odd appearance of excitement by the dimly flaming oil-lamps suspended against the bare walls, and which shed imperfect gleams across the agitated surface. A party would thus instant reach the topmost stair, catching with desperate grasp the door-post to secure their precarious position, and would be pulled back by an equally anxious body, composing the immediate rear-rank, and who, as they were beyond the reach of the door-posts, substituted for them the shoulders of their predecessors. Down then would tumble the whole mass absorbed, as it were, in the dim gulf from which, emerging for a moment, they had caught a desperate glimpse of the house, now blazing in full brilliancy. A succession of new faces then presented themselves, grasping as firmly, as did those just discomfited, at the door-posts, were clutched by the talons of a band of equally infuriated stragglers in the rear, and as surely dislodged, were again tumbled down and swallowed in the dark crowd boiling angrily behind. However unpleasant it might feel to the actors therein, this piece of performance seemed to afford to that part of the audience which was already seated an infinite fund of amusement. The very fiddlers, reduced as they are to apathy by the unintermitting excitements of the stage, were roused by the extremely vivid representations of nature now before their eyes, and, instead of darting down to their own peculiar *glory-hole* under the boards, actually remained on their seats and looked almost half alive over the spikes. But the enjoyment of no part of the house was in any degree to be compared with that of the gallery, and which they failed not to express in such a manner as nothing but a Dublin gallery can ever do. The Dublin gallery was, in my day, in full

glory, and exhibited points of bearing very peculiar to itself. Its members claimed the privilege of executing the chorus of all popular songs, laughing out all stage-laughs, and inculcating on those green-coated gentry who act as extemporaneous upholsterers to theatrical chambers the virtue of humility, by always hooting them. The bursts of humour with which they frequently enlivened the house during the intervals of acting, and thereby rendering the orchestra's tuning a little less tormenting, have become matters of notoriety. They exercised a sort of superintendence over the morals of the house, and took care to encourage all incipient disputes in the pit which otherwise might have foolishly evaporated in a wretched quarrel of words by loudly vociferating for "Ordhher here below for a *rou*, can't yez?"—"Make a ring for the two dacent gentlemen."—"That's it."—"Hit him again; hey, that! good dogs both!" and other well-meant expressions of the same description. On the present occasion, the excitement of the upper regions was beyond all bounds. Each batch of momentary candidates for admission at the pit door was received with roars of applause constantly accompanied with the strongest possible invitations to come in, and which, mixing with the terms of hostility which the parties addressed were loudly using to each other, presented a ludicrous compound:—"Arrah! can't yez come in, gintlemen? and don't be standing out there in the could through modesty."—"Sir, I must insist, sir, that you keep your hands off my shoulder, sir."—"Sir, I assure you, sir, I cannot help it, sir."—"Well, sir, if you can't help it, sir, that's no reason that you should do it, sir."—"Nivir mind the scraper, gintlemen; we're not pertikler about the carpets, and the tay's been drawin' this half-hour, and we're waitin' for nobody else but yerselves now."—"Sir, this is my wife, sir, and you are pushing her, sir."—"Sir, you're no gentleman, sir."—"That's it, gintlemen; hit him, you misther in the three-and-six-penny hat."—"Now for it, ye sows." All this time, however, I began to be a little uneasy concerning my party, from which, as the reader knows, I had been separated, and could not

help thinking that they had been unable to reach the pit entrance, and were, therefore, obliged to return back to college. Once or twice, I imagined that I recognised one or two of their faces in the "dim distance," as the exhibitors of panoramas say, but the view was so hurried that accuracy was impossible. At last, however, I caught a glimpse of their ringleader's face—even my worthy Jack's—among those who were putting forward their claims for admission, but which was as unsuccessful as any of the rest. In fact, the attempt of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo to deploy from the defiles under the exterminating fire of the British line, was not vainer than the struggles at the pit-door on the present occasion. It may be remarked, that if they had had the good sense to have passed quietly along—not that good sense had any thing to do with such an exciting crisis—each would not have so effectually helped his neighbour out of his wishes. As to Jack, my heart, even in my state of personal comfort, misgave me much, and throbbed with something of pain for his unhappy state of exclusion, and which appeared final. But, as usual, I underrated his genius, and estimated far too low the resources he had at command. "Shakspeare," says Johnson, "has this peculiar praise—he is always great on a great occasion." It was just the same with Jack. Several of the tallest men had now worked their way through the crowd, and just as one of the very tallest had succeeded in gaining the much-contested door-post, I could see Jack's face, brimming over with triumphant delight, considerably above his shoulders, and in a position so elevated as to excite my curiosity as to its cause. The enigma was soon solved, and its solution was this,—that Moriarty, seeing that his own unaided efforts would fail in effecting an entrance, determined to task the superfluous energies of the giant shopkeeper—so he probably was—before him, and forthwith leaped on his back. In vain did the honest citizen try to shake off this unwelcome accession to his personal luggage (for he had his wife already with him), fruitless were his attempts to strike the intruder, who always

avoided the blow, and sometimes pushed forward the unfortunate steed's own face to receive it, not with any visible improvement in the said steed's temper, as may be supposed. In vain did the said steed's mate, the honest man's "ladye fair," tug away at Jack's coat, and pommel him with her umbrella, and which in no way disturbed the bland, triumphant expression of my good friend's face. On staggered—pushed forward by the mass, like Sinbad under the Old Man of the Mountain—the infuriated animal, and on held Jack. This novel *entrée* met with a universal roar of applause, every one enjoying the practical humour of the thing, as is usual in all practical jokes, except the subject of the practice, and which the chevalier graciously acknowledged by a boastful waving of his hat. The idea, too, was far too good to be considered as exhausted by a single application. Twenty, at least, of Jack's party forthwith adopted it, and before two minutes in they dashed in a manner which set the best days of the *tourney* at defiance. So much absorbed were the spectators, boxes as well as gallery,—indeed, in the former there were many collegemen whose families resided in town, and the several members of which were delighted to see Jack, of whom they had so often heard,—with the natural touches of life in the pit as contrasted with the artificial exhibitions of the stage, that the opening scene of the witches passed over unheeded, —man, woman, nor child, caring now one straw as to when "we three should meet again." Indeed, it was not until the whole of the college cavalry had dismounted and effected a safe retreat among the crowd from the fury of their chafed steeds, that the attention of the audience could be directed to its proper object.

Moriarty's party were at last, as I could perceive, collected together tolerably well in the front of the pit, and there occupied the two foremost benches. He was, of course, the presiding spirit. His genius had but to point out what was to be done and done it would assuredly be, whether possible or not. Upon this occasion he took an opportunity of carrying out an idea which I know, when ruminating on theatrical concerns,

had more than once recurred to him. Hitherto the applause of the audience had been confined to the greater stars, as it is every where else. Now Moriarty thought that the philosophy of human nature might profit by the experiment of giving a warm reception to some of the understrappers, whose ambition hitherto—and it was a solid one, and more solid, perhaps, than many other grander forms of that passion—was limited to the drawing a few shillings weekly from the stage treasury. Accordingly, as soon as the wounded serjeant made his appearance to announce to the king Macbeth's triumph, one enthusiastic cheer burst from the college party, and which, out of pure sympathy or love of noise, was sustained by the whole house. The effect on the objects of this demonstration, and who, one and all, could never, in the wildest dreams of vanity, have anticipated such an occurrence, was curious enough. Astonishment was, of course, the first sensation. The king utterly forgot his dignity, and the fainting soldier, in complete oblivion of his sufferings, stood bolt upright, fairly petrified. But another feeling soon came in its place. A spirit of jealousy, the more vivid where the claims for pre-eminence were equivocal, burst out in every bosom, and each felt a sudden consciousness of some hitherto latent merit, and now tardily recognised by the world. The king, who might be supposed impressed with a due sense of his kingly dignity, was the first to acknowledge the applause by a very low bow, his first appearance certainly in that character; but if he was the first, he did not by more than one moment anticipate the serjeant, and who attributed the whole enthusiasm to his own picturesque attitudes in leaning on the sword. The very royal guards too, that class of beings who attend on all sorts of stage dignitaries, with soiled buskins and exhausted trunk-breeches, bearing dirty banners dangling from dirty poles,—they, too, determined to claim a share of the applause, and the whole body of performers went to it like mandarins in a tea-shop,—an exhibition whereat the whole audience went into fresh convulsions. When order was somewhat restored, the drums announcing Macbeth's appearance

ed, and the house was hushed  
 : ectation. The advanced guard  
 : army, mustering fully three  
 filed over a bridge of one plank  
 top of the stage. Immediately  
 the top of the Highland plume,  
 ie knees of the hero himself, as  
 advanced from behind a paste-  
 rock, were caught by the house,  
 forthwith the whole L—  
 disclosed. Things were bad  
 h before, in all conscience, but  
 remained behind. The whole  
 se, and the gallery went into  
 lsions, endeavoured to reduce  
 nsations by kicking wildly at  
 nels. This was trying enough  
 nere mortal. On that bad emi-  
 — it was but a twelve-inch  
 — the hero of the night paused  
 knowledge the rapturous ac-  
 tions which hailed him, bowing  
 ully and low over the battle-  
 until the plumes of his cap  
 mingled with the imaginary  
 it below, and then recovered  
 lf each time with a high heroic  
 There was no standing this, as I  
 ted, nor, in fact, did he stand  
 in recovering from one of his  
 rous *congés*, he was so carried  
 by the feeling of the moment  
 ie totally forgot his precarious  
 g, and, ominously enough, down  
 ed the future usurper, tearing  
 gh rocks and precipices of paste-  
 and dispersing in dismay dark  
 es of scene-shifters in paper  
 and sadly dilapidated shirts.  
 awkward *debut*, however it  
 have shaken the nerves of a  
 on hero, in no way disconcerted  
 iend L—, who forthwith gal-  
 l himself out of the ruins he  
 ade, outstripped the advanced  
 s, whose orders were to come  
 the side-scenes, by advancing  
 ly forward, and was once more  
 d by a vociferous cheer, Jack  
 g it by standing on the front  
 .  
 ters, however, after this pro-  
 l with as much solemnity as  
 well be expected, and which  
 ited to a general titter on the  
 of the audience, and a very  
 gravity on that of the actors,  
 himself always excepted, who  
 nized a severe dignity, as was  
 proper. Nor was there any  
 erable deviation from this, until  
 y point made by Macbeth ex-

cited the audience once more. It was  
 just at that part of the performance  
 when, on Macbeth recovering from  
 his first ecstasy of fear, and pledging  
 his guests in a goblet of wine, the  
 ghost of Banquo makes his second  
 appearance upon the stool at the  
 side-scene. Macbeth was so wound  
 up by the terrific vision before him,  
 and L— so elevated by the un-  
 ceasing acclamations which had at-  
 tended his career, that at the very  
 instant the impudent spectre met his  
 eye, a brilliant image penetrated his  
 brain, and by way of expressing the  
 insane agony of terror, he dashed the  
 heavy silver goblet at Banquo's nose,  
 which, moreover, was one of goodly  
 magnitude. The supernatural visitant  
 had hitherto boldly confronted his  
 earthly enemy, but not being pre-  
 pared for such a favour, and which  
 he acknowledged by a copious dis-  
 charge of blood from the injured  
 member, he sat for a moment gaz-  
 ing on Macbeth, and now feeling  
 in turn the terror which he came to  
 inspire, the ghost subsided wholly into  
 the man, and darted off the stool just as  
 any one else would have done. Did I  
 say that L—'s first appearance had  
 thrown the house into a state of ex-  
 citement which could not be sur-  
 passed? If I did say so, I was truly  
 premature. The scene which ensued  
 now defies description. Pit, boxes, gal-  
 lery, came down in one crash. Jack  
 Moriarty and his train sent in among  
 the fiddlers' legs the whole front of  
 the orchestra, as a slight token of  
 their enjoyment. Let not the reader,  
 however, expect any connected or  
 cool detail of the sensation of amuse-  
 ment which thrilled the whole house,  
 from the present writer, just as if he  
 did not share in the high state of ex-  
 citement, and had not a panel of his  
 own to kick out. *Encore! Encore!*  
 burst from every quarter—the col-  
 lege party heading the cry,—a sound  
 which must have shaken every bone  
 in the poor ghost's body. A perfect  
 interruption of the proceedings took  
 place, and the curtain fell upon L—,  
 who was still gazing upon vacancy  
 with an aspect of horror totally un-  
 affected by the disturbance which his  
 new point had created. At length  
 the manager made his appearance,  
 his face simpering with a genuine  
 smile,—a pleasant thing to see, con-  
 sidering the rarity of such a circum-



stance in a life which is supposed to present rather an exaggerated idea of existence in a certain nameless place. "Ladies and gentlemen" (*a roar*)—"Ladies and gentlemen" (*continued uproar*)—was he at last heard to say, by dint of elevating his voice to the pitch of a boatswain's whistle—"may I ask what is your pleasure?"

"To hit him again!" was the response, in a tone of thunder, which every voice in the house contributed to swell.

"The new point," I could hear Moriarty's voice exclaim amid the confusion,—*"the new hit, Mr. Manager!"*

Here the manager burst out into such a laugh as was never heard on any stage, before or since. "Why, really, gentlemen —"

"Hit him again! we want nothing more;" and the whole house again pressed the request.

"If any gentleman," said the manager, "will explain what are the real wishes of the house, I will be most happy to attend to them, if in my power."

Here Jack's party called out his name as spokesman; and the gallery, having caught the idea, seconded the nomination with a vociferous heartiness.

"I shall be most happy to hear Mr. Jack," said the manager, using as respectful a mode of nomenclature as was really in his power; as none of us had used any other but my good friend's Christian name.

"Mr. Jack—Mr. Jack!" resounded through the building; and, in obedience to so unanimous a call, Mr. Jack, supporting himself by placing one foot on the edge of the orchestra, and the other a little more elevated on the head-fiddler's shoulder, and which tended rather to impair the effect of that gentleman's dignity, he thus began, adopting the usual form of all public addresses, and assuming a bland expression of face, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Manager, you head-fiddler below me, and fiddlers all, when I look around me, and see myself in the immediate neighbourhood of so much of the solid worth, wealth, and respectability of the metropolis" (a burst of grateful applause from all the solid worth, wealth, and respectability of the metropolis which were in his

immediate neighbourhood); "when I elevate my eyes to the beauty and fashion which burn so brilliantly in the boxes" (This had a good effect, all the ladies recognising at once the justice of the observation, among them several hideous old women); "when I proceed still higher in my perusal, and discern that portion of society which adorns the galleries, and whom I must be allowed to recognise as brother vagabonds" ("Troth we're that, Misther Jack;—what a power of words he has, and the hoighth of fine ones, too!"); "a flood of sensations is suddenly planted in my bosom," continued Jack, pressing his hand to his breast; then stooping down as if about to reach an imaginary chair, and starting up immediately as though he had encountered a whole seatful of very substantial pins; that being a favourite piece of action with your Irish speaker when indicating strong feeling,—*"and am forced to say with the Greek poet"* ("Jack quoting Greek! Oh, will nobody hold me!") "in those beautiful lines,—

*ΤΥΡΤΗ, ΤΥΡΤΙΣ, ΤΥΡΤΗ; ΤΥΡΤΙΤΗ, ΤΥΡΤΙΤΗ;  
ΤΥΡΤΟΜΗ, ΤΥΡΤΙΟΙ, ΤΥΡΤΟΘΗ.*"

The reader who is not acquainted with the taste that pervades all classes in Ireland for learning, or, at least, the show of learning, will not readily credit the effect which a piece of Greek or Latin has on a mixed auditory there. Mr. O'Connell, who never ventures on a quotation in the House of Commons, has a few stock lines, it is well known, from Virgil or Horace, with which he electrifies all the coal-porters in the Dublin Corn Exchange. Accordingly, my friend Jack's experiment, and which, I must confess, rather astonished me, exhausting, as I was sure it did, his whole treasury of Greek, succeeded in no common degree. There was not a shopkeeper in the pit but went into a fit of classical enthusiasm, much to the satisfaction of his good wife by his side, who wished that her husband should not appear to know less Greek than other people. The ladies in the boxes adopting their usual practice, when puzzled by any thing which none of them can solve, looked into each other's faces, mingling head-dresses and feathers. The Greek words had decidedly an effect

on them too, more especially as Jack was decidedly a very handsome fellow,—a circumstance I forgot to refer to before. Indeed, however, his prepossessing countenance—not that he cared a fig about the matter—was rather marred in its general effect by a constant practice, when enjoying a good thing, of closing one side of his mouth, and from an orifice gradually widening until it reached the other, jerking out small gusts of laughter, as through a miniature horizontal horse-collar. But, perhaps, the excitement of the gallery surpassed that of any other part of the house. Amid the uproar, I could catch from my elevated position many of their remarks.

"An' sure I tould you he was one of the young college gentlemen. He must be the makin's of a clargy; for isn't he the divil himself at the lang-widges already."

"To be sure he is!" explained one of the old college attendants, whose voice I recognised; "and what else but a great scholar? Sure, wasn't he and Mr. Docthur Jacky Barrett, Esq., all day a puzzlin' of each other, and wasn't it given up that Misthur Jack had the last word? An' where's the use of talkin' more about it. Thruc for you, afthur that there *is* no use in talkin'."

"Our object, Mr. Manager," resumed Jack, "is to request that the audience be once more indulged with the decidedly new point which has just been made on the stage, and which of itself proclaims genius of the first order."

"Why, really, sir, I should be most happy to comply with your wishes. I am sure that the principal character would do any thing to gratify you," he continued, with as much gravity of countenance as was physically possible; "but you must consider that the other gentleman sustains a very trying character in this new combination of circum-

stances. I shall make inquiry, however," said he, anxious to gain time.

"Ha!" said Jack, as he watched the conference carrying on by the manager, with his back to the audience, and his head thrust in at the side of the green curtain,—*"Ha!"* said Jack, assuming a most knowing look, and getting quite Irish in his oratory, "there will be a difficulty; I smell a rat—I see it brewing a storm," pressing his forefinger and thumb expressively together; "but will I nip it in the bud?"

"Gentlemen," said the manager, returning, "the gentleman who has enacted Banquo has just left the house for a surgeon's, and I must therefore throw myself on your indulgence."

"Oh! that indeed!" said Jack. "Suppose then," continued he, leaning over the orchestra with an insinuating air, "that the great tragedian should oblige the house with a song, 'Scots wha hae!' with a horseman's sword, if not too much trouble."

Here the whole house burst into one chorus of "Song—song! Song and sword!" and before the manager could well turn round, he was met by the terrific apparition of Macbeth bursting from the side of the green curtain, and waving a broadsword of tremendous dimensions, fully prepared to give his idea—and a peculiar one it was—of the words and air of the celebrated Scottish war-song. But as I was literally sick and sore with laughing, I was at this moment forced to leave the house,—a sensation which pervaded all our party for days after;—and which Biddy Smout, illustrating the exhausted state of her master the next morning, when holding a solemn conference with "ould Molly Fitsummons" on the stairs, could only compare with that of "a ha'porth of soap afther a day's hard washin'."

## NOTES OF A TOUR IN FLANDERS.

ONE invariable effect of a visit to almost any country under the sun, on the mind of a sensible Englishman, is a more vivid and thankful appreciation of his own country, church, and constitution. Notwithstanding its November fogs, this same England is a noble land; in spite of open foes and false friends, the church, as purified by Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, is a noble exponent of a noble faith, and well fitted to be a yet more majestic benefactress to the people; and where, but in the realms of Victoria, are there so many privileges, so much freedom, so many evidences of deference to rank with independence and manliness of character? There is much in the Netherlands full of interest, but that interest is of a melancholy tinge. The halo of departed glory lingers on its Gothic structures; and its fine buildings, turned to the most menial uses, lead every one to conceive what some of its towns and cities once were, and to mourn over what they now are. But let us glance at a few of its points of interest, pursuing the beaten route, and touching on those circumstances which strike the mind of a stranger in search of amusement.

Ostend is a watering place of some celebrity—the only pure water in it is in the ocean. Leopold pays it a visit occasionally, and attends the Protestant chapel on Sunday. On his entering at the hour of service the other day, the whole congregation clearly forgot the text of St. James, "If there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel," &c. for all rose up in deference to his majesty.

The promenade on the embankments along the wall is the pleasantest part of Ostend. The French—or, rather, Belgic French—in this place are, in all their habits, extremely social. In one corner may be seen ten or fourteen ladies knitting ornamental work, and conversing on all subjects past and present; in another corner three or four moustached Belgians drinking *l'eau sucrée* or *vin ordinaire*, amid their common contributions to an as-

cending cloud of tobacco-smoke. In the sea may be seen demi-naked bathers, male and female, dancing quadrilles. There is nothing in the ecclesiastical or civic architecture of Ostend entitled to notice; the Romish worship exists in all its frippery, without any of the elegant or splendid accompaniments that relieve it in other places; on certain days in August succeeding the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, the worship is peculiarly offensive to a Protestant. On the left side of the church as you enter, and in a niche facing the south, is a little doll, about nine inches high, representing the Virgin, with an infant, intended for the Saviour, in her left hand. On the day after the feast of the Assumption, there were numbers of tallow-candles, probably fifty or sixty, burning before the image, and surrounded chiefly by aged females, muttering prayers and counting beads. The smoke rising from the candles, and the grease dropping from them on the floor, constituted a spectacle any thing but prepossessing; it gave the church a most purgatorial aspect. On the pedestal which supported the image of the Virgin, were many wax models of eyes, legs, arms, and heads, being the votive offerings of the superstitious people for real cures, or supposed miraculous cures, of the various members of the human body thereby duly represented.

We were glad to leave Ostend and to find ourselves in Bruges, a city once celebrated all over the world for its riches and concourse of merchants, and still retaining in its architecture the remains and evidence of vast opulence; the ends of the houses are towards the street, and have had expended on the stonework alone more skill, time, labour, and patience, than any of our modern churches. The females are, many of them, still pretty, thus preserving the ancient celebrity of the city; the Belgic soldiers are the shabbiest corps in appearance one can see; a whole army of these men would run before the charge of one British regiment.

The shopkeepers generally speak French, the lower orders universally

Flemish. The two finest churches are those of *Ouser Vrouwe*, i. e. our Lady, and *St. Sauveur*. The paintings are of no great value; in the former is an altar-piece highly appreciated. It is a statue of the Virgin and Child by Michael Angelo. The marble is thrown up into exquisite drapery, the indentations of the fingers of the child on the dress of the mother is perfect. It is said that Horace Walpole offered nearly 3000*l.* for it. The chapel, called *La Chapelle du Sang de Dieu*, from its supposed possession of several drops of the Saviour's blood,—one of those lying wonders in which Belgic Popery abounds,—is worthy of a visit, not for the sake of its miraculous assumption, or precious relic, but from the great antiquity of its crypt. Its old and massive Saxon pillars indicate a great age—some say it is at least nine centuries old. Les Halles and the Hotel de Ville are very beautiful. The magnificent tower of the former is extremely picturesque by moonlight. The common account of Bruges is that it looks like the remains of departed greatness; it is so no doubt, but to one of a more ideal taste and temperament, it wears a soft and quiet aspect—a position of repose and self-possession which renders it extremely attractive. It was evidently some such impression as this that fell upon the genius of Southey, and embodied itself in the following apostrophe:—

"Fair city, worthy of her ancient fame,  
The season of her splendour is gone by,  
Yet every where its monuments remain,  
Temples, which rear their stately heads  
on high,  
Canals that intersect the fertile plain,  
Wide streets and squares, with many a  
court and hall,  
Spacious and undefaced—but ancient  
all."

The quiet retirement of Bruges has been so much appreciated, that many English families have selected it for long residences, in preference to other cities in the Low Country, where living is equally cheap.

The same gross superstition that strikes so forcibly the English visitor at Ostend appears at Bruges; only embosomed in richer and more gorgeous ceremonial. In most of the Belgic churches are the wax votive offerings; those in Bruges are

certainly neater in shape, whether the limbs of the inhabitants of Bruges are better shaped, and therefore better models, or whether it be the higher artistic genius of the people, we cannot say. We counted about 140 wax legs and arms on the pedestal of one statue of the Virgin, and there was not a bad shape in the whole batch. In one point all Belgium is alike. In almost every church there is a statue of the Virgin, of porcelain or wood generally, and from three to six feet in height, dressed in the most fashionable style. One of these in Bruges had on a gown of salmon-coloured satin, a petticoat trimmed with Brussels lace, and was altogether an admirably dressed doll, suitable for papa to present to his daughter of seven or eight years of age. This is the taste of the thing, but the principle and practice are alike sad. The fact is, the established, and all but universal, religion in Belgium is not the Christian but the Marian. Mary is the chief object of worship—the great centre of their hopes, and the burden of the sermons and exhortations of their priests. Especially is the Virgin an object of admiration and worship with her own sex. The landlord of one of the hotels told me that it was as great an offence, in the estimate of a Flemish lady, to say a word in disparagement of Marian idolatry as to deny the essential deity of the Son of God. Notwithstanding their great devotion to the Papal Diana, her images are very ugly, and the candles they burn incessantly before her are not wax, but the worst kind of tallow. Some of the paintings by illustrious masters, found in almost every cathedral church in Belgium, which a mere man of taste might think almost worthy of devotion, are passed by, and the laced and satined dolls are devoutly adored. The two chief churches in Bruges, as we have said, are those of *Ouser Vrouwe*, as the Flemish call it, or *Notre Dame*, and *St. Sauveur*. In both there are pictures of some importance. We have mentioned a statue of the Virgin and child, supposed to be by Michael Angelo. The marble seems to live. Whoever may have executed it, there can be no doubt about its merit.

After Bruges we visited Ghent, a city no less celebrated for its departed greatness, and still remarkably picturesque and beautiful. The gables of the houses front the street, as in all the old Flemish towns, and some of them are adorned with the most elaborate reliefs. It pains one, however, to find beautiful chapels converted sometimes into warehouses, and exquisite workmanship partly concealed by the sign-board of a "Brood-backer!" Ghent is not so deserted either in aspect or in fact as Bruges. There are long chimneys in abundance, and there may be seen sailing up its spacious canals vessels of 200 tons burden. The most interesting object in Ghent is unquestionably the Cathedral dedicated to St. Bavon. Its interior decorations are uncommonly splendid. It is lined throughout with black marble, and contains ancient pictures, and, we may add, modern statues of vast merit. It has the invariable characteristic of Belgian churches, viz. the mixture of Gothic and Greek architecture. In Bruges, Ghent, and Malines, the altars and choirs of the Gothic churches are fitted up with Greek architecture. Among many pictures of distinguished celebrity is the well-known masterpiece of the brothers, Hubert and John Van Eyck, "The Adoration of the Spotless Lamb." The adoring groups of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, bishops, virgins, are finished with the delicacy and perfection of miniatures; the distant towers of the heavenly Jerusalem, as delineated in the Apocalyptic Vision; the Lamb in the midst of all, receiving the tribute of glory, riches, honour, and blessing, present altogether a wonderful scene: the colouring is fresh and beautiful, as if only four years, instead of four centuries, were its age.

In this cathedral, also, is a masterpiece by Rubens; the subject is St. Bavon renouncing the military for the sacred profession. This picture is very much admired by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Besides these there are some works by Francis and Peter Porbus, Vander Heuvel, and Crayer.

Next to St. Bavon the Beguinage is usually visited. It is almost the only nunnery that has survived the vicissitudes of Belgic history and experience.

We selected the time of vespers for a visit. We planted ourselves at the door of the chapel as the vesper-bell was tolling, and watched the countenances of each of the sisterhood as they entered. All were very ugly, or, to use a more gentle epithet, very plain; and most were very old. During vespers many counted their beads, many took snuff in considerable doses, and a few stretched out their arms in penitential acts, and instead of seeing what young and gloomy ladies sigh and sentimentalise over, as rich in poetry and replete with the picturesque, we must confess we never beheld a more prosaic assemblage. The only respect in which the nuns differed from other old maids was that instead of being scarecrow and sinewy, they were all fat, and gave obvious evidence that if they denied themselves, or, rather, as we should say, if others denied them in some things, they made up for defect in one way by abundance in another. The music was miserable, and the few sisters that composed the choir gave evidence of their age by their thin and wiry soprano. There is nothing romantic or poetic in a convent or nunnery; and on reflecting that in Ghent there may be a hundred young bachelors ministering at the altars, ready to confess and absolve each other, we suspect there is much in convents very prosaic indeed.

The next spot that occupied our attention has recently risen to a place of great importance, from its being the centre of all the railways in Belgium. Malines, or Mechlin, is the seat of the primate of Belgium; it is a small and dirty town, beginning to throw forth some symptoms of splendour and beauty toward the railway. The only object at all worthy of a notice is its Cathedral dedicated to St. Rumbold. The intended height of its solitary tower at the west end was 600 feet, it has been carried up to 348. Its exquisite Gothic tracery, and its stupendous proportions, render it an object of universal admiration. Nor will the visitor be disappointed with the interior: on each of the pillars of the nave are stone figures or statues, representing apostles and saints, of perfect sym-

metry and proportions. The greatest attraction, however, is in the north transept—the “Crucifixion,” by Vandyk. This is perfect in conception, keeping, colouring, and in the disposition of every part, notwithstanding some depreciatory remarks of Sir Joshua amid distinguished praise which Mr. Murray has placed in his invaluable *Hand-book* :—

“This, perhaps,” says Sir Joshua Reynolds, “is the most capital of all Vandyk’s works, in respect to the variety and extensiveness of the design, and the judicious disposition of the whole. In the efforts which the thieves make to disengage themselves from the cross, he has successfully encountered the difficulty of the art, and the expression of grief and resignation in the Virgin is admirable. This picture, on the whole, may be considered as one of the first pictures in the world; and gives the highest idea of Vandyk’s powers; it shows that he had truly a genius for historical painting, if it had not been taken off by portraits. The colouring of this picture is certainly not of the brightest kind, but it seems as well to correspond with the subject as if it had had the freshness of Rubens. St. John is a mean character—the only weak part in the picture—unless we add another circumstance, though but a minute one; the hair of the Magdalene at the foot of Christ is too silky, and, indeed, looks more like silk drapery than hair.”

Such is the criticism of a master. Age, we think, has mellowed and shaded the colouring of the Magdalene’s hair, for its silkiness is gone. In the service of the cathedral, the same puerile and drivelling superstition reigns; the money-box passes round at every mass, and “no penny, no pater-noster,” is the essence of that miserable system which assumes the name of Christ.

Malines, also, is a celebrated manufactory of Popish priests:—it is, in fact, the Maynooth of Belgium. These pillars of the Papal despotism are visible in every street, station, and diligence-office, accoutred in their distinctive and rather pleasing apparel. Their countenances are, with few exceptions, coarse, sensual, and vulgar. We have seen some hundred priests in Belgium, and conversed with several, invariably in Latin, and, with the exception of one, who used the most elegant and classic

idioms, and thereby received a reflected and ennobling influence, they are mostly illiterate, bigoted, and stupid. In fact, such is the degraded character of the order, that scarcely ever does a gentleman become a priest. The most superstitious of the Belgic population invariably speak of their priests as men whose presence is absolutely necessary to their everlasting salvation, but repulsive to their taste, and to be dreaded on account of their official power, rather than to be desired from their personal character.

Judging, also, from some of the directions issued by the bishops to the priesthood in their respective dioceses, we feel persuaded that their superiors, conscious of the looseness of their conduct, feel it necessary to lay restriction upon their intercourse with society round about them. It certainly seems a remarkable fact, that the Papal priesthood, throughout the world, seem to sink in all that elevates, ennobles, and adorns the Christian character. In fact, a blight falls on priest and people, dense in proportion to their reception of the canons and decrees of the council of Trent.

It may be useful and illustrative of the Papal priesthood if we present a few extracts from the questions addressed by the archbishop to the clergy :—

“An familiaritatem cum sexu et omnem levitatem ut pestem mortiferam abhorres? An contra synodorum statuta et repetitas superiorum ordinationes, non habes ancillam juniorem, cultu elegantiore et garrulam et dominatricem? An non es familiarior cum ancilla et cum illà domi mensæ assides, vel ad convivis, dedicationes aut nundinas vadis? An ita agis cum sorore, nepote, ancilla ut nunquam oriatur nimia facilitas.”

The suspicions of these ecclesiastical superiors are proved by the unanimous verdict of the Netherlands to be neither irrelevant nor unfounded.

Antwerp, once the *bourse* of Europe, in whose harbours were wont to repose nearly 3000 ships at one time, and through whose gates entered daily about 500 wagons, and in whose exchange 5000 merchants from all nations met daily to transact business, still possesses the remains of ancient prosperity. The Papal spirit of proscription and grasp

ing which raised its Cathedral destroyed its exchange and emptied its docks and quays. Rotterdam and Amsterdam have together absorbed the greater portion of its traffic. While its merchants, however, have left so little vestige of their presence, its artists have bequeathed memorials of their genius more lasting. The name of Rubens is embosomed in that of Antwerp. The nine kings that met in the choir of Notre Dame, at a chapter of the Golden Fleece, are forgotten; Alva and Philip II. of Spain are either forgotten or execrated; the brave Chassé begins to fade from the tablets of memory; but Rubens is as vivid in Antwerp as if he were still living—its streets, its churches, its pillars, refer to Rubens. So Rubenised is Antwerp, that too often other masters, no less mighty in their respective walks, are overlooked,—Teniers, Quentin Matsys, Jordaens, and, above all, Vandyk, were all natives of Antwerp. In the cathedral of *Ouser Vrouw*, or Notre Dame, is Rubens' *chef d'œuvre*, the "Descent from the Cross." No spectator can look at it for two hours, as we did, without admiration. Let us give, not our criticism however, but that of one able to appreciate:—

"This picture," says Sir Joshua, "of all the works of Rubens, is that which has the most reputation. I had, consequently, conceived the highest idea of its excellence, and, knowing one point, I had formed in my imagination what such a composition would produce in the hands of such a painter. I confess I was disappointed. However, this disappointment did not proceed from any deficiency in the picture itself; had it been in the original state in which Rubens left it, it must have appeared very different; but it is mortifying to see to what degree it has suffered by cleaning and mending. The greatest peculiarity of this composition is the contrivance of the white sheet on which the body of Jesus lies; this circumstance was, probably, what induced Rubens to adopt the composition of the Italian print from which he is said to have borrowed it. He well knew what effect white linen opposed to flesh must have, with his powers of colouring. None but great colorists can venture to paint pure white linen near flesh; but such know the advantage of it. The Christ I consider one of the finest figures that ever was invented. It is most cor-

rectly drawn, and, I apprehend, in an attitude of the utmost difficulty to execute. The hanging of the head on his shoulder, and the falling of the body on one side, gives it such an appearance of the heaviness of death that nothing can exceed it."

Since Sir Joshua Reynolds left this celebrated work of art, the varnish has been cleaned off, and the original elements of the production appear more clearly.

The Church of St. Jacques, at Antwerp, is perfect. The carved wood is truly exquisite; the elaborate marble decorations, and the *ensemble* of this wonderful edifice, is worthy of a week's earnest study. In one of the transepts is a "Raising of the Cross," in *alto relievo*, by Vervoorst, of wonderful perfection. It is cut out of one solid stone. In this church repose the ashes of Rubens, and over the altar is a "Holy Family" by the same artist. In all these churches are exquisite pulpits, representing, in carved oak, great Scriptural facts—most of them by Verbruggen.

In the Academy of Painting is what many regard as Rubens' masterpiece, "The Crucifixion:"—

"To give animation to this subject," says Reynolds, "he has chosen that point of time when an executioner is piercing the side of Christ, while another, with a bar of iron, is breaking the limbs of one of the malefactors, who in his convulsive agony, which his body admirably expresses, has torn one of his feet from the tree to which it was nailed. The expression in the action of this figure is wonderful. The attitude of the other is more composed, and he looks at the dying Christ with a countenance perfectly expressive of his penitence. This figure is likewise admirable. The Virgin, St. John, and Mary, the wife of Cleophas, are standing by, with great expression of grief and resignation, whilst the Magdalene, who is at the feet of Christ, and may be supposed to have been kissing his feet, looks at the horseman with his spear, with a countenance of great horror: as the expression carries with it no grimace or contortion of the features, the beauty is not destroyed. This is by far the most beautiful profile I ever saw of Rubens', or, I think, of any other painter; the excellence of its colouring is beyond expression. To say that she may be supposed to have been kissing Christ's feet, may be thought too refined a criticism; but Rubens certainly in-

tended to convey that idea, as appears by the disposition of her hands, for they are stretched out towards the executioner, and one of them is before and the other behind the cross; which gives an idea of her hands having been round it; and it must be remembered that she is generally represented kissing the feet of Christ; it is her place and employment in those subjects. The good Centurion ought not to be forgotten, who is leaning forward, one hand on the other, resting on the mane of his horse, while he looks up to Christ with great earnestness.

"The genius of Rubens nowhere appears to more advantage than here: it is the most carefully finished picture of all his works. The whole is conducted with the most consummate art; the composition is bold and uncommon, with circumstances which no other painter had ever before thought of; such as the breaking of the limbs, and the expression of the Magdalene, to which we may add the disposition of the three crosses, which are placed prospectively in an uncommonly picturesque manner: the nearest bears the thief whose limbs are breaking; the next, the Christ, whose figure is straighter than ordinary, as a contrast to the others; and the farthest, the penitent thief: this produces a most picturesque effect, but it is what few but such a daring genius as Rubens would have attempted. It is here, and in such compositions, we properly see Rubens, and not in little pictures of Madonnas and Bambinos.

"I have dwelt longer on this picture than any other, as it appears to me to deserve extraordinary attention: it is certainly one of the first pictures in the world for composition, colouring, and, what was not to be expected from Rubens, correctness of drawing."

Brussels is a beautiful capital. It is true it is generally called a miniature mimic of Paris; but mimic or no mimic, it is a very interesting and a very pleasant city. The upper portion of this city is entirely modern, and by no means destitute of architectural elegance. The lower portion is ancient, and consists of the faded residences of the Brabant noblesse, the exquisite Flemish buildings converted into shops, and other very unpoetic concerns.

St. Gudule is a vast and rather imposing edifice. It has two massive and elegant towers at the west end, and more than the usual quantity of painted glass. The pulpit, by Verbruggen, is very beautiful: it represents, in oak carving of the most delicate and minute finish, the ex-

pulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, the figures being above five feet ten inches in height. Perhaps the most remarkable object in this ancient Cathedral is "The Miraculous Wafers." These, believed by every Romanist to be the flesh and blood of the Son of God, were, according to the legend told on the spot, and drawn up under the sanction of the clergy, stolen from the pix by some Jews in the fourteenth century. These children of Israel, by way of shewing either their disbelief in Christianity, or contempt of transubstantiation, stuck their knives into the wafers, and, to their confusion—as attested by a converted bystander—a stream of blood gushed out. The devout fathers of St. Gudule, by way of testifying their attachment to transubstantiation, fastened the uncircumcised unbelievers to the stake, tore off their flesh piecemeal with red-hot pincers, and then set fire to the fagots. All this might be forgiven, as worthy of a barbarous and uncultivated age, but what will the apologists of Rome say, when we add, that every midsummer there is a solemn procession of the Popish clergy of Brussels, together with the exhibition of the same identical wafers? In various parts of the cathedral, also, there are begging boxes, for receiving contributions, *à l'honneur du Saint Sacrement des Miracles*. It is a proof that the spirit of superstition and cruelty which animated the fathers animates the children of the Popish hierarchy.

The Hotel de Ville at Brussels is, perhaps, the most exquisite specimen of civic Gothic architecture in Europe. The tower is nearly 400 feet high. From its top may be seen the plains of Waterloo.

Waterloo! what Englishman could visit Brussels and not visit that field on which was gathered up the future destiny of Europe? Yet is Waterloo, *per se*, a sorry field. The chief proofs of the battle are the more than usually fertile crops of corn which grow where its carnage was the thickest:—

"Was it a soothing or a mournful thought,  
Amid this scene of slaughter, as we stood  
Where armies had with recent fury fought,  
To mark how gentle Nature still pursued



Her quiet course, as if she took no care  
For what her noblest work had suffered  
there."

Soon all traces of the hard field of fight will be obliterated; the plough will literally succeed the sword, the mill-wheel the din of battle, and the toils of husbandry the tactics of war. This is as well; war is not a great game nor a glorious one. The sooner the skill of senators and the policy of cabinets, inspired by the spirit of Christianity, take the place of sword, and bayonet, and garments rolled in blood, the better. But while it is unpleasant to behold graves of carnage and the mouldering bones of brave men, it is delightful to reap and enjoy the fruits,—freedom from the yoke of Napoleon, the sovereignty of the seas, the advocacy of the oppressed, a free faith, and an independent fatherland. In all that constitute the real glory and excellence of a country, this island of ours has no rival. No Continental city approaches the vanishing edges of the skirts of its beauty. Every thing moral in Britain is great, even if much that belongs to the region of taste is behind; our sanctuaries, our sabbaths, our schools, are all great. On the Continent, they are either intolerable corruptions or non-existent. The sabbath of the Continent is no day of holy groups, and truthful worshippers, and great solemnities—it is the day of revelry and debauchery. A Hemans on the Continent could not write as she writes of England—

"How many blessed groups this hour  
are bending,  
Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their way  
Toward spire and tower midst shadowy  
elms ascending,  
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim  
the hallowed day.  
The halls, from old heroic ages grey,  
Pour their fair children forth; and  
humlets low,  
With whose thick orchard-blooms the  
soft winds play,  
Send out their inmates in a happy  
flow,  
Like a freed vernal stream. I may  
not tread  
With them those pathways, to the  
feverish bed  
Of sickness bound: yet, O my God,  
I bless  
Thy mercy, that with sabbath-peace  
hath filled

My chastened heart, and all its thril-  
lings stilled  
To one deep calm of lowliest cheer-  
fulness."

The fact is, amid the multiplication of the rites and formulas of Christianity, there is the utter exhaustion of its interest and essential grandeur. At every corner there is a crucifix or a saint, but under each is the special abode of corruption and sin—a striking proof that all efforts to sanctify by other processes than those which are of divine prescription issue in results the reverse of what was meant. The Sunday evening theatres and operas crowded, and the *cafés* overspreading the streets by their assemblages of coffee and *l'es sucré* drinkers; the shops open, and their best displays in their windows; their fairs, Punch and Judy shows, fêtes, and festivals, all indicate a population who consign their everlasting destinies to the priest, and expect heaven by a death-bed devotion to a grasping and money-making hierarchy.

But, probably, the most fearful evidence of the depth and darkness of the Papal superstition is the fearful idolatry of the Virgin Mary, an idolatry on which they seem to be mad. We will present a few specimens from some works not sold in this country, and purchased at Louvain and Tournay. We have no space for large extracts. From one work called "*L'Annuaire de Marie*," published under the highest Papal authorities, bearing date Tournay, 1841; and also having prefixed the brief of the present Pope Gregory XVI., we make one or two extracts amid many:—

"O divine Marie, mon unique souveraine, et, après Dieu, ma véritable consolation en ce monde, vous êtes cette céleste rosée qui seule adoucit mes peines, vous êtes cette lumière qui éclaire les ténèbres dont mon âme est entourée, vous êtes mon guide dans mes voyages, ma force dans mes faiblesses, mon trésor dans ma pauvreté, l'appareil à mes blessures, ma consolation dans mes larmes, mon refuge dans mes misères, et l'espérance de mon salut; ô Marie, eyes pitié de moi, vous, la mère de Dieu, qui avez tant d'amour pour les hommes, accordez-moi tout ce que je vous demande, vous qui êtes notre défense et notre joie, rendez-moi digne de jouir avec vous de cette grande félicité dont vous jouissez dans le ciel. Ainsi soit-il."—P. 54.

In order that this *morceau* of idolatry may go down, it is preceded by the statement that Father Salmiera, the Jesuit, whose devotion to the Virgin was intense, departed this life exclaiming, "To paradise!—to paradise! Blessed be the day I devoted to the service of thee, O Mary; blessed be all my preaching, all my toil, and all I have thought and done for thee, O my Queen!" With these idolatrous writhings, the old Jesuit went to the judgment-seat of God.

"O Marie, vous êtes l'épouse de la Sainte Trinité, et le trésor caché des biens qu'elle dispense; la grâce vous a été donnée sans mesure. C'est par vous qu'Eve a été relevée de sa chute, et qu'Adam a été remis dans le paradis d'où son péché l'avait chassé; c'est par vous, Vierge sainte, et par votre secours, qu'une paix toute céleste a été donnée au monde, que les hommes ont été mis au rang des anges, qu'ils ont été appelés les serviteurs, les amis, et les enfants de Dieu. C'est par vous que la mort a été foulée aux pieds, l'enfer dépouillé, les idoles renversées, que la connaissance du ciel et de votre divin Fils s'est répandue sur la terre. Daignez donc vous intéresser en notre faveur, et nous sommes alors assurés de jouir du bien dont vous possédez la plénitude. Ainsi soit-il."—P. 37.

This piece of Mariolatry, worthy of a place with the former, is preceded also by a pleasant exemplification of intense devotedness to the Virgin on the part of another Jesuit, Father Beauveau, and a prescription sure to have a salutary effect. Parents are enjoined to teach their children, "dans l'âge la plus tendre à louer et à invoquer Marie." We have given two specimens from the commencement of the book, we give one more at the close of the first volume; it is as follows:—

"O ma mère et ma patronne! mes péchés me rendent indigne de m'approcher de vous, et je ne dois attendre de votre part que des châtimens; mais quand vous me rebutez, et quand bien même vous m'ôtiez la vie, je ne douterai jamais que vous vouliez me sauver: je mets en vous toute ma confiance, et pourvu que je sois assez heureux d'implorer toujours votre miséricorde, j'ai la ferme espérance d'aller vous louer dans le ciel, avec cette multitude innombrable de vos serviteurs qui se sont sauvés par votre puissante intercession. Ainsi soit-il."

The whole Romish faith is just the  
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Marian religion. The Apostolic succession of the priesthood is there the apology for sacerdotal crimes of deep dye, and the interposition and adoration of the Virgin are to the laity the never-failing fund of indulgence. Leopold, a Protestant, is king in name, the priests are the real rulers. Christ is the object of worship in name, but the Virgin is as the supreme God. The Bible is recognised in name, but tradition is the rule of faith. A Revolution, with its lightening wing, or a Reformation, with its purifying works, would either be a blessing. We, Britons, cannot be too grateful for our national blessings. May we never learn their preciousness by the sense of their departure, or forget their value by becoming careless of their conservation. While on this subject, we cannot withhold our delight at another successful *exposé* of Popish principles in connexion with Continental Popery recently made at Liverpool, by that able and devoted advocate, Robert M'Ghee. He purchased, at Louvain, a work written by the present Pope, a few years before his elevation, and corrected by his Holiness since his supremacy, in which Gregory XVI., then Maur Capellari, ratifies the worst proscriptions and most sanguinary edicts of the age of Hildebrand. The same able clergyman has also produced extracts from the prelections of the present theological professor at Rome, the friend and companion of Dr. Wiseman, in which the most disgraceful intolerance is inculcated. The Papacy is what it ever was—an incrustation of cruelty and crime. Every approach to its principles must be dreaded; every fresh, free, and faithful exposure of them must be courted. Surely, if the following sentiments are now taught in the English college at Rome by the successor of Wiseman, its present president, Perrone, it can no longer be a question,—Is Popery compatible with free institutions?

"Religious toleration is impious and absurd."

In the original:—

"Tolerantia religiosa est impia et absurda."

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He says here, vol. i. p. 348:—

"We infer, secondly, that toleration can only be defended by those who have neither any religion nor faith—namely, by Atheists, Deists, Protestants, who, when they are always in a state of uncertainty, seek, by this persuasion, a kind of tranquillity and peace of conscience which they cannot otherwise obtain; and truly this toleration has been begun to be especially proclaimed by Protestants since rationalism and new philosophy has prevailed among them, which takes away all religion; hence they have, as it were, entered that society in which they have endeavoured to forge again, so to speak, a reformation of these three principal churches, as formerly amended of Luther, Zuinglius, and Calvin.

"We infer, thirdly, that the peace and tranquillity which indifferentists or tolerants (*indifferentiste seu tolerantes*) follow after is no true peace of mind, but a languor and sleep, scarcely, or not even scarcely, disunited from death itself. Darkness pleases them, or at least death and destruction do not displease them; the tranquillity of death itself and the sepulchre pleases; and here truly this their disease of mind and understanding is the more grievous and incurable, the more it is neglected, unknown, and concealed; for what will you do with a man who refuses to be healed, who denies that he is sick—who on the very brink of death thinks himself safe, and only not immortal? 'His plague is desperate,' to use the words of Micah."

These are the present principles at head-quarters, freshly imported from the centre of unity, and not in any shape tainted by a residence among us, Protestants.

Priestly assumption generates persecution, idolatry, and all those malignant fruits which grow to rank maturity in Papal Europe. We grieve to see Popish mass-houses springing up like mushrooms, and, what is yet more grievous, Protestants contributing to their erection, that is to say, doing their utmost to precipitate the ruin of England, the reign of proscription, the reflux of that dark tide that overflowed all Europe of old, blighting wherever it did not turn to blood.

Another Belgic town of considerable interest, and, in a commercial view, of great importance, is Liege, situated at the junction of the Ourthe

and Meuse. Its inhabitants speak the Walloon, a dialect chiefly French, though mingled with idioms and words from the Flemish, German, and neighbouring languages; foundry and manufactory chimneys, smoke, bustle, and active occupation, give the town a really Birmingham aspect, and renders it a complete contrast to the air of listlessness and vacuity which lies brooding on the crumbling remains of Flemish grandeur in Antwerp, Bruges, and Brussels. Coal of superior quality is found in the vicinity of the town, and the consequence is that, in Liege, a musket nearly equal to ours can be manufactured at one half our price. The railway to Aix-la-Chapelle is not yet finished, and therefore the traveller towards the Rhine enjoys here the olden treat of a five-mile-per-hour diligence, surrounded with beggars, like a lazy horse with flies on a summer day. One of the routes to Aix-la-Chapelle is extremely beautiful—that along the valley of the Vesdre, through which the railroad is being carried. A beautiful clear stream coming into view at every turning, hills covered with vines and verdure to their heights, interlaced and interlacing by turns, peaceful-looking hamlets and church-spires, in hollows and on hill-sides, and these, continued for some twenty miles, make even those returning from the Rhine admire and applaud Spa, as still a favourite watering-place. To the Liegeois, it and Chaud Fontaine constitute the Leamington and Cheltenham. It is embosomed in the Ardennes, amid limestone rocks. On a Sunday, which there is the chief day of dissipation, cars, vans, omnibuses, carts, &c. &c., crowded with the Liegeois, may be seen hurrying homeward towards night; and certainly, whatever be the sins of the Flemish and Walloons—and these we neither deny nor disguise—it is extremely rare to meet with one affected by intoxicating drink. We have scarcely space to refer to Louvain, with its exquisite Hotel de Ville, one of the most complete and beautiful Gothic civic erections in the world; its kirk of St. Peter, with its beautiful and elaborate pulpit, its tower rendered celebrated by being at once the prison and study of Jansen—or to Namur, the Sheffield of Flanders, with its

contiguous intermixture of steam-engines and craggy rocks, its smoking chimneys and its beautiful landscapes. Altogether, there is much that is interesting in Belgium, whether we behold the northern portions, flat and Dutch-like, or the southern, with their mountains, woods, stream, and feudal ruins. The *Braves Belges*, now a bye-word, are, in their taste and temperament, essentially French; in their faith, intensely Popish. They have felt the horrors of war more terribly than any other people in Europe; the surrounding powers invariably converging on Belgium as the natural scene of battle. This fact accounts, perhaps, for their want of courage and genuine patriotism; they are craven and courageless. No country, however, can boast of genius more distinguished in nearly all the departments of the *belles lettres*. In painting, the names of Van Eyck, Rubens, and Vandyk, are immortal; and one can scarcely enter a Flemish church without finding the productions of these illustrious masters, or paintings by some of their pupils, inferior to their masters' only. Of architecture, and of Flemish architectural genius, what country in the world can present so many exquisite specimens? Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp, Louvain, and Namur, form a brilliant constellation, uneclipsed by any other combination in Europe. Sir Walter Scott says:—"In the streets of Antwerp and Brussels, the eye still rests upon the forms of architecture which appear in the pictures of the Flemish school; those frames richly decorated with various ornaments, and terminating in roofs, the shape of which is concealed from the eye by windows and gables still more highly ornamented, the whole comprising a general effect which, from its grandeur and intricacy, amuses and delights the spectator. In fact, this real intermixture of towers, and battlements, and projecting windows, light sculptured, joined to the height of the houses, and the variety of ornaments upon their fronts, produces an effect as superior to that of the tame uniformity of a modern street as the casque of the warrior exhibits over the slouched broad-brimmed beaver of a Quaker."

We commend to our readers a right good guide through Belgium, right in many things, wrong in few—and these few invariably the excellence of the inns. All those inns which Murray's hand-books panegyrisse, are *therefore*, very expensive to Englishmen; and some of them are, in addition to this, very dirty and very bad. We stop our pen at our exit from Liege, intending to add, by and bye, a sketch of Aix-la-Chapelle, and Cologne, during the visit of the King of Prussia:—

"Yet, notwithstanding all this, and a pistol tinder-box, which was, moreover, filched from me at Sienna, and twice that I paid five pauls for two hard eggs, once at Radicofani, and a second time at Capua, I do not think a journey through France, or Italy, or Belgium, provided a man keep his temper all the way, so bad a thing as some people would make you believe. There must be *ups* and *downs*, or how the deuce should we get into valleys, where nature spreads so many tables of entertainment? It is nonsense to suppose they will lend you their *voitures* to be shaken to pieces for nothing; and unless you pay twelve sous for greasing your wheels, how should the poor peasant get butter for his bread? We really expect too much; and for the *livre* or two above par for your supper and bed, at the most they are but one shilling and ninepence halfpenny! Who would embroil their philosophy for it! For Heaven's sake and your own, pay it—pay it with both hands open!"

So says Tristram Shandy; and he says well. To expect that we shall find all as smooth and pleasant as our own fire-side accompaniments, in passing through the homes, streets, thoroughfares, shops, of a people of different and even opposing habits, is most unreasonable. It is the collision that does us good. If we are cheated by a couple of francs per day, we are not surely so silly as to "embroil our philosophy for one shilling and ninepence halfpenny." We ought to take into our reckoning not merely losses, but impositions, just as merchants do bad debts; and by so doing we shall not only square our accounts more exactly, but also preserve our tempers more pleasant.

WAN TANG JIN WUH.

BY A BARBARIAN EYE.

IN 1835 there was a great outpouring of nationalities and shying of tea-pots among the Chinese, and the Speech of Loo, governor of Canton, in a private audience with Lord Napier, was duly translated and placed among the state papers of Great Britain, after going the round of our delighted newspapers. Any foreign personage officially deputed to investigate and inquire into Chinese affairs, being designated by them as a "Barbarian Eye," by this title was Lord Napier addressed to the following effect:—

"After so many reasonable advices and mandates which have been communicated by and from the proper authorities of the Celestial Empire, it is marvellous that you, Barbarian Eye, should still root yourself in devilish perversity, turning aside the ears of your Eye's mind. What official instructions you may have received from the person called your King are not known to us; neither is it of the slightest importance that we should know. Our laws, brilliant as the imperial radiations from the august brother of the Sun and Moon can make them, and terrible to the inmost souls of ten thousand kingdoms, cannot be expected by any equal-ordered (*i. e.* not insane) mind, to suffer the slightest breath of influence from the incomprehensible desires and small trading speculations of a barbarian people, dwelling upon a cold, hungry island of wild ducks and fishermen, at a distance of many billions of miles."

Truly our "persuasive powers" appear to have been estimated at a very low rate a few years ago by our official friends the mandarins. But not only did they regard our influence in matters of war as of no sort of account, they had just the same supercilious sublimity of contempt for our commerce, our laws, and the national understanding. In testimony whereof we quote the following extracts from the speech of Loo, as it appeared, by careful translation, in our newspapers of the date of Feb. 14th, 1835:—

"I shall now speak to you, Barbarian Eye, as though you were an equally reasonable man with myself. I, the Governor, have pity for all outside barba-

rians, and wish not their ruin and destruction, so long as they behave themselves properly, or can be brought to do so by reason. The linguists, translators, and interpreters, shall not deceive us into a greater or less degree of pity than is just; neither shall their false counsels cause you, and *all your nation, to be driven to the last stage of poverty and despair.*"

Aha! there has been some foul play, then, among these interpreters? We had never thought of that! But mark the cool and deliberate consequences:—

"With regard to *about* eighteen of the said linguists, the laws have already been put in force; whereby their heads are now in *full bloom* upon the points of tall spears, and they will deceive no more. Forty-seven have, at the same time, been instructively visited (*ho chaou*, literally 'benignly illuminated') by a three-inch bamboo upon the soles of their feet during a few hours at a time, and it is thought they will remember their instructions. *You also* must strictly attend to our chops and edicts, whereas all nations tremble excessively."

That it was anticipated by Loo, and all the other mandarins, that Lord Napier, and every British sailor and marine, would tremble excessively at this dreadful broad hint, we cannot but feel convinced. Indeed, we think this self-satisfied impression on the part of the Chinese is evident from the sarcastic tone in which the Governor of Canton, wishing to debar the barbarians from "the luxuries of the table," immediately adds the following:—

"No doubt your Barbarian Eyeship finds yourself very comfortable here in Canton! You take your fill at a cheap rate of our finest tea, and *feast luxuriously every day upon our curried mice, conserve of locusts, and stewed moles with worm sauce*; preserving an excellent state of health throughout by frequent potations of our incomparable rhubarb. But you must go. It may be a sad thing for you, but I say again there are no longer any lanterns for you here, dark as you may find yourself. Macao is your fate. Here you must eat, and drink, and *paleoquine* about no more!"

What a change in the state of affairs is presented by the recent accounts! What a fall of blue buttons and peacocks' feathers has taken place! It may be spoken of lightly, but the "horrors of war" are to be seen amidst all the folly of the poor Celestials. If, however, any thing can possibly tend to rationalise the most outrageous self-conceits and vain fancies, surely the "reasoning" of British bayonets and bomb-shells must have done much to bring it about. But if it were a sadly easy matter to kill two or three hundred Chinese for every scratch received by an Englishman (for that seems to be about the proportion, and which, indeed, the Chinese say they can well afford, as their standing army alone amounts to 700,000 men), still the task of overawing the national vanities has been prodigious—if, indeed, it be accomplished, which we rather doubt. Even on the arrival of our fleet, and with the guns of line-of-battle-ships, and frigates, and brigs, and steamers staring them in the face, the Chinese local authorities, nevertheless, sent an officer of low rank in a little boat to meet them with this message:—"What do you want? The mandarins require you to reply. What do you come here for with this large force, if not for trade? If for trade, keep in the outer waters till regularly admitted. If not for trade, *loose your sails immediately, rebellious barbarians, and retire!* Retire before the Celestial wrath be kindled against you!" This from a little brown thing in a bamboo boat to a hostile English fleet! It is, moreover, declared that "the terror-spreading general," in his despatches, assured the Celestial Emperor that he would "catch all the barbarians in a net, give their flesh to the wild beasts, and prepare their skins for the royal family to sit upon!" Saying which, the general took the field, his army was cock-shyed in a trice, and, as he could not fly us, he cut his own throat.

We think that something of their ridiculous conceit and outrageous notions of their own importance, and particularly in the power of inspiring terror, is traceable in the grotesque monsters they are so fond of representing. And this reminds us of the "Chinese Collection" now exhibiting,

where many of these, and countless other curiosities are to be seen, about which we may as well proceed to offer a few remarks.

The first objects that definitely attract the eye on entering the saloon of the vermilion pagoda are the colossal idols, about which we cannot afford sufficient space to speak, considering them as very extraordinary and suggestive "arrivals;" but in front of these, by way of body-guard, are two small effigies of the Chinese idea of a lion! Nothing was ever more ludicrously grotesque than the outrageous efforts to look ferocious and terrible, displayed by these creatures. They are like gingerbread poodle-dogs in the highest state of hydrophobious fury, with tails perfectly quiescent and of the form of richly crusted oyster-shells inverted, but with golden eye-balls that one cannot so properly describe as "starting out of the head," as that they really *have* started out, being attached to the socket only by the stretching of the last nerve. But preposterous as these are, they are exceeded by those "at the china-shop over the way;" for these latter, besides being more monstrously absurd, are displayed in colours, so that the huge dark eye-balls which have started out and appear as if falling, display a horrid raw-pink flesh at the back of the said eye-balls, which, when combined with "the drawing" of the mouth, excites emotions so strange and opposite, that one scarcely knows which predominates, the sense of the hideous being perfectly balanced and neutralised by the sense of the absurd.

Down the sides of the saloon at certain intervals are large glass cases containing figures the size of life, painted and attired in their several habiliments and pursuing their various amusements and occupations. The figures, as an intelligent friend observed, are made of the same material as ourselves—viz. of clay. They have, however, undergone a different process, having been baked. We should hence take it for granted that all these life-sized Chinese men and women are literally made of porcelain; and when we consider the "packing up" of all these brittle human beings, and their long voyages by sea and journeys by land from

Canton to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to Hyde Park Corner, the varieties of possible accidents and broken limbs which crowd upon the imagination are frightful to contemplate.

In one of the cases we found a mandarin of the first class seated, a mandarin of the second class, and another of the sixth class standing. The mandarin of the first class has his head uncovered, so that being bald, he presents a fair mark all over to the physiognomist and phrenologist. The latter student will be struck by the smallness and meagreness of the cranium, the former by a look and general expression like that of a rapacious bird whose food has done him no good. The man seems to want nutriment. He has fed too much of late upon worms, and grubs, and sharks' fins, and soy-soup, and boiled leather, and birds'-nests,—all accounted as delicacies which no gentleman's table should be without. The other mandarins stand with their heads covered, which is a mark of respect to a superior. The custom being directly the reverse of ours, is probably attributable to the difference of climate: with us, respect is shewn by risking at times a bad cold in the head; with the Chinese, respect is shewn by remaining uncomfortably hot while the respected individual airs his pate. One proof of the genuine character of this unique exhibition is the fact that many of the most splendid portions of the costumes are wholly, or in a great measure, concealed by loose outward garments, "to divest the figures of which would give the visitor an incorrect representation of these personages as they invariably appear upon state occasions." We need not remark how very unusual is such a forbearance.

A second case contains a priest of Buddha in full canonicals, and a priest of the Taou sect. The one on the right has a fat easy look; but the one on the left is heavy, dog-like, and sinister. Just in the rear of them, and towards the centre of the case, stands a Chinese gentleman in a complete suit of mourning, with his servant behind him in mourning also. The gentleman's dress is a long sack-shaped coat, like a dressing-gown, made of a curious kind of thin sack-cloth and fastened with ivory pins.

It is of the colour of a new deal-table. His shoes are white, and he wears a round cap, from the rim of which dangles a white powder-puff at the end of a string. It also appears that he wears a little black wig, as a sort of mortification in the idea of the hair when every body else is bald. He has a most shrivelled, wasted look, as of long fasting and deep heart-rooted grief. There is no formality of mourning in him; nothing of the picturesque and sentimental. The figure is altogether affecting, even to painfulness. His servant has a similar dress, except the cap, and carries a mourning lantern. This case also contains a soldier of the "*Army of Heaven*," as the imperial army is called, who carries a match-lock; and on the other side there stands a Tartar archer, of the same divine host, who is in the act of discharging an arrow. The arrow is very long, and apparently very heavy, the shaft being of a coarse wood, and the pile, or rather iron blade, being large, causes great doubts in the toxophilite mind of its merits with regard to distance, velocity, and precision. But these things appear to be quite secondary considerations with the Chinese.

In another case we discover three Chinese literary gentlemen in summer costume, with their servants, pipes, snuff-bottles, and book-cases. One of them is reading aloud a translation of *Æsop's Fables*, to which the rest are listening with perhaps more gravity than intelligence. Their expressions are mild, passive, and characteristic of good sense and refinement. But there is no hard work in their faces. They have neither been troubled with the cares of the world nor with many thoughts. Their thoughts, like their knowledge, seem to be hereditary. Psychological science is not at all cultivated in China, and very little of the physical sciences. Nothing is taught but politics and morals, and these are chiefly axiomatic; and the most favourite and comprehensive maxims are stuck upon the walls of the apartments in every well-regulated house. Hence a man only learns what his great-grandfather knew, who learned every thing from his ancestors, and no more. More than this would be regarded as eccentric and presumptuous.

tuous. The state would regard him as a dangerous character, and the mandarins would keep an eye upon him. To a certain extent, however, all classes are obliged to be educated; and we must honestly confess that the Chinese possess what we do not, viz. a regular system of national education. All the people are taught a certain number of moral and political maxims from their childhood upwards, and this circumstance, which includes the strongest inculcation of filial duties—every superior being regarded in the light of a father, up to the emperor—is the chief cause of the political placidity which continues unbroken from century to century. Next to this cause is to be placed that of the regular outlet which is provided for individual ambition, when accompanied by superior talents. Such persons are almost certain of employment in the state. But above all others, literary men of superior attainments are encouraged and advanced:—

“They are feasted at the expense of the nation; their names and victories are published throughout the empire; they are courted and caressed; and they become, *ipso facto*, eligible to all the offices within the gift of the sovereign. The most learned are appointed to the highest degree of literary rank, the *Han-lin*, or membership of the National College. All this is done in order that the emperor may ‘pluck out the true talent’ of the land, and employ it in the administration of his government. The fourteen thousand civil mandarins are, almost without exception, the *beaux esprits*, the best scholars of the realm.”

Surely this state of things is enough to cause many a disappointed and erudite European author to prick up his ears. What a pity China is so far off, and the language so difficult!—to colour the flesh, flatten the nose, and become a mandarin of the first class, would not else appear a very arduous undertaking.

We are also favoured with the sight of three Chinese ladies of rank, one with a fan, one preparing to smoke, and the other playing a sort of guitar. They are considered beauties, but it could only be in China. One of them has “a something” suggestive of prettiness, but it is truly a *je ne sais quoi*. To

our thinking the little club feet, pinched up in those diminutive boxes of shoes, are far more like goat-hoofs than any thing human. The Chinese call these little deformed feet “the golden water-lilies.” The “Ten Thousand Things relating to China,” by W. B. Langdon, indirectly defends the practice of pinching the feet in China, by retorting upon the manner in which the European ladies pinch their waists into hour-glasses by tight lacing, whereby vital organs are continually injured, which is not the case in the hoof-transformation. To this we can, of course, offer no reply. It is too true. The lady’s guitar is also of an equally strange shape. The face of it resembles a wooden frying-pan, and, judging moreover from the weak, thin sort of strings, would produce a poor quailing tone like that of a wounded gnat in a window. There are other figures, and various articles in this case, and those previously mentioned. We only speak of the principal objects.

Case V. contains a tragedian declaiming in the splendid historical tragedy of *Tsëang-Kuen*, “from the text of Shakspeare.” With him, and engaged in the scene, are two boys, personating female characters, in richly-embroidered dresses of ridiculous shape, like short heralds’ coats, stiff with embroidery. Looked at from behind they are exactly like most gorgeous damask moths, with white downy legs. The tragedian’s attitude and expression of face seem to say, “Behold this most beautiful and expensive dress!—such is human life!” We do not very clearly see the connexion of the moral deduced, and can only consider it as a variation of the text of the Chinese Shakspeare made by the actors as an excuse for smothering the poetry in “appropriate illustration.” These dresses are no poetical illusion, but the real expensive material, originating in that love of minute literal effects and individual realities to which our own stage has long been tending, and which appear likely to reach their height in our own time, if not their “decline and fall.”

The same case contains a juggler who is on one knee, with a porcelain vase on his head. Most of the figures in this collection are portraits model-



led from "well-known individuals, many of whom are still living." We can well believe this from the marked look of individual character in many of them, but chiefly among those of the humbler classes. This juggler is admirably characteristic, and must undoubtedly be a striking likeness of the man. What a practised eye he has! It is full of bright, steady, watchful light, betokening skill and mastery. The Catalogue informs us that he "ranks high in his profession." The Chinese are well known as famous jugglers, and to excel all other nations in the wonderful skill and temerity of their feats. Some of these performances, of which Mr. Langdon speaks in his work, will be new to the great majority of our readers:—

"The following scene occurred in the drawing-room of a foreign resident in Canton. Two jugglers were introduced before the company assembled. After going through a number of surprising feats of skill and agility, one of these men handed to the other a large china basin. This basin, after a few flourishes above his head, and being turned upside down to convince the spectators that it was empty, the exhibitor suddenly allowed to fall, but caught it before it reached the floor. This movement brought him into a position resting upon his heels, the basin being now hidden from view by the folds of his garments. In that attitude he remained for a few seconds, with hands extended, but in no way touching the basin. With a sudden spring he stood upright, and displayed to the astonished spectators the basin filled to the brim with pure clear water, and two gold fishes swimming in their native element.

"Another feat worthy of record is one of a more exciting and thrilling nature. To be impressed on the mind with full effect, it should be seen under circumstances similar to those which attended the exhibition of it to the relater. Passing a motley crowd of persons in a public square near the foreign factories, the writer had his attention directed to a man apparently haranguing the bystanders. Prompted by curiosity, he soon found the performer to be a mean-looking person, who divested himself of his outer clothing as far as the waist. He spread a small mat upon the pavement, and taking a boy from the crowd, who was afterwards discovered to be his confederate, he placed him in the centre of the rush mat. He then took from his basket a large bottle, a knife which

he flourished over the head of the frightened boy, and with dreadful threats sprang upon his victim. The boy was thrown down, and the man knelt on him in such a manner as to secure his hands. While in this position, he forced back the head of the poor child, and with the knife inflicted a severe gash upon his throat, from which the blood instantly gushed in a torrent, flowing down the breast of the murderer, and sprinkling the nearest spectators. The death-throes of the poor sufferer were painful to behold; frightful and convulsive in their commencement, but diminishing with the loss of blood. The eye-balls start—the muscles are seen to work—there are twitches of the fingers—desperate efforts to free the confined arms—a change of colour in the face to an ashy paleness—a fixed and glassy stare of the eyes—then, a long, last spasmodic heaving and contortion, and all is over—the body falls a corpse!

"On witnessing such a strange and revolting scene, the first impulse of the stranger, despite the surrounding crowd, was to seize the murderous culprit; but from this he was prevented by the deafening shouts of the applauding multitude, testifying their approbation of the dexterity of the performer, by a shower of 'cash.' It is almost superfluous to add, that the deception consisted in the construction of the blade and handle of the knife; so contrived, that by making a sawing motion on the throat of the boy, it produced a stream of coloured liquid resembling blood, pumped out of the knife and handle. These, and many other rare sights of the kind, are daily practised for the amusement of the idle crowd in the streets of Canton."

To say that the deception merely consisted in the construction of the knife, is surely a surprising oversight of the narrator. To our thinking, the main point of this frightful deception was in the *wonderful acting of the boy*. But among all the numerous classes of Chinese jugglers, it appears that the jugglers from Nankin hold the highest reputation among their countrymen:—

"Several of their feats of skill and daring are, to the uninitiated, truly astonishing; for instance:—Two men from Nankin appear in the streets of Canton, the one places his back against a stone wall, or wooden fence; the upper part of his person is divested of clothing. His associate, armed with a large knife, retires to a distance, say from 100 to 200 feet. At a given signal, the knife is thrown with an unerring aim in the direction of the person exposed, to within

a hair's breadth of his neck, immediately below his ear. With such certainty of success is the blow aimed, and so great is the confidence reposed by the one in the skill of the other, that not the slightest uneasiness is discernible in the features of him whose life is a forfeit to the least deviation on the part of the practitioner. This feat is again and again performed, and with similar success, only varying the direction of the knife to the opposite side of the neck of the exposed person, or to any other point of proximity to the living target, as the spectators may desire.

"Another, and the last feat to be mentioned, is equally exciting. A man is armed with an instrument, resembling a trident, or what is termed by sailors, '*grains*;' to which formidable weapon is attached a long handle of hard wood. The juggler, with surprising strength of arm, throws this weapon perpendicularly into the air to a great height; as it gains the greatest elevation, he measures with a practised eye and wonderful precision the exact spot on which it will fall. To this point he advances step by step; in an instant the weapon descends with fearful velocity, scraping the edges of some protruding part of his person; thus giving proof of a singular daring and successful effort, which surpasses in skill even the most celebrated rifle-shots of the hunters of Kentucky."

The amusements of the Chinese are by no means confined to the feats of their jugglers. There are some games and festivities in which, occasionally, the whole nation indulge, and at the same time. At the Feast of Lanterns, "it is computed that *two hundred millions of lanterns* are all blazing at the same time in different parts of the empire." The people are also addicted to gaming, though it is forbidden by the laws. They therefore play for cakes, but the cakes are privately understood to mean money. They are very fond of cricket-fights, and a number of these insects are actually trained for a prize-fight, which takes place in a large China basin, or bowl, round which the excited betters stand, or rather dance. The creatures are "set on" by being exasperated by a straw which is poked at them. But the favourite out-door amusement seems to be kite-flying; and on the ninth day of the ninth moon the inhabitants and the whole "army of heaven" repair to the hills with their kites, which they cause to mount to a great

height—the strange, staring, flat, fishy things, uttering all the while a humming noise, like a top, in consequence of catgut being extended across the round holes of the eyes. When the millions have sufficiently enjoyed the sport they cut the strings, and away go the kites all over the air.

One of the cases, among other figures, contains those of a cobbler, a barber, and a blacksmith, all of them itinerant, and with their several tools and implements, in actual work. We have heard it said that the race of cobblers is the same all over the world, and they all have the same look. We have ourselves observed this in various countries, and that they are for the most part bald-headed. In the present instance it will be said that the bald head is a national custom, but certainly the shape of this cobbler's cranium is not national. It is of the shape that almost invariably becomes bald at the age of thirty or forty. It is undoubtedly the head of a thinking man, and when compared with the crania of the literary gentlemen in Case III., shews the difference of development and expression which results from spontaneous efforts of the mind, and the placid review of hereditary opinions. The blacksmith has also a very good head, though not so large as that of the cobbler. With his simple apparatus he is able to mend cracks in *cast-iron* utensils, an art which it seems no other nation possesses. These two last-mentioned individuals have the most intellectual heads and faces of any Chinese in the room, with the very striking exception of the portraits of two of the Hong merchants. The barbers in China are prodigiously numerous. In Canton alone there were, in 1834, no less than 7300 barbers! They are all ambulatory, and are obliged to have a regular diploma that the public may be sure of their skill. The barber's razor in the model before us resembles an old chisel broken off within two inches of the handle. They shave without soap. The barber has the usual self-complacent air of refined ease which characterise the class in all countries. He is decidedly the handsomest man in the Collection.

The last case, the contents of which we can find space to particularise, is

the one called The Pavilion. It extends along nearly the whole width of the Saloon at the farthest end. It displays the interior of a large apartment in the summer residence of a wealthy Chinese, in which various figures are standing or sitting, the scene being a *fac-simile* of the domesticities and courtesies of the higher classes, as illustrated in the mode of paying and receiving visits. All that we can spare time to remark on the furniture and building arrangements of the room, must be confined to the embroidered silk lanterns, the enormous vases, and more especially to the construction of the entrance-door, which we mistook for a window. It is of an oval form, of carved and gilt fret-work, and looks out upon a most lovely, fairy landscape of Chinese scenery in the soft ethereal distance. That part of the ceremony of paying and receiving visits which most amuses us, takes place on the first entrance of the visitor. There are two square wooden frames, of four or five inches high, placed upon the floor towards the middle of the room, and about a yard apart. On the entrance of the visitor he advances towards one of these wooden frames, and the host to the other. They stand upon them opposite to each other, and a dialogue like the following ensues:—

"Ting. (*Haou — tsing, tsing?*) 'Are you well?—hail, hail!'

"Piqua. (*Soo yang fang ming.*) 'I have heretofore thought with veneration of your fragrant name.'

"Ting. 'I also of yours; and now I bask in the illumination of your presence.'

"Piqua. 'You suffuse my heart with the odour of flowers.'

"Ting. The birds of most delicious voice would stop to hear you speak.'

"Piqua. 'And those of most delicate plumage would select your trees for their soft repose.'

"Ting. 'I have prepared pure tea, and wait for your company to converse.'

"Piqua. 'Have you seen *Fraser's Magazine* for the last month?'

"Ting. 'No, we have not.'

"Piqua. 'Oh, Buddha! you should!'

Among the various cases containing articles of curiosity or *vertù* which line the walls on the left-hand side of the Saloon, we observed a rough, brown, scraggy branch of tree (Case XI. No. 146), on the largest stump of which was a head bearing a close

resemblance to some of the Greek wood-gods. We were not a little startled at this, surrounded as it is on all sides with the usual smooth, pulpy, little simpering idols of the country, and began to account for the anomaly by supposing that the same natural causes in the freaks of the boughs which had originated the one class of wood-deities had operated in the present instance, and been suffered to remain as it was "bred" in the woods; but on arriving at the shop of porcelain ware ("china-shop," as we should call it in England), we observed a little golden god seated in a square hole at the bottom of the shop, which we were informed by the Catalogue was no less a personage than a miniature Plutus, whom the master of the shop had placed there that he might frequently give it a broad hint to be propitious to his dealings. What could make Plutus take it into his head to go to China?

We were quite unprepared for the excellence of some of the paintings. Minutely and exquisitely finished figures, flowers, and butterflies, on rice paper, we have all seen before; but there are two or three landscapes of great merit, and several portraits worthy of very high praise as works of art and sea-pieces. These, together with the colossal idols, are almost the only really poetical or beautiful things out of the whole "ten thousand." What with their peacocks' feathers, and lanterns, and buttons, and passion for little pinched feet, and locust fries and puppy-dog puddings, the Chinese character displays very prominent features of littleness of mind and vain-glorious absurdity. We will conclude by presenting our readers with an extract from a private letter from Canton, containing an account given by an eye-witness of—

#### A CHINESE CRICKET-MATCH.

"We accompanied our friend Quang through several very narrow streets, so very narrow, indeed, that, happening to meet a mandarin in his *keu*, or sedan, we were obliged to stand close up with our backs to the houses at each side; and as he passed we could each have taken a small pull at his yellow nose. The streets in Canton are all very narrow. As it got dark, Quang led the way; his

long black tail and dark dress giving him the appearance of a large tadpole. He went sideling on in front of us. We arrived at a low, narrow door, into which we stooped and squeezed ourselves, and, keeping close to his 'tail,' we soon found ourselves in a small room lit by three lanterns as large as regimental double-drums, and of the same shape, and seven or eight oblate spheroids, which were dangled about in the hands of the gamblers' attendants, and by some of the 'sporting gentlemen' themselves, so anxious were they about the game. '*Tseng tou ke*' cried our conductor, which means, 'Clear the way!' But we checked his rudeness, and declared we only came as visitors, and did not intend to bet.

"In the centre of the room was a round table ornamented at the edges with a richly carved ivory rim. In the centre of this table was a large porcelain bowl of a delicate white colour, veined and clouded with very pale tints of purple. Round this bowl were assembled some fifteen or twenty Chinese gentlemen, evidently in a state of anxious expectation and impatience. At opposite sides of the bowl stood two Chinese attendants, who acted as *backers* of the respective combatants, each being armed with a straw. The match was now ordered to begin.

"Two other attendants immediately made their way through the crowd, each with a little carved ivory case, having a gold top of open work like an aromatic scent-box. Out of the cases were produced two large crickets! These fighting insects are regularly trained for the contest by a variety of curious processes. They are of a dusky colour, with strong legs and thighs, thick bodies, and broad bull-head, and have mouths that bite like the front claw of a little crab. The combatants were placed at the same time on the inside surface of the bowl, and sliding down quickly, came against each other headforemost, with a dry, crisp, cracking sound. But they immediately drew back, and began to manoeuvre in the air with their front legs. At sight of this, great applause was bestowed by the company.

"The gamblers, however, soon became too impatient to bear with

this display of 'science,' and the backers were ordered to make them 'go to work.' Accordingly the backers advanced their straws, and stirred, and turned, and poked the crickets, till the creatures became so exasperated at what they evidently thought to be the strong provocation given by each other, that they reared themselves on their hindmost legs, and danced and bit, and wrestled with their front legs, and pulled, and scratched, and tore, and rolled over and over, and jumped up and down, and slid about, and bled and foamed at the mouth, and pieces of skin and joints of legs were strewn quivering over the bottom of the bowl.

"The Chinese gentlemen were all excited to the highest degree. They also capered, and slid, and jumped up and down, and pulled and scratched, and squeaked and screamed, and frothed at the mouth, while their eyes were all like glittering beads. They betted for *fly-cakes* (small black flies being baked in these cakes by way of currants); but the thing hazarded is only nominal, because gambling for money is contrary to the laws. These nice cakes, therefore, are understood privately to mean money.

"I confess that I was at last so absurd as to become excited myself as the fight went on, and made several bets of ten cakes, with the understanding that my cakes meant dollars. My friend, Capt. H., in order to prevent me from being 'done,' hedged all my bets. I felt certain as to which of the crickets would win; for one of them had by this time no atom of wing left, and scarcely half a leg to stand upon, while the other had one ragged wing quite entire at the shoulder, and three good stumps of thighs.

"My bets had by this time amounted to one hundred dollars, Capt. H. having carefully hedged to the same amount with different sporting gentlemen in the room. No sooner, however, had I made my bet of the last ten cakes, than the cricket which was reduced to a mere body, and which, of course, I had betted against, bit the head of his adversary completely off. There lay the vanquished cricket, and there lay its head, with the mouth opening and

shutting. I have not the slightest idea how it was done. It all seemed fair enough; and, I may add, with shame in my participation, barbarous enough,—as bad as our cock-fighting. But *how* did it happen that my cricket lost? Surely some blackleg long-tail must have done the deed with an invisible pair of nippers.

"Howbeit, I paid the hundred dollars. Capt. H. then went round the room laughing, to collect his bets, which would just have got the money back again; when suddenly a servant rushed in as pale as ashes, and cried out that three mandarins and a troop of soldiers were about to

surround the house. Down came the large lanterns from the ceiling,—out went those in the hand,—smash went the porcelain basin,—and amidst the scrambling rush of the crowd, and the crashing sound of china under foot, I was routed about in the dark, first one way, then the other, till eventually I fought my way out in the street by some other door than the one at which I had entered, and fell over the prostrate body of Capt. H., who was lying with his head in a broken lantern, but not hurt, with the exception of a few severe bruises."

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#### FRENCH ROMANCES.

A NEW school, if it may be so called, of novel-writing has lately sprung up in France, of which little notice has been taken by the English press. This neglect has, no doubt, chiefly arisen from the revolting character of modern French novels. And we should deem this reason for silence about them perfectly valid if they did not form so large and important a part of the literature of a whole nation, and that nation the one the most influential on the continent of Europe. A few volumes of a vicious style and stamp, though they might display considerable talent, might, and perhaps *ought* to, be passed over unnoticed. But the case is very different when there are large libraries of this description of work in popular circulation. We insist, too, that the very moderate claims of these writings to regard, in other respects, only make the duty of commenting on them the more imperative. For the most unexceptionable examples of national feeling in literature are not to be found in authors and books of great celebrity and merit, but rather in the common productions of a popular mediocrity. Inferior works at least can alone shew the *extent* to which any depravity of intellect among a people is carried. Works of genius may be often regarded as deviations from the prevailing taste. But novels, romances, tales, and light fictions, form a criterion to

judge by in this matter which can lead to no mistake. We intend, then, to devote a brief space to a cursory glance over one or two of the most remarkable of the present novelists of France; but we must beg leave previously to offer an introductory remark or two.

The best way to shew the distinctive traits of French novels with conciseness, as we cannot dilate upon the subject, will be perhaps to compare them with English works of the same description, at least as far as a few hints will go.

With us, then, it is certain that the lightest novel that ever finds a publisher or circulation must give evidence of some power of reflection on real life; its character and its plot must be in keeping with probability; and the ingenuity and fancy of the author must be shewn, not in imagining extravagances and impossibilities, but in building up his fiction out of the incidents and situations that frequent experience supplies. Or if this rule has its exceptions, they are at least recent and rare. Even works that have no higher apparent aim than to raise a laugh are, in this country, the fruit of diligent gleanings of observations. Such productions are, therefore, truly *studies* of human nature. But in France the observant spirit which we deem so essential to successful authorship is not valued. Englishmen, if we

may be permitted so to express ourselves, derive even the imaginative character of their mind from the Baconian principle of induction, whilst Frenchmen draw theirs from the Cartesian propensity to spin fancies and theories in empty space. Our strong bias is to observe, to scrutinise, to analyse, men and things as they appear and are in this every-day world of ours; all our emotions are from our mother earth; or, if we now and then shape a monster—a Caliban, or a delicate spirit of the air, an Ariel—even these have so much of common human unexaggerated passion and feeling in them, that they are really much less strange, and much more natural, than the beings which are presented to us by French poets and romancers for men and women.

And why is this? Simply because men of letters in France have ever overlooked, as beneath their attentive regard, the real picture of life spread before them by society,\* and have disdained, as authors, to be moved by the sympathies and influences which affect the multitude. They have always sought their inspiration from foreign sources; it has never been native and spontaneous. First, they were formed by an academy and classic models, under which their literature reached its maturity of stunted excellence; and from the artificial taste thus produced they have lately been hurried, by the law of reaction, into the opposite extreme—into all the insanities of German mysticism. Actually the Hugos, the De Balzacs, the Dudevants—the most remarkable of the new growth of French literati—seem to think that genius consists in a wild and unearthly embroilment of sentiments and fantasies, which not only overtop, but abjure the modesty of Nature. From the moment Frenchmen become candidates for literary popu-

larity, they abandon themselves to visions and ecstasies, and renounce realities. It is true, nevertheless, that the saner gentlemen of the French press raise a loud outcry against the modern school of poetry and romance; yet the very exaggeration which they blame they emulate, for what else can they do? To revive the old classical style so as to gain to themselves admiration and celebrity, they must surpass their predecessors of the last century, which is not within their competence, and originality in that track is totally out of the question. They must, therefore (the perennials of a genuine love and study of nature and of humanity never having been opened to them), be resigned either to shine palely, and with ever increasing paleness, under the reflex borrowed lights of imitation, or seek in the marvellous—which is only at present to be found in a fantastic metaphysics, in analysing the commonest characters, events, and truths, into mysteries—an escape from insipidity. They have chosen, of course, the latter, if choice there can be said to be under such circumstances; and hence there spring up every season in Paris multitudes of popular works which seem to vie with each other in monstrous invention, and which, therefore, though they frequently abound with indications of considerable talent and eloquence, every sound judgment and healthy heart must pronounce to be as hollow of all true beauty and merit as they are glaring in false pretensions to an eccentric originality.

These brief remarks may be applied generally to the *belles lettres* of France and of England, which include the light literature of the two countries, and will be found to have a special reference to the works before us, to which we now turn.

Madame Dudevant, better known by her assumed name of Geo. Sand,

\* We do not mean, of course, to deny that French authors, from De la Bruyère and Molière down to Paul de Koch, have been eminently successful in describing manners. But they have never gone deeper. They have never opened any of those secret springs of character which take their rise in the inward closeted movements of the heart. Hence there has resulted a real superficiality in the affections of Frenchmen. Their character and their hearts are now truly and fully expressed in light sketches and comic scenes of manners. They appear to have no inner man, but to exist altogether externally, socially, and artificially; so much so, that some one has no less acutely than wittily observed, that French nature and human nature are very different things.

is the writer who will first engage our attention. This lady is certainly the most remarkable of modern French writers. She is the very priestess of the school to which she belongs, and is regarded also by her admirers something in the light of a prophetess announcing the introduction of a new moral era. She performs her mission by reducing, after a rhapsodical fashion, all the distinctions of right and wrong, of vice and virtue, to what may be called their *neutral* elements. With her there is no right or wrong distinctly existent; but, mixed elementally in her works as in her mind, their real contrariety makes them effervesce, and foam, and sparkle into the most brilliant shows of morbid sentiment. We cannot, however, deny that she possesses considerable talent; many would say, genius. She has a wonderful facility of pouring out an abundance of beautifully turned sentences; and when she has a simple subject—a mere tale to tell, or a home scene to paint, she often accomplishes her purpose with inimitable taste and gracefulness. But, as she deems philosophy her *forte*, the greater part of her writings are but long tirades on metaphysical views, which glimmer in dim confusion before her; and then there is usually a glare of colouring in her style that is extremely painful. In many respects she resembles our poet Shelley. These two writers indeed seem to us to be so alike as to be almost twin minds. Yet there are some distinctions to be made in favour of Shelley. His fancy was pure, whilst Madame Dudevant's is shockingly polluted. He hated Christianity openly and bitterly; whilst the French authoress, in hating, half adopts it (and this is the very *ne plus ultra* of depravity), to associate its purity with unspeakable abominations. In their philosophy however, of Love, as they call it, and in their *Idealism*, they are identic; and the imaginations of both revel in shadowy abstractions, the most oppressively obscure and over-coloured, while, in their minor efforts, their real powers are best displayed.

The work of Madame Dudevant which we have chosen briefly to comment upon is one entitled *Spiridion*. This is undoubtedly the most earnest and eloquent of all this authoress's

productions. Indeed she has never in any of her romances mere amusement or delight in view, but is always bent upon inoculating her readers with the *virus* of the school to which she belongs, which forms what Carlyle has well called the *literature of desperation*. In the novel under our notice, however, she is more intent upon this purpose than in any of her other works. Therein is propounded a new religious faith to the world; and nothing can shew more strikingly the utterly forlorn and abandoned state of the French mind with respect to religion than that such a sick dream as this proposed new faith, such a crazy imagination, should find favour and acceptance with the reading public of France. It is most melancholy to see the mind drifting in helmless hopelessness among the chimeras of a diseased brain, and endeavouring to realise substance out of such impalpable wild shadows. But without further preface we will give a summary of the story of this novel.

Spiridion, the hero, has been already dead for more than a century when the story commences. He acts, nevertheless, the principal part in the events represented as actually passing. He appears several times, not as a pale skeleton ghost, but as a beautiful spirit, in the guise and habiliments of a handsome young man. He is called "the spirit," and his apparitions are among the most effective passages of the book. This Spiridion had, we are told, been in his lifetime a Jew by birth, most learned, devout, and intolerant. He afterwards becomes, by reading Bossuet's works, a Roman Catholic. His zeal and his austerity in his new profession are extreme. He builds a monastery, and is himself its abbot. Pursuing his studies, however, he, in his heart, abjures Romanism, and embraces the doctrines of the Reformation. But he does not stop here. The Reformation and Christianity itself appear to him but partial, broken bits of truth. He reverts to Oriental creeds and Pagan philosophy. All the systems and theories, religious and moral, that have ever prevailed in the world take their turn of ascendancy in his mind, and, finding them all unsatisfactory, he rejects them all. Yet his labours are not in

man. He discovers at last the great truth he has so perseveringly sought after. The secret of human destinies, the mystery of humanity, is at last unfolded to him. But this is too solemn, too sublime a discovery to be lightly revealed. Mankind are not in fact sufficiently enlightened to receive it. So he directs the manuscript on which he has recorded his great *Eureka* to be buried with him, and bequeaths it to the person who, after a century, shall have the anxiety to seek it in his tomb. The monk to whom he confides the knowledge of his bequest survives him many years, and, in his turn, makes a confidant before his death of another monk, who communicates the secret to a young novice, to whose lot it falls to disinter the wonderful manuscript.

Now, reader, what think you this mysterious manuscript reveals? The discovery, recollect, has been pressed out of Judaism, Popery, Protestantism, Christianity, and all systems, and all creeds of philosophy and of religion, and is to supersede them all. Let us see what these parturient mountains bring forth. Something marvellous, no doubt. Nothing less than this, reader, that you, whatever you may think of yourself, are a *martyr*, and that we are all martyrs; and that you, also, if you have the modest assurance to think yourself at all in advance of the age, may regard yourself as a *Messiah*, and that we are all, under the same condition, *Messiahs*. But we will let Spiridion speak for himself:—

“How much I wept, how much I laboured, how much I suffered, before I understood the cause and object of my passage on the earth. After many doubts, after much remorse, after many scruples, I understood that I was a *martyr*. But why a martyr, I asked myself? What crime have I committed before I was born to be thus condemned to toil and groans? At last, by dint of supplicating God, and interrogating the history of man, a ray of light descended upon my forehead, and the shadows of the past were lifted from my eyes. I raised a corner of the curtain of destiny, and saw enough to comprehend that my life, as that of the human race, was a series of necessary errors, or rather of incomplete truths, all tending, more or less indirectly, or more or less directly, towards the one resplendent truth—the *ideal* perfection. But when will they rise up! those generations on

the face of the earth, when will they emanate from the bosom of the Deity, those thrice happy beings, who will salute the august aspect of Truth, and proclaim the reign of the Ideal over the world?”

Again Spiridion announces, “We are all sons of God, we are all divine men, we are all *Messiahs*, we are all Christs, when we suffer for the advancement of mankind.”

Another observation before we proceed.

We have all heard of religious Antinomianism; but Madame Du-devant, and the whole school to which she belongs, are *irreligious* Antinomians, a class of persons to be found only in France. Demoralised, much more emphatically than immoral, all the broad distinctions of right and wrong being effaced from their minds, an indiscriminateness of moral perceptions is the pervading characteristic of all the productions of these authors; the whole field of ethics is to them debatable ground. To make up for this, however, they have constantly some vague vision of spiritual perfection before them, which holds the place of virtue in their minds. And as, with religious Antinomians, the greater the sinner the greater the saint, provided certain spiritual doctrines are entertained in all their spiritual abstraction, with fervid sincerity, so with these writers, no matter how atrocious a ruffian any character they may depict may be, he is regarded with admiration and applause if he only maintains a high-wrought spiritualism of sentiment, which is the mark, we believe, of demoralisation at its height, always in the profane, and often even in the religious. From a great moral confusion of thought, one seeks naturally a refuge and a bourn for the heart's desires in some abstract theory of inaccessible perfection.

To illustrate this remark, we must give another extract from George Sand. We have just shewn this writer's doctrine of the Martyrdom-Messiahship and ideal perfection of Mankind. We will now give a description of one of the Martyr-Messiahs we are called upon to sympathise with and admire. This person is described as a gambler, who has been condemned to the galleys for black-leg awindling and cheating at play. He



is represented as deeply religious, and his qualities and character are set forth as so noble and grand, in the midst of their perversity, as to throw completely into the shade all common honest uprightness of conduct :—

“ Listen to the history of Trenmor. Having exhausted love, he became the victim of a passion much more energetic, much more prolific in terrible dramas, much more intense, much more inebriating, much more heroic — gambling! for it must, alas! be confessed, that if the object of this passion is in appearance vile, the ardour it inspires is powerful, the audacity sublime, and the sacrifices blind and boundless. Never have women inspired equal. How many men have you known sacrifice to their mistresses that inestimable possession; that necessity without price, that condition of existence without which existence is insupportable — honour! I know of none whose devotion would go further than the sacrifice of life; but every day the gambler immolates his honour, and lives! The gambler is acrid, he is stoical; he triumphs unmoved, unmoved he falls. In the course of a few hours he passes from the lowest to the highest ranks of society; in a few hours more he re-descends to the point whence he started, and all without a change either of his attitude or his countenance. Alternately king and beggar, with one step he bounds over the immense distinction. What will he be in a moment of time? — a prince or a slave? How will he make his exit from that cavern? Naked, or bending under a weight of gold? What matters it? He will return to-morrow to try his fortune again, to lose, or to triple all. The impossible for him is repose. He is like the storm-bird that can only live among dashing waves and furious winds. He is accused of a love of gold. So little does he love it, that he flings it away with both his hands. These gifts of hell can neither profit nor satiate him; but gold is to him the emblem of the joys and sufferings of existence, which he seeks and braves. Go to! These wrestlings with fortune are magnificent. We may condemn him; but, in condemning, take care not to despise him; ye little organisations (*petites organisations*), who are neither capable of good nor of evil; deplore his error if you will, but do not in the secrecy of your pride compare yourself with him. Let his fatal example console you for your inoffensive nullity.”

The next author whom we shall call up before us is M. Jules Janin, the great *feuilletonist* of France; but

his romances and tales are also very popular. The one which we choose to comment upon is entitled, “ *Un cœur pour deux Amours* ;” and we choose it because in its way it is a *plus ultra*, and shews how well the French can improve even upon German extravagances.

We cannot give our readers a better idea of the strangeness of this production than by informing them, at the outset, that its heroines or heroine are, or is, a monster, — two girls joined together by a ligament of flesh projecting from the side of each of them. They are thus completely two, and completely one, like the Siamese twins, and their minds are represented as having the same duality and the same unity as their bodies. The other personages of the book are a Spaniard and his cloak, and a Russian prince, who is as much a *lusus naturæ* as the beings with whom he is associated. Of these interesting individuals we will first bring forward the Spaniard and his cloak, as it is from him that the wild tale which follows is said to proceed. The author imagines himself to have met this singular person at a menagerie of monsters, and, being struck with his appearance, follows him, and gets from him his history :—

“ The man who had so much raised my curiosity had, in his dress and manners, neither pretension nor negligence. He was young, his black eye was full of fire, but his noble countenance had such a settled tranquillity, that its expression of profound emotion escaped common observers. His cloak hung in graceful folds around his vigorous form: it was evidently a Spanish cloak. The superb vestment, docile and supple, seemed spontaneously to obey the movements of its youthful wearer. But certainly a Spanish mantle is no common garment. What an assured strut of pride, what a lofty port it gives to the shirtless gentlemen of Spain! When enveloped in its voluminous drapery, they forget their real poverty, and, only recollecting their long pedigrees, become in imagination grandees of the first order. The cloak is to the Spaniard his second skin, his submissive and devoted slave; it protects its master in war, it defends him in love; it is his shield during the day, his lackey in the evening, and his bed at night. It is to him liberty, equality, and a constitution. ‘ Here,’ said I to myself, when following the stranger, ‘ is a double being before me, half man and half cloak, united

to each other for life, inseparable, occupied day and night in the same loves and the same strifes—in fact, twins. The cloak of this man has been doubtless his cradle; he has been wrapped in it in his infancy; he has draped it gallantly around him to sing serenades under his mistress's window; and when he comes to die, this same swaddling-cloth, this brave attire of the lover, will surely be his shroud."

We have quoted the above passage because it affords a good specimen of what may be called the *flimsy* style in writing. We believe that this style owes its origin to the necessity which authors feel themselves at present under of book-making for the market. In order to furnish a certain number of pages or volumes to their publisher, within a limited time, for a certain sum of money, they are obliged to *spin out* (that is the term) as much as they can; and this spinning out consists in making, as they call it, the most of an idea, beating it into a tenuity almost evanescent, ringing changes upon it, and considering it as a mere thread on which to string as many glittering words and phrases as it can be strained to bear. Spun-out passages, however, which make up at least the half of most modern French works of amusement, do not want a certain charm. Although they contain but just sense enough to escape being nonsense, they entertain agreeably the eye and the ear. They form a tissue, if we may so speak, of colours and sounds, which please at a first glance and on a first hearing; and, as they are never intended to be read a second time, they answer their purpose sufficiently well. It is the duty, nevertheless, of critics, sedulously and perseveringly, to excise from literature this species of unmeaning eloquence; not so much because it is in itself worthless, as because it is a parasite plant, whose nature it is to spread and to overrun, and to strangle under its rank luxuriant growth, under its waste fertility, all the vigorous shoots of thought, fancy, and feeling. Very different from this is that spontaneous eloquence of the tongue-tipped pen, which does not spin out, but *pours out*, in fervid verbosity, the first warm, unpremeditated conceptions of the mind, and, as it glowingly proceeds, starts at every step new coveys and flights of images

and ideas. Yet it is to imitate this rare faculty of extemporising on paper, which, coming from the abundance of the heart, is always full of matter and delight, that the spinners-out aim in their counterfeit rhapsodies.

Having now in some measure satisfied our critical conscience by entering our protest against flimsiness in the guise of enthusiasm, we turn to our Spaniard. He tells his story to his pursuer. He had purchased at a sale of wild beasts and monsters the two infant girls we have spoken of above. Under his fostering care and protection they grow up into marvellous beauty, and exhibit a mental phenomenon still more wonderful than the junction of their bodies. But we will let the Spaniard speak:

"To give you a just idea of the mental phenomenon which my two charming daughters presented," continued the Spaniard, "I must again draw their portrait. You know already that Anna was fair; and that Louisa, the eldest by one hour, had hair as black as her black eyes. Anna was the child of the two sisters, Louisa was the woman. Anna was the caprice of their conjoint existence, Louisa was its will. Anna had smiles and tears, Louisa the glance and the regard of enthusiasm and of genius. Anna was desire, Louisa was passion. Anna was ringletted, rosy, and full of mirth; the hair of her sister parted gravely and plainly over her beautiful oval head, yet her eyes were so soft that their expression seemed to be caught from those of Anna. Have you them now before you thus together entwined, talking to each other, Anna full of gaiety, Louisa wrapt in contemplation? Or do you see Anna leaning her little head on the beautiful shoulders of her sister, or her sister resting her swan-like neck on the budding breasts of Anna? See how their glances mingle, how their smiles blend! How varied and how graceful are their attitudes! Sometimes Louisa would carry Anna in her arms as a mother bears her child; but the laughing, joyous Anna, and the reflective, pensive Louisa, would both, on their knees, at the close of day bow their heads together under the same streak of moonlight, under the same thought of God."

The Spaniard tells wonderfully of the different tastes and dispositions of his two adopted daughters; how they felt and conceived distinctly, yet jointly; and how, being two, they were one. By virtue of this double

identity, their progress in all knowledge is stupendous.

"All the arts were soon mastered by their intelligence. The most illustrious professors were absolutely frightened at their progress. As soon as they touched a pencil they knew how to draw. Painting came to them in the same manner by intuition. They rapidly accomplished masterpieces worthy of the greatest artists of the Italian school. Till now they had been double. Henceforward they had but one body and one mind, divided, and yet forming but one whole between them. What the eye of Louisa saw, the hand of Anna copied. Louisa's dilated glance followed the light in its infinite harmonies; whilst Anna, looking passively on the canvass before her, would impress upon it glowingly all which the enraptured vision of her sister beheld.

"The world of thought, so vast for an individual that no single man has ever travelled round its circumference, is traversed, as it were, in three bounds, by two intelligences united—two intellects which are separated neither night nor day,—and exchange opinions and knowledge with each other without ceasing. Thus Anna and Louisa went on discovering all the discoverable secrets of the universe. How ineffable was my terror when I saw them heaping together in their minds all the facts, all the epochs, all the men, all the arts, all the progress, all the calculations, all the revolutions, which the accumulated experience of ages has garnered up for the instruction of mankind. Oh, how great was my horror to see these two young girls, not yet twenty years of age, who had still the look, the voice, the gestures, the supple body, the transparent skin, the lily and the rose of children in their cheeks, address themselves with a confidence in their own powers, worthy of a Newton, or a Raphael, or a Corneille, or a Mozart, to all that is most difficult in science, painting, poetry, and music! Nothing astonished them, nothing stopped them, nothing satisfied them, nothing fatigued them. They advanced, in spite of every obstruction I could throw before them, with the same rapid, solemn pace, piling ideas upon ideas, and discovery upon discovery. Their intellectual attainments grew daily with an increasing ratio of speed, just as gigantic fortunes are amassed by capital growing out of compound interest. \* \* \*

"I recollect, one day, when they seemed to be more calm than usual, I began to hope they would return to the modest pleasures and simple life they had before enjoyed. They were this day in the park. Louisa was seated on the

grass. She contemplated the little blue flowers with an infantine smile which I had hitherto only seen on the lips of Anna. Anna was, at the same time, on her knees by the side of her sister, in the attitude of the most profound reflection, and with her regard fixed upon the sky. Her aspect was pensive, and there was such an intense meaning in the expression of her face, that her eyes were nearly black with gathered, overcharged emotion; and one might have mistaken her for Louisa, but Louisa with fair hair.

"What are you doing there?" said I to Louisa. "Why are you examining those little flowers so intently?"

"I am studying the sky," she replied, gravely.

"And you, Anna," I continued, "why do you regard so reply the heavens?"

"Do you see, Martin," she answered, "this beautiful little blue flower which is smiling at me in the grass?"

"Alas! alas! how unhappy I was. The soul of these enchanting creatures, endowed with a double intelligence, saw with the eyes of either body indifferently. Louisa used the eyes of Anna to contemplate the stars of the firmament, and Anna the eyes of Louisa to admire the flowers of the field."

At last the imagined maidens fall into a deep melancholy. Having nothing more to learn, they have nothing more to enjoy. The limit of science, to which they attain, becomes to them the limit of hope. The universe appears to them but a pulseless pagant, and vanities scribbled upon vanities, treacherous seemings, constitute all its store. A leaden apathy and indifference to all things seize upon them. Their despondency drives the poor Spaniard almost to despair, and, in the extremity of his distress, he consults with a Russian prince as to what is to be done to rouse his angelic monsters into a feeling of interest for life. The Russian counsels love as a sure remedy to their disease, and invites the wondrous twins to a splendid *fete*, where he becomes enamoured of Anna, and the Spaniard follows his example, by becoming desperately captivated by her sister. Their passion, too, is returned; but this only serves to bring to light another phenomenon: both the sisters love both their suitors equally and reciprocally. After a very tender and enthusiastic love-scene, the Spaniard says:—

"I took the hand of Louisa, and felt

her little fingers return the pressure of mine; her beautiful head inclined towards mine, her forehead was already on my forehead, and I felt for one second my happiness to be complete; but, alas! a second after, I felt another hand press my hand, another forehead on my forehead, another love upon my love! Judge of my despair. Anna loved me even as I loved Louisa and Louisa me!"

Again :—

"When the Russian prince took leave of Anna, he kissed her hand, and I felt the hand of Louisa, which I held in mine, tremble under the kiss which her sister had received. From that moment I perceived that they had but one heart between them—one heart for two loves."

We will conclude our extracts by one or two from the works of M. de Balzac. This author, after George Sand, is, perhaps, the most popular novelist of France. He has produced about a hundred volumes. We will take up the first of them on which we may lay our hands. This is a tale entitled *Madame Jules*, from the celebrated *Scènes de la vie Parisienne* of this writer. His preface shews us what we are to expect from his book. He there, imitating (as the French imitate, that is, caricature English authors) Scott's inimitable fictitious narrators, Clutterbuck Dryasdust, and Peter Patheson,—tells us that he got his story from one of thirteen sublime and mysterious persons—a band of braves—who were altogether superior to the decrepid and corrupt age in which they lived :

"The thirteen," says he (*risum teneatis*), "were men cast in the mould of Trelawney, the friend of Lord Byron, and the original, it is supposed, of the *Corsair*. They were fatalists, men of heart and poetry; but, weary of the life they led, they were drawn into Asiatic indulgences, which they carried to the greater excess, as from their frequent apathy of satiety they awoke to a more furious zest for the enjoyments of life."

Here is a description of one of these amiable personages. He is the hero of the tale we have named, and is first introduced to the reader in the guise of a beggar, standing among a crowd, who are sheltering themselves under a *porte cochère* from the rain :—

"He was a tall, bony man. His iron-cast countenance betrayed deep thought.

His attitude, full of irony, and the pretension that was in his air to be treated as an equal, checked pity in the hearts of the bystanders. His face was cadaverously pale, and his wrinkled, bald temples had a vague resemblance to a block of granite. A few straight grey locks, growing on each side of his head, fell upon the collar of his greasy coat, which was buttoned up to his neck. He resembled at the same time Voltaire and Don Quixote. One could see at once that he was a mocker, and melancholy—full of bitterness and philosophy, and half insane. He appeared to have no shirt; his beard was long, and his discoloured black cravat, worn and torn, did not conceal a protuberant throat. A large livid circle was marked under each eye. He appeared to be at least sixty years old. His hands were white and clean. Whether it was that his wet clothes emitted a fœtid odour, or that this smell of misery was natural to them, his neighbours quitted their place, and left him alone. He threw at them one calm glance utterly without expression—the glance of a Talleyrand, void and inanimate—a sort of impenetrable veil, under which a strong soul hides the profoundest emotions, and the exactest calculations on men, things, and events. Not a trait of his countenance changed. His mouth and his forehead remained impassive; but his eyes fell with a slow movement, that was noble, almost tragical. There was a whole drama in that motion of his tarnished eyelids."

This beggar, a combination of Don Quixote, Voltaire, and Talleyrand, it turns out, is also an escaped *forçat*, also a man of immense wealth, also a chief of wide-extended secret societies, also a foreign count, exerting great political power over all Europe. He is the concealed father of the heroine, Madame Jules. He takes great offence at her Platonic lover, a French nobleman, because he wishes to find out who he, the father, is. He attempts to assassinate this lover three times: he does assassinate his servant. The police are set after him; he is known by his description to be the famous escaped *forçat*: he is found dead, and seen buried. But, on the same evening, he appears by invitation in an ambassador's drawing-rooms, where he meets the lover of his daughter, and drives him mad, till he dies, by rubbing, seemingly by accident, poison into the hair of his head. To complete the character of this hero, he has a *liaison* with a young *grisette* staymaker, who con-

ceives a *grande* and *belle* passion for the hideous rascal of sixty. He abandons her, and she, after the most approved Parisian mode, throws herself into the Seine, announcing her intention to do so in the following letter to her mother, which we transcribe without translating:—

“ Adieu, ma mère. Je te legs tout ce que j’ai. Je te demande pardon pour mes fautes, et du dernier chagrin que je te donne en mettant fin mes jours. Henri, que j’aime plus que moi-même, m’a dit que je faisais son malheur, et puisqu’il m’a repoussé de lui, et que j’ai perdu toutes mes espérances de l’établissement, je vais me noyer. J’irai audessus de Neuilly, pour n’être point mise à la Morgue. Si Henri ne me hait plus après que je m’ai puni par la mort, prie le de faire enterrer une pauvre fille, dont le cœur n’a battu que pour lui. Soigne le bien. Comme il a souffert, ce pauvre chat. Mais j’aurai pour me détruire le courage. Fais porter les corsets finis chez mes pratiques, & prie Dieu pour ta fille,  
IDA.”

This is unexaggerated; there are scores of such letters written on like occasions, every year, in Paris, and published in the papers. All the other incidents of the tale are preposterous extravagances, interspersed with some really graphic and clever sketches of French manners. The impossible ruffian, who is the author’s favourite throughout, is represented (his crimes are only regarded as proofs of the energy of his will) as *une âme forte et souffrante*, and as endowed with magnanimity, generosity, sensibility, and all the heroic virtues.

The *Peau de Chagrin* is the other work of this author, to which we will now briefly advert. Its story is as follows:—

A young student, ruined by dissipation and extravagance, having lost his last napoleon at a gaming-table, determines to destroy himself; but whilst he is waiting for the night, that he may do so without fear of interruption, he enters a shop of curiosities. He is shewn many rare and precious things, and, among others, the *Peau de Chagrin*, an asses’ skin, inscribed by Solomon with certain mystic characters. This skin is described as having the wonderful property of realising every wish its possessor, receiving it as a gift, may form; but with every wish

its dimensions shrink, and the life of the wisher is abridged in the same proportion. The curiosity merchant offers the talisman to the student; he accepts it, and thenceforward he is the absolute master of his fate, and profoundly miserable.

This fiction, though not new, is good, and might have been wrought into a beautiful and instructive moral. Eastern fables of the kind, though coming down to us from the infancy of letters, will never lose their charm. They require, however, from the very extravagance of their first conception, a chaster fancy and a severer simplicity of style to be treated well than any other kind of work. But the first idea of M. de Balzac’s tale is, we hesitate not to say, quite as worthy of credence as any incident he has raised upon it. If there is any care shewn in the production, it is a care to avoid every sentiment and every situation that might have in it a semblance of reality or of possibility; and if we could suppose any purpose in the author, we should say it was to *glorify crime*. But of this purpose we are inclined to acquit M. de Balzac. He is not *in earnest* like Madame Dudevant, and is for this reason, perhaps, less offensive than that lady. He is of the number of those writers who are essentially *of the day*. Finding the horrible and the fantastic in fiction, an ultra Asiatic gorgeousness, not of imagination, but of colouring, and a philosophy (if it may be so called) like the dreams of an opium-eater, popular, he has thrown himself into the prevailing vogue with great spirit, cleverness, and effect, and seems to have determined, in the wild book before us, to leave all competitors in this species of writing far behind him. In *frenzied* eloquence, and in *frenzied* imagery, indeed, he can have no rival; and we regret that our limits forbid us to justify this assertion by an example or two from this novel. As it is, we can only afford to give from it a pair of extracts matchless in their kind, of a soberer complexion, which will shew very fairly the sort of moral tone in which the whole work is pitched. These two extracts are on the two favourite subjects of French novelists—*suicide*, and *debauchery*. Thus it is that M. de Balzac writes on the former topic:—

"There is something as grand as terrible in suicide. The extinction of multitudes is as nothing in the comparison. They are mowed down on the level on which they stand. But when an individual voluntarily dashes himself to pieces, it is from a great precipice that he plunges. Implacable must be the tempests that impel us to seek peace for the soul at the pistol's mouth. The idea of suicide is gigantic in its proportions. Between a voluntary death and the ambition of life, which is so strongly felt by young men in Paris, how many *chef-d'œuvres* have perished! How many burning poetic conceptions must precede the act of despair! Every suicide is a sublime poem of melancholy. In the ocean of literature, where shall we find a book comparable in genius with these three lines:—'Yesterday, at four o'clock, a young woman threw herself into the Seine from the Pont des Arts.'"

Here is the *pendant* passage—they should go together—on debauchery.

"Debauchery soon appeared to me in all its majesty. Certainly it is an art, like poetry. To be initiated into its mysteries, to appreciate its beauties, one must have a strong soul. War, power, the arts, are also corruptions as far from the attainment of common men as the excesses of debauchery. But when once one has mounted to the assault of these great mysteries, one invades a new world. Generals, ministers, artists, are all more or less carried away by libertinism. The habitual severity and tension of their lives demands violent reactions of sensual indulgence. After all, war is but the debauch of blood, as politics are of the material interests: all excesses are brothers. These social monstrosities possess the power of abysses, they draw us into them as Moscow attracted Napoleon; they fascinate, they make the brain dizzy, and we plunge into their depths without knowing why. There is, perhaps, a sense of the infinite in these precipices, or some still vaster flattery for man. Alas! are not potent enchantments necessary to enable us to support the bitter pains which encircle the passions as with a wall of fire. And for the useless Mirabeau, condemned to vegetate, whilst he aspires towards tempests, Debauchery is the only fit element of existence."

Our readers have now, we believe, had sufficiently ample specimens of the extravagances of fancy in which French authors at present delight, and the question comes to be, to what are we to attribute this outrageously vicious taste in a people whose literature

was formerly the most severe, chaste, and classical of any in Europe? This question is partially answered by the observations with which we opened this paper. Perhaps, however, the diseased impulses of wonder and satiety have contributed even more than the causes above alleged to vitiate the modern literature of France. The natural emotions of Frenchmen seem to be worn out, or at least, for a season, fatigued and exhausted by the violent elevations and depressions which for more than the last half century have kept them in a state of demoralising agitation. There has arisen, consequently, a craving for that overwrought excitement to which they have been so long habituated, and which the feverish restlessness and weakness in which their minds are now left demand. Stimulants and opiates constitute, therefore, the only intellectual diet which they relish; and thus we find, that for a work to be sought after in France it must be plentifully spiced and drugged with portents and marvels. And this is not strange; for after the visions of transcendental perfection which the great revolution unfolded, after its horrors, which make even the Miltonian imagination of hell comparatively, in some respects, but a faint and feeble conception, after the comet-like career of Napoleon, so full of lurid glory, astonishment, and dread, after the wonderful achievements, exceeding all previous anticipation, and the wonderful reverses withering these achievements into dust, which the French nation, even its living generation, has experienced,—it is no matter of surprise that the ordinary realities of life, however artistically combined, however sweet, refreshing, touching, or passionate, should cease to move. To be roused into admiration, the French people must be astonished; and in literature the vulgar mind can only be thus affected by enormous exaggerations. Add to this, that the irreligion of Frenchmen begets a proneness to mysticism, and we shall understand how it comes to pass that that species of fiction which belongs to the world of shadows and abstractions, which spurns the natural, and affects the supernatural, which is to us most distasteful, which we reluctantly admire

even when glowing with the genius of a Göethe or a Byron, and which has never obtained favour with our reading populace, should form the daily mental aliment of the literary market, supplied by the small fry of the press, to our French neighbours.

It may be as well to add here, that the taste for the abstruse and the supernatural in literature which prevails in Germany is in many respects distinguished from the same propensity in the French school on which we have been commenting. In Germany, this taste may be traced to the fact, that in that country society has neither movement enough, nor prospective hope in precinct enough either to provoke effort, or to inspire interest. Its authors are thrown, therefore, back upon the far-away past, or forward on the distant future. The *near* of both looks too like the present to affect them. This present appears to be but an unchanging picture of the past, stripped of the illusions which distance imparts; and the future, as far as it can be soberly anticipated, but an iron continuance of the present. There is, indeed, a surprising immovability in the history of that nation. Though continually the theatre of war, it has never known revolution; and the middle ages, in all their grand outlines at least, may be said still to survive within its territory. At the same time, all objects practical and political are prescribed topics to German writers, to intermeddle with which would not only be contrary to the genius of the paternal despotism under which they live, but almost an act of treason against the happy quietude of their country. The stillness and passiveness of the social state in which they vegetate consists, nevertheless, with a wonderful activity of intellect; and this contrast, in the same people, of the most prolific and enthusiastic mental energies, with a civil supineness nearly abso-

lute—a phenomenon which the world has never before witnessed—shews strikingly that both the poetic and philosophic aspect and character of life in Germany lies deep beneath its surface. It thus happens that men of letters in that land become, from the very nature of their position, immersed in moods of metaphysical abstraction. Thought and fancy in them have no reference or application to material or practical realities, simply because, exerting no influence on the world of actual things, they cannot possibly derive their inspiration from it.

In conclusion, we beg leave to say, that the examples we have adduced of the crazy demoralisation of mind of the present novelists of France have not been *sought for*, and *culled* out of their works, but are the very first that offered themselves to our notice. Those who are acquainted with the actual light literature of that country will see that we have given a softened rather than an exaggerated picture of it. The difficulty in reading French romances and dramas is not to find such passages as we have cited (these offer themselves in mountain piles) but to find here and there a few pages of a healthy tone of fancy and feeling, and of chaste and simple writing. Paul de Koch, who is a gross and indecent caricaturist, is the only one among the novel-writers of France who attempts to paint scenes of real life; and, for this reason, whilst he is more relished on this side of the water than any of his fraternity, he is regarded by his countrymen as an author of a very inferior class. They affirm that his works are utterly devoid of philosophy and poetry; and by philosophy and poetry they mean—*chaos*—such wild and whirling rhapsodies, vivid and indistinct as the phantoms delirium paints upon darkness, as we have given specimens of above.

## GRAF DE TROPP.

HALF-PAST seven;—a wintry night, cold work for poor travellers, and for the poor generally! But of what consequence is this to the *soumités*, the *élite* of the land, who reside in town, those who, *par excellence*, have a right to all the enjoyments of life, a thorough and “indefeasible” right, explainable in six words,—“because they are able to pay?” It is true that they cannot always purchase an appetite for the said enjoyments, and whether enjoyment, correctly speaking, can exist without any appetite, is a problem which we cannot enter on at present.

To return. In the house of that very eminent city merchant, Mr. Dickars Price, the gorgeous musical *pendules* had severally, and yet in tolerably correct unison, announced half-past seven, and the first dinner bell had rung. Within ten minutes more was to commence what Dr. Johnson calls the most important business of the day; and at Mr. Dickars Price’s house in Park Lane, as well as at his house in the city, business was always managed “*in style*.” Nay, more, it was conducted on a profound and well-pondered system, without which, indeed, there can be no permanent success in life, and our very thoughts hang together no better than ropes of sand. Mr. Dickars Price had often been heard to say, that it was absurd to think of giving dinners unless one kept a *chef de cuisine*, who thoroughly and scientifically understood his art, nor without a butler or *major domo*, who understood the whole arrangements and proper appliances of the table as complexively as Soult or Grouchy would anticipate the movements on a battle-field. In short, convivial doings at the mansion of Mr. Dickars Price were always *commence-fo*, or, as the French persist in writing it, *comme il faut*.

Another maxim of the same wise dictator was, that one should never give a dinner-party unless he has guests who not only harmonise well together, but are really deserving of respect and attention. Accordingly, it is almost needless to add, that on the present occasion, as on all others

of a similar kind, the circle at No. — Park Lane was composed of characters *ultra-respectable*. Mr. Price, it is true, was a merchant in the city, and had not retired from business; he was, we believe, styled a Russia merchant, and, if so, dealt largely in tallow and skins. But no matter! The odour of the grease and leather did not extend to Park Lane, nor contaminate, like bilge water, the brightness of his *argent comptant*. We have had banker-lords, and why should we not have Russia merchant lords? Mr. Price always moved in first-rate society. This evening, for example, we had my Lord Drumorum, a Catholic peer of immensely ancient family, and the proprietor of estates yielding a clear 40,000*l.* per ann., and who had only the other day lost twice that amount in loose or petty cash which he happened to have (or believed he had) lying snugly fallow at his bankers when the house stopped payment. What eventually became of it, Heaven knows;—his lordship never did, and he cared not!—Why should he? For as he had determined never to expend or give away one fraction of the said petty cash, and would have pleaded poverty rather than lend a 25*l.* cheque on any occasion, it would be rather difficult to prove how he could in any degree suffer from its being placed farther out of his reach. What other qualifications his lordship might possess besides that of “having had losses,” it would not be very easy to divine, as he was scarcely ever in his life known to utter a complete sentence upon any subject! Then there was the Duchess-dowager of Boroughbridge, an elderly lady of the most amiable character, who, with a childlike meekness and mildness of spirit, could be as happy as the day was long, provided she had an attentive and skilful partner at the whist-table. Then we had Sir Decimus Jarmand, a gentleman of enormous repute in the literary and scientific world. Therafter came Mr. Torpor Vivian, another *savant*, who, however, had acquired more reputation for his wit (or buffoonery) and his *gourmandise* than for mere literary powers. The solemn gravity of the



baronet, whom Torpor Vivian delighted to plague, contrasted with the latter's vivacity, was always diverting. Torpor had the enviable talent of being constantly able to *enjoy* a good dinner, and was never in his life known to leave a heeltap, if the wine were creditable; also, the longer the bottle circulated, the more witty, vivacious, and clear-headed, did he become. And there were some other and well-known characters.

As we said at commencement, the first dinner-bell had just rung, when a valet entered the room, and presented to Mr. Dickars Price a visiting card, on which he glanced for a moment. "Mr. Ferdinand de Tropp!—Is it possible?" said he. "The eldest son, I presume, of my friend the banker at Vienna, with whom, in one way or another, I have had much correspondence. 'Tis true, I did receive a hint of his intended arrival, but *to-day* had no idea. Well, shew the gentleman into the library."

"De Tropp!" croaked the old duchess, "why, I know that name; I remember, Brudenell and I had a letter of credit on De Tropp last summer when we passed through Berlin."

"Yes, very probable," said Mr. Dickars Price, briskly; "they are people of great wealth and respectability, and the house has a junior branch at Berlin."

"The house at Berlin is the *oldest* and most respectable branch," said the duchess, snappishly, for at times she could be excessively cross.

"All the family are equally entitled to the rank of Count or Graf," said Mr. Price, "in right of their large possessions in Hungary."

"I'll tell you what, Price," said Mr. Torpor Vivian, "you had better go at once, and not keep the stranger waiting. According to my humble notions, your Hungarian Graf has presented himself at this hour to enjoy what he perhaps would call *fortune du pot*."

"*C'est bien possible çelu*," replied Mr. Dickars Price (who plumed himself on his good French), "but I must first examine his letter of introduction."

The library in Mr. Price's large mansion adjoined one of the drawing-rooms, and thither he retired.

"'Tis strange," said he to himself,

"to make a first visit just at the dinner-hour, and Bourgeois ought to have said 'not at home.' But probably this must be a raw young man."

A young man certainly presented himself, but not very young, and by his whole cut and demeanour certainly the farthest possible from what is usually indicated by the word *raw*, also differing to an extreme degree from the *ideal* of a German banker's pupil or son. The stranger appeared in a sort of undress *en militaire*; yes, *en militaire* certainly was the cut, but fearfully differing from that of an *Anglo-militaire*, and also diverging sadly from the costume usually exhibited at an English dinner-party. But, gorgeous were the mustachios! Old Blucher himself did not, after a seventy years' growth, exhibit a pair more sweepingly fine; and there was the *Hangree Kutt* (*Henri Quatre*) on the chin, whilst the dark hair over the forehead was closely cut or combed back in the style of Charles I. of England, and Charles XII. of Sweden. As for the costume generally, perhaps it might well enough be designated as half-pay *déshabillé*, and, consequently, of linen cuffs, collar, or front, none appeared. The waistcoat (not oversplendid) was carefully buttoned, and across it shone a massive gold chain, more ostentatious, indeed, than any one but a Jew would like to sport in London; but these foreigners have such odd habits! The bow at meeting seemed rather awkward—also, perhaps, the result of foreign habits. But the introductory letter emerged from the folds of a handsome business-like pocket-book, and on it (the letter we mean) Mr. Dickars Price instantly recognised the handwriting of his well-known correspondents at Vienna. Indeed, there could be no mistaking that hand. Even the paper on which the letter was written served in itself as a credential, being from the *fabrique* of the house with their own wire-mark; and the signature might have been identified with half an eye, so simple was it, and yet so difficult to imitate.

The letter was brief, merely setting forth that it would be presented by the writer's eldest son, who then intended paying his first visit to London. "For the rest," said the emi-

nent merchant and banker, "I leave it to your own politeness, as one of our most honoured correspondents, to render him such attentions as may conveniently be in your power. He is a steady youth, and has been well disciplined in our counting-house. I feel convinced that he will return with flattering accounts of your great metropolis, which I also hope to see one day or another."

Whilst he perused this not very intricate document, the countenance of Mr. Dickars Price would have made a fine study for Hogarth. Every moment he expected the last dinner-bell to ring, and yet stood irresolute. He glanced from the letter to the bearer thereof, and *vice versa*, in strange perplexity. Could that Don Whiskerando be in reality the steady old banker's accredited and steady son? And not less admirable in its way was the dignified *nonchalance* with which the youth endured this obvious scrutiny. At length, Mr. Dickars Price, having wound up his logical inductions, was obliged "*se convenir*," as the French would perhaps say, that is, to make the most of a queer bargain. He, therefore, suddenly held out both hands to the young dignitary, welcomed him to town, and said he was glad to add that his respected guest had arrived just "in pudding time."

"*Mais, pardonnez,*" said the Graf (for they had spoken French), "*je suis voyageur ; peut-être je n'ose pas—* perhaps I must not appear in this costume?"

"*Ce n'est rien, mon ami,*" replied Mr. Price, freezing with horror as he spoke. "For travellers, you know, allowance is always made. Besides, we are quite a family party, and *sans façon*. You will meet only the Duchess of Boroughbridge, my Lord Drumorum, Sir Decimus Jarmand, and a few more intimate friends. Now, in the first place, let me introduce you to madame and my daughters."

Whiskerando hercupon threw back his head like a Welshman, made a jerking motion to the upper part of his waistcoat, thereafter to his stock, as if searching for frill and collar; then, with another queer bow and most stately demeanour, stalked away before his dismayed host.

On their entry into the drawing-

room, the last bell not having yet rung, there was among the guests but one sensation, namely, the wish for dinner, and the entrance of a solitary new comer, however outlandish in appearance, was not much regarded. By those who thought at all on the matter, it might be concluded, however, that the foreign gentleman, having just arrived in town after a long journey, had come in haste to pay his respects, and that he judged wisely in not missing the opportunity of a good dinner for the sake of toiletting. There was one in the family, however, namely, the black-eyed and rather pretty second daughter of Mr. Dickars Price, who did very particularly notice the introduction of the stranger, and, *malgré* the absence of collar, front, and cuffs, *malgré* also the oddly cut and *seedy* habiliments, felt convinced that the man indeed was worth looking at, and that the moustachios were unparalleled! But the younger daughter was rather an oddity. She had always exhibited more than enough of *naïveté*, and, moreover, would think for herself, which conduct, as Miss Matchless, the governess, observed, was really very distressing, but seemed, nevertheless, incurable. The Hungarian Graf appeared instinctively quite aware of the preference thus bestowed upon him, and it eventually fell to his share to lead the beautiful Miss Theodosia to the dinner-table, which he did with much grace, only with rather too much of ceremony and gesticulation.

During dinner, who but the Graf? Mr. Dickars Price might indeed rejoice that his friend at Vienna had such a "talented" son, and that he himself had such an amusing guest. Why, the Graf could eat for three, drink for five, and talk for ten, if need were, and all the while his dark eyes kept sparkling like the wine he quaffed, and notwithstanding such immense energies he was not a bore. He interrupted no one; he merely glided into conversation with the mildest voice, looked for the most part extremely happy, and, had it not been for some queer *tournoirs* of expression which jarred on the ear, might have been pronounced *perfect*.

Mr. Torpor Vivian also possessed the art of gliding into conversation, and, moreover, of making puns, the

worst of which, as usual in such cases, served as well as the best, provided only that people would laugh thereat. Placed *vis-à-vis* to the for-  
cigner, he obviously wished to make the latter his *butt* for the day; but never did Torpor fail in his tactics more completely. From every one of the snares laid by the wit did the Hungarian escape with the glibness of an eel, and the adroitness of a monkey; nay, for the most part he secured an immediate laugh on his own side, whilst his assailant saw his intended triumph *à la grande distance*, and was obliged to try again upon another tack.

The Graf, as already mentioned, could eat for three, and he did so; when a plateful of any sort of food was placed before him, the celerity with which he cleared away its contents was astounding. Perceiving that the butler did not replenish his glass quite so often as it might be desirable, he, without ceremony, had recourse to a wine-cooler containing some of the choicest sillerg, which stood in the middle of the table, at the same time politely helping his fair young friend, Miss Dosey, who sat on his left, and also the honourable Mrs. Brant, an old *suivante* of the duchess, who was on his right, such, as he said, being the *façon* in Hungary.

"I'll trouble you, Herr Graf, for a glass of that wine," said Mr. Torpor Vivian, perceiving that the for-  
cigner intended keeping the bottle entirely under his own management. "As a citizen of the world, you are, no doubt, aware that the *façon* of one country sometimes differs considerably from that of another. Here we circulate the bottle. By the by, it is an odd coincidence, but do you know, I had been thinking to myself for some time that you were a Hungarian?"

"*Comment? Ah, fort bien! Je vous entens;*" said the Graf, maintaining the most perfect good-humour, and displaying a set of fiercely white teeth, somewhat like the fangs of a tiger. "Yacc, yacc, venn I leave mine own contree, I not leave mine gooten appetite behind me. *Moi, que non! Ha, ha! Monsieur, votre santé encore!* Pheel your glass, and pass de bouteille, *à travers, s'il vous plaît.*"

"But you do not find our favourite French wines in England equal to those of Hungary, I fear?" resumed Mr. Vivian. "You do not like them so well?"

"*Pardon, monsieur, je suis toujours heureux moi!* Here, I am extremelee content; vat you call *happee* alto-  
gedder! But I vill tell you some tings. The wines of Hungary are the best in de world, and you shall drink your two, three, five *bouteilles* and be as merry as you please, and nevere have no headache in de morn-  
ing."

"Ah, by Jove!" said Mr. Torpor Vivian, "that is the very country for me. Herr Graf, you must be so kind as to shew me the way thither before I die."

"You go dere," said the Graf, "and you never die at all, unless you like it. Nobody ever die in Hungary that is not already tired to live."

"A fine sporting country, I believe?" said Mr. Vivian. "People shoot there with the long bow sometimes? Eh, Signor Graf?"

"Long bow?" repeated the for-  
cigner. "I not understand; but I vill tell you. The peoples in Hungary have no reason to die, because there are not enough of dem to eat and drink what de land produces. *Le plus grand diner* cost you dere just noting at all! All dat you vant sometimes, *à la campagne*, is *une bonne cuisinière*. Ah, ah! *bien obligé, mon ami;* (to the butler) dis I call good eating—*c'est superbe cela!*" And the Graf devoted himself heart and soul to clearing out the contents of another plate.

At a London dinner-table people have far too much of *bon ton*; that is to say, each one has too much regard for his own case and welfare to be greatly amazed at any thing. Wonder is too strong an emotion, and yet there were two or three individuals in the room who did look with no little surprise at the Graf's most vehement propensity for eating and drinking. Two or three platefuls were nothing; but then, such a succession. One or two long glasses of gillery would have been right enough; but then, a bottle!! And then, Bourgeois was obliged to bring up more of this very choice wine, the richest and finest *œil de perdrix* from the very same binn which had been

specially approved by his late royal highness the Duke of York. Mr. Dickars Price did suspect that the usual accurate economy of his dinner-table had been a little deranged, and might be still more so, as he did not perceive it possible how any one but a Chinese juggler could possibly stow away so much of hard eating and drinking without being the worse for it.

If one or two capricious people were thus vexed, be it observed that this was all. The Graf himself with great complacency *held on*, being most pleasantly occupied; till at last, by sheer dint of extreme good humour and grinning from ear to ear, with superlatively fine teeth, he had begun to divert almost the whole party; and, as before said, the laugh was usually with him, not against him. At last he was heard to say, but *sotto voce*, and as if talking to himself, that "moderation in all things was good, and he would eat and drink no more, he would rather have a little cheet chat." This resolution, however, he did not intimate till after the desert was put on the table.

But then commenced a brief scene, which had hitherto been unparalleled in Park Lane, and more especially did it seem strange in the presence of Mr. Torpor Vivian. Hitherto, that gentleman's agreeable duty had been to "keep the table in a roar,"—at all events in a state of comfortable cackinnation, when the prevalent humour was mirthful, and even to break the current of politics and other grave subjects of debate when these were carried too far. But now, without seeming to entertain any wish or intention of the kind, the Graf by swift degrees engrossed the whole attention of the whole party. This consequence, like other great consequences, began from the merest trifle. His fair neighbour, Miss Dosey, had several times refused the Graf's offer of more wine; but instead of it she now even requested him to hand her an orange, whereupon the Graf proposed to demonstrate in what manner oranges were made to contribute amusement for young ladies in his country. With incredible quickness and dexterity he then fashioned two baskets, or rather pedestals (hour-glass fashion), and presented the fruit. There was no-

thing very new in this device; but the manner in which an old trick was revived attracted applause from all spectators, even from Mrs. Brant, who had seen much, but never any thing so neatly performed as that. However the basket trick was a commencement only. Five or six oranges were operated upon; and, as each produced some entirely novel effect, and one was sufficient for the acceptance of Miss Dosey, they were sent round the table for admiration. Then the Graf took a seventh orange and flung it aloft in the air; whereupon Mrs. Brant half screamed, thinking that its descent would prove injurious to the wine-glasses. However, the Graf received it nicely upon the point of a steel fork. Again and again he repeated this most hazardous experiment, till the risk became even painful to behold. Neither Miss Dosey nor any one else had ever dreamed of seeing such things done in Park Lane.

"Dese child's plays," gravely observed the Graf, "are thought *bon exercise* in my country. For example, venn I catch de orange on de *fourchette exactement*, dis prove dat I have quick eye and goot *nerfs*. And we say, peoples who cannot do dese tings cannot do oder tings. Dere is philosophy in all dat. But now see! I trow dis oranges in de air, and he nevere come down no more!"

And an orange was visibly flung aloft and never did come down. Not a vestige was to be found of it any where. And with this miraculous feat, Mr. Dickars Price hoped that his eccentric guest would have rested satisfied, but it was not exactly so.

"Another leetle ting we do," resumed the Graf, "is sometimes after *un grand diner*, to shew dat we have still gooten appetite, we cat de knives and forks!" and here the Hungarian did visibly and unequivocally swallow a table-knife, whereat Torpor Vivian, who sat opposite, stared a good deal, but Miss Dosey only laughed.

Perceiving Vivian's surprise, the Graf, for his farther edification, immediately swallowed another knife, then a whole orange, then another, then a silver fork, and lastly a silver mustard-pot. Such events had never taken place before in Park Lane; and, to say the truth, though they did extort unanimous wonder, had not re-

ceived unqualified approval. In other respects the dinner passed off as usual. Evenings are short in London, and we have no time to reflect on the marvellous. When the ladies retired to the drawing-room, the facetious Graf betrayed his mortal nature by falling asleep. However, he awoke directly on the summons to coffee.

"Ah, ha!" said he, "de café! That is goot tings! *Je dormais. Mille pardons! Maintenant, je suis tout prêt. Allons donc!*"

Without ceremony, the Graf, on his entering the drawing-room, seated himself at the piano-forte, and proposed affording his new friends "a leetle example" how music was performed in Hungary. And he did so. Never had such performance been before heard in Park Lane. The very instrument itself must have been astonished at such execution. The Hungarian Graf could do every thing. Who but the Graf? Unanimously it was admitted that "these foreigners," though very odd, were very entertaining. But after coffee and liqueurs, the Graf probably would have outdone all his former doings, having just betted to a considerable amount, with Torpor Vivian (who had vice in his eye), that he would stand for three minutes on his head, spinning round! Nay, he seemed mad enough to be disposed to try the experiment. However Mr. Price quietly, though dictatorially, ended that matter, by saying that amusements were very well in their way, but he wished to have a few minutes' conversation on business, especially on the present state of the Hamburg markets.

"If you desire it, with all my heart!" answered the Graf, "and now that you remind me of business, I have one leetle ting to tell you, and I should, *peut-être*, have forgotten him altogether. *Est-il permis* to retire for one *petit moment* to yon *chambre d'étude*, and I will *expliquer*?"

"By all means," said Mr. Price. "I am *de trop* here for the present."

None ever clearly knew what was the precise tenor of the conversation then addressed by the Hungarian to Mr. Dickars Price. After a good deal of question and answer, however, it ended with the Graf receiving from his host an oblong piece of paper, on one corner of which were inscribed

the figures 330*l.*, which the former deposited in his pocket-book. Another circumstance transpired—namely, an appointment in the city for two o'clock the following day, upon which considerable store seemed to be set.

On their return to the drawing-room, Mr. Dickars Price felt somehow or another as if he had made a blunder, but it was too late to recover. By some chance it was proposed that the foreigner should be the duchess's partner at whist, to which he agreed with alacrity. Deep and profound was the Hungarian's attention to the game, yet he played and betted with as much *nonchalance* as if the stakes had been nothing. During every deal he talked gaily if any body addressed him, but became silent and calm thereafter. Never had the old duchess been better pleased with any partner. Indeed her grace had every reason to be so. The Graf needed no remind as to his duty. He recollected every card, was always wide awake, and he and the duchess were so pertinaciously gainers, that it became difficult to break up the table. Such a run of luck at whist had never before been known in Park Lane.

Strange to say, notwithstanding all his eccentricities, the majority of voices towards the close of the evening were in favour of the Graf, who took leave about two o'clock, saying that he knew exceedingly well the way to his hotel, and naming one at no great distance. Indeed the only dissentient voices were those of Mr. Torpor Vivian and Mr. Dickars Price, the latter of whom had from the first moment of meeting detected certain points in the Graf's conduct such as he could by no means reconcile with the character which he would have wished to find in the son of his honoured correspondent.

But, as already said, the majority were strongly unanimous. As to Miss Theodosia, be the truth at once declared! her mind was made up. She had, indeed, read and dreamed of such wonderful men as the Graf, but never before seen one. Her susceptible heart had been touched, and her affections were engaged for ever!

Such was the state of affairs as the Graf left it in Park Lane, and such it continued the next morning, when Mr. Price intended going as usual to the city. He seldom betook himself

thither at a very early hour; for all the business of a well-ordered counting-house moved on, like machinery, without him,—every clerk fulfilling his allotted duties although the mainspring was not to be blinked. But at length he sallied forth. Every afternoon had its important business of one sort or another; and this day in particular was not to be blinked. Three hundred pounds embarked for a foreigner, although the son of an ancient ally, must be returned punctually to the moment appointed; otherwise, woe to the heedless borrower! Mr. Price was not a man to be trifled with in money matters—not he!

At two o'clock he was at his desk, ready to receive the Hungarian, for whose advent he had prepared the clerks. But two o'clock approached, came, and passed away. The Hungarian was not punctual. Then arrived about five-and-twenty other people, who were audience and dismissed one after another; the day wore on till four o'clock, and still no news of the Graf! But the dictator did not usually leave the city till five; and about half-past four a travelling carriage, with four post-horses, drew up to the counting-house gates; a stylish arrival, more like that of a dashing M.P. at the west end than sought which is commonly observable in the city. A card was brought up, and presented to Mr. Price,—“Mr. Ferdinand de Tropp!” The “same, but yet another!” that is to say, another copy from the original of that identical card which had rather disturbed his equanimity at yesterday’s dinner-hour. Probably, this was some new crotchet of the facetious Graf’s. He might have driven out to see the country,—to Richmond, for example,—and returned from thence in his post-chaise. But if so, why on earth go through the ceremony of sending up his visiting-card at a counting-house? Where was the fun or humour of this thing? It was, to say the truth, but a childish trick, and too much in keeping with other tricks, such as cobbling oranges, and swallowing knives and mustard-pots!

The merchant’s perplexity on this point, however, was soon diversified by a greater. The visitor in due

time followed his card; but, good Heavens! what a difference! The Monsieur de Tropp who now entered was a little, fat, punchy youth, with light hair, light blue eyes, and an obtusely comfortable expression of countenance, sufficiently indicating that the possessor thereof would not be diverted from the quiet path of common-sense by any delusive gleams of genius. Never, surely, was there exhibited a more striking contrast than that existing between the Hungarian Graf of yesterday and his present representative!

Again,—Mr. Dickars Price’s countenance would have made a good study for Hogarth. His reception of the new comer was not cordial, and did no credit to his character for gentlemanly politeness. The truth was, that he desiderated another Graf, and especially looked for the repayment of three hundred pounds, which on very specious grounds had been advanced for use early in the morning, previous to the liberation of a certain portmanteau, with certain credentials from the custom-house, and other important arrangements. But unluckily, as it has happened on divers other occasions in this motley world, explanations came, but hard cash did not.

“There must be some strange mistake, sir,” said Mr. Price, coldly. “You will excuse me, but this identical card—I mean another from the same stamp—was presented at my private house yesterday, accompanied with a letter of introduction.”

“And you received the bearer?”

“Unquestionably I did! How could I act otherwise, when he presented a letter of recommendation from our honoured correspondents at Vienna?”

“The impudent rascal!” said Monsieur de Tropp *secundus*. “But I hope your London police will catch him!”

“Why, what on earth is the matter?” said Mr. Dickars Price. “What is the meaning of all this?”

“In the first place,” said Monsieur de Tropp, “being necessitated to pay my respects here without any direct letter of introduction, I must beg to assure you, that our bankers in Lombard Street, on whom I have already waited, are fully empowered, by the

credentials placed in their hands to assure you that I am what I appear to be, and that —

"Well, sir, but to the point," said Mr. Price, impatiently. "How did your letter fall out, such very improper hands?"

"I had been in Ireland," said M. De Tropp; "that vessel was a passenger of the steam-boat by which I crossed from thence to Liverpool. He had travelled in Germany, and spoke the language passably well; he also told me many stories about his various acquaintances in London— indeed seemed to feel completely at home there—describing his looks, manners, and amusements, to the detail of which I listened with civility, though I distrusted the man. Unfortunately, he put up at the same hotel, and heard the way that I should unavoidably be detained for a week, on business at Liverpool. One afternoon, on returning to my private parlour, in which I had been writing letters all the previous morning, I discovered that a pocket-book, containing only a few memoranda, and some introductory letters, had been stolen—I always suspected that this vagabond might be the thief, because —"

"But who on earth is he?"

"I found out his history," said Monsieur De Tropp; "he is a rascally itinerant French juggler!!"

We need scarcely add that the strenuous efforts which were made through the Bow Street police establishment to discover the *soi-disant* Hungarian Graf proved in vain. In fact, that gentleman, having duly received payment from Mr. Price's bankers of a cheque for 350*l.*, seemed impressed with the notion that this amount of ready money would procure him far more of the blessings of life upon the Continent than it could possibly do in London. Consequently, after having pocketted a canvass bag full of sovereigns, which he carried about him with admirable facility, he stepped on board the Magnet steam-boat, which was just then conveniently departing for Boulogne.

With regard to the veritable Monsieur De Tropp, the "Simon Pure," he was of course invited to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Price, in Park Lane: but he turned out a mere man of business, and a dull companion. He ate sparingly, and mixed his wine with water: he had no remarkable anecdotes about longevity in Hungary, and played no tricks with oranges, knives, or mustard-pots; he did play wine, however, but blundered and lost—his head apparently being confused and preoccupied with abstruse calculations. On the whole, he was stupid and *opiniâtre*,—sometimes almost morose and sullen. Nor did it ever occur to him as an act of duty to offer restitution of the money, which had been lost to Mr. Dickars Price solely through his folly and carelessness in allowing his pocket-book to be stolen. It must be owned, therefore, that Simon Pure's appearance at the mansion in Park Lane was a failure.

As for Miss Theodosia, we have already hinted that she was rather odd; and in order to keep up the character for *bizarrie*, she actually took the adventure of the Hungarian to heart, has never been her own woman since, and still (if we may be allowed the phrase) swears by the moustachios! Nay, she has got the orange-basket which he made for her, and keeps it as a relic; and she possesses also an iron cross and chain with which it is supposed he presented her, and wears it round her neck. She has even been known in trying the effects of a "Perry-yau" pen upon satin paper, with blue ink, to write these words:—

"I have a silent sorrow here,  
A grief I'll ne'er impart."

And truly, if she should wish to speak of the Hungarian Graf *primus*—him of the moustaches and mustard-pots—it is better to hold her tongue in the domestic circle, at all events; for, on the remotest allusion to that subject, Mr. Dickars Price looks as black as midnight.

## LIFE OF SIR MURRAY MAXWELL.

## CHAPTER LX.

## PROCEEDINGS ON SHORE—PREPARATIONS BY THE ENEMY—BATTLE OF LISSA.

WHILE the *Acorn* and the boats were thus actively employed, the *Alceste* and *Active* maintained a fixed position, either in the harbour of Lissa, or in the channel between that island and the main, where they could watch and frustrate whatever movements might be made by the large military force in *Leisina*. By and by, however, the horizon began to overcast, and Captain Maxwell found it necessary in some degree to alter his arrangements, and to look more to defensive than to offensive operations. Accordingly, on the 12th of September, he wrote to recall the gun-boats, the presence of which for the more immediate protection of Lissa had become indispensable.

"As the *Active*," says he, in his letter to Captain Bligh, "is ordered to station herself between *Brayza* and *Leisina* for the purpose of hindering the enemy's threatened attack upon Lissa, you will continue to keep up the coast-blockade by laying at or cruising about *Archangelo*; and you will occasionally run down inside *Scotta*, to reconnoitre *Trace* and *Spalato*, and to communicate to me any information of importance which you may receive relative to the enemy's movements."

In this state things continued till the end of the month, when events befell of which we judge it best to give an account in the words of him who was the chief actor in them.

"*H.M.S. Alceste, Lissa,*  
"Oct. 2, 1811.

"Sir,—I embrace the opportunity of the *Diana* privateer returning to Malta, to inform you that the enemy's frigates have left *Ragusa*, and gone to *Pola*.

"The *Acorn* having got on shore near *Archangelo*, where she is employed to intercept the enemy's coasting trade, I proceeded from this place to her assistance; and, after taking every thing out of her, we succeeded in getting her off without any material injury having been sustained. I then sent her to *Carnesa* to obtain ballast and water, and took up her station at *Archangelo*, leaving the *Active* to watch *Lissa*. On the evening of the 21st of September the *Danae*, *Floré*,

and *Caroline* hove in sight. They had come down from *Ragusa* between the islands in a strong, dark, south-east wind, and now made their appearance at the entrance of the bay of *Archangelo*, where they formed in line of battle.

"The *Alceste*, having anchored with springs, was in three minutes ready to receive them; but, as they came there no doubt with the hope of finding the *Acorn* (which they would have certainly taken or destroyed), the sight of a large frigate occupying her berth made them pause; and, to our great astonishment, after shortening sail, they passed outside without attacking us. I immediately cut my cable and went out to engage them; which a dark and tempestuous night coming on would have enabled me to do with great advantage. And so close after them were we when we cut, that there was nobody on board who did not calculate on being in action in less than two hours. Unfortunately, however, they took advantage of the darkness to change their course ere we could come up with them; and while we stood for *Aucona* under a great press of sail, they steered for *Pola*. I shall never cease to lament this issue as a serious misfortune.

"I regret, sir, extremely that the enemy should have passed us untouched; but the condition of *Lissa*, and the preparations made to attack it are such, that I cannot with my small force at once cover the approaches to the island and watch every movement of enemy's ships in the upper Adriatic. Would to God this island were garrisoned! for till it be I am afraid that their cruisers must be suffered to go and come with impunity.

"Captain Gordon has just returned from reconnoitring *Ancona*. On the 28th there were two brigs ready for sea, and a Venetian corvette stripped. You will observe by the accompanying returns that we shall soon be in want of some species of provisions.

"To CHARLES ROWLEY, Esq.,  
"Captain of *H. M. S. Eagle*."

We are not aware that of this meeting between the *Alceste* and the French squadron from *Ragusa* any public notice has been taken. The circumstance is surely to be lamented; not alone because silence on such a subject withholds from the captain and



crew of a British ship of war the credit which is due to them, but because the conduct of the enemy appears to have been disgraceful in the extreme. The French frigates *Danae* and *Floré* were each of them equal, in point of size and weight of metal, to the *Alceste*. As for the relative numbers of their people, they were probably superior; while the corvette, mounting from twenty-eight to thirty-two guns, was an opponent in a scrambling fight not lightly to be spoken of. It may be that the enemy had strict orders to avoid a battle. It is possible, though not very probable, that their looking into Archangelo Bay was a mistake from beginning to end; but of one fact there can be no doubt, that seeing the *Alceste* there, and failing to attack her, they covered themselves with disgrace. Whether the French commodore was ever called to account, is more than we can tell; but the fate of an Englishman who should have acted as he did, supposing any English captain capable of such cowardice, would not have been doubtful for one hour.

A rigid scrutinist, a strict observer of the rules of *stratégie*, would be apt to blame Captain Maxwell for an excess of boldness on this occasion. Let us justify him from the charge by stating, first, that when he offered battle to such a superior force, he had the whole of his ship's company on board; and, next, that except during the chase he fell upon the only expedient which appeared to be open to him. The enemy being in possession of the mouth of the bay, all means of retreat were cut off; his choice, therefore, lay between a determined resistance and the doing that which never would have been done by him—the hauling down his colours. And if the chase do appear somewhat more Quixotic than prudent, let its propriety be judged of by considering not the mere isolated fact, but the ends which the British commander desired to attain by it.

"I think," says Lieutenant Howard Moore, who served at that time as master on board the *Alceste*, and wrote a letter on the subject which has been put into our hands, "I think that it was one of the most daring and gallant attempts I ever knew or heard of, our giving chase to the two frigates and corvette from Arch-

angelo. They came there expecting to find the *Acorn* sloop of war which we relieved a few days before, and they hauled off when they saw a frigate ready to receive them. It was late in the evening; and as soon as it became dusk, Captain Maxwell ordered the cable to be cut and all sail made in chase, to cut off the rear frigate, which he thought he could do before the others would be able to shorten sail, haul to the wind, and assist her, as they were sailing before the wind with studding-sails. We kept sight of them with the night-glasses for some time, but the night became dark and equally and they were lost sight of; and though we carried a press of sail in the direction we last saw them, they escaped by changing their course."

The French squadron, after a brief stay at Pola, proceeded to Trieste, where a formidable armament had for some time been assembling for the avowed purpose of recovering Lissa, and throwing supplies into Corfu. One ship, indeed, was all that was wanting to complete their force, namely, the *Rivoli* of 74 guns, which lay in Venice; but the *Rivoli* was destined not to join them, either then or at any subsequent period.

"I have much pleasure in informing you," writes Captain Maxwell on the 10th of October to Commodore Rowley, "that I have received information, by three vessels arrived from Venice, that the *Rivoli*, while attempting about nineteen days ago to come out upon the *Camel*, has been so much damaged, that they were obliged to send her back into the arsenal, and totally to dismantle her.

"They had tried her with her lower-deck guns in, after getting her on the *Camel*; and their weight, it is supposed, was the cause of such an increased pressure upon the ship's sides, that a great many knees were broken below, and they say the *Camel* is ruined. This is a fortunate accident for our tenure of Lissa, which I trust we shall now be able to protect until the troops arrive. The expedition against us was to have sailed from Trieste, where all but the *Rivoli* are now assembled, namely, the *Danae*, *Floré*, *Uranice*, and a Russian 40-gun frigate, with three corvettes. The French government have purchased large quantities of grain, which they have shipped or are shipping in Greek and Turkish polacres taken up for the purpose. A Russian corvette is also fitted out and laden with grain.

"Five hundred seamen have lately arrived at Venice from the ports of France to man this expedition; and I

have no doubt, from the quantity of grain which they carry with them, that, after recovering Lissa, they mean to attempt the relief of Corfu; but I trust through your timely increase of our force, and this accident to the Rivoli, their plans will be defeated.

"The enemy's troops still continue at Leisina and Brayza, all ready for coming over; they say, 3000 strong. We, on the other hand, keep up the blockade of the Dalmatian coast; to raise which must be a matter of great importance to the enemy, if they be, as report describes, on the eve of a war with Turkey as well as with Russia. The Montenegrins are said to be ripe for revolt. By every boat that arrives from Cattaro, I hear that, if we could shew ourselves with the frigates off the Boca, they would cut every Frenchman's head off. But Lissa cannot be left."

It will be observed that in this letter Captain Maxwell alludes to a reasonable addition which had been made to his force. The reinforcement in question consisted of the *Unité*, 36, Captain Edwyn Henry Chamberlayne commander; the presence of which undeniably contributed to his mental quiet: yet is it past dispute that his position as the sole defender of Lissa had become both an anxious and a critical one. A detachment of troops was promised to garrison the place, but the promise had not yet been fulfilled. The enemy's corps at Leisina was described as increasing its numbers daily; and to open the way for a descent of the whole upon the island, a single day's superiority at sea seemed alone to be needed. Now there appeared no just ground for assuming that such superiority might not be acquired. The Rivoli, to be sure, was rendered for a time, at least, unserviceable; but then there were four frigates and five corvettes at Trieste, the whole of which might at any moment come upon him, and that, too, when a portion of his very inadequate force should be employed to keep in check the boats and other transports at Leisina. Moreover, he was sadly at a loss for intelligence on which he could depend, there being neither neutrals nor coasters whom he could bribe to act as his spies, and from his own ships he was too weak to spare one for the purpose of picking up information. He had nothing, therefore, to trust to except the sagacity

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of his own strong mind, and his knowledge of the devoted heroism of the brave men whom he had the happiness to command.

Cut off from the ordinary channels of intelligence, Captain Maxwell took up a position of defence by anchoring his three frigates in the Channel, between the south-east point of Lissa and the Spalmador Islands. From that point the ships could command a view of two-thirds, at least, of the island of Lissa, besides looking directly into the harbour of Leisina, whence the principal danger threatened. Meanwhile the *Acorn* was detached to co-operate with the gun-boats, as a support to the parties of marines and seamen by whom the island was held. The following letter of instructions, handed over to Captain Bligh seems to us not unworthy of insertion, as well because of the sound practical sense which pervades every line of it, as because it offers no unfair transcript of the particular mind from which its contents emanated:—

"*Alceste, off Lissa.*

"Oct. 16, 1811.

"Sir,—Inclosed you will receive a copy of the private signals which are henceforth to be used between the ships and the signal-posts on shore.

"I leave you in charge of the island, reposing perfect confidence in your exertions to preserve it. A strict and vigilant look-out will, I know, be kept, both night and day. Three privateers under weigh every night, with a boat from each of the others, and two of yours—this will keep them in check on the other side; and if we prevent the frigates and convoy from passing, as I trust we shall, Lissa may do us all credit yet.

"It will be a good plan, either to-morrow or next day, if the weather be fine, to weigh with your whole force, gun-boats, privateers, &c., and stand over to Leisina, just to shew them what they have to expect. If you man the little *Acorn*, she will make a good night guard-boat for you. In the event of your being attacked, fires upon Whitty Hill, Mount Gordon, and Mount Hornby, will bring us all immediately to your assistance. See that good piles of wood are prepared. I know there is plenty upon the latter. The two gun-boats had better send for their water to Camessa; the privateers' boats often go in the morning and return by the evening. Take any one of the prize tribaccalos, and send that for your water. The island will also be

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dependent on you for water. There are some casks on shore which might be filled and kept in the tribaccalos, and these being anchored with the gun-boats under Point St. George, the island could be supplied, as it should stand in need. They are all victualled for a month. Your purser must endeavour to purchase a fortnight's wine or spirits, as some days may yet elapse ere the victuallers arrive. In the event of your receiving any important information, or if any news should reach you from Corfu, send out a privateer with it to me.

"Take care that M. Talparo sends his vessel out to-day, to recall all the privateers. Both he and Albenaza were getting one ready to go this morning. Any order they want for the purpose send in my name. I do not wish any embargo to be kept on, therefore sign, and give the boats going out the usual billets to pass the island. Lieut. Lloyd, R.N., commanding at Hoste's Island, will give you the necessary form. If they want any thing done on the batteries, I am sure you will assist them. Should the line-of-battle ship come with the frigates, and we are beat, endeavour to escape with all the people from Hoste's Island and Camessa; but if you cannot get out of the harbour, defend yourselves to the last extremity, as every hour we may look for reinforcements. But I have every confidence in our ultimate success, whatever may be the extent of the enemy's means.

"I send you an order which you will get copied and stuck up in the public square, relative to mules and cattle, in the event of the enemy landing. It is probable that one of the ships will communicate with the island every day."

In this manner the month of October ran its course, without the occurrence of any events which appear to demand especial notice, yet in a state to Captain Maxwell and the little squadron under his command of constant exertion and considerable anxiety. The early days of November gave promise of more stirring work to be cut out for them, for it was clear that the enemy were about to strike a blow. The force which they had assembled at Trieste received some fresh accession almost every day. Two of their frigates, likewise, were heard of as having escaped from Toulon to Corfu; and these, by and by, made their appearance off Ragusa, accompanied by an armed storeship, which they had picked up at the latter island. Moreover, the Eagle, Com-

modore Rowley, captured the Corcayne on the 27th, a third frigate of large size, and chased a fourth into Brindisi. Accordingly, the commodore, while he used his best exertions to intercept such portions of the enemy's fleet as might pass from various stations towards the point of rendezvous, considered it judicious to put the commanders of his own detachments on their guard, and wrote, among others, a letter of warning to Captain Maxwell:—

"The enemy," says he on the 9th of December, "are moving in all quarters; we must, therefore, collect our force. I can get no answer from Palermo as to the probable time when the promised garrison for Lissa is to set out, so you had better concentrate your strength, and keep at sea, moving round the island. I am extremely anxious about the Kingfisher. I hope the enemy have not taken her. The three frigates seen off Ragusa are evidently from Corfu; but my report makes mention of no more than two as having sailed, and I am therefore in much fear that the corvette is the Kingfisher. You must destroy every thing upon Hoste's Island, unless you think that you can keep close enough to prevent the enemy from getting hold of it before you have had time to secure it."

Before the preceding letter was penned, much more had reached its destination, Captain Maxwell met and engaged the frigates therein alluded to, and the result of the encounter at once freed the acting governor of Lissa from all immediate apprehensions for the safety of his post, and inflicted a blow upon the enemy's naval strength in the Adriatic from which it never afterwards recovered. Perhaps we cannot do better than permit the leader in this brilliant affair to tell his own tale in his own words, while we confine ourselves to such remarks, both upon the service and the style in which it was performed, as the circumstances of the case may appear to warrant:—

"H.M.S. *Alceste*, off Lissa,  
Dec. 7th, 1811.

"Sir,—His Majesty's ships under my orders, having been driven from their anchorage by strong gales, had taken shelter in Lissa when the telegraph upon Whitby Hill signalled 'three suspicious sail south.' A strong wind from the E.N.E. told against us; but we took advantage of the first lull that occurred, and the *Alceste*, *Active*, and *Unité* were,

through the indefatigable exertions of both officers and men, warped out of Port St. George. We now made weigh, and on the evening of the 28th ult. were met off the south end of Lissa by Lieut. M'Dougall of his Majesty's ship *Unité*, who, with a judgment and zeal that do him infinite credit, had put back when on his passage to Malta in a neutral, in order to acquaint me that he had seen three French frigates forty miles to the southward. Every sail was immediately carried, and at nine o'clock in the morning of the 29th we had the satisfaction to come in sight of the enemy, then sailing slowly along the shores of the island of Augusta.

"As soon as we hove in sight the enemy formed line on the larboard tack, and for a short time stood towards us; but finding that his majesty's ships bore down upon them under all sail, in close line abreast, they bore up to the north-west, and set studding-sails. At 11 a.m. the rearmost ship separated from her consorts and stood to the north-east. I immediately detached the *Unité* after her, and Captain Chamberlayne's report to me of the result of the chase I have the honour to inclose:—

"We closed the enemy by degrees, and at 1-2 p.m. the *Alceste* commenced action by engaging the ship in rear as she passed to get at the commodore. The firing had not continued many minutes ere an unlucky shot brought down our main-top-mast, which caused us unavoidably to drop a little astern. Cheers of 'Vive l'Empereur!' now resounded from both ships. They evidently imagined that the day was their own, not being aware of the sort of second that I had in my gallant friend Captain Gordon. But he soon made them change their note; he pushed the *Active* up under every sail till he got her within pistol-shot of his opponent, and brought her to close action.

"While this was going on, the headmost ship shortened sail, and stood towards the *Alceste*. Disabled in our masts we certainly were, though not, I trust, in our guns, as the enemy found to his cost, for, after a warm conflict of two hours and forty minutes, the French commodore made sail to the westward, a manœuvre which we were too much crippled to prevent. The remaining frigate, however, after being totally dismasted, surrendered, with five feet of water in her hold. She proved to be the *Pomone* of forty-four guns and 322 men, and was commanded by Captain Rosamel, who fought his ship with a skill and bravery that have earned for him the respect and esteem of his opponents. The consort which escaped was the *Pauline*, of the

same force, commanded by M. D. Montfort, Capitaine de Vaisseau, with a broad pendant. They were both from Corfu, and on their way to join the squadron at Trieste.

"The loss in this action has been to the *Alceste*, twenty in killed and wounded; to the *Active*, thirty-five; to the *Pomone*, fifty. Captain Gordon, I deeply regret to say, has lost a leg; but I thank God that he is doing well. On his merits as an officer I need not dwell, they are known to his country; and, as a man, he lives in the hearts of all who have the happiness to serve with him. His first lieutenant, Dashwood, lost an arm soon after the captain was wounded, and the ship was fought in a way that reflects the highest honour upon him by Lieutenant Hays. The services of this latter officer have been frequently noticed on former occasions always with the strongest commendation by his captain, who also speaks in the warmest praise of acting Lieutenant Moriarty, of Mr. Lothian (midshipman), of Lieutenant Meers, r.m., and of every officer, seaman, and marine under his command.

"Although our success has not been so complete as I trust that it would have been had the *Alceste* succeeded in taking up her intended position alongside of the *Pauline*, I feel it my duty to state that every officer and man in this ship has behaved most gallantly. I was ably assisted on the quarter-deck by my first lieutenant (A. Wilson) and by the master, Mr. Howard Moore; and the main-deck guns were admirably directed by Lieutenant J. Montague and Mr. James Adair, acting in the place of Lieutenant Hickman, whom I left at Lissa with the gun-boats. It has been a mortifying thing to two very deserving officers, Lieutenant Miller, r.m. (*Active*), and Lieutenant Floyd, r.m. (*Alceste*), that being detained on shore with most of their respective parties, for the defence of Lissa, hourly threatened with an attack, they were not enabled to take part in the action, nor, of course, to share the triumph of their messmates.

"The Kingfisher hove in sight and joined soon after the action, and Captain Tritton rendered essential service by taking the prizes in tow.

"Captain Bligh, of the *Acorn*, to whom, in our absence, I have intrusted the defence of Lissa, has an arduous duty to perform. But insuperable difficulties never arise where all are actuated by zeal for his majesty's service, and the little squadron which you have done me the honour to commit to my charge has an abundant share of the quality.

"The *Unité* has just joined, after seeing the *Persanne* into Lissa, and Captain

Chamberlayne, with his usual alacrity, has repaired damages and made the signal 'fit for service.' I am happy to add that in a few hours more this ship will, in a like manner, be in a condition to hoist it.

"I intend sending the *Active*, as soon as possible, with the prizes and prisoners to Malta, an arrangement which, considering the state of her wounded officers and men, will, I am sure, meet with your approbation. Inclosed are the lists of killed and wounded."

"To Captain Rowley,  
"H.M.S. *Eagle*."

The leading characteristic in this very interesting despatch is its extreme simplicity and modesty. There is no attempt at eloquence any where. Facts are stated plainly as they occurred, and praise is bestowed on all the actors in the scene, except one,—that one is Captain Maxwell himself, concerning whom, as we happen to be in possession of certain information which he did not think that he was called upon to communicate, common justice seems to require that we should record it here. In the first place, it is worthy of remark that Captain Maxwell fought his action with ships denuded of at least one-third of their respective crews. From the *Alceste* alone there had been detached in the gun-boats a lieutenant, a midshipman, and thirty seamen, besides a lieutenant and fifty marines who were landed at Lissa, and formed part of its permanent garrison; the frigate, accordingly, had at quarters no more than one hundred and ninety-five men and boys, a force barely adequate to work the ship, and fight one broadside at a time. In the next place, Captain Maxwell himself was suffering at the moment under the influence of a severe liver complaint, and of the lowering influence of the strong doses of calomel which the surgeon had administered. But as his gallant follower, Mr. Moore, has, in a private letter, recorded—

"The bare announcement from the signal-post that the frigates were in sight sufficed to restore him to his accustomed vigour both of body and of mind. He shook off the languor of disease as if by magic. He became in a moment the cool, active, and energetic officer that he ever was; and neither throughout the tedious process of warping, nor while we were

in chase of the enemy, did he quit his post. All night he kept the deck in defiance of a pouring rain, and when, soon after daylight, we caught sight of our prey, his bearing would have infused fresh zeal into all hands, had such been needed."

"I had the pleasure," continues the same authority, "of taking possession of the *Pomone*, and of sending Captain Rosamel, on board of the *Alceste*. He delivered up his sword to Captain Maxwell, as the senior officer; but Captain Maxwell declined to accept it. 'No,' was his reply, 'it does not belong to me; it belongs to my brave companion Captain Gordon,' and to Captain Gordon, then under the surgeon's hands, the sword was sent."

Again, it has become our duty to correct, in a single particular, the narrative of this action as Mr. James has described it, not because we charge that pains-taking writer with any design of perverting the truth, but because, in the latest edition of his work, he has, while expunging certain errors that originally disfigured it, permitted a statement to remain for which there is no foundation in fact. Mr. James assigns the probable reasons of the *Pauline's* flight in the following words:—

"At about 3h. 5m. P.M., seeing that the *Pomone* stood no chance with the *Active*, and observing, probably, the British 18-gun sloop-ship *Kingfisher*, Captain Ervill Tritton, approaching in the distance, the French commodore set all sail and stood to the westward."

It is not possible that the French commodore could have seen the *Kingfisher* at the moment when he began his retreat. The *Kingfisher* did not *leave in sight* till after the action was ended; and as to M. de Montfort's opinion respecting the inability of the *Pomone* to cope with the *Active*, we are a good deal puzzled how to account for its foundation. When the *Pauline* first made sail from the *Alceste*, the *Pomone* appears to have stood—apparently, at least—on a footing of equality with her antagonist. Her masts were all standing, her fire had not slackened, except through the accident that the *Active* had shot a head of her, and she exhibited every readiness to renew the combat, so soon as her assailant should be able to slacken her course. Indeed, it was not till

the *Alceste*, crippled as she was, had passed under the *Pomone's* stern and poured in a broadside, that the master of the latter frigate went by the board; and this took place full five-and-thirty minutes after *M. de Montfort* was in full flight. It appears, then, that Mr. James must have overlooked a sentence in his history, to which all that go before and followed after afford a contradiction, for in the summing up we find that he has taken a more correct view of the question:—

"Here," says he, "were two pairs of combatants, as equally matched, all circumstances considered, as could well have been brought together, and here was an action gallantly fought, we were going to say, on both sides. As, however, the French commodore certainly abandoned the action before the fall of his consort's masts had given the British a superiority, we feel disposed to concur in opinion with Captain Rosamel that his commodore shamefully deserted him, and that at one time there was every probability that a spirited co-operation on the part of the *Pauline* would have enabled both French frigates to effect their escape."

We are not of this opinion. We accept, indeed, Mr. James's correction of his own record; but we dissent from the inference which he draws from it. Had the commodore done his duty and fought his ship to the last, both French frigates, we humbly believe, would have become the prize of their antagonists. Moreover, we have the satisfaction to find that the same ideas on this subject were entertained at the moment by authorities superior to our own, as the following letters and extracts of letters from Captain Maxwell's superiors in rank will shew. It is thus that Commodore Rowley speaks to Sir Edward Pellew, then commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, when inclosing for his perusal Captain Maxwell's account of the battle:—

"*H.M.S. Eagle,*

"Dec. 18, 1813.

"Sir,—I have the honour of transmitting to you the inclosures from Captain Maxwell, stating that, in company with his majesty's ships *Active* and *Unité*, he has captured the French frigate *Pomone* and store-ship *Persanne*, which sailed the 16th ult. from Corfu with the *Pauline*. The latter frigate effected her

escape, and reached Ancona, as I am informed, very much disabled.

"The high state of discipline of his majesty's three frigates, and the well-known characters of their gallant captains, officers, and crews, leave not a doubt in my mind that the *Pauline* would have shared the fate of the others, had not the *Alceste* lost her main-top-mast at the beginning of the action; and I cannot but admire the delicacy of Captain Maxwell in not claiming any credit to himself and those with him from *H.M.* ships having one-fourth of their crews on shore at Lissa for the protection of that island.

"It is with infinite sorrow I read in Captain Maxwell's letter of the loss which the country will sustain in the temporary secession of Captain Gordon from active service through his wound, whose zeal and abilities have been so eminently conspicuous, especially in these seas."

In the same spirit is the subjoined fragment of a private letter which Commodore Rowley addressed at this time to Captain Maxwell:—

"I have to acquaint you that I have, by letter of the 18th inst. (a copy of which is inclosed), transmitted yours with the enclosures to the commander-in-chief; and I feel assured that he will rejoice with me that the unparalleled exertions for the last nine months of yourself, the captains, officers, and ships' companies under your orders, have been crowned with such brilliant success; and I cannot sufficiently express my high approbation of the whole of your arrangements since I have had the honour of having you under my command."

It is due to all concerned, that of the approbation bestowed on this service by Sir Edward Pellew the memorial should be preserved in the words of the writer. We, therefore, bring this chapter, as well as our history of the defence of Lissa, to a close, by appending both the official letter of the admiral to the commodore, in which the receipt of the despatches is acknowledged, and the private congratulations of one of the best officers that the British navy has produced to Captain Maxwell:—

"*H.M.S. Caledonia, Port Mahon,*

"January 28, 1812.

"Sir,—By the *Menelaus*, which has just joined me, I have received your letter of the 18th ult., giving cover to Captain Maxwell's despatch, in which the particulars are given of his action with the *Pauline* and *Pomone*, French

frigates, off Lissa, and the capture of the latter, with the *Persanne* store-ship, on the 29th of November last.

"I receive this intelligence with great pleasure; and I desire you will convey to Captain Maxwell my perfect approbation of the conduct of the captains, officers, seamen, and marines, who have performed this valuable service. I am fully aware of the severe disappointment of Captain Maxwell on the unavoidable escape of the *Pauline*, but I hope she may yet reward his zeal and perseverance at a future time.

"I regret exceedingly the loss of the gallant men who have fallen in this affair, as well as the severe wounds of Captain Gordon, Lieut. Dashwood, and those particularised in the return; but I have much satisfaction in the assurance that they are doing well, and that I shall soon regain the valuable services of Captain Gordon. I have not failed to notice that a large detachment from each ship was absent at Lissa on this occasion, which considerably enhances the merit of the action. I have the honour to be, &c.

"EDWARD PELLEW."

Still more gratifying to the subject of it was the following:—

"*Calcutta*, 31st January, 1812.

"My dear Sir,—I most sincerely congratulate you on your honourable and zealous exertions in the cause of mankind. If there be any man living that does not feel as I do, he is unworthy of knowing more of your worth and honour. I trust the mortification you experienced from an unlucky shot did not for a moment cloud your happiness. Your adversary will live the disgrace of his country and the scorn of his own crew for not bravely trying the issue of that day, so honourable to yourself and your brave companions. I have done you all justice with Mr. York, and only regret that the state of the *Alceste* is such as to require an English dock-yard, by which I shall lose for some months your services; but I have requested Mr. York to send you out again to me, if agreeable to yourself, and I hope that may be well done for the next winter season. I trust your first officer will meet promotion. To Mr. Dashwood, as an admiralty-list man, I have given a commission (irregular) for a prize, which their lordships will decide upon; but I hope it will open the door for your first lieutenant. Believe me, my dear sir, with sincere truth and regard, yours,

E. PELLEW."

#### CHAPTER X.

QUITS THE ADRIATIC—ARRIVES IN ENGLAND—ALCESTE PAID OFF—MAKES CHOICE OF THE *DUDALUS*—HER ARMAMENT.

From the date of the affair described in the previous chapter up to the month of May 1812, Captain Maxwell continued to serve his country in the Adriatic. For a brief interval he ceased, indeed, to hold the chief command at Lissa, because, the enemy having succeeded in getting the *Rivoli*, 74, to sea, the presence of a line-of-battle ship was held to be necessary, in order to hinder them from obtaining even a temporary superiority on the station. But the *Rivoli* was not fortunate; she fell almost immediately into the hands of Captain Falbot; and the *Victorious*, of which Captain Falbot was in command, returned to her original cruising ground. The consequence was that Captain Maxwell resumed his duties as acting governor of the island, and continued to discharge them not less to the advantage of his country, or service than to the benefit of the people over whom it was his business to preside.

It will be borne in mind that one of the last acts of Sir Samuel Hood,

ere he gave up his command in the Mediterranean and sailed for England, had been to communicate to Captain Maxwell his intention of applying for his ancient *protégé*, and carrying him to whatever station the lords of the Admiralty might assign to himself. Towards the end of February, Captain Maxwell received the first intimation that this arrangement would shortly be carried into effect. A letter from Commodore Rowley informed him that the *Apollo* and *Alcmene* might daily be expected in the Adriatic; and that as soon as the former shewed herself the *Alceste* was to be relieved from further service and return to England. "At the same time," continued the commodore, "as the island of Lissa is at last to be garrisoned, your being present at the arrival of the troops will not only be of great advantage to the public service, but will enable you to look after your own affairs; and I trust that you will be reimbursed for the money which you have expended."

This latter was a kind wish on the part of Commodore Rowley, but it was at the same time no more than a righteous one. Both Captain Maxwell and his comrades had been losers to a considerable amount through their zeal to maintain Lissa; for not a prize which they took—and many fell into their hands—was ever disposed of to their own personal profit. On the contrary, as craft after craft came in, they were, each in its turn, fitted out as guard-boats, and employed upon a service which had no tendency whatever to increase their marketable value when they should eventually come to the hammer. In the same spirit the stores and provisions with which the prizes were laden all went to furnish the island against a siege, while the redoubts and barracks that sprang up under our seamen's hands were built with materials purchased by them and their officers. Commodore Rowley's wish was not, therefore, more kind than it was just; and it gives us pleasure to add, that after some little delay, it received at least a partial accomplishment. On the arrival of a battalion from Sicily, to the officer commanding which Captain Maxwell formally made over his authority on shore, a survey of all that had been done was taken, and an estimate made of the expenses incurred. We cannot say that the surveyors exhibited any disposition to waste the public money by an excess of liberality in their award. The sum of 2000*l.* was fixed upon as the probable value of the materials used; and after much delay, and no inconsiderable amount of trouble, 2000*l.* were actually paid, where ten might have come nearer to the mark.

The land forces had not occupied the posts on shore many days when the long-expected Apollo arrived, and to Captain Taylor, who commanded, Captain Maxwell proceeded to render up the trust which he had so long and so faithfully held. Moreover, having been requested by the commodore to communicate to his successor such information as might appear important, in regard both to the nature of the waters and the state of the enemy's preparations, he drew out a memorandum, which we abstain from inserting at length only because the

course of our narrative has in some measure anticipated its details. But the concluding sentences of this creditable document we are bound, in common justice to its author, to transcribe. They shew that Captain Maxwell had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the entire bearing of his *champ-de-bataille*, a species of knowledge, which every officer, in the immediate presence of an enemy, whether he carry on operations by sea or by land, must, if he be ambitious of distinguishing himself, take care to acquire.

"The enemy," he says, "had in Lissina 1700 men, and 120 gun-boats; but they abandoned their projected enterprise as soon as they ascertained that our ships could lie at anchor during bad weather in a situation where none of the country pilots conceived that it would be possible to ride even in fine.

"This ship has been five times close in off Venice; of which threetimes at anchor. The soundings we found to be remarkably regular, with the exception of a ten fathoms' bank, which is apt to deceive in the night, by leading you to suppose yourself nearer to the shore than you really are. It lies about ten miles E. by S. of Malameia. The ground appears to be a kind of tough blue clay, and holds exceedingly well. We also rode out a very heavy gale of wind at E.S.E., off Goro, in eight fathoms. The largest mouth of the Po bore N.W., distant seven miles. We were almost current rode the whole of the gale.

"During the last summer, I established a coast blockade with the gun-boats and boats of the ships, to prevent the enemy getting supplies along the Dalmatian shore, and for three months not so much as a boat could pass; but at that time our boats could lie, perfectly sheltered from all weather, in the bay of Archangelo, which the enemy have since fortified. A little to the southward, however, there is good shelter to be found on either side of the island of Zecrona, according as the wind blows; and there a blockade might be kept up with great effect. The island is distant from the continent about four miles. There are no guns as yet looking towards it, though the enemy have been, and still are, getting up batteries on many points, to cover and protect their coasting trade.

"I have only further to remark, that if the enemy get their ships into Pola, they may there be very easily looked after, as there is good anchorage close to it under shelter of the Brioni Islands."

The above paper bears date the



27th of April, 1812. In the month of May following, the *Alceste* proceeded to Malta, where she was instructed to wait for a convoy, and see it safe to England. But the convoy not getting together so soon as the authorities had been led to expect, the frigate was employed in carrying despatches to Sicily. Finally, towards the end of July, she spread her sails with a fair wind for England, and on the 25th of August came to anchor in the Downs.

Four years of active service, and much exposure to the weather, had produced their usual effects upon the *Alceste*. She was considerably out of trim, and, being ordered round to Deptford, was given over to the officers of the dock-yard for examination. Captain Maxwell did not object to this; indeed, he knew that a thorough repair would be necessary; but he had for the gallant ship all a seaman's affection, and he was loath to exchange her for any other vessel of her class. He, therefore, used his best endeavours to keep her still in commission; but they were not successful. The gentlemen of the dock-yard gave in their report that long repairs would be required, and long repairs occupying a space of three months at the least, she was, of necessity, paid off. But Captain Maxwell was not, on that account, thrown out of employ. He had won for himself a good name at the Admiralty, and was already the subject of two separate applications,—one, as has been stated, from his first patron, Sir Samuel Hood, now commander-in-chief in India,—the other, on the part of Sir Edward Pellew, that he should return to the Mediterranean. Wherefore, of the only two frigates which lay at that time in the river, inefficient indeed as yet, but both about to be commissioned, he had the option, and, unfortunately for himself, he chose the least desirable. The ships in question were the *Dædalus* (formerly *Corona*) and a new frigate just launched, not yet named, but built after an approved model, and of the best materials. The latter was, indeed, of smaller dimensions than the former. She was rated as a 36; whereas, the *Dædalus* took rank among the 38-gun frigates; but to counterbalance this, the *Dædalus* was little better than a shell, having been

constructed at Venice, and came into the British navy as one of the prizes that rewarded the valour of Captain Hoste and his companions in the *first* battle of Lissa. At the same time, it is but fair to add, that the *Dædalus*, with respect to her sailing qualities, not less than in her accommodations and general appearance, was one of the most beautiful crafts that ever went afloat. Captain Maxwell, therefore, in selecting her, did no more than would have been done by perhaps nine out of ten of the officers of his standing; among whom there was a decided preference for French-built ships, solely, we believe, because these in general excelled the ships of British build in the important point of sailing.

If Captain Maxwell erred in the selection of his ship, we are forced to add that he committed a not less serious error in his choice of a station. It was no longer in the Indian seas that either glory or prize-money was to be acquired, for the last of the enemy's settlements had been wrested from them by the capture of Java; and having no ports in which to find shelter or supplies, there was little probability that they would run a fleet into jeopardy by sending it so far from their own shores. On the other hand, war had been declared against America; and no decisive blow having been as yet struck, the total unfitness of a British frigate to cope with an American line-of-battle ship in disguise was unknown. Neither could it be said, either of the Mediterranean or the North Sea, that, for frigates and smaller craft, they had ceased to afford the chance, at least, of distinction. We confess, therefore, that in permitting a personal friendship, however cherished, to outweigh other considerations at such a critical period in his professional life, Captain Maxwell appears to us to have exhibited the warmth of his feelings and the generosity of his nature, rather than any remarkable perspicacity in noticing the most direct road to the advancement of his own interests.

Be this, however, as it may, the power of choice was no sooner submitted to him than Captain Maxwell expressed a desire to follow his old leader, and to share his fortunes. To India, therefore, the *Dædalus* was

instructed to proceed, as soon as she could be got ready for sea; and an admirable crew having been supplied to her, there remained only the getting of her guns and stores on board, in order to complete her equipments, and leave her commander at liberty to follow the bent of his own inclinations. But the shipping of the guns proved to be an operation more delicate than had in any quarter been anticipated. The proper armament of a frigate of her class was in those days 18-pounders on the main deck, with 32-pound carronades aloft. It was found, on trying the experiment, that the *Dædalus* was too slightly constructed to bear the weight of such heavy ordnance; and long 12-pounders on the main deck, with 24-pound carronades on the quarter-deck and fore-castle, were ordered to be substituted. This was a grievous disappointment to Captain Maxwell, —first, because the power of his ship's battery was very materially diminished by it; and next, because it opened his eyes to the truth that, however fair to look upon, the *Dædalus* was not, like the old *Alceste*, formed, in every sea, and under every variety of circumstance, to "brave the battle and the breeze." The die, however, was cast. He had selected his ship, and must make the most of her; and he did so, by exchanging his long 12-pounders for medium 24-pounders,—an arrangement which, besides that it more than gave him back his weight of metal, subject only to a contracted range, enabled him to act upon a principle which for some years back

he had constantly and zealously advocated. For that which is now attended to as an established usage in the navy, namely, that every ship-of-war shall be armed throughout with guns that have the same calibre, was, at the period of which we are at present speaking, totally unheard of. You had, sometimes on the same deck, in all cases ranged the one above the other, almost every species of gun then in use, from a 32 to a 6-pounder; and if it seldom came to pass that the shot adapted for the one was carried for use to the other, much more must have been due to the vigilance of the officers and men on board than to the judicious arrangements of their superiors, either in the arsenal or at the Admiralty. Captain Maxwell had long been alive to the mischief which a little blundering on the part of the gunner must, under existing circumstances, produce. Unless we be in error, he had even gone so far as to make a representation on the subject in the proper quarter; at all events, he took advantage of the opportunity which Fortune had supplied for introducing a new and better scale of armament into his own ship. It is mortifying to reflect that the means of testing the wisdom of the arrangement were never afforded.

The *Dædalus*, being fully equipped, went round from the river to Spit-head, where she lay till the *Indiamen* that were to proceed under her convoy assembled, and on the 29th of January, 1813, threw out her canvass to the winds, and put to sea.

## CONFESSIONS OF GEORGE FITZ-BOODLE.

## OTTILIA.

## CHAP. I. THE ALBUM—THE MEDITERRANEAN HEATH.

TRAVELLING some little time back in a wild part of Connamara, where I had been for fishing and seal-shooting, I had the good luck to get admission to the château of an hospitable Irish gentleman, and to procure some news of my once dear Ottilia.

Yes, of no other than Ottilia v. Schlippenschlopp, the Muse of Kalbsbraten - Pumpernickel, the friendly little town far away in Sachsenland,—where old Speck built the town-pump, where Klingenspoehr was slashed across the nose,—where Dorothea rolled over and over in that horrible waltz with Fitz-Boo—. Psha!—away with the recollection: but wasn't it strange to get news of Ottilia in the wildest corner of Ireland, where I never should have thought to hear her gentle name? Walking on that very Urrisbeg mountain under whose shadow I heard Ottilia's name, Mackay, the learned author of the *Flora Pallandica*, discovered the Mediterranean heath,—such a flower as I have often plucked on the sides of Vesuvius, and as Proserpine, no doubt, amused herself in gathering as she strayed in the fields of Enna. Here it is—the self-same flower, peering out at the Atlantic from Roundstone Bay; here, too, in this wild lonely place, nestles the fragrant memory of my Ottilia!

In a word, after a day on Ballylynch Lake (where, with a brown fly and a single hair, I killed fourteen salmon, the smallest twenty-nine pounds weight, the largest somewhere about five stone ten), my young friend Blake Bodkin Lynch Browne (a fine lad who has made his Continental tour) and I, adjourned after dinner to the young gentleman's private room, for the purpose of smoking a certain cigar, which is never more pleasant than after a hard day's sport, or a day spent indoors, or after a good dinner, or a bad one, or at night when you are tired, or in the morning when you are fresh, or of a cold winter's day,

or of a scorching summer's afternoon, or at any other moment you choose to fix upon.

What should I see in Blake's room but a rack of pipes, such as are to be found in almost all the bachelors' rooms in Germany, and amongst them was a porcelain pipe-head bearing the image of the Kalbsbraten pump! There it was, the old spout, the old familiar allegory of Mars, Bacchus, Apollo virorum, and the rest, that I had so often looked at from Hof. Architekt's Speck's window, as I sat there by the side of Dorothea. The old gentleman had given me one of these very pipes, for he had hundreds of them painted, wherewith he used to gratify almost every stranger who came into his native town.

Any old place with which I have once been familiar (as, perhaps, I have before stated in these *Confessions*—but never mind that) is in some sort dear to me: and were I Lord Shootingcastle or Colonel Popland, I think after a residence of six months there I should love the Fleet Prison. As I saw the old familiar pipe, I took it down, and crammed it with Cavendish tobacco, and lay down on a sofa, and puffed away for an hour well-nigh, thinking of old, old times.

"You're very entertaining to-night, Fitz," says young Blake, who had made several tumblers of punch for me, which I had gulped down without saying a word. "Don't ye think ye'd be more easy in bed than snorting and sighing there on my sofa, and groaning fit to make me go hang myself?"

"I am thinking, Blake," says I, "about Pumpernickel, where old Speck gave you this pipe."

"'Deed he did," replies the young man; "and did ye know the old Bar'n?"

"I did," said I. "My friend, I have been by the banks of the Bende-meer. Tell me, are the nightingales still singing there, and do the roses still bloom?"

"The *what?*" cries Blake; "what the divvle, Fitz, are you growling about? Bendemeer Lake's in Westmoreland, as I preshume; and as for roses and nightingales, I give ye my word it's Greek ye're talking to me." And Greek it very possibly was, for my young friend, though as good across country as any man in his county, has not that fine feeling and tender perception of beauty which may be found elsewhere, dear madam.

"Tell me about Speck, Blake, and Kalbsbraten, and Dorothea, and Klingenspohr her husband."

"He with the cut across the nose, is it?" cried Blake; "I know him well, and his old wife."

"His old what, sir?" cried Fitz-Boodle, jumping up from his seat; "Klingenspohr's wife old?—Is he married again?—Is Dorothea then d-d-dead?"

"Dead!—no more dead than you are, only I take her to be five-and-thirty; and when a woman has had nine children, you know, she looks none the younger; and I can tell ye, that when she trod on my corrums at a ball at the Grand Juke's, I felt something heavier than a feather on my foot."

"Madame de Klingenspohr, then," replied I, hesitating somewhat, "has grown rather—rather st-st-out?" I could hardly get out the *out*, and trembled I don't know why as I asked the question.

"Stout, begad!—she weighs fourteen stone, saddle and bridle. That's right, down goes my pipe; flop! crash! falls the tumbler into the fender! Break away, my boy, and remember, whoever breaks a glass here pays a dozen."

The fact was, that the announcement of Dorothea's changed condition caused no small disturbance within me, and I expressed it in the abrupt manner mentioned by young Blake.

Roused thus from my reverie, I questioned the young fellow about his residence at Kalbsbraten, which has been always since the war a favourite place for our young gentry, and heard with some satisfaction that Potzdorff was married to the Behrenstein, Haarbart had left the dragoons, the Crown Prince had broken with the —; but mum! of what interest are all these details to

the reader, who has never been at friendly little Kalbsbraten?

Presently Lynch reaches me down one of the three books that formed his library (the *Racing Calendar* and a book of fishing-flies making up the remainder of the set). "And there's my album," says he; "you'll find plenty of hands in it that you'll recognise, as you are an old Pumpernickelaner." And so I did, in truth: it was a little book after the fashion of German albums, in which good simple little ledger every friend or acquaintance of the owner inscribes a poem or stanza from some favourite poet or philosopher with the transcriber's own name, as thus:—

To the true house-friend, and beloved  
Irlandish youth:

"Sera nunquam est ad bonos mores ira:"

WACKERBART,  
Professor at the Grand-Ducal Kalbsbratenpumpernicklish Gymnasium.

Another writes:—

"Wander on roses and forget-me-not."

Amalia v. Nachtmutze.  
Geb: v. Schlafrock.

With a flourish, and the picture mayhap of a rose. Let the reader imagine some hundreds of these interesting inscriptions, and he will have an idea of the book.

Turning over the leaves I came presently on *Dorothea's* hand. There it was, the little, neat, pretty handwriting, the dear old up-and-down-strokes that I had not looked at for many a long year,—the Mediterranean heath, which grew on the sunniest banks of Fitz-Boodle's existence, and here found, dear, dear little sprig! in rude Galwagian boglands.

"Look at the other side of the page," says Lynch rather sarcastically (for I don't care to confess that I kissed the name of "Dorothea v. Klingenspohr," born v. Speck" written under an extremely feeble passage of verse). "Look at the other side of the paper!"

I did, and what do you think I saw?

I saw the writing of five of the little Klingenspohrs, who have all sprung up since my time.

"Ha! ha! haw!" screamed the impertinent young Irishman, and the story was all over Connamara and Joyce's country in a day after.

## CHAP. II. OTTILIA IN PARTICULAR.

Some kind critic who peruses these writings will, doubtless, have the goodness to point out that the simile of the Mediterranean heath is applied to two personages in this chapter—to Ottilia and Dorothea, and say, P'sha! the fellow is but a poor unimaginative creature not to be able to find a simile a-piece at least for the girls; how much better would *we* have done the business!

Well, it is a very pretty simile;—the girls were rivals, were beautiful, I loved them both,—which should have the sprig of heath? Mr. Cruikshank (who has taken to serious painting) is getting ready for the Exhibition a fine piece, representing Fitz-Boodle on the Urrisbeg Mountain, County Galway, Ireland, with a sprig of heath in his hand, hesitating, like Paris, on which of the beauties he should bestow it. In the background is a certain animal between two bundles of hay, but that I take to represent the critics puzzled to which of my young beauties to assign the choice.

If Dorothea had been as rich as Miss Coutts, and had come to me the next day after the accident at the ball, and said, "George, will you marry me?" it must not be supposed I would have done any such thing. *That* dream had vanished for ever: rage and pride took the place of love; and the only chance I had of recovering from my dreadful discomfiture was by bearing it bravely, and trying, if possible, to awaken a little compassion in my favour. I limped home (arranging my scheme with great presence of mind as I actually sat spinning there on the ground), I limped home, sent for Pflastersticken, the court-surgeon, and addressed him to the following effect: "Pflastersticken," says I, "there has been an accident at court of which you will hear. You will send in leeches, pills, and the deuce knows what, and you will say that I have dislocated my leg: for some days you will state that I am in considerable danger; and you are a good fellow and a man of courage I know, for which very reason you can appreciate those qualities in another; so mind, if you

breathe a word of my secret, either you or I must lose a life."

Away went the surgeon, and the next day all Kalbsbraten knew that I was on the point of death: I had been delirious all night, had had eighty leeches, besides I don't know how much medicine; but the Kalbsbrateners knew to a scruple. Whenever any body was ill, this little kind society knew what medicines were prescribed, every body in the town knew what every body had for her dinner. If Madam Rumpel had her satin dyed ever so quietly, the whole society was on the *qui vive*; if Countess Pultuski sent to Berlin for a new set of teeth, not a person in Kalbsbraten but was ready to compliment her as she put them on; if Potzdorff paid his tailor's bill, or Muffinstein bought a piece of black wax for his mustachios, it was the talk of the little city; and so, of course, was my accident. In their sorrow for my misfortune, Dorothea's was quite forgotten, and those eighty leeches saved me. I became interesting; I had cards left at my door; and I kept my room for a fortnight, during which time I read every one of M. Kotzebue's plays.

At the end of that period I was convalescent, though still a little lame. I called at old Speck's house and apologised for my clumsiness, with the most admirable coolness; I appeared at court, and stated calmly that I did not intend to dance any more; and when Klingensphor grinned, I told that young gentleman such a piece of my mind as led to his wearing a large sticking-plaster patch on his nose, which was split as neatly down the middle as you would split an orange at dessert. In a word, what man could do to repair my defeat, I did.

There is but one thing now of which I am ashamed—of those killing epigrams which I wrote (*Mon Dieu!* must I own it?—but even the fury of my anger proves the extent of my love!) against the Speck family. They were handed about in confidence at court, and made a frightful sensation.

*Is it possible ?*

There happened at Schloss P-mp-rn-ckel,  
 A strange mishap our sides to tickle,  
 And set the people in a roar ;—  
 A strange caprice of Fortune fickle :  
 I never thought at Pumpnickel  
 To see a *SPECK* upon the floor !

*Lu Perfide Albion ; or, a Caution to Waltzers.*

"Come to the dance," the Briton said,  
 And forward D-r-th-a led,  
 Fair, fresh, and three-and-twenty !  
 Ah, girls, beware of Britons red !  
 What wonder that it turned her head ?  
 SAT VERBUM SAPIENTI.

*Reasons for not Marrying.*

"The lovely Miss S.  
 Will surely say 'yes,'  
 You've only to ask and try ;"  
 "That subject we'll quit,"  
 Says Georgy the wit,  
 "I've a much better *SPEC* in my eye !"

This last epigram especially was voted so killing that it flew like wild-fire ; and I know for a fact that our *Chargé d'affaires* at Kalbsbraten sent a courier express with it to the Foreign Office in England, whence, through our amiable Foreign Secretary, Lord P-lm-rston, it made its way into every fashionable circle, nay, I have reason to believe caused a smile on the cheek of R-y-lty itself. Now that Time has taken away the sting of these epigrams, there can be no harm in giving them ; and 'twas well enough then to endeavour to hide under the lash of wit the bitter pangs of humiliation ; but my heart bleeds now to think that I should have ever brought a tear on the gentle cheek of Dorothea.

Not content with this, with humiliating her by satire, and with wounding her accepted lover across the nose, I determined to carry my revenge still farther, and to fall in love with any body else. This person was Ottilia v. Schlippenschlopp.

Otho Sigismund Freyherr Von Schlippenschlopp, Knight Grand Cross of the Ducal Order of the Two-Necked Swan of Pumpnickel, of the *Porc-et-Sifflet* of Kalbsbraten, Commander of the George and Blue Boar of Dummerland, Excellency, and High Chancellor of the United Duchies, lived in the second floor of a house in the

with his private income and his revenues as chancellor, amounting together to some 300*l.* per annum, he maintained such a state as very few other officers of the Grand-Ducal Crown could exhibit. The Baron is married to Maria Antoinetta, a countess of the house of 'Kartoffelstadt, branches of which have taken root all over Germany. He has no sons, and but one daughter, the Fräulein OTTILIA.

The chancellor is a worthy old gentleman, too fat and wheezy to preside at the privy council, fond of his pipe, his ease, and his rubber. His lady is a very tall and pale Roman-nosed countess, who looks as gentle as Mrs. Robert Roy, where, in the novel, she is for putting Baillie Nicol Jarvie into the lake, and who keeps the honest chancellor in the greatest order. The Fräulein Ottilia had not arrived at Kalbsbraten when the little affair between me and Dorothea was going on, or rather had only just come in for the conclusion of it, being presented for the first time that year at the ball where I—where I met with my accident.

At the time when the countess was young, it was not the fashion in her country to educate the young ladies so highly as since they have been educated ; and provided they could waltz, sew, and make puddings, they were thought to be decently bred ; being seldom called upon for algebra

or Sanscrit in the discharge of the honest duties of their lives. But Fraulein Ottilia was of the modern school in this respect, and came back from her *pension* at Strasburg speaking all the languages, dabbling in all the sciences, a historian, a poet,—a blue of the ultramarine sort, in a word. What a difference there was, for instance, between poor, simple Dorothea's love of novel-reading, and the profound encyclopædic learning of Ottilia!

Before the latter arrived from Strasburg (where she had been under the care of her aunt the Canoness Countess Ottilia of Kartoffelstadt, to whom I here beg to offer my humblest respects), Dorothea had passed for a *bel esprit* in the little court circle, and her little simple stock of accomplishments had amused us all very well. She used to sing "Herz mein Herz" and "Ten souvenirs tu," in a decent manner (*once*, before Heaven, I thought her singing better than Grisi's), and then she had a little album in which she drew flowers, and used to embroider slippers wonderfully, and was very merry at a game of *loto* or forfeits, and had a hundred small *agrémens de société* which rendered her an acceptable member of it.

But when Ottilia arrived, poor Dolly's reputation was crushed in a month. The former wrote poems both in French and German; she painted landscapes and portraits in real oil; and she twanged off a rattling piece of Listz or Kalkbrenner in such a brilliant way, that Dora scarcely dared to touch the instrument after her, or venture, after Ottilia had trilled and gurgled through "Una Voce," or "Di Piacere" (Rossini was in fashion then), to lift up her little modest pipe in a ballad. What was the use of the poor thing going to sit in the park, where so many of the young officers used ever to gather round her? Whirr! Ottilia went by galloping on a chestnut mare with a groom after her, and presently all the young fellows who could buy or hire horseflesh were prancing in her train.

When they met, Ottilia would bounce towards her soul's darling, and put her hands round her waist, and call her by a thousand affectionate names, and then talk of her as

only ladies or authors can talk of one another,—talk of her, in a word, as Mr. Samuel Warren does of his "dear Boz," in the December number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. How tenderly she would hint at Dora's little imperfections of education!—how cleverly she would insinuate that the poor girl had no wit! and, thank God, no more she had. The fact is, that do what I will I see I'm in love with her still, and would be if she had fifty children; but my passion blinded me *then*, and every arrow that fiery Ottilia discharged I marked with savage joy. Dolly, thank Heaven, didn't mind the wit much, she was too simple for that. But still the recurrence of it would leave in her heart a vague, indefinite feeling of pain, and somehow she began to understand that her empire was passing away, and that her dear friend hated her like poison; and so she married Klingenspoehr. I have written myself almost into a reconciliation with the silly fellow, for the truth is, he has been a good, honest husband to her, and she has children, and makes puddings, and is happy.

Ottilia was pale and delicate. She wore her glistening black hair in bands, and dressed in vapoury white muslin. She sang her own words to her harp, and they commonly insinuated that she was alone in the world,—that she suffered some inexpressible and mysterious heart-pangs, the lot of all finer geniuses,—that though she lived and moved in the world she was not of it,—that she was of a consumptive tendency and might look for a premature interment. She even had fixed on the spot where she should lie: the violets grew there, she said, the river went moaning by; the grey willow whispered sadly over her head, and her heart pined to be at rest. "Mother," she would say, turning to her parent, "promise me—promise me to lay me in that spot when the parting hour has come!" At which Madame de Schlippenachlopp would shriek and grasp her in her arms, and at which, I confess, I would myself blubber like a child. She had six darling friends at school, and every courier from Kalbbraten carried off whole reams of her letter-paper.

In Kalbbraten, as in every other

in town, there are a vast number of literary characters, of whom my friend quickly became the

They set up a literary journal which appeared once a-week, on light blue or primrose paper, which, in compliment to the

Ottilia's maternal name, was the *Kartoffelkranz*. Here

a couple of her ballads extracted the *Kranz*, and by far the most beautiful specimen of her style. For in songs she never would willingly let off the heroines without a hint of a consumption. She never heard of such a thing as a hap-

py marriage, and had an appetite for grief quite amazing in so young a person. As for her dying and desiring to be buried under the willow-tree, of which the first ballad is the subject, though I believed the story then, I have at present some doubts about it. For, since the publication of my memoirs, I have been thrown much into the society of literary persons (who admire my style hugely), and, egad! though some of them are dismal enough in their works, I find them in their persons the least sentimental class that ever a gentleman fell in with.

### The Willow Tree.

Know ye the willow-tree  
Whose grey leaves quiver,  
Whispering gloomily  
To yon pale river;  
Lady, at even-tide  
Wander not near it,  
They say its branches hide  
A sad, lost spirit!

Once to the willow-tree  
A maid came fearful,  
Pale seemed her cheek to be,  
Her blue eye tearful;  
Soon as she saw the tree,  
Her step moved fleetly,  
No one was there—ah, me!  
No one to meet her!

Quick beat her heart to hear  
The far bells' chime  
Toll from the chapel-tower  
The trysting time:  
But the red sun went down  
In golden flame,  
And though she looked round,  
Yet no one came!

Presently came the night,  
Sadly to greet her,—  
Moon in her silver light,  
Stars in their glitter;  
Then sank the moon away  
Under the billow,  
Still wept the maid alone—  
There by the willow!

Through the long darkness,  
By the stream rolling,  
Hour after hour went on  
Tolling and tolling.  
Long was the darkness,  
Lonely and stilly;  
Shrill came the night-wind,  
Piercing and chilly.



Shrill blew the morning breeze,  
 Biting and cold,  
 Bleak peers the grey dawn  
 Over the world.  
 Bleak over moor and stream  
 Looks the grey dawn,  
 Grey, with dishevelled hair,  
 Still stands the willow there—  
 THE MAID IS GONE!

*Domine, Domine!*

*Sing we a lily,—*

*Sing for poor maiden-hearts broken and weary;*

*Domine, Domine!*

*Sing we a lily,*

*Wail we and weep we a wild Miserere!*

One of the chief beauties of this ballad (for the translation of which I received some well-merited compliments) is the delicate way in which the suicide of the poor young woman under the willow-tree is hinted at; for that she threw herself into the water and became one among the lilies of the stream, is as clear as a pikestaff. Her suicide is committed some time in the darkness, when the slow hours move on tolling and toll-

ing, and is hinted at darkly as befits the time and the deed.

But that romantic brute Van Cutsem, the Dutch Chargé d'affaires, sent in the *Kartoffelkranz* of the week after a conclusion of the ballad, which shews what a poor creature he must be. His pretext for writing it was, he said, because he could not bear such melancholy endings to poems and young women, and therefore he submitted the following lines:—

#### I.

Long by the willow-trees  
 Vainly they sought her,  
 Wild rang the mother's screams  
 O'er the grey water:  
 "Where is my lovely one?  
 Where is my daughter?"

#### II.

"Rouse thee, sir constable—  
 Rouse thee and look;  
 Fishermen, bring your net,  
 Boatmen, your hook.  
 Beat in the lily-beds,  
 Dive in the brook!"

#### III.

Vainly the constable  
 Shouted and called her;  
 Vainly the fisherman  
 Beat the green alder,  
 Vainly he flung the net,  
 Never it hauled her!

#### IV.

Mother, beside the fire  
 Sat, her nightcap in;  
 Father, in easy chair,  
 Gloomily napping,  
 When at the window-sill  
 Came a light tapping!

## V.

And a pale countenance  
 Looked through the casement.  
 Loud beat the mother's heart,  
 Sick with amazement,  
 And at the vision, which  
 Came to surprise her,  
 Shrieked in an agony—  
 "Lor! it's Elizar!"

## VI.

Yes, 'twas Elizabeth—  
 Yes, 'twas their girl;  
 Pale was her cheek, and her  
 Hair out of curl.  
 "Mother!" the loving one,  
 Blushing, exclaimed,  
 "Let not your innocent  
 Lizzy be blamed."

## VII.

"Yesterday, going to aunt  
 Jones's to tea,  
 Mother, dear mother, I  
*Forgot the door-key!*  
 And as the night was cold,  
 And the way steep,  
 Mrs. Jones kept me to  
 Breakfast and sleep."

## VIII.

Whether her pa and ma  
 Fully believed her  
 That we shall never know,  
 Stern they received her;  
 And for the work of that  
 Cruel, though short, night,  
 Sent to bed without  
 Tea for a fortnight.

## IX.

## MORAL.

*Hey diddle diddlety,  
 Cat and the Fiddlety!  
 Maidens of England, take caution by she!  
 Let love and suicide  
 Never tempt you aside,  
 And always remember to take the door-key!*

Some people laughed at this pa-  
 dy, and even preferred it to the  
 iginal; but for myself I have no  
 tience with the individual who can  
 rn the finest sentiments of our na-  
 re into ridicule, and make every  
 ing sacred a subject of scorn. The

next ballad is less gloomy than that  
 of the willow-tree, and in it the  
 lovely writer expresses her longing  
 for what has charmed us all, and, as  
 it were, squeezes the whole spirit of  
 the fairy-tale into a few stanzas:—

## FAIRY DAYS.

Beside the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's knee,  
 Of happy fairy days—what tales were told to me!

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I thought the world was once—all peopled with princesses,  
And my heart would beat to hear—their loves and their distresses;  
And many a quiet night,—in slumber sweet and deep,  
The pretty fairy people—would visit me in sleep.

I saw them in my dreams—come flying east and west,  
With wondrous fairy gifts—the new-born babe they bless'd;  
One has brought a jewel—and one a crown of gold,  
And one has brought a curse—but she is wrinkled and old.  
The gentle queen turns pale—to hear those words of sin,  
But the king he only laughs—and bids the dance begin.

The babe has grown to be—the fairest of the land  
And rides the forest green—a hawk upon her hand,  
An ambling palfrey white—a golden robe and crown;  
I've seen her in my dreams—riding up and down.  
And heard the ogre laugh—as she fell into his snare,  
At the little tender creature—who wept and tore her hair!

But ever when it seemed—her need was at the sorest  
A prince in shining mail—comes prancing through the forest,  
A waving ostrich-plume—a buckler burnished bright;  
I've seen him in my dreams—good sooth! a gallant knight.  
His lips are coral red—beneath a dark moustache;  
See how he waves his hand—and how his blue eyes flash!

"Come forth, thou Paynim knight!"—he shouts in accents clear.  
The giant and the maid—both tremble his voice to hear.  
Saint Mary guard him well!—he draws his falchion keen,  
The giant and the knight—are fighting on the green.  
I see them in my dreams—his blade gives stroke on stroke,  
The giant pants and reels—and tumbles like an oak!

With what a blushing grace—he falls upon his knee  
And takes the lady's hand—and whispers "You are free!"  
Ah! happy childish tales—of knight and faërie!  
I waken from my dreams—but there's ne'er a knight for me;  
I waken from my dreams—and wish that I could be  
A child by the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's knee!

Indeed, Ottilia looked like a fairy herself: pale, small, slim, and airy. You could not see her face, as it were, for her eyes, which were so wild, and so tender, and shone so that they would have dazzled an eagle, much more a poor goose of a Fitz-Boodle. In the theatre, when she sat on the opposite side of the house, those big eyes used to pursue me as I sat pretending to listen to the *Zauberflöte*, or to Don Carlos, or Egmont, and at the tender passages, especially, they would have such a winning, weeping, imploring look with them as flesh and blood could not bear.

Shall I tell how I became a poet for the dear girl's sake? 'Tis surely unnecessary after the reader has perused the above versions of her poems. Shall I tell what wild follies I committed in prose as well as

in verse? how I used to watch under her window of icy evenings, and with chilblainy fingers sing serenades to her on the guitar? Shall I tell how, in a sledging party, I had the happiness to drive her, and of the delightful privilege which is, on these occasions, accorded to the driver?

Any reader who has spent a winter in Germany perhaps knows it. A large party of a score or more of sledges is formed. Away they go to some pleasure-house that has been previously fixed upon, where a ball and collation are prepared, and where each man, as his partner descends, has the delicious privilege of saluting her. O heavens and earth! I may grow to be a thousand years old, but I can never forget the rapture of that salute.

"The keen air has given me an appetite," said the dear angel as we

entered the supper-room; and to say the truth, fairy as she was, she made a remarkably good meal—consuming a couple of basins of white-soup, several kinds of German sausages, some Westphalia ham, some white puddings, an anchovy salad made with cornichons and onions, sweets innumerable, and a considerable quantity of old Stein Wein and rum-punch afterwards. Then she got up and danced as brisk as a fairy, in which operation I of course did not follow her, but had the honour at the close of the evening's amusement once more to have her by my side in the sledge, as we swept in the moonlight over the snow.

Kalbsbraten is a very hospitable place as far as tea-parties are concerned, but I never was in one where dinners were so scarce. At the palace they occurred twice or thrice in a month, but on these occasions spinsters were not invited, and I seldom had the opportunity of seeing my Otilia except at evening parties.

Nor are these, if the truth must be told, very much to my taste. Dancing I have forsworn, whist is too severe a study for me, and I do not like to play *écarté* with old ladies, who are sure to cheat you in the course of an evening's play.

But to have an occasional glance at Otilia was enough; and many and many a napoleon did I lose to her mamma, Madame de Schlippen-schlopp, for the blest privilege of looking at her daughter. Many is the tea-party I went to, shivering into cold clothes after dinner (which is my abomination) in order to have one little look at the lady of my soul.

At these parties there were generally refreshments of a nature more substantial than mere tea—punch, both milk and rum, hot wine, *consommé*, and a peculiar and exceedingly disagreeable sandwich made of a mixture of cold white puddings and garlic, of which I have forgotten the name, and always detested the savour.

Gradually a conviction came upon me that Otilia ate a great deal.

I do not dislike to see a woman eat comfortably. I even think that an agreeable woman ought to be *friende*, and should love certain little

dishes and nicknacks. I know that though at dinner they commonly take nothing, they have had roast mutton with the children at two, and laugh at their pretensions to starvation.

No! a woman who eats a grain of rice, like Amina in the *Arabian Nights*, is absurd and unnatural; but there is a *modus in rebus*: there is no reason why she should be a Ghoul, a monster, an ogress, a horrid gormandiseress—faugh!

It was, then, with a rage amounting almost to agony, that I found Otilia ate too much at every meal. She was always eating, and always eating too much. If I went there in the morning, there was the horrid familiar odour of those oniony sandwiches; if in the afternoon, dinner had been just removed, and I was choked by reeking reminiscences of roast meat. Tea we have spoken of. She gobbled up more cakes than any six people present; then came the supper and the sandwiches again, and the egg-flip and the horrible rum-punch.

She was as thin as ever—paler if possible than ever;—but, by Heaven! *her nose began to grow red!*

*Mon Dieu!* how I used to watch and watch it! Some days it was purple, some days had more of the vermilion—I could take an affidavit that after a heavy night's supper it was more swollen, more red than before.

I recollect one night when we were playing a round game (I had been looking at her nose very eagerly and sadly for some time), she of herself brought up the conversation about eating, and confessed that she had five meals a-day.

"*That accounts for it!*" says I, flinging down the cards, and springing up and rushing like a madman out of the room. I rushed away into the night, and wrestled with my passion. "What! marry," said I, "a woman who eats meat twenty-one times in a week, besides breakfast and tea? Marry a sarcophagus, a cannibal, a butcher's shop?—Away!" I strove and strove, I drank, I groaned, I wrestled and fought with my love—but it overcame me; one look of those eyes brought me to her feet again. I yielded myself up like a slave; I fawned and whined for her;

I thought her nose was not so very red.

Things came to this pitch that I sounded His Highness's minister to know whether he would give me service in the Duchy; I thought of purchasing an estate there. I was given to understand that I should get a chamberlain's key and some post of honour did I choose to remain, and I even wrote home to my my brother Fitz in England, hinting a change in my condition.

At this juncture the town of Hamburg sent His Highness the Grand Duke (*à propos* of a commercial union which was pending between the two states) a singular present, no less than a certain number of barrels of oysters, which are considered extreme luxuries in Germany, especially in the inland parts of the country, where they are almost unknown.

In honour of the oysters and the new commercial treaty (which arrived in *fourgons* despatched for the purpose), His Highness announced a grand supper and ball, and invited all the quality of all the principalities round about. It was a splendid affair, the grand saloon brilliant with hundreds of uniforms and brilliant toilettes—not the least beautiful among them, I need not say, was Ottilia.

At midnight the supper-rooms were thrown open, and we formed into little parties of six, each having a table, nobly served with plate, a lackey in attendance, and a gratifying ice-pail or two of champagne to *égayer* the supper. It was no small cost to serve five hundred people on

silver, and the repast was certainly a princely and magnificent one.

I had, of course, arranged with Mademoiselle de (Schlippenschlopp. Captains Frumpel and Fridelberger of the Duke's Guard, Mesdames de Butterbrod and Bopp, formed our little party.

The first course, of course, consisted of *the oysters*. Ottilia's eyes gleamed with double brilliancy as the lackey opened them; there were nine a-piece for us—how well I recollect the number!

I never was much of an oyster-eater, nor can I relish them *in naturalibus* as some do, but require a quantity of sauces, lemons, cayenne peppers, bread and butter, and so forth, to render them palatable.

By the time I had made my preparations, Ottilia, the captains, and the two ladies, had well-nigh finished theirs. Indeed Ottilia had gobbled up all hers, and there were only my nine left in the dish.

I took one—IT WAS BAD. The scent of it was enough—they were all bad. Ottilia had eaten nine bad oysters.

I put down the horrid shell. Her eyes glistened more and more, she could not take them off the tray.

"Dear Herr George," she said, "Will you give me your oysters?"

\* \* \* \* \*

She had them all down—before—I could say—Jack—Robinson.

\* \* \* \* \*

I left Kalbsbraten that night, and have never been there since.

G. S. F. B.

## THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF HENRY TAYLOR.

BY AN APPRENTICE OF THE LAW.

I do not think justice has yet been done in any of the journals, daily, weekly, monthly, or quarterly, to the author of *Philip Van Artevelde* and *Edwin the Fair*. His works are not of that order to fascinate the casual reader, and induce him, after glancing his idle eye over a page or two, still to hold on. He is not for the mere multitude. His thoughts lie too deep, his feelings are too fine and philosophic—in a word, too true for them. You might as well ask them to lend their ears in honest, heartfelt admiration, to the dramatic poems of Milton. The working critic, too, he who plies his daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly task, in dealing with this, that, and the other work, as it issues from the press, and appears upon his table on its way, with its fore edges uncut, to the book-shop where presentation copies are bought, can know little of such a writer as Henry Taylor, and cares less. The faults of the garb in which the writer conveys his poetry will strike an eye familiar with detecting such things, but your professional critic has no leisure to discover, much less dwell upon, the beauties. He is incapable of gratitude to an author; for him an author has no vitality; between them there is no tie of kindliness, because their minds have held communion; the critic is not conscious of the sacred obligation of hospitality towards the host who has received him in the structure he has raised, and entertained him with the best he can supply. On the contrary, he treats an author as a subject for dissection, and generally pursues the course to him that surgeons were wont to do when the bodies of felons were given up for dissection,—he just makes the crucial incision, or, perhaps, a contemptuous gash or two, on the outward integuments, and leaves the body to be removed and buried by the friends. No cry of a crowd, no extravagant praise from those who are called directors of the public taste, can recommend the author of *Philip Van Artevelde* to notice; and as we never heard, and from the lack of results in puffery do not believe, he

either makes presents or gives dinners to the dispensers of fame, we take for granted he must continue to be content with the audience, "fit though few." For myself, I am indebted to him for enabling me to beguile many an hour that after study had pressed heavily on the wearied spirit, and to beguile it, not unprofitably, not through any violent change, for in his pictured page I have found much to think upon—much that I was glad to feel and learn. There is a test to apply to a work, be it of whatsoever peculiar character it may, which cannot fail, in which you cannot be deceived by others, and in which, still more, you cannot deceive yourself,—it is repeated enjoyment, and repeated recurrence for enjoyment, without a sensation of satiety. Provided only you be conscious that you are one who has in truth and purity sought knowledge for the delight it gives, and whose senses can appreciate, and whose heart loves the beautiful, under whatever form or in whatsoever essence it may appear or make you conscious of it, the book that you have read often, and still love to take up, as the musician might his instrument, to soothe a vacant hour, is sure to be a good one. I have applied this test to *Philip Van Artevelde*, and it has stood it well. Some books are like sponges—these are books you read for information only. Some like butterflies—these are books that you read for pleasure, for the images they conjure up, as you gaze upon a picture of Murillo's or Raffaele's. Some for the "soft pulsation on the ear," as you listen to one of Mozart's melodies. You squeeze the sponge, and it is dry, and incapable of yielding more or being filled again. It is as valueless to you as before it was torn from its native rock. You seize the butterfly, and while you hold it in your hand, all its glittering hues perish. Both are flung aside. But there are books like the fountain, ever full and ever flowing, ever sparkling and ever singing in that primal music created with the universe, and which addresses itself to

the soul of man in its highest moods; and to these, as of the blessed things vouchsafed on earth for human solace, you can always recur, to glad your eyes, delight your ears, and gratify your mind's thirst. Such are pre-eminently the poems of Homer and Shakspeare, and such, in no inconsiderable degree, has been to me *Philip Van Artevelde*. I am aware that this in a great measure proceeds from peculiar circumstances. There is much of that tie between the mind and tastes, feelings and aspirations, of the author and of the reader, which Sallust has described as the basis of firm friendship. There is the *idem nolle, atque idem nolle*. We are both (I hope I may, without presumption, say both, for the privilege of loving is one of those angelic privileges still vouchsafed to men since the Fall)—we are both, then, lovers of the beautiful in art and nature, both passionately addicted to politics as a science, unstained by one sordid thought or view. I find it recorded in the fly-leaf of my copy (formerly, *i.e.* in 1809, Lord Sheffield's) of Lally-Tolendal's tragedy *Le Comte de Strafford*, Mr. Gibbon was at Lausanne when he received from his friend the Count de Lally-Tolendal a copy of this work, and, having perused it, he observed, that "He could now judge how Tacitus would have written a tragedy." The speech was a courtly one; though undoubtedly the merit of the chivalrous gentleman's work is great, and still greater is that of the sketch of the history of Ireland and the life of the murdered Strafford which accompanies it. But I would say *Philip Van Artevelde* is peculiarly the work of a statesman, while it is, also, the production of a poet. And believe me, that the mind of the statesman and the imagination of the poet, when both are at the highest, are invariably found together. Where can we better seek for the deep and eternal maxims of political wisdom than in the pages of Homer and Shakspeare? Who were the authors amongst ourselves of some of the best and wisest state-papers ever published, and on most difficult subjects? Why, poets!—Bacon, Spenser, and Sir John Davis. To me, then, as a lover of poetry and a political student, the brief and eventful career of the son of Jacques Van

Artevelde, as described by Taylor, has always been fraught with thrilling interest. I have meditated on the statesman's observations and reflections with a melancholy pleasure—I have dreamed over his fine reveries—I have luxuriated in the sweet and solemn strains of his poetry—I have pursued to the depths of their moral the sad passages of his narrative. For human nature and human hopes, in the words quoted by Sir Walter Scott, in reference to the theme of his wonderful work, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, "It is an owre true tale." In *Philip Van Artevelde* the character of the hero is admirably and faithfully depicted throughout. He is *qualis ab incepto*. Circumstances only change—he is still the same. This is finely taught. The flawless diamond in its substance and its essence is still the same; but it takes its hues from the light that shines upon it. Remove it from its casket, and it will catch all the pomp and show of brilliancy which can be derived from the new scene in which it is placed. It will share the dimness of the sad and sombre twilight. All his characters, indeed, are well drawn or ably sketched, and he has succeeded, in no small degree, in restoring a buried age of the world to light in living lineaments. His women are most exquisitely depicted, both in the outward show and in the inner being. They are ladies; even as were Calypso divine amongst goddesses, and Helena divine amongst women. Of Taylor's Adriana, as of his Elena, it might be said, in Shelley's touching and suggestive words,—

— "A woman such as it has been my  
doom  
To meet with few; a wonder of this  
earth,  
Where there is little of transcendent  
worth,—  
Like one of Shakspeare's women."

Beautiful are both those women in their graceful feminicity. You recognise in them that distinctive mark of the lady, as compared with proud, self-included man, however gentle he may be of nurture and bearing, and of the lady as compared with the mere woman—"the manner beyond courtesy." Beautiful, too, in all points of feature, character, and fortunes, is the contrast between the Flemish wife and the Italian mistress of Van Arte-

velde. We know few things more touching and true in dramatic literature than the scene in which Philip, in the wane of his prosperous career, declares his love to Elena, while he does passionate justice to the surpassing merits of his deceased wife:—

*Elena.* I have been much unfortunate, my lord;  
I would not love again.

*Artevelde.* And so have I;  
Nor man nor woman more unfortunate,  
As none more blessed in what was taken  
from him!

*Dearest Elena,\** of the living, dearest,  
Let my misfortunes plead, and know  
their weight

By throwing off the worth of what I lost.  
She was a creature framed, by love divine,  
For mortal love to muse mortal life away  
In pondering her perfections; so un-  
mov'd

Amidst the world's contentions, if they  
touch'd

No vital cord nor troubled what she lov'd.  
Philosophy might look her in the face,  
And, like a hermit stooping to the well  
That yields him sweet refreshment, might  
therein

See but his own serenity reflected  
With a more heavenly tenderness of hue!  
Yet, whilst the world's ambitious cares,  
Its small disquietudes and insect stings,  
Disturbed her never, she was one made  
up

Of feminine affections, and her life  
Was one full stream of love from fount  
to sea.

Such was her inward being, which to fit  
With answerable grace of outward favour,  
Nature bestow'd corporeal beauty bright;  
Form'd in such mood of passionate con-  
ception

As when the Godhead, from a dream of  
love

Awaking, with poetic rapture seiz'd,  
Substantiates the vision and the form  
His dreaming fancy feign'd creates alive.  
These are but words.

*Elena.* My lord, they're full  
of meaning.

*Artevelde.* No, they mean nothing—  
that which they would speak  
Sinks into silence—'tis what none can  
know

That knew not her—the silence of the  
grave.

Whence could I call her radiant beauty  
back,

It could not come more savouring of  
Heaven

Than it went hence; the tomb receiv'd  
her charms

In their perfection, with nor trace of  
time

Nor stain of sin upon them; only death  
Had turn'd them pale. I would that you  
had seen her

Alive or dead!

*Elena.* I wish I had, my lord;  
I should have lov'd to look upon her  
much;

For I can gaze on beauty all day long,  
And think the all-day-long is but too  
short.

*Artevelde.* She was so fair that in the  
angelic choir

She will not need put on another shape  
Than that she bore on earth. Well,

well,—she's gone,  
And I have tam'd my sorrow. Pain and  
grief

Are transitory things no less than joy;  
And though they leave us not the men  
we were,

Yet they do leave us. You behold me  
here

A man bereav'd, with something of a  
blight

Upon the early blossoms of his life  
And its first verdure, having not the less

A living root, and drawing from the earth  
Its vital juices, from the air its powers;

And surely as man's health and strength  
are whole

His appetites regerminate, his heart  
Re-opens, and his objects and desires

Shoot up renewed. What blank I found  
before me

From what is said you partly may sur-  
mise;

How I have hop'd to fill it, may I tell?

*Elena.* I fear, my lord, that cannot  
be.

*Artevelde.* Indeed!

Then am I doubly hopeless. What is  
gone,

Nor plaints, nor prayers, nor yearnings  
of the soul,

Nor memory's tricks, nor fancy's in-  
vocations,—

Though tears went with them frequent as  
the rain

In dusk November, sighs more sadly  
breath'd

Than winter's o'er the vegetable dead,—  
Can bring again: and should this living  
hope,

That like a violet from the other's grave  
Grew sweetly, in the tear-besprinkled  
soil

Finding most nourishment—this seedling  
sprung

Where recent grief had like a plough-  
share passed

Through the soft soul, and loosened its  
affections—

\* By the way, how comes this most barbarous lengthening of the "e" in Elena? and it so throughout the poem.



Should this new-blossom'd hope be coldly  
nipp'd,  
Then were I desolate indeed ! a man  
Whom heaven would wean from earth,  
and nothing leave  
But cares and quarrels, troubles and dis-  
traction,  
The heavy burthens and the broils of life.  
Is such my doom ? Nay, speak it, if it be.

*Elena.* I said I feared another could  
not fill  
The place of her you lost, being so fair  
And perfect as you give her out.

*Artevelde.* 'Tis true.  
A perfect woman is not as a coin,  
Which being gone, its very duplicate  
Is counted in its place. Yet waste so  
great

Might you repair, such wealth you have  
of charms  
Luxuriant, albeit of what were hers  
Rather the contrast than the counterpart,  
Colour, to wit—complexion ; hers was  
light  
And gladdening ; a roseate tincture shone  
Transparent in its place, her skin else-  
where

White as the foam from which in happy  
hour  
Sprang the Thalassian Venus ; yours is  
clear,

But bloodless ; and, though beautiful as  
night  
In cloudless ether clad, not frank as day :  
Such is the tinct of your diversity ;  
Serenely radiant she, you darkly fair.

*Elena.* Dark still has been the colour  
of my fortunes,  
And, having not serenity of soul,  
How should I wear the aspect ?

*Artevelde.* Wear it not ;  
Wear only that of love.

*Elena.* Of love ? alas !  
That is its opposite. You counsel me  
To scatter this so melancholy mist  
By calling up the hurricane. Time was  
I had been prone to counsel such as  
yours ;

Adventurous I have been, it is true,  
And this fool-hardy heart would brave—  
nay court,

In other days, an enterprise of passion ;  
Yea, like a witch, would whistle for a  
whirlwind.

But I have been admonished : painful  
years  
Have tamed and taught me : I have suf-  
fer'd much.

Kind Heaven, but grant tranquillity ! I  
seek

No further boon.

*Artevelde.* And may not love be  
tranquil ?

*Elena.* It may in some ; but not as I  
have known it.

*Artevelde.* Love, like an insect frequent  
in the woods,  
Will take the colour of the tree it feeds on ;

As saturnine or sanguine is the soul,  
Such is the passion. Brightly upon me,  
Like the red sunset of a stormy day,  
Love breaks anew beneath the gathering  
clouds

That roll around me ! Tell me, sweet  
*Elena,*

May I not hope, or, rather, can I hope.  
That for such brief and bounded space of  
time

As are my days on earth, you 'll yield  
yourself

To love me living and to mourn me dead.  
*Elena.* Oh, not, my lord, to mourn  
you—why—oh God !

Why will you say so ? You distress  
me—no,

You will pursue your triumphs many  
a year,

And victory shall wait upon your steps  
As heretofore, and death be distant far.  
Take back those words ; I cannot bear  
them ; no,

They hang upon my heart too heavily.  
Tell me you're sure to conquer, as you  
are.

*Artevelde.* So, loveliest, let us hope.  
It may be so.

I'll swear it shall be, so you 'll swear in  
turn

To give me up your heart.

*Elena.* I cannot—no—  
Nor need I tell you what you know so  
well.

I must be gone.

*Artevelde.* Nay, sweetest, why  
these tears ?

*Elena.* No, let me go—I cannot tell—  
no—no—

I want to be alone—let me retire—

Dear *Artevelde*, for God's love let me  
go !"

This scene, I apprehend, will bear  
me out in Taylor's power of depict-  
ing, beyond any living man, and  
beyond all but a very few dead poets,  
the charms and graces of the female  
form, and the mysterious emotions of  
the female heart. In this scene, too,  
his poetic powers, his fine relish for  
the beauties and glories of external  
nature, and familiar communing with  
the lore it breathes, his deep ac-  
quaintance with human nature and  
sympathies therewith, are nobly dis-  
played. His mastery of our nervous  
language in its best dialect and style  
(if I may be allowed to explain my-  
self by combining the words), and  
his rich store of delicate imaginations,  
are not less conspicuous. The power  
of pathos, too, in a high degree, is  
Mr. Taylor's. But with all this in  
his dramatic poems there are many  
failings, many faults. There is ce-

ally an affectation of simplicity borders upon coarseness. "Be familiar, but by no means vulgar."

The rule is good for the poet painter, as well as for the gentleman of the world—worldly. In his variety Mr. Taylor sometimes becomes almost vulgar. He tries, like Spenser, to mingle tragedy and comedy as they are in actual life. In his great psychological dramas, as *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, &c., the tragedy is heightened by an admirable contrast with the comic passages introduced. How complete in its forlorn horrors, the scene at Ophelia's grave would be but for the ribald jestings and quaint talk of the grave-diggers. In the great comedies of Molière, *Le Tartuffe*, *Le Misanthrope*, there is a tragic undertone, which throws the comedy shining to the surface, and makes it more precious in your eyes, more dear to your heart and reason, because of the consciousness you have of the depth beneath. But Taylor has no comic power. Neither wit nor humour are his. His comedy is flat, is pumped up, and it flows inwards in no current. It is spilt, it is mere, uselessly upon the ground. Clowns and jesters, such powerful characters in the hands of mighty artists like Shakespeare and Scott, are with him dull, incapable, formal fellows. Merriment is not of the true kind. Clowns, as well as ghosts, are to be dealt with to good purpose by magicians. Drawn by any but the pencil of supreme genius, Lear's Fool would be a *Jack Pudding*, and Lodach Glass, a *Bugaboo*! It is, however, the vice of the literature of our present day. Every puny whip-nast, like Scott, write upon (in essence) the model of the Shakspearean drama. The reader of the caricaturist of low life is all expected to have his pocket-kerchief ready. The intellectual posture-maker and tumbling Fool aspires

rule like a wizard the world of the heart,  
to call up its sunshine and draw down its showers."

One possessing Mr. Taylor's fine mind and intense pathos, we of course cannot mean to apply a disrespectful word. In the historic drama,

it is necessary to intermingle with the chequered career of the mighty of the earth scenes from low life; but it is not required that the author should introduce into them laborious attempts at pleasantry which are far from relieving, in artistic phrase, the graver portion of the work; or of darkening and deepening the tragedy by the effect of contrast. Mr. Taylor's genius is of the sad and philosophic turn; he has no real relish for that wit, and humour, and conviviality, which make Jack Falstaff a boon companion for all ages. To return to the more agreeable office of praise; before I take up *Edwin the Fair*, let me remark, that Mr. Taylor might much distinguish himself in other branches of poetry besides the dramatic. He has an exquisite ear for versification, and is evidently a master of such forms of metre as he understands, even though guilty, as we have seen, of an atrocious false quantity in a proper name. The following description of Italy may well serve as a specimen:—

"Yes, I remember well  
The land of many hues,  
Whose charms what praise can tell,  
Whose praise what heart refuse?  
Sublime, but neither bleak nor bare,  
Nor misty are the mountains there—  
Softly sublime, profusely fair!  
Up to their summits clothed in green,  
And fruitful as the vales between,  
They lightly rise,  
They scale the skies,  
And groves and gardens still abound;  
For where no shoot  
Could else take root  
The peaks are shelv'd and terrac'd round;  
Earthward appear, in mingled growth,  
The mulberry and maize,—above  
The trellised vine extends to both  
The leafy shade they love.  
Looks out the white-wall'd cottage here,  
The lowly chapel rises near,  
Far down the foot must roam to reach  
The lovely lake and bending beach;  
Whilst chestnut green and olive grey,  
Chequer the steep and winding way."

Mr. Taylor, too, has, in a high degree, the singular power of composing the ballad. We say singular power—for how few in ancient or modern days have succeeded in it! The ballad, at its best, is a compressed dramatic poem.

About eight years have elapsed since *Philip Van Artevelde* was published. A collection of prose essays,

entitled *The Statesman*, was subsequently given to the world. I have not seen it. The reviewers, I remember, did not speak well of it. *That*, I need scarcely say, did not deter me from reading it. But, somehow or other, it never fell in my way. And I never bethought me of seeking it. I have now before me his dramatic poem recently published—*Edwin the Fair*. I have read it with pleasure and satisfaction, but not in the same degree I experienced on my first perusal of *Van Artevelde*. Perhaps I may hereafter like it better. Taylor is an artistic poet: he rarely writes a passage without the design of exhibiting—or rather shadowing out—some peculiar trait of character, inculcating some wise maxim, or suggesting some dramatic effect. He requires to be re-read—to be studied. The lover of operatic music will understand this. How different are your sensations of delight on hearing a composition of Mozart's, Weber's, or Beethoven's, for the first and for the twentieth time. Highly, then, as I think of *Edwin the Fair* at present, peradventure I may think more highly of it hereafter. I feel it proper to state this, though I can only give my immediate impressions.

The story of Edwin and Elgiva is well known, doubtless, to all our readers, who will, therefore, be aware that it supplies an excellent subject for a dramatic poem. The principal personages of Mr. Taylor's drama, are:—

*“Men of the Secular Party.”*

Edwin the Fair, King of England.  
Earl Athulf, Cousin to the King and Brother of Elgiva.

Earl Leolf, Heretoch, or Commander of the King's forces.

Clarenbald, a Secular Priest and Lord Chancellor.

Wulfstan the Wise, Chaplain to Earl Leolf.

Grimbald, The King's Jester.

Osbern, Bishop of Rochester.  
&c. &c.

*Men of the Monastic Party.*

Odo Severus, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Dunstan, Abbot of Glastonbury.

Harcather, a Military Leader and Governor of Chester Castle.

Gurmo, a Creature of Dunstan.  
&c. &c.

*Women.*

Elgiva, Cousin to Edwin the Fair and afterwards Queen.

Ethilda, Sister to Edwin the Fair.

Gumilda, Queen-Mother.

Emma, Daughter to Wulfstan the Wise.

Heida and Thorbiorga, Fortune-Tellers.  
Time, A.D. 956.”

Of course, Dunstan is the hero; and excellent is the theme this ambitious and politic churchman supplies. His character is, in some degree, still a riddle: in his life there is a vast deal of romance. Had his early love not been blighted, had he been allowed to pursue his studies, literary and scientific, and to fill the rank in the world to which his birth and rank entitled him—in other words, had he not been forced into a cloister, where certainly his heart festered, and probably his reason gave way, he *might* have been a great, without becoming a wicked, man. *Might*, I say, because it is not impossible, as with Loyola, and other enthusiasts and fanatics, that no small portion of the power which enabled him to domineer over other men might lie in the self-sufficiency, the earnestness, the indomitable will acquired from mental aberration. It is notorious that vast and quite unusual physical force in the individual accompanies paroxysms of madness. It is equally certain, though not so well known, that a degree of mental alienation upon some particular points adds vigour to the intellectual and moral faculties with reference to most other points. He especially who has fallen into the belief in superhuman agency in the affairs of this life, and of being permitted, while yet in the flesh, to hold communion with the immaterial world, not uncommonly learns to believe in himself; and that is the secret of doing great things if a man have answering abilities. Mr. Taylor's view of Dunstan's character is expressed in the following verses which he puts into the mouth of Earl Leolf the heretoch:—

“Dunstan is not sane,  
And madness that doth least declare  
itself  
Endangers most, and ever most infects,  
The unsound many. See where stands  
that man,  
And where this people: then compute  
the peril  
To one and all. When force and cunning  
meet  
Upon the confines of one cloudy mind,  
When ignorance and knowledge halve  
the mass,

When night and day stand at an equinox,  
Then storms are rife."

We are not prepared to say that this is not a correct view of this extraordinary person. Cunning and mental alienation generally go together. Sincere enthusiasm is not incompatible with fraud, which, with scarcely an exception, is sure to accompany fanaticism. To the monks of that day, *their* church and its power, temporal as well as spiritual, was every thing; and upon the odious doctrine that the end justifies the means, there was no deception, no injustice, no crime, however atrocious, they were not ready to commit, in order to secure the domination of their body over the souls and persons of men. It is in this spirit that Mr. Taylor paints him, and not as one naturally wicked—not as a monster who delighted in cruelty for cruelty's sake, or who would wantonly be guilty of either crime, or cruelty, or fraud, except in furtherance of his own ambition, and the designs of his order. This, we believe, is correct, and we deem him likewise right in representing Dunstan with some fine touches of human feeling, and with high poetic imaginations. Upon the whole, however, we do not look upon the delineation of Dunstan as one of Mr. Taylor's happiest efforts. It lacks grandeur. The fox predominates over the lion. So in truth it probably did; but this, as Mr. Taylor has handled it, detracts from the poetry of the character. Edwin is drawn more favourably than he has been handed down by his enemies, the monkish chroniclers. He paints him as brave, generous, and loving, but rash and headstrong in his youth. As in duty we are bound to believe from the ancient story, he is most passionately enamoured of Elgiva. Her love, the poet has, we doubt not, justly described as subordinate to her ambition. Her character is well displayed in the following short scene with her brother:—

"Athulf. I see a trouble sit on Leolf's brow.

Elgiva, oh my sister! art thou true?

Elgiva. Indeed, I am.

Athulf. And doth he know thee true?

Elgiva. I trust he knows the truth.

Athulf. The truth, Elgiva!

These are short answers. Dost thou love him still?

Elgiva. Sincerely and in truth and honesty

Have I dealt with him always, and do now.

I verily believed I loved him once.

I think I love him still.

Athulf. Alas! alas!

But not him only, no, nor yet him most. Beware, my sister, that ambition's weeds Choke not the garden where thy love should grow.

In Man, of questionable quality Ambition has been holden; but in Woman—

Oh! 'tis the veriest beggary of the heart That winter ever witnessed!

Elgiva. Athulf, no;

A weaker to a stronger love may yield; But not in me will love, or weak or strong,

Yield to ambition ever.

Athulf. Oh, this head!

So shapely, and by nature so adorned! Far rather would I see the glossy braid Of its own golden tresses circle it Than England's jewelled crown.

(An ATTENDANT, who appears at the door, announces "The Chancellor.")

Good night, Elgiva. Said'st thou, a stronger love?

The strength of love is constancy. Farewell!

As came the honey from the lion's case,

So sweetness comes of strength. Beware, I say:

Kings love like other men—or other boys: Not so they marry.

[Exit ELGIVA.]

Gone in anger! Well; Reproof that vexed not never yet sank deep,

Nor ever of a warning that was welcome Came needful caution."

The heretoch loves Elgiva. There is a fine scene between him and her brother, Athulf, after the gratification of her ambition. Leolf excuses her breach of faith:—

"Reproach her not; she is a child in years,

And, though in wit a woman, yet her heart,

Untempered by the discipline of pain, Is fancy-led. One half the fault was mine.

She is a child; and, look—upon my head Already peepeth out the willow grey. My youth is wearing from me."

After a flood of passionate grief, Leolf exclaims,—

"Is shame no more?

I should be silent, for I am not licensed To either dotage—that of youth nor age.

Athulf. Oh, Leolf! oh, my friend!

Leolf.

Quit we the theme.

But from my griefs and me this counsel  
 take:  
 Expend the passion of thy heart in youth;  
 Fight thy love-battles whilst thy heart is  
 strong,  
 And wounds heal kindly. An April  
 frost  
 Is sharp, but kills not; sad October's  
 storm  
 Strikes when the juices and the vital sap  
 Are ebbing from the leaf. No more!"

This character of Leolf is drawn with all the author's happiest powers. The deep melancholy that preys upon him, because of his lost love, is exquisitely portrayed. But he reasons quite properly about his disappointment. We believe that Othello is the only middle-aged general officer on *poetical* record who ever succeeded with a ladye fair against a rich and youthful rival. But there is a touching manliness throughout in Leolf's sorrow, for she in truth was little worth; but whom his own pure and high imagination had decked with all the attributes of grace and goodness. I think this soliloquy by the sea-shore fine. Perhaps, it is, that in many of the emotions and feelings I sympathise:—

"Rocks that beheld my boyhood! Perilous shelf  
 That nursed my infant courage! Once again  
 I stand before you—not as in other days  
 In your grey faces smiling—but like you  
 The worse for weather. Here again I stand,  
 Again and on the solitary shore  
 Old Ocean plays as on an instrument,  
 Making that ancient music,—when not known?  
 That ancient music only not so old  
 As He who parted ocean from dry land  
 And saw that it was good. Upon my ear,  
 As in the season of susceptible youth,  
 The mellow murmur falls—but finds the sense  
 Dulled by distemper; shall I say—by time?  
 Enough in action has my life been spent,  
 Through the past decade, to rebate the edge  
 Of early sensibility. The sun  
 Rides high, and on the thoroughfares of life  
 I find myself a man in middle age,  
 Busy and hard to please. The sun shall soon  
 Dip westerly,—but oh! how little like  
 Are life's two twilights! Would the last were first  
 And the first last! that so we might be soothed

Upon the thoroughfares of busy life  
 Beneath the noon-day sun, with hope of joy  
 Fresh as the morn,—with hope of breaking lights,  
 Illuminated mists and spangled lawns  
 And woodland orisons and unfolding flowers,  
 As things in expectation. Weak of faith!  
 Is not the course of earthly outlook, thus  
 Reversed from Hope, an argument to hope  
 That she was licensed to the heart of man  
 For other than for earthly contemplations,  
 In that observatory domiciled  
 For survey of the stars? The night descends,  
 They sparkle out."

But let us for a moment contemplate the gallant heretoch triumphant.

Heida, the fortune-teller, sings at Edwin's and Elgiva's marriage-feast:

"By Wellesbourne and Charlote ford,  
 At break of day, I saw a sword.  
 Wessex warriors, rank by rank,  
 Rose on Avon's hither bank;  
 Mercia's men in fair array  
 Look'd at them from Marraway;  
 Close and closer rang'd they soon,  
 And the battle joined at noon.  
 By Wellesbourne and Charlote Lea  
 I heard a sound as of the sea;  
 Thirty thousand rushing men,  
 Twenty thousand met by ten,  
 Rang the shield and brake the shaft,  
 Tosty yell'd, Harcather laughed,  
 Through Avon's waters red  
 Chased by ten the twenty fled.  
 By Charlote ford and Wellesbourne  
 I saw the moon's pale face forlorn.  
 River flow'd and rushes sigh'd,  
 Wounded warriors groan'd and died.  
 Ella took his early rest,  
 The raven stood on his white breast;  
 Hoarsely in the dead man's ear  
 Raven whisper'd, 'Friend, good cheer!  
 Ere the winter pinch the crow  
 He that slew thee shall lie low.'"

Athulf is drawn in contrast to Leolf; Ethilda, the pure and loving, to ambition's minion, Elgiva. The fortunes of these two are thus predicted by Heida:—

"She was fresh and she was fair,  
 Glossy was her golden hair;  
 Like a blue spot in the sky  
 Was her clear and loving eye.

He was true and he was bold,  
 Full of mirth as he could hold;  
 Through the world he broke his way  
 With jest, and laugh, and lightsome lay.

Love ye wisely, love ye well;  
Challenge then the gates of Hell.  
Love and truth can ride it out,  
Come bridal song or battle shout."

The queen, in Taylor's poetical version of the story, escapes from Chester Castle through the instrumentality of the governor's son, who is smitten with her charms, even as George Douglas was with those of Mary, Queen of Scots, and is received by Leolf. Here is the parting scene between them, ere both fall under the weapons of Dunstan's emissaries:—

*Elgiva.* Oh Leolf! much I owe you, and, if aught a kingdom's wealth

Affords, could pay the debt....

*Leolf.* A kingdom's wealth!  
*Elgiva!* by the heart the heart is paid.  
You have your kingdom, my heart hath its love.

We are provided.

*Elgiva.* Oh! in deeds so kind,  
And can you be so bitter in your words!  
Have I no offerings of the heart, where—  
with

Love's service to requite?

*Leolf.* The least of boons  
Scattered by Royal charity's careless hand  
O'erpays my service. To requite the rest,  
All you possess is but a bankrupt's bond.  
This is the last time we shall speak together;

Forgive me, therefore, if my speech be bold.

I loved you once; and in such sort I loved,

That anguish hath but burnt the image in,  
And I must bear it with me to my grave.  
I loved you once; dearest *Elgiva*, yes,  
Even now my heart doth feed upon that love

As in its flower and freshness, ere the grace

And beauty of the fashion of it perished.  
It was too anxious to be fortunate,  
And it must now be buried, self-embalmed.

Within my breast, or living there recluse,  
Talk to itself and traffic with itself;  
And like a miser that puts nothing out,  
And asks for no return, must I tell o'er  
The treasures of the past.

*Elgiva.* Can no return  
Be rendered? And is gratitude then nothing?

*Leolf.* To me 'tis nothing—being less than love.

But cherish it as to your own soul precious!

The heavenliest lot that earthly natures know

Is to be affluent in gratitude.

Be grateful and be happy. For myself,  
If sorrow be my portion, yet shall hope,  
That springs from sorrow and aspires to Heaven,

Be with me still. When this disastrous war

Is ended, I shall quit my country's shores,  
A pilgrim and a suitor to the love  
Which dies not nor betrays.—What cry is that?

I thought I heard a voice.

*Elgiva.* Oh Leolf, Leolf!

So tender, so severe!

*Leolf.* Mistake me not.

I would not be unjust. I have not been;  
Now less than ever could I be, for now  
A sacred and judicial calmness holds  
Its mirror to my soul; at once disclosed  
The picture of the past presents itself  
Minute yet vivid, such as it is seen  
In his last moments by a drowning man.  
Look at this skeleton of a once green leaf:  
Time and the elements conspired its fall;  
The worm hath eaten out the tenderer parts,

And left this curious anatomy  
Distinct of structure—made so by decay.  
So, at this moment, lies my life before me—

In all its intricacies, all its errors—

And can I be unjust?

*Elgiva.* Oh, more than just,  
Most merciful in judgment have you been,  
And e'en in censure kind.

*Leolf.* Our lives were linked  
By one misfortune and a double fault.  
It was my folly to have fixed my hopes  
Upon the fruitage of a budding heart.  
It was your fault,—the lighter fault by far,—

Being the bud to seem to be the berry.  
The first inconstancy of unripe years  
Is Nature's error on the way to truth.  
But, hark! another cry! They call us hence.

Why come not they to us? Hark! Hist! again!

A clash of swords! Our band then is beset.

Alas, *Elgiva!*

*Elgiva.* Leolf, we are lost.  
Say, is it so? I am not afraid.—But, oh!  
Forgive me, Leolf, for I have wronged in you

The noblest of your kind. Oh, Edwin!

.... Leolf,

Tell him that I was true till death to him,  
Though sometime false to you.

*Leolf.* Fly, fly, *Elgiva!*  
Our horses are at hand—we still may fly."

The body of the queen is borne to Malpas, where Dunstan is. It is laid out in the cathedral. Dunstan exclaims:—

"What corse is this?

*A Monk.* The queen's, my lord, awaiting burial.



## WHAT IS TO BE DONE FOR IRELAND?

**T**HERE can be little doubt that, among the subjects to which the earliest attention of parliament will be called, the moral and political condition of Ireland must hold a prominent place. Not that we are sanguine enough to believe, for one moment, that much can be done by parliament, at least, immediately, for the benefit of that ill-fated portion of the empire. There are states of the body politic—diseased states, we mean—which set all direct efforts of the legislature to relieve them at defiance, exactly as there are states of the individual body from all thought of dealing artistically with which a physician, who knows wherein the true virtues of his craft consist, would turn away. Such a one would not think of applying Dr. Sangrado's sharp practice to a patient whose pulse had fallen below forty; neither could he expect by strong doses of calomel and jalap to set upon his legs again the victim of atrophy or diabetes. Where the constitution appears to be thoroughly broken down, the skilful leech trusts more to nature than to science. He may regulate his patient's diet, instruct him when and how to take air and exercise, prescribe rules for his lying down and rising up, and support and sustain him generally; but he is slow of attacking with vigour a malady which presents no one prominent symptom—none, at least, the speedy removal of which might give a moral assurance of recovery. And so it must be with the wise politician to whom the cheerless task is committed of governing a country throughout which the bands of social life are every where unwoven. Stringent laws, with an array of troops to back them, a host of stipendiary magistrates, and a numerous and vigilant police, may, to a certain extent, arrest the progress of overt crime; but all the troops, and policemen, and magistrates, in the world will never introduce the love of order among a people who do not know, nor ever appear to have been taught, that without order and the love of order in a community all other excellencies and advantages go for nothing.

It is sad to think that Ireland, for which Nature has done so much, should, through the misconduct of man, be such as we behold her. Containing within herself all the elements out of which the statesman would desire to form a great nation, she stands at the very bottom of the scale among European provinces. A prodigious population, a fertile soil, a vast variety of produce, a mild climate, mineral treasures which defy exhaustion, fisheries at once abundant and of easy approach, excellent harbours, and a position upon the globe's surface which ought to render her the great *entrepôt* between the new and old worlds,—all these natural advantages are hers, yet all avail her nothing. Instead of giving support to a race of industrious and contented inhabitants, she is peopled from sea to sea by paupers. Beggars infest her streets, occupy her highways, and line her hedges; pestilence and famine sweep over her periodically, and ruin and decay are visible as well in her cities as in her villages. As to her fisheries and fertile fields, they are alike neglected. The former render up their treasures, if at all, to strangers; the latter are overgrown with weeds, or exhausted for the lack of the commonest skill in their culture. Her harbours are deserted; her towns, streets of hovels; her hovels, sheds such as a farmer from the Lothians, or a Kentish yeoman, would regard as unfit to give shelter to his pigs. And, finally, her social state—it is frightful to contemplate that even from a distance, yet is it precisely such as the outward forms of things might lead us to anticipate.

Again, the national character of the Irish people presents as remarkable a contradiction between what might be and what is as is offered by the natural advantages of Ireland herself and the uses to which her inhabitants turn them. Hasty, impetuous, and for the most part destitute alike of prudence and perseverance, the Irish are a warm-hearted and docile race; full of affectionate feeling, full of intelligence and courage, and devoted, as few other men are, to the object, whatever it may



be, which happens to engross them. Their loyalty is a principle which yields in its strength only to their religion; though the former, under an evil influence, becomes subjection to a demagogue, and the latter a dark and desperate superstition. In some of the most important points of morals they are singularly pure; their gratitude is proverbial; their love of family and country amounts to a passion. Their very faults are, for the most part, the excess of virtues. An Irishman may be mistaken as to what it is that constitutes justice, but it is from his perverted regard to that great principle that most of his crimes of violence proceed. And as to other matters, where over the world's surface will you find a people so open of heart, so free of hand, so liberal even to extravagance, so charitable often to the injury of themselves, so sociable that the domestic duties are forgotten in the indulgence of the humour? In the depth of their compassion they will screen the very malefactor from the punishment which his crimes deserve. Their respect for their superiors becomes abject from its excess; their eagerness to hold a good place in society generates ostentation, and embarrassments, and meanness. Yea, and more even than this, an Irishman often violates truth because his good feeling has hurried him into the utterance of promises which he lacks the power to fulfil; and if he think little of evading the payment of a just debt, it is ten to one but that he has lent his whole worldly substance to a friend. Surely he must be blind indeed who fails to see in these peculiarities the elements of good, at least, as ripe as the elements of evil; and if evil be the more ordinary result, surely the cause of it must be sought for rather in some gross mismanagement of the social machine, after it has been put together, than in any radical defect among the wheels and springs out of which it is compounded.

It is not worth while, were the task more easy of accomplishment than it is, to trace back the evil of which we are here complaining to its primitive source. The disease is of very long standing. It shewed itself as early as the days of Strongbow, and the malady has from that time

never ceased to do its work. There has been no right amalgamation in Ireland of the two races which occupy its surface together. Here and there a Milesian family may have merged in a Saxon, or the Saxon stream may have lost itself in the larger volume of a Milesian river; but the people—the descendants from the Celts on the one hand, and from the Slavonian and Teutonic invaders on the other—stand just as widely apart from one another at this hour as they did in the second and third generation, after Henry's barons had won their broad lands by the edge of the sword. We do not mean to say that there has been constant warfare between the colonists and the chiefs whom they or their fathers displaced. Of the humanity of the former in early times no great boast can be made. They dealt with the native Irish pretty much as Brother Jonathan deals with the red Indians at the present day, hunting them down and putting them to death without, as it would seem, the smallest compunction. And they were repaid for their ferocity by a hatred as deep-seated as it was bitter. But time and the force of circumstances gradually smoothed down the asperities on both sides; which might, perhaps have disappeared altogether had not religious differences come in the way to renew them. It would be hard to determine how far their jealousy of the English families which had taken root among them did or did not operate in prejudicing the aboriginal Milesians against the teachers of the reformed faith; but no fact can be better established than this,—that whereas the tenets of the Reformation were eagerly embraced by a vast majority of the former class, the latter, almost to a man, rejected them. Accordingly, a new ground of quarrel was established between races which had already points enough of difference about which to wrangle, and the terms Heretic and Papist became added to the vocabulary of hard names with which it was the wont of either side to overwhelm the other.

It is much the fashion to speak of James I. as a mere pedant, or something worse. James had little of the hero about him, doubtless; yet James's views were, in many points,

excellent, and in nothing did his sagacity more conspicuously display itself than in his mode of dealing with Ireland. The colonies which he planted in the northern provinces carried the germs of civilisation along with them, and might, and probably would, have effected great things for the country, had not the confusions incident upon the civil war broken in and disturbed them. Then, however, the native Irish, rejoicing, as they might be expected to do, in the divisions which appeared to have sprung up among their oppressors, hastened, in their own wild way, to increase them. The terrible massacre of the new British settlers in 1641 drew down upon the perpetrators of the bloody deed all the vengeance of the Commonwealth, and, after a desperate struggle of nearly ten years continuance, the country was once more conquered. We need scarcely add that the sort of justice meted out to the vanquished by Cromwell was stern enough. Out of the spoils of the slain, or the forfeited estates of the outlawed, his own officers and their kindred and acquaintances were provided for; and by the presence of a strong body of Saxon Protestants among them the restless and bigoted Irish were again kept in subjection for a season.

During the reigns of Charles II. and his misguided brother, Ireland had rest; but it was the sort of rest which is in no wise inconsistent with a great deal of secret heart-burning. The Protestant settlers, confident in the support of the government, and full of exalted notions of their own prowess, bore themselves towards the Papists with much superciliousness. The Papists, brow-beaten and galled in the most delicate part, bore this treatment at the hands of their neighbours with impatience. At last came the insane attempt of James II. to govern without a parliament, and to re-establish the Romish religion in England as well as in Ireland. He was of course abetted in this by his Milesian subjects, among whom, when the English drove him forth, he found an asylum. But the battle of the Boyne settled that question for ever, and James became a fugitive for the remainder of his days. The result of his overthrow was to rivet, with increased asperity, what we may

now be permitted to describe as a yoke upon the necks of the native Irish. Hitherto they had been dealt with as a conquered people; now they were treated as slaves usually are after an unsuccessful attempt at revolt, and each new movement which they made in support of the exiled family served but to bring upon them some new oppression.

For many years subsequently to the revolution of 1688, the ascendancy of Whig principles, and of a system of government purely political, as it was injuriously felt, even in England, so in Ireland it exercised over the heads of men a withering influence. Previous to that event, though the church was less active than she ought to have been, at least she did something. Here and there, also, a layman in authority might be seen, with whom it was a matter of principle to extend to his dependants more than a tyrant's care, and between the two some feeble advances were made towards the diffusion of sound principles, both in religion and morals, among the people. This was especially the case, strange enough to say, while Charles II. sat upon the throne, for then Jeremy Taylor directed, in some degree, the church's councils, and in the Duke of Ormond Ireland found a deputy honestly devoted to her welfare. But the Revolution, which saved the civil liberties of England, operated very mischievously elsewhere.

The penal laws which sprang out of this movement can be defended on no ground either of policy or justice; they struck at men's consciences in a manner with which human laws ought never to interfere, and engendered the worst passions on all sides. For his religion's sake, not because he was a disloyal subject, the Papist was henceforth persecuted; till in due time the very law seemed to regard him as a creature made to be trampled upon. It would have been altogether unnatural had the Papist failed to pay back the scorn of the Protestant with intense hatred; which rankled the more angrily because it was of necessity concealed, and found only occasional vent in acts of terrible ferocity. Meanwhile the clergy, instead of conciliating their benighted brethren, appeared to pride themselves in holding as little communication with

them as possible. They took no pains to acquire a knowledge of the Irish language; they made no efforts to introduce among the Irish people an acquaintance with the Sacred Volume, by offering it to them in their native tongue. Almost to a man they became Orangemen, and were among the most forward to proclaim, that as Ireland had been won by the sword, by the sword alone could English supremacy be maintained. There is little satisfaction in looking back upon the period that intervened between the expulsion of James II. from the throne and the death of the last of his male descendants. It was to Ireland a season of grievous wrong—of moral as well as political wrong in the most extended sense of the term, for the institutions under which they lived divided the people into two casts, one of which seemed born only to oppress, the other only to suffer.

It was during this interval, with here and there an advance into more recent times, that the established Church of Ireland threw away her best chance of becoming the church of the million. A careless clergy, living among a reckless landed aristocracy, made themselves conspicuous for every thing except the discharge of their proper duties. They rode good horses, they were foremost in the hunting-field, they commanded here and there companies of yeomen, they were active magistrates, bold pursuers of Terry Alts, and hard livers both at home and abroad,—in a word, capital fellows, but certainly not patterns of their order. We do not mean to deny to them the credit that is their due. Like their countrymen in general, they were generous and charitable; but their generosity led them in many instances into embarrassments, and their charity seldom went farther than attention to the bodily wants of their poor neighbours. Such men could make no converts from Romanism—such men suffered many members of their own flocks to be enticed into popery, and then, as their churches became from day to day more desolate, they readily concurred in the mischievous device of unions. Meanwhile the landlords, caring for nothing except their own rude sports, were merciless in their exactions of rent from a needy ten-

antry. Themselves Protestants, they seemed to prefer having Papists upon their lands, because they could deal with them in a more summary manner than with men of their own persuasion; and never surely have the feelings of any class of persons been so systematically outraged as were those of the wretched beings of whom we are speaking. It may sound harsh in the ears of gentlemen who are accustomed to boast that their ancestors saved Ireland from "Popery, slavery, brass money and wooden shoes," to be told, that to the gross neglect by these same ancestors of very obvious duties we owe in a great degree the present state of this same Ireland. Yet the statement is true, nevertheless; and we defy the staunchest Orangeman that lives to refute it.

Such a state of society was monstrous. It could not co-exist with a moderate advance in the art of government; it became the obvious policy, not less than it was the duty, of those in power to put an end to it; but the Irish constitution, as the act of settlement had established it, presented insuperable obstacles to the accomplishment of this end. The Papists had no political rights whatever. They not only were disqualified for sitting as members in the Irish parliament, but they were excluded from all offices of trust and authority throughout the kingdom. They could not become counsellors or even freemen in the smallest borough within the four seas; they had no voice in the choice of such as might aspire to these dignities. Moreover, they were shut out from holding commissions in the army or navy, or officiating as parish-constables or watchmen. They were hewers of wood and drawers of water, for even the poor privilege of voting at elections was denied them. Nor was there any disposition in the Protestant or Orange party to consent to a relaxation in these restrictions—for this obvious and natural reason, that men are seldom willing to part with power, or even to diminish it by sharing it with others. Nevertheless, the attempt was silently and imperceptibly made, and the happiest results attended it. And here, by the by, let us do justice to the general character of those Popish priests, to whom the present holders of titular sees and rectories are the successors.

During the latter years of the last century they were gentlemen in the best sense of that term. Educated abroad, chiefly in France, where they obtained access to the best society, and were kindly looked upon by the Gallican clergy (by far the most favourable specimen of the Roman priesthood), they found on their return home a ready welcome to the tables of the more cultivated among the proprietors. For they carefully and wisely abstained from all interference in politics. They were located permanently in their respective parishes, and possessed by this means a proper independence. Their incomes seem to have been not only much smaller than at present, but to have been derived from a less distressed population, for the prices of agricultural produce were higher, and the land, as a whole, less subdivided than it is now. With the established clergy, also, they lived on the very best terms; because, though neither party was, perhaps, very zealous, both were gentlemen and Christians. Accordingly, it was not till the seeds of a revolutionary spirit were sown by miscreants who made religion the stalking-horse to their own bad ends that the peace of Ireland was again seriously disturbed. The rebellion of 1798 had no legitimate connexion whatever with the wrongs, real or imaginary, under which the Roman Catholics suffered; and that it was not regarded as a religious movement is demonstrated by the fact, that none except a few of the lowest and most profligate of the priests took part in it.

It is worthy of remark, that all the oppressions to which the Irish Papists were subjected they owed to *Whig rulers*. The penal laws were of Whig manufacture: the Society of Orangemen was a Whig association. It was Whiggery which branded devotion to the *person* of the sovereign as a crime, and punished it with confiscation, and exile, and death. No sooner was the spirit of Toryism restored to the king's councils than measures were adopted to soften down these monstrous evils. Had there only been prudence enough to avoid founding at the same time a seminary for the education of Popish priests in a country which it was the policy of the government to convert, by legi-

timate means, to Protestantism, all would have been well; but the dread of getting the priesthood inoculated with revolutionary principles abroad caused the counsellors of George III. to overlook a much more imminent, as well as a graver, hazard. Maynooth was accordingly built, and the class-rooms of Maynooth were crowded at once by a set of low-bred and vulgar-minded youths, with whom the relatives of the gentlemen whom Ireland was accustomed to receive from Douay, as her priests, could hold no communion. The results were, that as the old incumbents died out they were succeeded by men whose manners, as well as the whole tenor of their education, threw them out of the pale of good society. These, of course, bore towards the parties who shunned them no good will; and the times were fast approaching when this, which at first amounted only to alienation, was destined to become rancour.

The Reform-bill was a bold experiment on the tempers even of Englishmen; on that of the Irish it operated like a lighted candle in a barrel of gunpowder. It came, too, at a moment when, for the country thus roused into renewed agitation, rest was peculiarly needed. There had been a long and desperate struggle to get rid of the last remnant of the penal laws, in which the Roman Catholics had prevailed; and we have good reason to believe that they were disposed to sit down contented with their victory. For they could not deny that, in the bearing both of the landlords and the established clergy, a change, greatly for the better, had occurred. Ever since the Union, indeed, that change had been in progress, and in 1829 it had attained its climax. Irish landlords were then almost universally kind, forbearing, and considerate. They devoted their best energies, whether resident or not, to the improvement of the country, and recovered, or were recovering, by these means, the affections of their own people to themselves. Orange societies were every where dissolved; Orange processions laid aside. A man's religion was no longer thrown in his teeth as a term of reproach; nay, so truly liberal were the Irish gentlemen become, that they seldom failed when

applied to, in case a Popish chapel were about to be built, not only to grant a site for the pile, but to subscribe a sum of money in aid of its erection. We are not quite sure that, in going thus far, they acted right; but, at least, it must be conceded that they acted generously. And with respect to the clergy it is impossible to speak of them in terms sufficiently high. They were the most devoted of God's servants. Injudicious some of them might be in their mode of seeking to enlighten their benighted countrymen, for circumstances as Ireland then was, and still is, we are sure that it is not through Exeter Hall meetings, or platform speeches, that she will ever become Protestantised. But their patience under suffering, their meekness under oppression, the Christian temper which they every where displayed,—yea, their very wrongs, all were winning for them high places in the regards of the populace. It was a cruel thing, at such a crisis at this, to throw a bone of contention like the Reform-bill among a mercurial people. Nothing could be expected to arise out of it except the mischief which is now before us.

We are willing to believe that the fears which we acknowledge to have entertained as to the working of the great measure in England, and even in Scotland, were exaggerated. In England and Scotland there is a feeling of strong attachment to established institutions, and in England, at least, it is of the spirit of the Church to inculcate loyalty and obedience to the laws. The noble proposer of the Irish Reform-bill seems to have been conscious that as much could hardly be said for the sister island, and took care, like a wise man as he is, to meet, as far as circumstances would allow, the peculiarities of his own case. He bore in mind the precautionary arrangements with which the duke had fenced in his Relief-bill, and with them he hedged round his own experiment. No boroughs were disfranchised in Ireland; no counties shorn of their members. Five new representatives were given to the country; but the qualification was settled at such a rate as to guard against the complete ascendancy of numbers over property. Lord Stan-

ley believed, and he was justified in believing, that this would secure to the gentry of Ireland their legitimate influence. He was too honest to suspect that his colleagues calculated all the while on a different issue.

Time passed, and, the fever of agitation having in this country subsided, character and property began once more to have their due weight with a well-intentioned constituency. The Whigs, too, were generally estimated at their true value, and, being deserted by the only men of talent and honesty that had ever joined their party, they fell fast into disfavour. Each successive general election brought to them a majority that was less and less imposing; while almost every borough or county that chanced to become vacant during the session returned a Conservative member. We do not believe that in passing their bill, they ever calculated upon this; we are satisfied that, had a different result occurred, the famous Lichfield House compact never would have been heard of. As it was, the rump of the Whigs were thrown into the arms of O'Connell and the tail, by whose forbearance and unflinching support they contrived to keep themselves in office. But, in the midst of their successes, if successes they deserve to be called, certain awkward truths came to light which considerably annoyed them. It appeared that the terms of the Reform-bill were not adhered to in many parts of Ireland. Men voted at elections who had no right to vote, having previously sworn to the possession of qualifications of which they were not possessed; and so gross, and so flagrant, and perpetual were these offences, that it was found absolutely necessary to check them. Even O'Connell himself was forced to declare that he would support any measure which might have for its object the suppression of perjury. But no sooner was the abuse approached in real earnest than it was found to operate powerfully in favour of the tail; and the tail, and their allies, the members of the Melbourne cabinet, took it under their especial patronage. Let us remind our readers, before we proceed, of one or two matters of fact which are not unlikely to have escaped their recollection.

In the first place, then, a recur-

rence to history will shew that the Whigs have never yet so much as endeavoured to govern Ireland upon a principle of impartial justice. There seems to be in Whiggery a positive antagonism to abstract right. Your Whig can never become a statesman without becoming at the same time a party-man. When it suited his purposes to break down the prestige of royalty by expelling a reigning sovereign from the throne of his ancestors, the Whig allied himself with the Protestants of Ireland, and, by enacting all manner of savage laws, ground the Irish Roman Catholics beneath their feet. No sooner were the Whigs in opposition to the king's government than they zealously espoused the cause of these same Roman Catholics; not because they cared a straw whether the Roman Catholics sank or swam, but because it was through them and their supposed wrongs that they could best assail the monarchy. The Orangemen of Ireland were not slow to observe this, and they became violent Tories according to their own explanation of that term; that is to say, they aided the king in his resistance to Popish claims, and helped to keep the Whigs out of office. On this account they were marked out for vengeance whenever the fitting opportunity should offer, and the passing of the Reform-bill afforded that opportunity. Justice for Ireland now signified, in the ears of the Whigs, not Protestant but Popish ascendancy. Hence the Church was denuded of ten of her bishops. The property of the parochial clergy was ruthlessly assailed: it was gravely proposed to suppress whole parishes, and to apply the monies arising out of them to secular purposes. We need not add that all these measures received the hearty co-operation of the tail. They had long languished for what they called the hour of retribution; they conceived that it was not distant, and they stirred up their deluded followers to hurry it on.

The Reform-bill in its integrity was a sufficiently dangerous experiment; the permitting abuses to engraft themselves upon it amounted to an act of treason. The Whigs knew this, yet they did not dare to strike boldly at the root of the evil and cut it down. They were shamed,

indeed, into taking notice of it by the complaints that issued from both sides of the House; and they did notice it, but it was in a way worthy of themselves. Three different times were bills introduced by servants of the crown; namely, in 1835, by Messrs. O'Loughlan and Perrin; in 1836, by Lord Morpeth; and again, in 1838, by Mr. Woulf, the attorney-general for Ireland. Yet none of these went to effect a radical cure in the admitted disease, nor was one of them pressed to an issue. In fact, it did not suit the purpose of the Whig cabinet to have the letter of their own law adhered to. Their supporters had won their seats in very many cases by a majority composed of fictitious votes. Were they to put a stop to so convenient a manufactory, what would become of them at some future general election? Now there was in such shuffling that which even an honest Radical could not think of except with disgust. When, therefore, Lord Stanley, in 1840, brought forward his remedial measure and explained it, he obtained the support of more than one member with whom truth went farther than either party prejudices or old associations. What was it that he proposed to do, and how was he met and ultimately thwarted by his coadjutors in the framing of the Irish Reform Act? It is our duty to explain these things.

In many striking and important particulars the Irish Reform-bill differed from the English. In the first place, the English Reform-bill totally disfranchised many boroughs which had hitherto enjoyed the privilege of sending members to parliament; the Irish bill kept all the boroughs which it found, however complete might be the revolution which it effected in their constitution. In the next place, the Irish bill, though it added to the number of members returned by the counties, took away — not one. In the third place the English bill materially broke in upon the rights of the old-fashioned forty-shilling freeholders; the Irish acted in a more liberal spirit, because all its leaning was towards enlarging the constituencies. For let it never be forgotten, that the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders in Ireland was

the result of a compact regularly entered into between the Catholic Association and the Duke of Wellington's government. The former sacrificed the class of voters which were comprised under the general head of forty-shilling freeholders on condition that what they were pleased to term Catholic Emancipation should be granted; the latter accepted this concession, and in doing so idly flattered themselves that they had managed, after all, to throw the real influences of the country into the hands of men who would not abuse them.

Besides these more vital, because personal matters connected with the laws, other and scarcely less striking contrarities are perceptible between them. In England the whole scheme of registration and revision required to be invented *ab ovo*. In Ireland the framers of the Reform-bill found a machinery prepared to their hands, of which, for obvious reasons, they determined to avail themselves. The consequence was, that while in England the process was invented which brought into play overseers' lists for every parish, which authorised objections to be made to each claimant of the suffrage as well by overseers as by individuals, which sent revising barristers through every county, setting up their courts at the places which best suited them; and, above all, which required an annual revision of the list of voters, in order to provide that none should vote except those whose right was unquestionable, — in Ireland such arrangements were made as, however well they might have consorted with the system which preceded the present, could operate under existing circumstances only as a premium to fraud. For example, the registration courts in Ireland, instead of being held once a-year, and attended to by lawyers employed exclusively for that purpose, take place at each quarter sessions, to the extreme hinderance of the business rightly attaching to these meetings, and very much to the inconvenience of the assistant barristers, who are required to attend to them. Then again there are no parochial lists to the details of which objections may be appended; but the clerk of the peace for each district is alone required to make them out; and each claimant may go

to whatever station shall best suit his purposes, — whether it be near his own dwelling or fifty miles removed from it. Moreover, in making up the general list of claimants, the clerk of the peace pays no regard to locality, but, arranging the names in alphabetical order, leaves objectors to find out, if they can, whether the party of whose absence of all title they are convinced be, or be not, on the constituency-roll of the county. Moreover, the claims in Ireland are sent in not six weeks previously to the holding of the barristers' court, but twenty days only ere the court is opened, and for the urging of objections not more than ten days are afforded; a marvellously short space of time, when the construction of the whole machine is taken into account. But these are the very least objectionable points in the details of the Irish Reform act. In England, if the claims of a party be not opposed, he is admitted as a matter of course. In Ireland each claimant must appear before the registering barrister, and swear to his qualification as well as his identity. The claimant's oath, moreover, is in Ireland considered conclusive, unless it can be shewn that he is not the person he represents himself to be, or that the property for which he claims is held by another; yea, and a certificate once granted by the registering barrister becomes to all intents and purposes a title-deed for ever. For it is scarcely necessary for us to observe, that whereas in England every man's right to vote is liable to be called in question from year to year, in Ireland, if you succeed in procuring your certificate once, your claim holds good throughout the eight years that follow. Yea, and more than this. The production of any old certificate carries so much weight with it, that the court regards it as a *prima facie* evidence that the producer's claim must be good, and will not be deterred from granting a renewal, except by such a weight and distinctness of evidence as in the registering courts, at least of Ireland, is not every day afforded. Nay, nor is this all. The claimant is not restricted as to the court before which he shall be required to produce his claims. Supposing him to be a rogue, which is no very uncharitable supposition,

he is free to establish his right of voting wherever there is the least reason to apprehend that it is likely to be disputed; that is to say, at the court of quarter sessions, which may be the farthest removed from his customary place of residence; and as it is by hard swearing, and nothing else, that the judge appears to be influenced, he that swears most stoutly (and the claimant is pretty sure to be in this predicament) is sure to prevail. The consequence of all this is, that the franchise becomes in Ireland a sort of transferable security; inasmuch that, in the event of the voter dying, or being put out of his occupation, or selling his freehold, or what not, either his representative or himself is sure notwithstanding to produce and act upon the certificate. There needs nothing more than an oath as to identity, and the returning officer must give way; and it was distinctly admitted, even by Mr. O'Connell himself, that oaths never stood in the way of patriots who desired to bring in a liberal candidate.

We have said that the evil attained such a pitch that the Whigs themselves were compelled to notice it. Thrice they brought in bills for the avowed purpose of vindicating their own Reform act, and thrice they permitted their own virtuous essay to end in smoke. Neither was it because of the inducement held out to perjury alone that the more reflecting members of the legislature were anxious to remove this stumbling-block out of the way of the electors. It was distinctly proved, by the testimony of witnesses who underwent an examination before a committee of the house, that in forcing men to register, whether on real or fictitious titles, the Roman Catholic clergy were most assiduous. In fact, the tables are now completely turned between the Protestants and the Papists in Ireland. The latter, ever since the passing of the Reform-bill, have felt themselves to be in the ascendant, and with a ruthless and an indefatigable zeal they have pushed their influence to the utmost. And they make no secret of their design to carry on the same species of warfare, till they shall have wholly overthrown the Protestant party. This is a grave charge to bring against a large body of our

countrymen, and ought to be rejected unless we can support it by creditable testimony. We must, therefore, quote from the proceedings of the "Select Committee" appointed, in 1838, to inquire how far the intentions of the Reform-bill have been carried out by creating and registering fictitious and improper votes in Ireland, as these are set forth in their third Report, and in the words of the witnesses whom they examined. The following is a transcript from some of the questions put to T. Courtenay, Esq., and from the answers which he gave to them:—

"Mr. Lefroy.] Have you reason to know that the names of many persons were served, upon that occasion, for registration who did not themselves wish to come forward?—Yes.

Mr. O'Connell.] Do you speak of the individual's own wishes?—I speak from actual knowledge; for, upon some occasions, seeing the names of tenants with whom I was acquainted upon the list, I asked them how it came that they were there, and said, at the same time, 'You could not think of registering a freehold; what business had you to put your name forward?' and the answer was, 'Sir, I do not know any thing about it; I never authorised it; and I do not intend to go up, if I can help it.'

And those were persons that were not really qualified?—I conceive they were not really qualified.

Did you ever find any man really qualified who himself did not wish to be upon the register?—I have.

A man who was free from all dread of a contrary influence?—I have no doubt but that many of the freeholders of the county of Longford, who are upon the register, and well qualified, would rather not be in it.

There may be many reasons for that, may there not?—There may.

But did you ever know a man who was quite independent of the others unwilling to have the right of voting?—No, I did not.

Mr. E. Tennent.] Do you consider that amongst the class of 10*l.* freeholders in the county of Longford there are many men who are perfectly independent of exterior influence?—I conceive that there are many independent men in the county of Longford.

Amongst the 10*l.* freeholders?—Yes.

Mr. Litton.] In the cases of those persons whose names were served by others, and who were unwilling to come forward to register, what do you consider to have been the preponderating influence which induced them to come for-



ward where other persons put their names forward without their permission?—I conceive that the names were served by the directions, in most instances, of the Roman Catholic clergy.

Have you any doubt that, in the vast majority of instances where men were put forward without their own permission, and either expressed or felt that they would rather not come forward, that they were put forward by the Roman Catholic clergy?—I have no doubt that the Roman Catholic clergy put them forward, and at their instance they came forward."

The same gentleman, being farther examined as to the amount of the constituency for the county, and of bad votes that were mixed up with it, guessed the former at about 1900, and the latter at not less than 350. And out of these he makes it distinctly appear that 247, at the least, were votes manufactured by the priests.

Again, the same Mr. Courtenay, being further examined, brings to light as skilful a piece of party-manceuvring as the most determinate trickster would desire to witness. There had been a petition on a former election for Longford, and of the voters who brought in the Whig member very many were, by the decision of a committee, struck off the list. What was this to your Liberal assistant-barristers when the next season for swelling the registry came on?—

"Mr. Lefroy.] Did any persons apply, at the sessions held by Mr. Tighe, to be registered who had been struck off the register by the decision of the committee?—Yes.

Did he register them?—He did.

Did he register them without any evidence of a further qualification than they had proved before the committee?—He did.

Was he apprised that the committee had struck them off the poll for want of qualification?—He was; but he did not mind that; for he denied the power of the House of Commons to interfere with the register.

Mr. Lefroy.] Mr. Tighe, however, denied the authority of the House of Commons to strike those men off the register?—He did; and refused evidence of the Speaker's warrant, and of the facts.

And he re-registered them upon their old qualification?—He did.

Did he register any other persons who had been rejected by his predecessors?—He did: he registered men whose claims

had been rejected by Mr. French, and who had been rejected at the reform registry; and I am aware of an instance where he registered a man who had been three times rejected, had appealed to the assizes, and had been rejected by a jury of the county sworn to try the merits of his case, and Mr. Tighe afterwards registered him.

Will you state the name of that person?—Christopher Cahill.

Was he rejected at the original registry?—He was taken off by the Committee of 1833 as a bad vote; he attempted to register in April 1835 before Mr. French, and in April 1836, and he was rejected.

When did he attempt again?—In January 1837.

Was he rejected then?—He was. Had he appealed upon any of those occasions?—He appealed to the assizes.

After the registry of January 1837?—Yes."

As a matter of course, there arises out of this order of things a trial of strength between the Conservative landlord and the Radical priest. The landlord or his agents talk of tenderness, or otherwise, in collecting the rents which are invariably in arrear. The priest and his accessories fall, as it seems, upon a device, which is infinitely more melodramatic:—

"Mr. Lefroy.] With respect to those tenants that you thought it necessary to urge in the way you have stated, had any intimidation or means been used to induce them to vote against the wishes of their landlord?—There had.

Was it very much with a view to counteract that influence that you applied to them in the way you have mentioned?—It was to put the landlord's influence where I conceived it ought to be.

What was the nature of the influence that was used to induce those tenants to vote against their landlords?—They were visited at night by armed parties coming to their houses, and in some instances digging graves at their doors, firing shots, and, where they could bind the voter down, swearing him to vote for the Whites and his country. They said they would rather keep out of the election altogether, and begged of me to get them, in some instances, a place of protection, and they left their homes, dreading to remain there.

Was any other influence, beside that of violence such as you have alluded to, used to induce those persons to vote against their landlords?—Yes.

What was the nature of that?—The influence of the Roman Catholic clergy, I understood from them.

Did you see any of those men who

voted against their landlords brought up actually to the poll by the Roman Catholic clergy?—I did.

Mr. Gaskell.] How do you believe the generality of those voters would have polled if they had not been solicited either by one party or the other?—If left to themselves, they would poll for their landlords.

Did they often express regret that they were unable to do so, in consequence of the intimidation to which they were subject?—They did.

Mr. Lefroy.] Did you hear of any instances after the election of any of those Roman Catholic tenants who had voted with their landlords being ill-treated?—I did.

What was the nature of that ill-treatment?—When they brought anything to market to dispose of, they could find no purchasers for it; and they were not able, as they said, to go to chapel.

Why so; what happened at chapel?—They were denounced by the Roman Catholic clergy.

For voting with their landlords?—Yes.

Did you hear of any instances in which persons were prevented from working for Roman Catholic tenants who had voted with their landlords?—Yes.

So that their harvest could not be saved?—So that their harvest could not be saved, had it not been that people collected in other districts and went down to reap it for them.

Do you conceive that the proportion of tenants who voted under intimidation for their landlords was any thing like the proportion of those that were prevented voting according to their own wishes by this sort of intimidation you have last alluded to?—I am sure it was not."

Mr. Courtenay, however, is a Conservative, and by the Liberals will, of course, be regarded as a prejudiced witness. Let us, therefore, turn to the testimony of one of themselves, to that of Mr. Patrick Flood, one of the most active and influential agents of the Messrs. White in the county which it is their ambition to represent. What says he about the inducements and facilities afforded to perjury?—

"Are there several upon the registry now whose interests have expired, but who are still upon the registry?—Yes, where the life has dropped; they are still upon the county book, but they have no right to vote.

How many are in that situation?—Fifteen, I think.

Have any of those offered to vote since

Lord Longford's death?—No, they could not vote.

Chairman.] Was there any thing to prevent their voting except the oath?—I think not.

Was there any means of getting them off the registry before the end of the term?—I think the assessor could take them off.

Mr. O'Connell.] They have their certificates, probably?—Yes.

If they have a certificate, there is no way of getting the certificate from them?—There is not, indeed; and I am satisfied those men are upon the clerk of the peace's book, though the life is dropped.

Chairman.] As the law now stands, there are no legal means of preventing their voting, except their reverence for the oath?—No.

And if the oath is not tendered to them, they may vote without difficulty?—Yes; indeed they might.

How many persons ceasing to have a good qualification do you believe to be upon the Longford registry at this time?—I could not tell; there must be a great number.

Are there 100 throughout the county?—I should think in the whole county there is.

Not more than 100?—There might be, and perhaps not; I cannot say.

Mr. O'Connell.] The Irish registry has this defect, has it not, that when a man is registered he has his certificate, which he may keep by him, which will entitle him to vote within eight years, though his qualification may be gone?—Yes.

And the only check to that is a tender of the oath to him that his qualification exists?—Yes.

So that in the first place, if the oath is not tendered to him, he may vote without any right to vote whatever?—Yes.

And if the oath is tendered to him, and he takes it falsely, he may equally vote?—Yes.

So that there is in fact no roll of registry at all?—There is a fictitious one.

The clerk of the peace's list?—Yes; and even men who are dead are upon the list.

And quite a different person may get that certificate; and if he goes up, and states he is the person, he is entitled to vote?—Yes, if he takes the oath.

That is, if the oath is put to him?—Yes."

And now for the corroboration of the statement which we have hazarded, that the most active agents in the management of the system of perjury are the priests. The Rev. E. McGaver, Roman Catholic rector

of Carrick-Edmund, in the county of Longford, being examined, thus expresses himself:—

"Mr. Lefroy.] You said that you and your curate were both pretty active in county Longford politics?—I was; I always took an interest in them.

You say you never used any intimidation with your flock?—I do.

Only you encourage them?—I encourage, and encouraged them.

Where did you give that encouragement?—I gave it to them every time I had an opportunity of speaking to them; I sometimes did it at the altar, and sometimes at public meetings, and lost no opportunity, when I had a favourable opportunity, of impressing upon their minds the necessity they were under of registering their votes.

Then you had no hesitation in addressing them upon that subject from your altar?—Not the slightest; I considered it was my duty to do so.

And you considered that was the proper use to which to apply that place?—I do consider they were under a moral obligation to the community, and in what belonged to morals I thought it was a place to instruct them in; I consider I was not taking from the sanctity of the altar by instructing the people in their moral duties.

On occasions after the elections, when any of your flock went against your advice, did you ever address them from the altar? did you ever denounce them from the altar?—I request to know what you mean by denouncing, because it may be construed in different ways; if you mean excommunication, I never did any such thing.

Have you ever taken notice, from your altar, of any of your flock who had gone against your advice in voting at the elections?—Yes; if I ever found a man voted contrary to his conscience, and for the sake of a bribe, I always did.

Did you ever take notice of any man who voted against your advice and directions?—I did."

"You never advised them how to vote?—I did advise them how they were to vote, but I am satisfied if they did not take a bribe they would vote for the men who would do their business best in Parliament.

Then if that be so, why should you advise them how to vote?—I must submit that human nature is frail, and the more a man is impoverished the more likely he will be to yield to the frailties of human nature.

You stated you found persons always willing to go as you advised them, except in particular cases which you have speci-

fied, where their landlords were of different politics?—Yes.

In those cases how did you act?—I advised them to stay at home.

You never advised them to vote against their landlords?—I always did when I thought the landlord was wrong, and he differed from me in politics.

Then when the landlord differed from you in politics, you uniformly advised the tenant to vote against the landlord?—I did, when I thought the landlord was wrong.

Of course, whenever the landlord differed from you in politics, you thought he was wrong?—In the county of Longford, whenever he differed from me, I thought he was wrong."

This is pretty well; but we must quote a little more from our reverend friend:—

"Mr. Hogg.] Did you state it was general in Longford that the Roman Catholic clergy addressed their flocks on Sundays on the subject of this representation?—It is my belief they did do it.

Your belief is it was done, and done frequently?—No, I do not think it was done frequently; it was done perhaps at one election, the election before the last.

And upon that election it was done generally by the Catholic clergy throughout Longford?—My belief is that the clergy did so, but not from the altar; from some other place they spoke to their flocks.

But at that election they generally, or frequently, addressed their congregations from the altar?—I do not say, from my own knowledge, they addressed them from the altar, but they spoke to them from the altar or elsewhere.

Do you, of your own knowledge, know of any case in the county of Longford where upon any occasion the Roman Catholic clergy addressed their flocks from the altar?—I do; I myself addressed them.

Did you yourself address your congregation from the altar on the subject of politics, or the selection of particular representative?—I did; to the best of my belief I did.

And in so doing, you believed, I presume; or I ask you, did you believe that in so doing you discharged your religious duties as the pastor of your flock?—I did. After discharging the religious duties of the day, before or after service, generally after, when I had the congregation assembled, I addressed them on the subject; and I believed then I was doing my duty, and I acted up to it.

Do you believe now, that when so acting you were discharging your moral

and religious duty as the pastor of your flock?—I do.

And you believe that every other clergyman in addressing his flock in like manner from the altar was actuated by the same feeling in discharge of his duty as a Roman Catholic clergyman?—Yes, if they did it, they were acting according to my notions."

Again:—

"You took every opportunity of advising your flock to go against their landlords?—No, not because they were their landlords, but when the landlord differed from me in politics.

You have done that ever since you became a clergyman?—Yes.

Is that the general practice of the Roman Catholic clergy in your county?—Indeed I believe it is in the county of Longford.

So that all the clergy in that county are engaged continually in setting the tenants against their landlords?—They are necessarily engaged in politics, not for the purpose of setting the tenants against their landlords, but for the purpose of the poor of the country being justified.

I am not imputing motives or inquiring into motives, but the result of their proceedings is to set the landlords and tenants at variance?—It has had that result.

Now give me leave to ask you, do you consider that is promoting peace and good-will amongst men?—Upon my word I think it is the means to come at peace and good-will, therefore such means should necessarily be adopted; that is my feeling.

You think that is the means of coming at peace and good-will amongst men?—Yes.

Now, give me leave to ask you, do you know, or do you believe, or rather do you not believe, there have been instances where, in consequence of addresses from the altar, Roman Catholics have had their seats in the chapel torn to pieces and thrown into the road?—I heard of an instance in the chapel of Edgeworth's Town where one or two seats were injured; I was not present, but I heard of it.

You heard of these instances?—Yes; I think I heard of another in the parish of Ardagh.

Did you never hear of an instance of that sort in the neighbourhood of Mr. Fox?—That is the neighbourhood of Ardagh.

You heard of that instance?—I did; it was done without the knowledge of the parish priest, and the Sunday following he reprobated the people for doing it,

and said he would put it up at his own expense.

Had he not addressed the people from his altar on the subject of the election?—I have no doubt he had; there was not a clergyman in the county who did not at one place or other.

You have no doubt that he had addressed them?—I believe he did; and we all agreed at our clubs to exert ourselves to the best of our power to perfect the registry and return fit and proper persons to represent us.

Then the Roman Catholic clergy formed themselves into clubs?—It is not confined to the clergy alone.

You joined the political clubs in that county?—Yes.

And you pledged yourselves to exert the utmost of your power to perfect the registry?—Yes; and bring in the most fit and proper persons.

To exert all your influence and power for that object?—Yes, all reasonable power.

And you think that is likely to keep up and promote a happy state of society in that county?—I do think, unless that had been done, we should never know the end of the persecutions and wrongs the people have undergone for years gone by."

Again:—

"Was there a meeting of the priests to arrange the matter?—Whenever elections are going on we have meetings as often as we think it necessary; twice a week sometimes.

Of the clergy?—Clergy and laity mixed; we are never divided.

The clergy are the most active in those meetings?—They are.

In fact it is they that convene these meetings?—One of them is the secretary, therefore it may be said that they convene them; but it is at the instance of the members of the club.

When you speak of the clergy, you mean the Roman Catholic clergy?—Of course.

Mr. O'Connell.] Do the Protestant clergy take any part?—Not with us, except one Presbyterian clergyman.

Do they take any part on the other side?—They are as busy on their side as we are on ours.

Mr. Serjeant Jackson.] Do you mean to say that the Protestant clergymen ever came up to an election town at the head of their parishioners?—No, it was not necessary.

Did you ever see them come up with any body of their parishioners?—I never saw so formidable a body, or one more inclined to disturb the peace than that which came in with Lord Forbes at the election of 1837.

He is not a clergyman?—No, but he was at the head of the party. I understood that they bring Orangemen from the county of Cavan, persons who will fight and use sticks.

Do you mean to say that you have seen Protestant clergymen doing this?—No, I do not.

Have you ever known a solitary Protestant clergyman come to an election town at the head of his parishioners to vote?—I have not; for I do not think they have that influence over their flocks.

And that is the reason they do not do it?—Of course, if they have no influence, it would be of no use to come with them.

Did you ever hear of any Protestant clergyman coming up with his parishioners to vote in the county of Longford?—No, I did not; I conceived they would find no use in going.

Are the Protestant clergy in the county of Longford members of any Conservative club with a view to elections?—I should think they are.

Do you know any instance of it?—I know from publications and newspapers that there has been a tribute to this and that clergyman with a fictitious name; but I do not know it otherwise than that it was signed by a person signing himself an 'Edgeworth's Town Correspondent;' it was after the election of 1836.

Was that by a Protestant clergyman?—Yes, it is supposed to be a Protestant clergyman who was the correspondent.

Who supposed it?—The whole Catholic public, from his style of writing.

From its being a good style of writing?—Those that knew him said that he was probably the author.

The Roman Catholic persons that said so were such good judges of this Protestant clergyman's style, that they at once knew the letter to be his?—That I believe to be so.

From your own knowledge of his style?—Yes.

Who are those Roman Catholic critics in Longford who are so well acquainted with the style of this particular clergyman?—Those that read the papers edited in Longford; I do not think I have read three of them.

Can you name any of those critics?—Indeed I do not know any one individual; I know it was talked of at our club.

Have you any other ground than what you have stated for imputing that letter to a Protestant clergyman?—Nothing but suspicion.

Have you any fact that you can state which will warrant you in saying that any Protestant clergyman was a member of any election club in the county of Longford?—No, I have not; what I mean is, that I could not state, if I were

put to proof, of any of the other party belonging to the club, because I do not know who are the members of that club.

Mr. O'Connell.] Have you any doubt that the Protestant clergymen are as active as they can be at elections?—I have no doubt of it.

Mr. Serjeant Jackson.] Will you state what you saw done by the Protestant clergymen, that will warrant you in saying that?—First, I know them all to vote and to register their votes; and I saw Dr. Crawford, of Newton Forbes, at the election of 1833, at the hustings, holding his handkerchief and waving it at any thing that he thought would be pleasant to Lord Forbes.

Is that the only instance you can state of a Protestant clergyman taking a part at the hustings, or at any election in the county of Longford?—That is the only instance with regard to the hustings; with regard to elections, in general, I know them to vote for the Tory party."

We would willingly continue our quotations from the evidence of the peace-loving P.P. of Carrick-Edmund; for it is, from beginning to end, peculiarly instructive; but our limits will not permit the indulgence. Turn we, therefore, to that of John Fosberry, Esq., a registering barrister, appointed under a Whig lord-lieutenant, and therefore, we may rest assured, not prejudiced against the existing system:—

"Did there appear to you, in the discharge of your duty, to be any dexterity or address used, with a view to get upon the registry persons who really were not qualified?—Yes, I think there was a great deal of dexterity used; they felt their way; one person, for instance, was brought up whose vote I rejected, and then in three or four days after that; first, after that rejection, they went to another part of the county, and they brought up claimants from that, and then they returned to the old place, thinking I should forget all the circumstances of the townland to which it related; I remember several instances of that kind. There were two or three curious instances of how they shaped their evidence: a man was brought up from a particular place to swear he had a house, that the house was forty feet long; for I always examined them as to the state of the premises when they got them, and the state of the premises at that time, whether they had laid out any money upon them; he swore to his qualification, and I admitted him; and the next witness when I examined him swore just the same; he swore his house was forty feet long, and

swore exactly in the same way. Another instance was this: a person came to register, and he produced to me a piece of paper, which he said was a certificate of the clerk of the peace that he had planted so many trees. I thought that was very strong evidence of his being an industrious man and of good habits; he produced the paper, and I saw it was entered, and I registered him. The next day, another man said, 'I have planted so many trees,' and he produced me a piece of waste paper as the certificate of the clerk of the peace, evidently shaping his evidence by the evidence of the former witness. Again, when I asked them what the land was let for to persons in the neighbourhood, or the adjoining farm, they always referred to some one farm that was the best land in their part of the country; and others came up afterwards, referring to the same farm as a test of the value, shewing they were extremely well drilled.

Then, in fact, it appeared to you, in the discharge of your duty, there was a system by which the claimants were drilled and prepared?—Yes, I think there was a very regular system.

By which they were prepared to make out their claims?—Yes. I had the curiosity in one place to go and look at the land myself; it was near Sir George Featherstone's; there was a trial which lasted two or three hours about a mountain, and the place they referred to was a place called the Telegraph, at the top of the hill. In three or four days they came back, and brought me to the same place; I distinctly remembered the name of the townland, Lisluff Montgomery; I asked the man how near is your land to the Telegraph; he instantly saw I knew the nature of his farm, and I saw evidently it was their dexterity in bringing the men up. I went myself to see the land, and I never saw so wild a place; it was valued at 15s. or 30s. an acre, and the mountain was more like a place for snipes than arable land.

Mr. Lefroy.] And that land was valued by those persons, upon oath, as of the value you have stated?—Yes, I think it was valued at from 15s. to 20s. an acre."

These are curious disclosures, yet must they yield the palm to others which came out, on the presentation, in 1840, of a petition from the county of the city of Cork, by Mr. Serjeant Jackson. The document in question informs us of the following startling facts,—that at the first special sessions held under the Reform-act in 1832, 10,000 notices of intention to register were served upon the clerk of the peace; that this took place only ten days previous to the holding of the sessions; that the lists

made out having no reference to parishes or districts, it was impossible, owing to the confusion and want of time, to institute any inquiries; that a large number of persons who had no title got their names registered as qualified voters, and that such names still continue where the registering barristers placed them. But this is a trifle. Of the persons who had sworn, in 1832, that they inhabited tenements of the yearly value of ten pounds, very many, in order to avoid the burthen of the poor-law, swore, in 1835, that the same tenements were not worth five pounds. Moreover, it appears that the names of persons once entered on the roll stuck there immovable throughout the whole term of eight years; that the same individual was in the habit of voting twice, and even thrice over, by virtue of the different qualifications in which he had registered; and that whenever a voter died or went away, his paper was handed over and made use of by a successor. So flagrant, indeed, were the abuses, that in 1840, when the period of renewing their registrations came round, a full 1000, who had enrolled themselves in 1832, were afraid to claim again; while others, more bold, hazarded the step, and producing their old registers, were, amid the obscurity of the Irish law, accepted.

We are not going to call our readers' attention to the gallant attempt which, in 1841, Lord Stanley made to obtain a redress of this atrocious grievance. His speeches, and those of the several members who resisted him, well deserve to be studied even now; for they place in striking contrast the eloquence of truth and that of trickery and tinsel. Not a speaker on the then ministerial side, not even a member of the cabinet, ventured to assert that the evils of which Lord Stanley complained had no existence. It was universally acknowledged that the Reform-act had been broken through, and that, of Irish members, a large majority sat in the house upon a false title. How, then, did the opponents of Lord Stanley defend themselves? Why thus. They exclaimed against the paucity of electors throughout Ireland. They contrasted an Irish with an English county, and shewed that in the former there were four times as many voters as in the

latter. Did Lord Stanley deny this? or do we, or does any body? Surely not. We know that the number of electors in Ireland is much less considerable than it is in England. This may or may not be a grievance in itself; but if it be, it was at the period of the passing of the Reform-act that such as complain ought to have attended to the matter. They have no right to say now that because the law does not suit their purposes it ought to be disregarded. Or there is yet another remedy open to them. Let them bring in a bill to amend the Reform-act. They may then render the constituency as abundant as they please; they may give Ireland the blessing of universal suffrage if they like it. But so long as the law continues where it is, ought it not to be obeyed?

But, say the enemies of this honest reform, it is you that are tampering with the constituency. You desire to establish in Ireland separate courts of registration, to have annual revisions of the lists, and to increase the number of polling places,—in one word, to place Ireland, so far as the working of the Constitution goes, on the same footing with England. Again we answer, to be sure we do. The machinery of the Irish law—meaning by that term its courts, its system of registration, and so forth—was avowedly adopted because it had a previous existence. The application of it to the new order of things was only an experiment, and he who applied it took care to put the fact upon record. The experiment has not answered, for the system acts as an incentive to fraud. Whether is it best to continue this fraud by adhering to your experiment, or to get rid of both by a process which, in England, has answered all its purposes? But it is idle to argue such a question as this. An important end is to be gained—a great benefit to be conferred on the country. The law states explicitly what this end or benefit is, and sets up a particular frame-work through which it assumes that the object shall be accomplished. When we come to work with this frame, we find that it is not suited to our purposes. Are we not bound, always supposing the end to be a good one, to lay aside so clumsy an instrument and to replace it by a better?

We began by stating that we were not sanguine enough to expect that much can be done by parliament for the accomplishment of direct good to Ireland. Indirect good, however, and that of the most important kind, parliament can accomplish, provided it pass such laws as shall take away inducements to the practice of evil. The quotations which we have made from the evidence of credible witnesses shew, that so long as the Irish Reform-act continues to be worked by the machinery at present in use, there will be no rest or good feeling in the land. The priests do not conceal their purpose of setting landlord and tenant every where at variance. The members of the tail make light of perjury, provided the false oath be taken to ensure the election of one of themselves. Will the British parliament allow such a state of things to continue? Surely not. Let Lord Elliot take up the ground from which Lord Stanley may be supposed to have withdrawn, and an overwhelming majority will support him. And though for a brief space the sound of murmurs may reach him, the ultimate effects of his wise and manly legislation will not fail to appear. The Irish are a clever people, and a generous. They have already begun to suspect that their generosity has been abused by persons whom they have too much trusted. They would willingly settle themselves down into the condition of peaceable and industrious members of society, were but the evil influences which have too long swayed them removed. And they know that they cannot settle down into habits of peaceful industry till the legislature shall have interposed between them and their false friends the power of law. The Irish have a right to all the privileges which the Reform-act has conferred upon them; but they have no right to more, neither do they desire it. Lord Elliot will confer an important boon upon the empire at large by laying the foundation of an improved state of society in that portion of it which has been too long neglected. He knows how this is to be done. Let us hope that he will act up vigorously and promptly to his knowledge.

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FOR

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

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VOL. XXVII.

THOUGHTS ON THE "RECREATIONS OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH."

"THE MOORS."

1 travelling conveyances, ancient odern, we willingly adjudge the to the easy chair. Compared it for celerity and smoothness, great Western is an ungraceful . True, you might manage to on this latter, had the rails no aga, and the coaches no nodding wants. Certainly you will find impediment to your reading, save frequent-recurring and glimmer-annel. No one will deny that might think, even fall into a n study, had not every stage a ly, thrilling, shuddering shriek. ight-seeing we say nothing. merable sketches of English ry you will catch in abundance; ey might just as well besketches im Tartary, for, before you can say they are here, they have d from you and left no trace d. But take your seat in an chair, especially after dinner, is bound for France, America, olonial churches, the Jews, or n itself, and how snugly do you yourself sitting on the sunny ; of the Seine, the muddy Mis- pi, or gazing a hundred miles the silent sea that is waiting for reezes from Lebanon. More es have been performed in this le than Anacharsis ever im- d. Sinbad is a mere fire-side ller; and the new-found ruins ntral America, compared with rgeous palaces over which, like mer cloud, it has sailed, are but frost-work" of an hour.

NO. XXVII. NO. CLIX

Behold the visionary in his domestic sky-boat! His dressing-gown veiling his figure, and floating over its buoyant sides, his cloud-loving havannah evolving more glorious worlds than prism or kaleidoscope ever embosomed. He is napping in an easy chair. We pardon thy ignorance the profanation! The beautiful lanthe was no more in her couch than his spirit is now in the home of his fathers. He is in the shady nook of a sunny glen, basking in the delicious twilight of his own thoughts. The streams are sobbing, and sighing, and singing around his feet. The leaves above his head are whispering their thousand light-talking fancies. The flowers are listening to the self-gratulating murmur of the bees, or dreaming of sunbeams and dew-drops. The silent lake has already its one bright star in its deep, lone bosom, glistening and melting like a tear upon an angel's cheek. Hush! the deity of the wood approaches. She takes him by the hand; she leads him through the deepening shades, "her sweet lips bubbling like a summer brook;" and, infatuated fool! he will break with a word the dream of bliss, as spirits, when spoken to, depart to the sky; and suddenly he finds the lay of the rills dwindling into the "low under-song" of that domestic cricket, the kettle. The fascinating goddess has become a hairy, wiry terrier, rubbing recognition; and the wanderer, thinking of tea and toast, besides fourteen



shillings to no visionary tax-gatherer, rises out of his easy chair, and rings the bell, the most sordid wretch of a sordid world.

The easy chair has two spheres,—one emanating from the lull of the spirit, when, folding up its wings in that quiet bay of rest, it stretches away in ideal flight over a strange land beneath new skies,—the other arises from the enchantment of the place itself, where, as in Eastern climes, trees, blossoms, rivers, and ocean, partake the same delicate hue of the heaven above, thought issues from that calm-breathing region steeped in the loveliness of its own pervading dyes. It is the happy counterpart of the cave of Trophonius. Let the gloomy victim of the latter recline a short hour in the arms of the former, and he rises in love with all mankind, bidding defiance eternal to the vapours of misanthropy. Before you condemn either of these celestial spheres, consider the innumerable soulless pages that, flake-like, have floated among us from a thousand frosty minds. One chooses to invest the pleasant Montpellier with the chaotic hue of his own vile jaundice, in the blight of imagination sees the wither of the woods, and pronounces its balmy spring, its blossomy summer, to be no better than a northern autumn. A madman, forsooth, half-drowns himself, through his own folly, in a pleasure-trip on the placid Leman, and writes his printer to give tongue to the slanderous falsehood that its breast is the revel-hall of eternal hurricanes. A cripple finds the roads up the Great St. Bernard not what he could wish them, and takes a license to lie because he has a wooden leg. Doctor Grippharde made the tour of France, Simplan, and Waterloo, on 30*l.*, and passes a cheap verdict on victuals, because he found his constitution little worse and his purse much better for a spare diet. My Lord Fincheir accomplished the same circuit on 1000*l.*, and denounces foreign expense and cheating in two volumes octavo, because he gambled hard and drank champagne. Many a romantic young lady believes the rose leaf sketch of voluptuous Italy, which she is reading, to have blossomed by Adria's wave in a spirit as gentle and iris-like as

its own creation. What would have been her astonishment had she seen its wizard, "burly, and big, and studious of his case," evoking queenly Venice from a cloud of smoke in a metropolitan coffeehouse. Many an ingenuous youth has imagined the authoress of his last-read pathetic romance fair as the dove-eyed vision that floated through his dream. Dream on, vain being! Have you ever seen an authoress in her moments of inspiration? No! Neither have we, nor do we wish to feel what must be the degradation of sentiment. Gentlemen (we speak from experience, for in this list do we glory) bite their nails when their argument eludes their grasp, and scratch the outside of their head when they have failed in their application within. With them, indeed, these customs are as old as Quintilian, who sneers at what he often did, probably sometimes on account of a superfluity of ideas taking unto themselves a "local habitation and a name."

We wonder if ladies do the same? We know not, and fear to pursue inquiry. But, reader, if ever you are so fortunate, or unfortunate, as to obtain a peep into one of these "laboratories of thought," fancy not you will find an apotheosis. No, no! you will discover more slipshod, night-capped Hannah More's than elegant Blessingtons; more tattered, soiled Maliabechis than ensconced Rousseaus. Are not the creations of the easy chair independent of these mortifications and littlenesses? Take a seat in ours; and if kindred thoughts, sympathetic ecstasies, brotherly tears, steal not down upon your senses, then profane not the sanctuary, for the ground whereon you tread is holy!

We ourselves are greatly addicted to that mode of peregrination. For the last half-hour we have not been, as we dreamed, quietly reposed in one of the "coves of Cruachan," watching the gyrations of a solitary eagle, but no farther than our easy chair, with our fore-finger between the pages of *Christopher North's Recreations* :—

"What a prospect! our cloud-castle rests upon a foundation of granite precipices; and down along the hundred chasms from which the eye recoils, we

look on Loch Etive bearing on its bosom, stationary, so it seems in the sunshine, one snow-white soul! What brings the creature there, and on what errand may she be voyaging up the uninhabited sea-arm that stretches away into uninhabited mountains? Some poet, perhaps, steers her, sitting at the helm in a dream, and allowing her to dance her own way, at her own will, up and down the green glens and hills of the foam-crested waves, a swell rolling in the beauty of light and music for ever attendant on her, as the sea-mew — for so we choose to name her — pursues her voyage — now on water, and now, as the breezes drop, in the air — elements at times undistinguishable, as the shadows of the clouds and of the mountains mingle their imagery in the sea. Oh! that our head, like that of a spider, were all studded with eyes; that our imagination, sitting in the 'palace of the soul' (a noble expression, borrowed or stolen by Byron from Waller), might see all at once all the sights from centre to circumference, as if all rallying around her for her own delight, and oppressing her with the poetry of nature — a lyrical, an elegiac, an epic, or a tragic strain. Now the bright blue water gleams enchain her vision, and are felt to constitute the vital, the essential spirit of the whole — Loch Awe land-serpent, large as serpent of the sea, lying asleep in the sun, with his burnished skin all bedropt with scales of silver and of gold — the lands of Lorn, mottled and speckled with innumerable lakelets, where fancy sees millions of water-lilies riding at anchor in bays where the breezes have fallen asleep — Oban, splendid among the splendours of that now almost motionless Mediterranean, the mountain-loving Linnhe Loch — Jura, Isla, Colonsay, and nameless other islands, floating far and wide away on — on to Coll and Tiree, drowned beneath the faint horizon. But now all the eyes in our spider-head are lost in one blaze of undistinguishable glory, for the whole Highlands of Scotland are up in their power against us, — rivers, lochs, seas, islands, cliffs, clouds, and mountains. The pen drops from our hand, and here we are, not on the battlements of the air-palace on the summit of Cruachan, but sitting on a tripod or three-legged stool at the mouth of our tent with our MS. before us, and at our right hand a quech of Glenlivet, fresh drawn from yonder ten-gallon cask, and here's to the health of 'honest men and bonny lassies' all over the globe."

Thanks to thee, Kit, for *our* pleasant dream! Drowsy preachers and unscrupulous pharmacopolists are able to lull us into sleep; but, hap-

pily, our sleeping spirits are beyond their power or ken. The man of genius can alone distil those precious drops that give to our dreams the freshness of nature; is alone possessed of that magnetic influence, which passes a smile round the animated board, or awakens a tear amid the weariness of the ocean.

A book on the Highlands has long been thought a desideratum. Johnson, as far as he has gone, is enough for us, and would be so for all, were there more of candour and less of prejudiced scholarship in his pages. Innumerable Cockneys visit our picturesque land, but the most they have done for it is to mangle its glorious names, both in speaking and spelling. A fly on the dome of St. Peter's is not a more presumptuous aspirant than a Cockney on the rocky side of Ben Venue. But, luckily, the Highlands know no want of those who are able both to admire and to celebrate; and a few more pages like these beside us will leave little to the care of our Southern travellers. Christopher North has made our hills, our glens, our nooks, our rivers, all truly his own; — yes! more his own than the property of many who ostentatiously hold them on no other ground than that their ancestors were more deserving than themselves. They have, indeed, shot grouse on the moor and deer on the mountain, and have eaten both at their solitary lodge; but his is the charter of a patriotic mind, a rational soul. They see little in nature that is theirs; a flood of rain dissipates the value of their moors, a day of mist annihilates their mountains; in a morning thaw the dogs lose scent, the masters temper, and evening coops their mind and body in the same wainscoted prison: while every nook for Christopher spreads its green grass, every shady wood expands its leafy arms, every rill hails him with its "quiet tune," — the stars all know him, for he loves them all, and his thoughts, his countless thoughts are shining, like them, in a spirit as pure and happy as their cloudless blue. Even his dreams are invested with the "lights and shadows" of his native land. Look! he is asleep on the heather, but his thoughts are "thick-coming," ever flowing; and, listen! his lips

are busily telling of his innermost fancies :—

"There it was (Glenorchy), on a little river island, that once, whether sleeping or waking we know not, we saw celebrated a fairy's funeral. First we heard small pipes playing, as if no bigger than hollow rushes that whisper to the night-winds, and more piteous than aught that trills from earthly instrument, was the scarce audible dirge. It seemed to float over the stream, every foam-bell emitting a plaintive note, till the airy anthem came floating over our couch, and then alighted without footsteps among the heather. The pattering of little feet was then heard, as if living creatures were arranging themselves in order, and then there was nothing but a more ordered hymn. The harmony was like the melting of musical dew-drops, and sang, without words, of sorrow and death. We opened our eyes, or rather sight came to them when closed, and dream was vision! Hundreds of creatures, no taller than the crest of the lapwing, and all hanging down their veiled heads, stood in a circle on a green plat among the rocks, and in the midst was a bier, framed as it seemed of flowers unknown to the Highland hills, and on the bier a fairy, lying with uncovered face, pale as a lily and motionless as the snow. The dirge grew fainter and fainter, and then died away, when two of the creatures came from the circle, and took their station, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bier. They sang alternate measures, not louder than the twittering of the awakened wood-lark before it goes up the dewy air, but dolorous and full of the desolation of death. The flower-bier stirred, for the spot on which it lay sunk slowly down, and in a few moments the greensward was smooth as ever, the very dews glittering above the buried fairy. A cloud passed over the moon, and, with a choral lament, the funeral troop sailed duskily away, heard afar off, so still was the midnight solitude of the glen. Then the disenthralled Orchy began to rejoice, as before, through all her streams and falls, and at the sudden leaping of the waters and outbursting of the moon we awoke."

This passage possesses a strange spell, little accordant with what might be expected to result from the implicit accents of reason. But, in spite of the sneers of education and the lights of learning, there is a tone of grief in the fairy dirge which thrills to the heart, leaving an echo of sorrow deep in the soul. So resistless is the pa-

thetic voice of the dreamer, that we cannot divest ourselves of the thought that he is speaking of some much-loved infant, whose face comes to him in the night, smiling, as he saw it on the bier, among opening blossoms. The imagery of this little picture is complete, soft and delicate as the tints which Claude Lorraine's pensive fancy breathed over his sleeping landscape. With the cloud from the moon passes away a shadow from the spirit, and, tremulous as a moon-lit wave, the cadence of music is heard dying on the hill.

Philosophers, if they choose, may deprive themselves of the pleasure that clings to traditionary lays of ghost or fairy, but let them think well before they pass a verdict of dotage on these "leerie" tales. They feel no scruple in applauding ancient mythology, with its genii of grove and stream, because it sang in Athens and sanctified the Tiber; let them reflect that they have derided the same august power when her home was a northern glen, her altar a Highland cot, and ask their philosophy why it denies on the hills of Etive what it spoke aloud on the hills of Rome? Yes, let them rail as they will, the freest people, the loveliest lands are most fertile in the tales of the shadowy world. In the icy climes, where Nature is dwarfish and niggard of her wealth, vegetation and the mind doze the nights away, warmed by no ray of sunshine, animated by no breath of feeling. To infuse a true meaning into the beauties or deformities of nature, so that they again yield to sense their appropriate spirit, and live chronicled in memory by their own impressions, is a task requiring a fine, discriminating taste :—

"It is a spring of sensibilities,  
That gives to gentle scenes a gentle  
soul,—  
A feeling of deep sympathies,  
That breathes an awful tale where tor-  
rents roll.

Nature owns the mystic sense  
She whispered to intelligence,  
And shadows back, like some reflecting  
sea,  
The image of our own humanity."

With a bounty, speaking love for  
her votaries, Nature has furnished  
varied pleasures for the varied stages  
of human existence. No rational

desire is permitted to languish, no budding impulse to rust in idleness, no wavering thought to sink into torpor. The plucking of the flowers is our first happiness, classing them together comes in a few years, manhood waters them with the dews of reflection, and old age, in a little while, is ever ready with its story of decay. But there is no feeling of earth, save one, that burns in the ardent fancies of the boy, and sheds an unsteady, but consolatory light among the hoary ruins of venerable old age. The traditional stories of his home come over his spirit, soothing as the warbling streams among which they were gleaned, holy as the gloom of a twilight aisle, kindling up the horizon, beyond which his spirit is setting, with a vivid streak of glory, travelling from the sunrise of his being; and, dropping a tear, steeped in the memories of long-dead years, he muses,—

"Ah, where are all these sweet delusions fled ?

I often ask new learning with a sigh ;  
Can vision slumber with the sleeping dead,

That gave to sight an immortality ?  
Must these fond phantoms flee the glance of Truth ?

Then give me back once more the weakness of my youth."

If the feeling is ever totally quenched its place is supplied by some other, not equally dear (because more real, and what is reality but sorrow ?) more consonant, perhaps, with a stern reason. We play no longer with airy shapes, but discern in the things around the shadows of glories that death must shortly realise.

Patriotism is now a drug, that is grown from the hustings, huckstered in the market-place, and bandied about through nameless lanes in the shape of anti-national poison. John Ruskin wisely said that when a black-guard had no other resource he became a Patriot. How much more terrible is such a statement now ! Men of old were wont to be distinguished by this appellation for cities won, seas navigated, countries subjugated, mountains levelled. Alas ! if a church burnt or degraded, a law administered, a sovereign ridiculed, or the magnitude of a lie, should shake the foundations of the modern empire of Patriotism ! But, thanks

to national love, we have yet some who are likely to raise it again to its ancient pedestal, and "build its dome in air." There are many ways of loving one's country, and shewing it too ; none better than by works of genius to spread and perpetuate its name wherever the human heart may dwell. And, "thanks to the human heart by which we live," there are many who will read and exult over the following passage, which nothing but a deep reverence for country could have breathed :—

"There had been a strong summer drought, and a week ago you would have pitied, absolutely pitied the poor Highlands. You missed the cottage girl with her pitcher at the well in the brae, for the spring scarcely trickled, and the water-cresses were yellow before their time. Many a dancing hill-stream was dead, only here and there one stronger than her sisters attempted a *pas seul* over the shelving rocks ; but all choral movements and melodies forsook the mountains, still and silent as so much painted canvass. Waterfalls first tamed their thunder, then listened alarmed to their own echoes, wasted themselves away into diminutive murmurs, gasped for life, died, and were buried at the feet of the green slippery precipices. Farns sunk into moors, and there was a voice of weeping heard and low lament among the water-lilies,—ay, a million of pretty flowerets died in their infancy, even on their mother's breast ; the bee fainted in the desert for want of the honey-dew, and the ground-cells of industry were hushed below the heather. Cattle lay lean on the brownness of a hundred hills, and the hoof of the red-deer lost its fleetness. On the shore of the sea alone you beheld no change. The tides ebbed and flowed as before, the small billows racing over the silver sands to the same goal of shells, or climbing up to the same wild-flowers that bathe the foundation of some old castle belonging to the ocean."

"But the windows of heaven were opened, and, like giants refreshed with mountain-dew, the rivers flung themselves over the cliffs with roars of thunder. The autumnal woods are fresher than those of summer. The mild harvest-moon will yet repair the evil done by the outrageous sun, and, in the gracious after-growth, the green earth far and wide rejoices as in spring. Like people that have hidden themselves in caves when their native land was oppressed, out gush the torrents, and descend with songs to the plain. The hill-country is itself again when it hears

the voice of streams. Magnificent army of mists! whose array encompasses islands of the sea, and who still, as thy glorious vanguard keeps deploying among the glens, roll on in silence more sublime than the trampling of the feet of horses, or the sound of the wheels of chariots, to the heath-covered mountains of Scotland, we bid thee hail!"

It has long been to us a source of wonder that Disraeli should have forgotten to reserve a niche for modern tourists in his gallery of *Curiosities*. The pertinacious perseverance with which these Lilliputians have thrust their productions upon the world is only to be equalled by the nearly uniform absurdity of their laborious trifles. Happily for Scotland, she has seen but little of them since the continent of Europe became fairly opened; but when they do come, how grievous is the affliction! Like the jaded beasts that drag their vehicles, they seem to have no idea of a country beyond the turnpike—no notion of loitering to bait their fancy in a sunny valley, unless a blazoned sign-post, like the deity of the spot, be hovering in the winds that dwell in its bosom. Both their books and themselves go regularly to sleep at ten o'clock. They have no idea of shining with the stars in the silent night, or rising with the sun in the early dawn. It is evidently not their intention to leave a stray thought, that may muse and set the reader a musing in the absence of their only tangible part. No, indeed, that would not then be their work; so that, if you inherit as little taste, or as much curiosity, as to solicit a farther interview, you may go to bed also, till the waiter, with tea and hot rolls, usher in the traveller and his next remark. We can compare such drivellers to nothing more animated than pictures destitute of light and shade, where great, gloomy, stupidly-independent masses, personate mountains, without chequering wood, gleaming cataract, or shadowy fern, with a bare surface, libellously termed a lake, that never spread its bosom to the moon—a "darkness visible," where never star might glisten, or cloud rest, or billow wander upon its sluggish breast.

To a genuine lover of nature, like Christopher North (who has made more roads to the West than General

Wade himself, and opened up more peeps into the Highlands than all the votaries of the magician Macadam), a hill, a valley, a river, a meadow, is just what an opium-pill was to Coleridge and De Quincy, a pipe to Macnish, a grape to Anacreon, sack to Falstaff, or the ethereal dew to the muse of Burns. To him a grassy cove of Cruachan is a portal of glory—a quiet nook from which his spirit may look out upon the wide creation—a spot of earth where he may at all times see the heaven above, and feel the soul within expanding, like it, into a limitless mirror, wherein are reflected images far-gathered as the passing clouds; and ministered to by thoughts as mysterious and sky-born as those holy wings that descended upon the prophet in the homeless wilderness. Over such a mind one glimpse of summer sheds perpetual sunshine, "one impulse from a vernal wood" breathes unfading freshness, and, like the "wandering voice," his imagination is ever beneath the dewy skies of a happy land, singing the pleasant songs that its soul delights in.

His tent, gleaming like a star through a riven cloud, is in the silent Glen Etive, yet do you feel oppressed with a melancholy solitude? Or can you believe that Christopher is alone, stretched, as he now is, upon the heather, indulging his own fancies, "banqueting his own thoughts?" We hear some dull imp intruding his tinkling caveat, and bidding us, for the honour of our family, take care how we give wing to the asseveration, that a man with a crutch can be otherwise than alone, not hopelessly. Alone, with that conquering rod beside him, which has more buds and blossoms than Aaron's had! We might more easily suppose that Aladdin with his lamp, or Fortunatus with his wishing-cap, was lonely, than speak of loneliness where that willing, quelling crutch is near. Give him but one isolated speck of earth on which to poise that irresistible lever, and, chainless as a mountain blast, he sways the humbled world. Lo! the queenly Dunedin rises up before him—the Calton, with its graceful zone of monuments—the roof of the Grecian temple leaning on, or rather seeming to rise from, the slight, ele-

gant pillars that bear it, cloudlike, up to Heaven—the castle, crowned with the setting sun, and his "travelling glories," like a civic wreath on the brow of age—her antique street, "sculptured, and vast, and venerably grand"—Salisbury Crags, pronouncing the doom of majesty on the kneeling city—and Arthur, looking down, with a placid evening smile upon his cheek, as though he were contemplating, like a God from his cloud-rocked throne, the creation that had arisen at the word of his power.

The Queen of the North is gone; and from her "capacious mind, that loves them all," emerge the Lochs Awe, Lomond, Killarney, and Windermere. Sorry are we that peremptory time, and yet more peremptory paper-law, forbid us to insert the varied length of the finely discriminated and harmonious pictures gleaming before us in the sun-dyes of genius. A little, however, we will exhibit of each scene without detracting from the beauty of any particular part, as one might gaze for ever on a sweet, isolated, wave-retreating nook of Lomond, nor dream that a lovelier was sleeping by its side.

"Heaven bless thee, with all her sun, moon, and stars! There thou art, dearest to us of all the lochs of Scotland—and they are all dear—mountain-crowned, cliff-guarded, isle-zoned, grove-girdled, wide-winding and far-stretching, with thy many-bayed banks and braes of brushwood, fern, broom, and heather, rejoicing in their huts and shielings, thou glory of Argyleshire, rill and river-fed, sea-arm-like, floating in thy majesty, magnificent Loch Awe!"

"Pleasant are his many hills, and magnificent his one mountain. For you see but Cruchan. The setting and rising sun do him homage. Peace loves, as now, to dwell within his shadow; but high among the precipices are the halls of the storms."

"The scene is vast and wild; yet so much beauty is interfused, that at such an hour as this its character is almost that of loveliness; the rude and rugged is felt to be rural, and no more; and the eye gliding from the cottage gardens on its banks, to the islands on the bosom of the loch, loses sight of the mighty masses heaved up to the heavens, while the heart forgets that they are there, in its sweet repose. The dim-seen ruin of castle or religious house, secluded from

all the stir that disturbed the shore, carries back our dreams to the olden time, and we awake from our reveries of 'Sorrows suffered long ago,' to enjoy the apparent happiness of the living world."

"Loch Lomond is a sea! Along its shores might you voyage in your swift schooner, with shifting breezes, all a summer's day, nor at sunset, when you dropped anchor, have seen half the beautiful wonders. It is many-isled, and some of them are in themselves little worlds, with woods and hills. Houses are seen looking out from among old trees, and children playing on the green-sward that slopes safely into deep water, where, in rushy havens, are drawn up the boats of fishermen, or of woodcutters who go to their work on the mainland. You might live all your life on one of those islands, and yet be no hermit. Hundreds of small bays indent the shores, and some of a majestic character take a fine bold sweep with their towering groves, enclosing the mansion of a Colquhoun or a Campbell, at enmity no more, or the turreted castle of the rich alien, who there finds himself as much at home as in his hereditary hall, Sassenach and Gael now living in gentle friendship. What a prospect from the Point of Firkin! The Loch in its whole length and breadth—the magnificent expanse unbroken, though bedropt, with unnumbered isles—and the shores diversified with jutting cape and far-shooting peninsula, enclosing sweet separate seclusions, each in itself a loch."

"We start in this sterner solitude at the sweet syllabbling of Windermere. Windermere! Translucent thy waters, as diamond without a flaw." "Pure are they all as dew, and purer look the white clouds within their breast." "Thou need'st no isles on thy heavenly bosom; for in the sweet confusion of thy shores are seen images of many isles, fragments that one might dream had been gently loosened from the land, and had floated away into the lake, till they had lost themselves in the fairy wilderness. But though thou need'st them not, yet hast thou, O Windermere! thine own steadfast and enduring isles,—her called the Beautiful, and islets not far apart that seem born of her; for there's the same expression of countenance—that of celestial calm—and holiest of the sisterhood,—one that still retains the ruins of an oratory, and bears the name of the virgin mother mild, to whom prays the mariner when sailing in the moonlight along Sicilian seas."

"Killarney! We knew not where to fix our gaze. Surrounded by the dazzling bewilderment of all that multitudinous magnificence, the eye, as if

afraid to grapple with the near glory—for such another day never shone from heaven—sought relief in the remote distance, and slid along the beautiful river Kenmare, insinuating itself among recesses of the mountains till it rested on the green glimmer of the far-off sea." "Wild yet gentle was the blue aerial haze over the glimpses of the Upper Lake, where soft and sweet, in a girdle of rocks, seemed to be hanging, now in air and now in water—for all was strangely indistinct in sweet confusion—masses of green light that might be islands with their lovely trees; but suddenly tipt with fire shone out the golden pinnacles of the Eagle's Nest; and as they were again tamed by cloud-shadow, the glow of Purple Mountain for a while enchained our vision, and then left it free to feast on the forests of Glens; till, wandering at the capricious will of fancy, it floated in delight over the woods of Mucruss, and, long lost among the trembling imagery of the water, found lasting repose on the steadfast beauty of the sylvan isle of Inisfallen."

We have now closed our extracts from the varied and fascinating page of the *Recreations*, and might rest satisfied that the reader, if the pleasure has not already been his, is burning for a perusal of these cominglings of light and shade,—for light and shade they truly are; tears softening smiles, and smiles tinging the ecstacy of tears, like bursts of sunshine in a weeping heaven. But one passage, from another portion of the work, we may indulge in, as it displays the author's peculiar style fully as much as any we have yet cited, and contains, to us, a new illustration of the sublime and beautiful. On the former there has been much speculation; some confining it to regions of terror and desolation, and not unfrequently mistaking magnitude for grandeur, to the unfeeling exclusion of every lesser feature. Unity is the soul of the sublime; not that unity, discernible in an individual object, but the blending of many, deepening into one solemn effect. Thus great sculptors and painters, harmonising far-gathered features, made the human figure to emerge from the dead canvass, and start from the living rock in the majestic lineaments of a God.

"Certainly," quoth Christopher, in his serio-comic way, "a rose is one thing and Mount Etna another—an ante-

lope and an elephant, an insect and a man-of-war, both sailing in the sun,—a little lucid well in which the fairies bathe, and the Polar sea in which Leviathan is 'wallowing unwieldy, enormous in his gait,'—the jewelled finger of a virgin bride, and grim Saturn with his ring,—the upward eye of a kneeling saint, and a comet, 'that from his horrid hair shakes pestilence and war.' But let the rose bloom on the mouldering ruins of the palace of some great king—among the temples of Balbec or Syrian Zadmor—and in its beauty methinks 'twill be also sublime. See the antelope bounding across a raging chasm—up among the region of eternal snows on Mont Blanc, and deny it, if you please. But assuredly we think that there is sublimity in the fearless flight of that beautiful creature, to whom Nature grudged not wings, but gave instead the power of plumes to her small, delicate limbs, unfractured by alighting among the pointed rocks. All alone, by your solitary self, in some wide, lifeless desert, could you deny sublimity to the unlooked-for hum of the tiniest insect, or to the sudden shiver of the beauty of his gauze wings? Not you, indeed. Stooping down to quench your thirst in that lucid well where the fairies bathe, what if you saw the image of the evening star shining in some subterranean world? We suspect that you would hold in your breath, and swear devoutly that it was sublime. Dead on the very evening of her marriage day is that virgin bride whose delicacy was so beautiful—that as she lies in her white wedding garments that serve for a shroud—that emblem of eternity and of eternal love, the ring, upon her finger—with its encased star shining brightly now that her eyes, once stars, are closed—would, methinks, be sublime to all Christian hearts."

He who has seen by moonlight the clustering ivy wrap the venerable brows of a decaying pile, like the grass muffling the tomb of old age, has received a meet preparation for a reception of this striking truth. Transplant the garden dwarf-tree, where the thrush is now singing an evening song before folding up her wings in peace, to the rugged bosom of a tall cliff, and he waves his green arms in glory above the world. The owl broods in his shadow, waiting for the moon, and, roused by his many-rustling leaves, the falcon launches upon the gales of morning, carrying, like a herald, the blazoned sunshine on its breast. The night mists wrap him in their clammy arms—the

clouds of evening crown him with majesty—he drinks the dews unpoluted by the earth—he hears the winds on their message to the lower world.

Upon a principle somewhat similar to this the temple of Pastum in its new-born splendour was less sublime than it now appears in its hallowed decay. The moment a blade or blossom waves upon a ruin the reign of artifice is over—that of nature is begun. The moss-woven tapestry of its walls—the thistle that blooms amid its desolation—the stream that bathes its flower-grown foundation—and the aged object which they all seem to adore, arose to the mind as the coeval traces of nature. The pilgrim reclines on the shadow of the Colosseum as in the gloom that falls from the austere brows of a crag, or sees the sunshine poured over a fallen pedestal of Balbec, as though it were the light of creation beginning to dawn over chaos. The risen temple, like sanguine youth, glories in the present—the past a void—the future a name: the falling structure, like the reflecting, prophetic spirit of old age, bears on its furrowed face a legend of the past, and carries its shadow of decay far into the bosom of the cloud-wrapped future.

A few years ago we visited Staffa, when the summer breeze was on the sea, and the clouds were sailing to their chambers in the west. Awful was the feeling with which we accompanied the waves into the vast ocean-hall, where they sounded mournfully, like the voices of the departed. It seemed as the harp of Fingal lay buried in the deep, awakened by the passing billows into a dolorous tune. But more sublime was the feeling, when treading the roof of that mysterious dwelling, we beheld a lonely briar-rose bending over the ocean.

"The rose of the wilderness left on its stalk  
To mark where a garden had been,"

conveys a mournful image of desolation to the soul. His "green," "aged" dial-stone had counted the hours of joy and grief—the rising and setting of earthly loveliness. But what eye saw the first shadow cast

from the sun upon the unfading emerald of the silent Staffa? What tongue can number the adoring billows that breathe songs of worship around? The rose of the poet was sorrowing for the withered bowers of its youth,—the rose of Staffa was in a strange land, where there was never a sister to fold in his widowed arms—never bee to warble in its untasted bloom. Solitary it gazed upon the wide ocean, with the spray of a thousand waves upon its bosom. Like a hermit, it told to the breezes of the odour of its home; the tint of its kindred was brought on its cheek, but the salt drops that were there seemed like tears of sorrow for its native dwelling. Had some wandering bird, now dreaming beside its young among the cliffs of Morven, borne the exiled seed from its bower in the valley? Was it left by some white hand as a type of one who wept for the home of her childhood, the friends of her love, the happy songs of her sunny land? Or did the winds, that are now moaning round it, like angels on errands of mercy, find it blowing in their march on the mountain, and bear it to flourish remote from violence,—the nursling of the dews, and the pleasure of the sunbeams? Perchance, when we revisit that wondrous isle, the heath of many roses may gladden the solitude. Then will the spell of sublimity be broken, for where shall we seek for the rose of Staffa?

Here, then, for the present, we part company with good old Kit and his *Recreations*. It is more than probable that, at some other period not very distant, we may seek him out again; for there are books as well as men to which we are fain to turn over and over, more especially when the animal spirits begin to flag, and imagination seems to have become paralysed. But we give no pledge to this effect. It is enough to avow that in the volume now before us we have found the sort of refreshment of which our minds stood in need; and, doubtless, should the occasion require, we will a second time slake our thirst at the same pure fountain. And so, dear Kit, the kind, the generous, the truly philosophic, we bid thee heartily farewell.



## PILGRIMAGES IN PARIS.

## No. I. LA MORGUE.

VICTOR HUGO, in one of his clever novels, has flung such a mantle of romance over the whitewashed walls and narrow limits of the death-receiving cell of La Morgue, that every succeeding writer would necessarily approach the subject with considerable misgiving, were it not for the peculiar nature of the place.

Metropolitan institutions generally, when they possess any remarkable and public interest, are commonly indebted for it to some particular circumstance which has occurred within their walls, or with which they are intimately associated; and the local historian seizes upon their leading feature, and thus makes their prestige his own individual property. But the Morgue cannot be thus identified with any particular writer, however great may be his genius; for its history once told is so far from being told for ever, that every vestige of the tale of yesterday is thoroughly swept away before the dawning of to-day; and the tragedy of this week will be utterly superseded by the catastrophe of the next.

The Morgue possesses a constantly recurring and constantly varying story, involving equally new scenery, new actors, and new passions; the dead play the leading parts in every drama of fear, or guilt, or suffering; and the living are made subordinate accessories in the shifting panorama of horror with which every spectacle is wound up.

The Morgue is the Omega of humanity—the grave without the coffin—the sleep without the shroud. Its interest is not the interest of this world; its scenes are not those out of which human ingenuity can weave worldly advantage or aggrandisement: its tenants are not sentient beings, jostling amid the toil and care of every-day occupations their fellow-men and fellow-labourers. The stately cathedral, the wide senate-house, the busy courts of law, the

palaces of royalty, and the prisons wherein vice and misery expiate their crime or their misfortune, alike open a way by which some may profit; but the Morgue is not of these—for all who enter there with inquiry in their eye and upon their lip leave hope upon the threshold, and seek only for despair and death! It is but a step from the busy thoroughfare of the crowded quay, from contact with the fluttering grisette and the thoughtful trader—for the death-cell stands in one of the most frequented quarters of the city—but one step from the hurrying vehicles whirling along, laden with youth and beauty, or freighted with merchandise, making the rude pavement rattle beneath their weight; and from the bright glare of the noonday sun, to the cold, still, dreary chamber of violent and premature death. The solid walls beat back all sounds from without; the silence of the grave is already settling upon the dead; and when at intervals that silence is broken, it is not with the caw of competition, the lisp of courtesy, or the mirthful music of revel, but with the shrill scream of too tardy recognition, the heart-groan of remorse, or the wailing of despair.\*

The appearance of the cell itself is very simple. It is a small, square apartment, having on one side an open grating, behind which are ranged three broad planks, supported on trestles, each forming an inclined plane, and thus enabling the spectator to obtain a perfect view of the countenance of the corpse; while the garments worn by the miserable victims of murder or suicide, when received by the officials, are suspended along the wall by hooks, and carefully displayed, in order to facilitate their identification.

The place is scrupulously clean; and, considering its nature, even cheerful—at least so it appeared to me—for I had thoroughly made up

\* Holcroft relates of an individual, that he had visited the Morgue daily during a period of twenty years, and that he made a calculation, by which he found that, on an average, it was untenanted only two days in each month.

my mind to experience a sensation of pain and awe on my entrance there, although I had been cautious to make my visit on an occasion when I knew it to be untenanted. I expressed a feeling of this kind to the friend by whom I was accompanied, who instantly congratulated me on the fact; declaring, that so great was the impression of horror and regret which he experienced on the first occasion when he set foot within the Morgue, that, although he had subsequently entered there a score of times, he felt convinced that he should never be able to overcome its recollection.

I urged him to tell me wherefore, when he replied; "Not now, nor here; for, in order that you may be fully enabled to appreciate the spectacle to which I allude, I must relate to you that portion of the poor suicide's history with which I afterwards became acquainted."

And in compliance with that promise, when we had driven in the evening with some friends into one of the lateral alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, we all alighted, and, seating ourselves upon the grass, M. — related with much feeling the sketch that follows:—

"It was early in the spring of 1826 that a young Englishman of fashion, on his arrival in Paris, established himself in a splendid set of apartments in the Place Vendôme. For a time he continued entirely unknown; not only to the circle of French society which his expensive style of living would have pointed out as that to which he would necessarily have been welcome, had he been so introduced as to render his acquaintance safe; but even to such of his own countrymen as were then sojourning in the French capital. He frequented no club; dined at no restaurant of note; mingled in no amusement which involved communion with his fellow-men; but, on the other hand, he affected no seclusion; and was evidently too indifferent to notice and comment to shrink from either when they became consequent on any of his pursuits. His equipages, although plain, and totally without arms, were of the most elegant description; his horses unequalled by any in the city; his establishment perfect; and his boxes, both

at the Italian Opera and the Français, in the most eligible situations.

"Although the stranger himself affected no mystery, the idle and the curious began, ere long, to weave many and subtle ones of which he was the hero; and he had not resided ten days in Paris before it was decided that he must have something to conceal, or with his figure and fortune he would have been already plunged ten fathoms deep in all the fascinating frivolities of Parisian dissipation. Ere another week had elapsed, the busy had fresh food for comment and conjecture; for, at the gayest period of the day, the *joli Anglais*, as he was already called, appeared in an open carriage in the Allée de Longchamps, and beside him sat one of the most beautiful women who ever owed the glories of her eye and form to the warm skies of Italy.

"Who could she be? Certainly not his sister: for her dark and glowing loveliness claimed no kindred with the auburn curls and clear blue eye of her companion. The young ladies suggested that she might be his wife; but the idea was promptly negatived by their elders, who discovered too much devotion in his manner to admit its possibility. She was alone with him in Paris, and consequently the enigma required no sphinx to aid in its solution: the inference was palpable; but, beyond the crude fact, all was covered with as dense a cloud as ever.

"In vain was the British ambassador appealed to more than once by mothers with marriageable daughters and fashionable spendthrifts, who were anxious to ascertain whether they could force their acquaintance upon him, and endeavour to make him their banker through the medium of hazard and *rouge et noir*, without losing caste. His Excellency knew nothing of him; and could not recognise an English subject who had not even left his name at the embassy. And thus months rolled by, and the curious were as mystified as ever, save that it transpired through the servants of the stranger that he had arrived in Paris direct from Venice: but this was all that even his domestics thought fit to communicate. Meanwhile nothing could be more regular or more simple than the

habits of the two handsome foreigners. They were constantly in their box at the theatres, riding or driving in the Bois de Boulogne, sauntering through the woods of Meudon, or wandering amid the stately magnificence of Versailles; nor was the gentleman ever seen without his beautiful companion—they were as inseparable as substance and shadow; and all the *oillades* which were lavishly bestowed upon each of them by some of the brightest eyes in Paris, were fairly flung away upon both.

"Things were in this state when the old Marquis de St. C—— arrived in Paris from his château in the Lower Alps; and as the *vieux bon homme*, for thus some of his associates thought proper to call him, had been regularly seen in the capital every spring for the last fifty years, his advent on the present occasion would scarcely have elicited a remark, had he not been accompanied by his bride, a fair young creature of sixteen, who had exchanged the seclusion of a convent for the arms of a bridegroom of seventy-nine, at the command of her father. It was her first appearance in the metropolis; she had never even been heard of until she blazed in the eyes of the Parisians at the Opera like some sky-descended goddess; and it was consequently not wonderful that on the morrow the Hôtel de St. C—— was besieged to such an extent, that the old Faubourg St. Germain appeared suddenly to have flung off a century of time, and once more to have become the *quartier, par excellence*, of the changeful and capricious capital.

"Nor was the admiration which had been elicited by her beauty at all diminished in the eyes of the aristocratic associates of the old Marquis, when they learned that the fair young creature who now bore his name, far from being the clever little *aventurière* whom each expected to find her, was in reality the only child of the Count V——, who had been banished the court many years previously for some alleged disrespect to royalty; and who, when he was afterwards pardoned and recalled, refused to return to the scene of his blighted ambition; preferring the tranquil and certain enjoyments of his own secluded estate, to the feverish and fitful existence whence he had been formerly cast out.

"Young, noble, beautiful, and rich, such, they discovered, was the wife of the withered, decrepid, doting old Marquis de St. C——. What a delightful page had been suddenly opened to the aristocratic *désœuvrés* of Paris! More than one *bel esprit* voted an address of thanks to the polite husband for the noble self-sacrifice which he had shewn in bringing his fair wife to Paris; while the more designing and the more speculative made heavy bets on the future destiny of a lovely and innocent being to whom the very thought of vice was unknown.

"Pure and light-hearted as in her first childhood, the beautiful Marchioness received all the homage by which she was immediately surrounded, without a fear or a suspicion of evil; and many a courtly whisper, which would have breathed pollution into a more worldly and accustomed ear, fell harmless upon hers, and was rewarded with a smile.

"Laure had never loved, nor guessed she that it is every woman's destiny once to do so during her life. She had known the Marquis from her infancy, she had smiled upon him from her cradle, sported on his knee in her girlhood, made him the confidant of all her joys and sorrows; for he was her father's only intimate associate, and his nature was less stern than that of her own parent; and thus her *bon petit papa*, as she was accustomed to call him, was always the medium through which she obtained indulgence or evaded punishment; and when she was summoned to the convent parlour by the widowed Count, and desired to prepare herself to become the wife of his friend within a month, her only feeling was one of delight that she should so soon and so unexpectedly be freed from conventual restraint, and left at liberty to coax, and be spoiled by, her *bon petit papa*, without even the dread of her father's frown to damp her enjoyment.

"Such was the mood in which, a month after her marriage, the fair young Marchioness found herself suddenly steeped to the very lips in the gaieties of the metropolis; and if Laure knew nothing of evil, the Marquis, on his side, appeared totally to have forgotten its existence; and to look upon his wife only as the

laughing, romping girl, whose will had always been his law; without remembering that the child had grown into a beautiful and radiant woman, and that in Paris the husband of such a bride could ill dispense with a dragon in his garden of the Hesperides. \* \* \* \*

"It was a crowded night at the Théâtre Français. Mlle. Mars, then in the zenith of her fame, made her first appearance as the heroine of a drama which had been written expressly to display her admirable talent, and of which report spoke highly on the authority of the gifted *artiste* herself. Every box was filled; and the pit resembled a sea of human billows, heaving, jostling, and pressing one over the other, until the whole space was full to suffocation; but even on that occasion there were two groups in the house, which almost divided the admiration of the audience with the heroine of the evening.

"Well had it been for both had they never met!—had sickness or sorrow bound them to a weary pillow or a dreary hearth!—had even death visited their dwellings, so that he had come softly and slowly, like an expected guest who could not be evaded, and whose fitting hour had rung; for then he would have killed the body only, and the soul would have defied his power!

"*'Tesoro mio!'* murmured a low rich voice, like the breathing of a summer wind over roses; 'I shall be jealous of this wondrous actress if she absorb you thus, both eye and ear. Did I ever before, think you, speak for the third time ere I could win a reply?'

"The questioner was a magnificent woman, with eyes like midnight when the storm-cloud sleeps; her hair of the deepest black was swept smoothly back from such a brow as might have become a Cleopatra, and braided behind into a knot which seemed too weighty for the small and delicate head on which it grew. Her complexion was of that clear rich brown through which the blood rushes in a tide of crimson; her lip was curved like the bow of the archer; and her teeth glittered from excess of whiteness. Her lofty figure was full, and rounded into that perfect outline

which betrays that girlhood has departed, and is replaced by the summer-tide of beauty; while the arm, which, partially veiled by a drapery of rich black lace, rested upon the crimson cushion of the box, was of such exquisite shape and grace, that it almost beguiled the eye of the spectator from the flashing face above it. Though habited entirely in black, the jewels that she wore rendered her costume somewhat too costly for the simplicity of a Parisian theatre; and yet they so well became the stateliness of her beauty that none could have wished them away.

"It is almost needless to say that the individual whom she addressed was the young Englishman of the Place Vendôme. It was with a start, and an accent in which there was almost a tinge of impatience, that he replied, 'Forgive me, my dear Bianca, but my thoughts were elsewhere. I intended no discourtesy.'

"*'Discourtesy!'* repeated his beautiful companion to herself, as if unconsciously: 'he meant no *discourtesy!*' And as she looked more fixedly upon him, she remarked that it was not the genius of Mars which had so riveted his attention, for his *lorgnette* was not pointed at the stage; but as she ran her rapid glance along it, she discovered that it was fixed upon a box on the opposite side of the house, which, like their own, was tenanted only by two individuals. Bianca needed no glass to enable her at once to distinguish this; and she had not looked more than a second in the same direction when her dark eye flashed like lightning, and the hot blood rushed in a burning tide over her brow.

"On one side of the box sat an aged gentleman, whose elaborately laced cravat and powdered head were in constant motion, from his solicitude to answer and amuse his companion, whose animated expression and beaming eyes seemed to light up the space around. It was a fair young girl; so young and so fair that neither time nor sorrow had written one line upon her snowy forehead. Her long auburn ringlets fell like links of gold over her brow and face; her large blue eyes, which deepened into purple when she laughed, were widely opened, and fringed along both lids with long dark lashes—a rare beauty,

which gives to the eye, in moments of repose, a charm which must be seen to be understood. She was simply dressed in white, with a bunch of roses in her girdle, which were put to shame by the brilliant glow of her smooth and rounded cheek; and as she sat there in all the grace and the glory of her sixteen summers, no wonder that many a *lorgnette*, which owed its homage to the gifted actress, should prove truant, and linger on the lovely face of the Marchioness de St. C——.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It was midnight; and a sumptuous saloon in the Place Vendôme, gorgeous with its draperies of crimson satin, its flood of light, and its costly furniture, was tenanted only by one solitary female. On a console of green marble stood a salver with a vase of fruit, and a couple of crystal goblets filled with wine; and upon a table in the centre of the floor lay a sheet of paper closely written over, and crumpled as though it had been crushed by the hand, and beside it a lady's glove embroidered with silver.

"The occupant of the room was Bianca; but not the proud and placid Bianca of the Théâtre Français—not the loved and loving Bianca of the early spring, who fled to Paris with him of whom her passion had made an earthly idol; and abandoned all that had once been dear to her without a pang or a regret.

"It was now winter; the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the wind howled its hoarse dirge in the wide chimney, and at intervals sent the light ashes of the wood which was burning upon the hearth in eddies over the apartment; but scarcely was the change without so great as that which the transit of those few months had produced upon the lady.

"She sat in a low chair before the fire, listlessly forming the likenesses of grotesque or familiar things in the burning logs which were blazing furiously under the impulse of the blast; her arms were folded tightly before her; her head rested upon her bosom; and her long hair, totally unconfined, fell about her like a mantle, and swept the floor. Still it was easy to perceive, even through that graceful veil, that her tall figure had become thin and wasted; while her

bare arms, from which the wide sleeves had fallen back, had lost their roundness also. She was still beautiful, for the exquisite outline of her features might well defy alike time and suffering to rob them of their peculiar and haughty loveliness; but it was a fearful beauty, that had been scorched and withered under the lava-flood of passion, and which no peaceful sunshine could again restore.

"Suddenly she started up, and pressing her hands upon her temples, as if to stay their throbbing, she began to traverse the wide saloon with hurried and unequal steps; and a rush of blood crimsoned her previously pale features, and lent a light to her dim eye, as she exclaimed passionately, 'And was it for this that I left my home?—for *this*? To be set aside and forsaken for an idle girl, whose most serious pastime is the pursuit of a flying feather? For *this* that I forsook husband and child?—a husband who, although stern, was true; and a child who, wanting words, talked to me by her smiles? Was it for no higher guerdon than contempt that I abandoned all, and became a thing which the cold and the happy blush to name, and even the vicious worldling holds himself privileged to pass by with scorn, or to address with insult? Can it be that, to live in a fool's paradise for a few poor months, I have flung from me all that makes life dear?—Honour, and home, and friends, the ties of kindred, and the voice of praise? Well art thou paid, Bianca! It is stern justice that he who was thy crime should become thy punishment! And yet—yet—should the first blow have been dealt by *Him*? Could I not have been aroused from my dream of sin by the touch of some other hand? But, perhaps, it is better thus; the work will be more quickly and more surely done. Another than he might have wounded the surface, and left the heart unprobed; but *he* well knew how to cut to the very core.'

"And then she laughed the bitter, blighting laugh which has poison in its mirth! As she paused an instant in the centre of the floor, the door of the apartment opened; and an aged woman stood upon the threshold, towards whom the passionate Italian

sprung in eager haste. Clasp-  
ing her hand, she hurried her into the  
saloon, whispering hoarsely; 'You  
are welcome, Alba; I had forgotten  
that you, at least, are true to me.  
Come hither—I have a tale to tell  
you—a long and wondrous tale of  
love, and trust, and crime. Sit here,  
here in this velvet-covered chair.  
Misery should, at least, be lodged  
luxuriously, when it has made a  
mockery of life.'

"And, having forced her terrified  
companion into the seat which she  
had so lately quitted, she flung her-  
self upon the carpet beside her, and  
buried her face on the knees of the  
agitated woman. For a time her  
sobs were fearful. She who listened  
to them felt that they were unac-  
companied by tears, for they were  
hard and dry, and seemed to rive  
the heart from which they sprung.  
Suddenly they ceased and tossing  
back her streaming hair, the victim  
of her own weakness swept her open  
palm over her forehead; and, without  
seeming to remark the paralysing  
grief of her companion, she spoke,  
in a voice which agony had ren-  
dered as calm and equal as though  
sorrow had never shaken it; 'You  
must remember, Alba, the infant  
daughter of a noble house which had  
no other heir;—a lordly house, fa-  
mous throughout Venice for its long  
descent and its prodigious wealth—a  
haughty house, which had given a  
Doge to the republic, and more than  
one cardinal to the papal court of  
Rome. Nay, speak not; there is no  
need to name it, for there is now so  
foul a stain on its escutcheon, that  
not all the virtues on which for cen-  
turies it has built up its pride can  
ever efface the blot.

"You remember the daughter of  
that house, Alba—a gay and happy  
child, for whom every day of life was  
one continuous carnival. It was you  
who rocked her cradle; who encour-  
aged her timid footsteps into strength;  
who watched her as she grew from  
infancy to womanhood. She lost her  
mother while she was yet a girl; and  
sometimes I have thought, Alba,  
since ——— You know what I would  
say—sometimes I have thought—for  
even satisfied and happy guilt has its  
moments of reflection—that surely my  
pure young mother's spirit should  
have saved me. Could she not have

flung the mantle of her innocence  
between me and my betrayer, and  
hid my crime from that power by  
which it is even now avenged? But  
I wander from my purpose. The  
heirless to wealth, to honour, and to  
fame, was at length a child no longer.  
Flatterers told her that she was  
beautiful; and poets wrote sonnets  
to her eyes. Her mind had been  
laid open by careful and earnest fin-  
gers, and the pages promised to do  
no discredit to her lineage. *This* was  
she when they married her! It was  
a gorgeous festival; and none asked  
whether the noble bride who pledged  
her faith at the altar wore her heart  
upon her lip, or whether she stood  
there an unresisting victim. Had  
they been able to look into that heart,  
they would have found a blank—  
a fearful blank—soon to be filled  
with loathing, falsehood, and dis-  
honour!

"You know the rest, Alba; the  
disappointed bride, the neglected  
wife, the trembling mother learned,  
when it was too late, that she could  
be loved even to idolatry—that she  
could love as wildly as she was loved.  
You know the arts that were used to  
win her; for she was, at least, no easy  
victim. You know how tenderness  
for her infant child tugged at her  
heart-strings, and made her almost  
forswear her selfish passion. You  
watched her as it failed at length be-  
fore the devotion of the first man  
who had ever taught that heart to  
beat at his approach; and you—you,  
the nurse of her infancy, the guard  
of her youth, the steadfast and uncal-  
culating friend of her womanhood—  
you alone clung to her in her dis-  
grace. I have been happy, Alba—I  
have been *very* happy—a child  
sporting upon the brink of a preci-  
pice among the flowers that veil it  
—a bird sipping the honey-dew while  
a serpent couches beneath the blos-  
som-laden boughs, ready to spring.—  
All, all that can be imagined by which  
the mind may figure a false security  
on the very confines of destruction,  
such have I been. Poor self-sacri-  
ficing friend!" And as she spoke  
she passed her small thin hand over  
the face of her weeping listener. 'I,  
at least, have gathered a few buds of  
blessedness—the nightshade is plea-  
sant to the eye when we forget its  
poison; but you have suffered with-

out reaping even the reward of the guilty; for *he* is false, Alba, false as —

"Nay, nay; your ear has been abused, my gentle child."

"Would that it were so; but no, no.—See you yonder letter?" and she pointed to that which lay upon the table; "It is from *Her*—from the fair fiend who has robbed me of the only heart I ever cared to win—the only friend, save yourself, whom my shame and my crime had left me. It is a reply to one from *Him*, in which he had declared his passion. Do you hear me, Alba?—declared his passion for another! One victim does not suffice; he is weary of the fond wretch who has clung to him through so many tedious months, and he asks for a new sacrifice. She has rebuked his boldness with all the indignation of a proud woman who holds the confession as an insult. But this is not enough. She has robbed me of his heart; for she *must* have looked and listened when he talked to her as though she loved him, or he would not have *dared* so much! And what care I for the casket when the jewel has been abstracted? While I was dear to him, I could have braved every thing for his sake—I have done it; but now, now—" and she wrung her hands as she again started up, "now I care not how soon we part."

"You may be in error, my beloved mistress," said her companion. "I pray you to be more calm ere you decide."

"*I am calm quite calm,*" was the cold reply. "I have long guessed his falsehood. Can you not read the suspicion upon my wasted brow and in my withered form? Long, long! yet still I would not be convinced. I *would* not, Alba; for who does not cling to life while it can still be cheated into hope?"

"Was it not enough that he should profit by his father's former friendship with the Marquis de St. C—— to abandon at once, and for ever, all his habits of seclusion? that he should pass hours of gaily and happiness in the crowded saloons of pleasure, while I kept lonely vigils by his neglected hearth? Was it not enough that he taught me I was no longer the first and only object of his solicitude; and that care and sorrow might do

their work, without eliciting one sigh from him who once was jealous lest the summer air should chill me? Was not all this enough? but must he also *love* the pretty plaything with which he had learned to amuse his leisure hours?"

"As she ceased speaking, she rang a silver bell which stood near her, and an attendant entered the room."

"Where is your lord, Joachim?"

"At the hotel of the Marquis de St. C——, madam; and he desired that your excellency should not await him, as he might not return till a late hour."

"He shall be obeyed. I will wait for him no longer. Midnight is long passed; and I am wearied of these tedious watchings. Good night, good Alba; I shall require no attendance. Quiet is all I want. Nay, humour me, my kind nurse, in this; my brain will not bear more words."

"Will you then promise me to go to rest at once, dear lady?"

"Yes, with all speed; and ere you sleep, Alba, say one orison for me; and ask that the repose which I am now about to seek may be sweet, and calm, and dreamless. Nay—nay, not my hand; kiss my cheek, old friend, as you used to do in my happy childhood, *before I fell* — Good night!"

"When she was once more alone, the lady approached the table, and taking up the letter which lay upon it, she read it through slowly, and like one who weighed every word that it contained with anxious scrutiny."

"I blush for you as well as for myself," she murmured, half audibly. "Aye! she does well to blush for *him*!" "Do you believe me base enough to wrong an indulgent husband?" Aye! there, indeed, she has a strong hold. "An *indulgent* husband!" Could this girl-Marchioness have been so brave had her lord been cold and stern as mine was? Perhaps yes, for *she* thinks of herself; I only thought of *him*. "You may come to our hotel as usual; it will prevent all suspicion of your folly, and I will endeavour to forget it." "And he is there *now*!" she exclaimed passionately, as she once more crushed the letter in her hand. "Now! when my heart is bursting, and my brain is burning with a fire which no tears can quench—Need any whisper to me

how her weak forgiveness of such an insult must end at last? And shall I wait to see the drama played out to its closing scene? Never, by all the saints! I have promised to go to rest, and I will fulfil the pledge; but I will think only of her, for, if I let my thoughts wander to him, I may shrink from the cold bed that misery has spread for me. This dainty glove, too! It must have been a love-token; her lips had touched it, and so he treasures it as a miser hoards his gold. This, at least, shall perish with me.' And she thrust it into her bosom; and turning away from the table with a dry eye, and cheeks in which burnt two crimson spots, so vivid that they looked as though her heart's blood had been concentrated there, she passed into an adjoining apartment, whence she again came forth, after a brief interval, enveloped in a wide mantle of black velvet. Giving one long, wild look around, in which she appeared to embrace every object within the saloon, she threw the hood of the cloak over her head, and, gliding down-stairs, made the accustomed signal; when the porter, without rising from his bed, pressed upon the cord which raised the bolt of the outer door, and in the next instant she stood alone, an hour after midnight, in the midst of the snow-covered Place Vendôme.

"*Peste soit de ces Anglais!*" muttered the angry official; when just as he was about once more to settle himself to sleep, a new summons was heard from without, and he was again compelled to put forth his arm from beneath the warm coverings in which he was enveloped. '*Peste soit de ces Anglais! On sort et on rentre toute la nuit comme des rats. et des chauve-souris.*' He obeyed the signal, however; and a groom, wearing the livery of the young Englishman *au premier*, passed into the court, and rang the bell which communicated with his master's apartments.

"It was answered by the same domestic who had been previously summoned by the unfortunate Bianca; and to him the messenger delivered a note, with instructions to give it to his mistress, should she not yet have retired to rest; but on no account to disturb her should she have done so, as it was merely to inform her that

*milord* would not return home for a day or two, having engaged himself to accompany a party at an early hour on the following morning to the château of a friend a short distance from the city.

"Having so done, he departed; and Joachim reascended with the letter in his hand to the saloon; when, no answer being given to his appeal for admission, he opened the door softly, concluding that his lady had indeed retired, as he had been previously instructed to request; deposited the note on a console; and having extinguished the lights, and scattered the burning brands far asunder over the hearth, in order that they might gradually die out without risk of mischief, he withdrew in his turn to rest.

"All was soon still and dark in that lordly chamber; and the only objects within it which could whisper of the history of the hour were two poor fragments of paper; the one closely written over, and the other inscribed hastily and briefly with a few hurried lines, which, however kind they might have seemed to a casual reader, would have spoken only of coldness and change to the heart of her to whom they were addressed. There lay the two small hinges upon which revolved the destinies—perhaps the *eternal* destinies—of three human beings!

\* \* \* \*

"The pretty little château, or rather farm, of the Marquis de St. C—— was situated only a couple of leagues from Paris; and was an expensive plaything which he had recently purchased, in compliance with a caprice of his young bride, as an occasional retreat from the busy dissipations of the capital. During the eventful day just over, it had been announced to the marchioness that the finishing stroke had been put to its luxurious arrangements, and that precautions had been taken to render its immediate occupancy both safe and convenient, should she think proper to pay it an experimental visit.

"Young, lively, and indulged, the fair girl no sooner received this assurance than she determined not to lose a single day in removing to *ce cher petit paradis de maison*, as she instantly decided that it must be; and accordingly a messenger was despatched

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to intimate to the *concierge* that on the morrow a party would take possession; and as the young Englishman was present when the arrangement was made, he was requested to join it by the unsuspecting marquis himself. Although he weakly yielded to the invitation, he had not left the Hôtel de St. C—— more than a moment, when a full and painful sense of his neglect of the devoted and unfortunate Bianca half induced him to return and retract his promise; but in the next his passion for the marchioness overcame his better principle,—he should live under the same roof with her for days, perhaps for weeks; see her at all hours and in all moods,—he *could* not forego the prospect for a thousand Biancas!

"It was, however, far more easy to make this resolution than to communicate it to his deserted victim; and he had scarcely crossed the river when he resolved to drive to an hôtel in the Rue Richelieu, write from thence a few lines to the Italian, explaining his intention; and remain at the hôtel for the night, on the pretext of not disturbing her by returning home at so late an hour.

"Just as he had gained the centre of the bridge, the horse which he was driving had started and plunged forward violently; and, as he gave his note into the hands of the groom, in order that he might immediately deliver it in the Place Vendôme, he inquired of the man if he could account for so unusual an exhibition of vice in an animal ordinarily so gentle.

" 'Please you, my lord, he heered the splash; and somehow these brute beasts always smell out death when it's a-doing; for I don't doubt, my lord, that it was some of these French people a-throwing themselves into the river—they're always at it!'

"Rebuking the man for not having communicated his suspicion to him at the moment, the young Englishman dismissed him on his errand; and immediately retired to rest, delighted at the expedient by which he had escaped the sight of Bianca's tears. Had he known what produced the sullen sound which startled his affrighted horse, he would have learned also that he had no longer those tears to dread!

"Morning came, clear, and bright, and frosty; and, ere noon, all the party

save one were assembled at the Hôtel de St. C——, ready to start; when the venerable Baron de Dumas, the cousin of the marquis, sent a servant to announce that an important affair would detain him at the palace until the evening, but that he would join their circle an hour before supper. There was, consequently, no further reason for delay; and the marchioness, having wrapped herself closely in her furs, and given strict injunctions to her *bon petit papa* to close the windows of his carriage, and not spoil the whole expedition by taking cold, she was handed to her own equipage by one of her guests: the rest followed; and, ere long, the whole train had swept through the barrier.

"The remainder of the day passed rapidly over; there was so much to see and to admire; so many questions to ask and to answer; that the twilight was beginning to gather ere Madame de Valerie suggested an improvement in the dressing-room of her friend, which could only be accomplished by the purchase of an expensive article of *vertu*, perhaps not even immediately to be procured in Paris. Be this as it might, however, it was, of course, decided that its acquisition was indispensable; and when the gentlemen were called into council, great was the delight of the young Englishman to find that he was the happy possessor of precisely the description of gem coveted by the marchioness. Having announced the fact, and obtained permission to add this missing grace to the apartment of the lady, he would not delay its transfer even for a night; and desiring his groom to return to Paris and bring it carefully thence, he shortly afterwards joined the rest of the party in presenting a gay welcome to the Baron de Dumas, who had just arrived.

"The old gentleman was chilled by his journey, and had seated himself in a *chaise-longue* before a blazing fire, while the remainder of the group stood around him, laughingly demanding what news he had brought from the city whence they had been absent so many hours; and he indulged their mirth by detailing his proceedings at the palace, and drawing lively, and not always very good-natured sketches, of the sayings and doings of some of its inmates. But

suddenly becoming serious, he exclaimed, 'But the *merveille du jour, mesdames*, is the supposed suicide of a most beautiful young female, who was found in the Seine this morning, and carried to the *Morgue*.'

"*Trépas de grisette*, without doubt,' said Madame de Valerie, contemptuously.

"By no means, madame; on the contrary, my curiosity was so much excited by what I heard of her excellent beauty and the richness of her attire, that had I been able to permit myself to lose one hour of your charming society, I should decidedly have made a pilgrimage to the Quai Notre Dame, in order to satisfy myself that the accounts were not exaggerated. Poor creature! It must, indeed, have been a bitter sorrow which made her select such a death in this inclement weather; and the old gentleman shivered, as he sat within the influence of the warm blaze, surrounded by luxury and comfort, at the reckless desperation of the wretched suicide.

"It is, indeed, most dreadful to reflect upon!" said the young Englishman. 'Could it be that it was this wretched girl whose death-plunge scared my horse upon the bridge last night as I was leaving the hotel of the marquis?'

"Nothing more probable, if so disagreeable an adventure did occur to you,' was the reply; 'for she is at present the only occupant of the *Morgue*. There are few individuals of either sex who would have courage under any circumstances to brave the river in its present state.'

"*Affaire de cœur*, of course, Monsieur le Baron?' lisped the pretty little Countess St. Angel.

"I will bet any one a thousand francs——' commenced her husband.

"Nay, nay, make no bets upon such a subject, count,' said the Englishman; 'it is too horrible! But have they obtained no clue to her identity? If she be a gentlewoman, it cannot surely be difficult to trace her connexions or to recognise her person.'

"All was mere curiosity and conjecture when I was informed of the circumstance,' said the baron. 'One or two persons are stated to have said that they knew her well, and remembered having seen her in Paris for several months; but as none of

them could tell who she was, no reliance was placed on their assertions, though the general impression seems to be that she is a foreigner.'

"Supper being just then announced, the subject was dropped for a time; but it was ultimately resumed by the Englishman, upon whom the vague relation of the baron had made a strong and painful impression.

"You did not, then, yourself, monsieur, see this beautiful suicide?'

"Time failed me, milord, or I should certainly have done so; but my friend, the Chevalier Plané, gave me a most vivid description both of her person and her costume. That Madame la Comtesse made a shrewd guess at the impulse of her self-destruction is by no means doubtful, as a white kid glove, richly embroidered with silver, and evidently from its size belonging to a rival, was found in her bosom!'

"The Englishman suddenly fell back in his chair, with an expression of mute and anxious horror, while his eyes, as if instinctively, fastened upon the marchioness. His emotion was, however, unobserved; for the touch of romance which the baron's last information had given to the subject, riveted the attention of the whole party upon himself, and he quietly continued his narration:—

"*La belle trépassée*, who is now lying stretched under the coarse coverlet of *La Morgue*, mesdames, was attired, when drawn from the river, in a dress of black velvet, which was gathered together in heavy folds about her waist, where it was clasped by a large emerald; and wore suspended from her neck a miniature encircled with the same precious gems; a large cloak of a similar material to her robe——'

"But the baron's description was here abruptly terminated by the emission of a wild, wordless, gurgling sound from the lips of the young Englishman, who, rising from his seat with a violence by which it was upset, rushed from the room like a maniac, and disappeared.

"As he reached the court, he was encountered by the groom whom he had despatched to Paris for the toy coveted by the marchioness, and he no sooner saw him, than seizing the gem which he was carefully conveying to the house, he dashed it frantically upon the pavement, where it

shivered into fragments; while, with white and quivering lips, he attempted an inquiry to which he could not give utterance. There was, however, no necessity for words; the messenger already knew all that his master sought to ask, though he was still ignorant of what he might have told; for, beyond the disappearance of the Lady Bianca, every thing was mystery to the man himself; but the violent and uncontrollable emotion upon which he looked satisfied him that her evasion was already no secret at the château; and he, therefore, answered unhesitatingly to the questioning look that was turned upon him:—

“It is, indeed, too true, my lord; my lady is—”

“With a shrill cry, or rather yell, which rang out upon the night air and made it vocal with human agony, the Englishman sprang into the saddle which his groom had just quitted; and, ere the astonished guests in the supper-room had time to reach the court-yard, he was galloping furiously away in the darkness, on the road which led to the capital.

“The consternation of the courtly party requires no comment, when they learned from the lips of the affrighted groom the disappearance of a lady to whom his master was devotedly attached, and who had accompanied him from Italy; and then it was that, for the first time, a spasm of horror shook the young marchioness. The glove! was it then *her* glove which had been found resting upon the cold bosom of the suicide? Was it *her* idle and selfish coquetry which had driven a fellow-creature to destruction? It was fortunate for the self-convicted woman that the effect produced upon the whole of her guests offered an apology for her own emotion; for, after a few comments and conjectures, conversation flagged, and the different members of the *party of pleasure* were glad to retire to their several chambers, wearied and harassed by the adventures of the day.

“On and on, meanwhile, pressed the jaded horse and its reckless rider; until the poor brute, already wearied by its previous journey, and urged beyond its speed, slipped over a loose stone, and fell, hurling its load to the ground with a violence which would have caused a bystander to believe

that death must have ensued; but it seemed as though the Englishman was beyond physical injury; for, after rising from the earth, and ascertaining by a hasty glance at the prostrate animal that it was incapable of further exertion, he recommenced with a hurried step his city-ward journey, bare-headed, and in a slight evening costume, ill calculated to protect its wearer against the rigours of the season.

“The night was far advanced when he reached the barrier, although the moon had greatly accelerated his progress; and here he would inevitably have been stopped had not his person been well known to the guard, who, on ascertaining his identity, said, with a laugh, ‘*Sont-ils farces, ces Anglais!*’ *Milord is walking for a wager, n'est-il pas vrai?*’ An eager affirmative, accompanied by a gold coin which he flung towards them as he passed, satisfied the gate-keepers; and the lover of Bianca stood within the walls of the city where she lay dead. She whom he had loved as greatly as he had wronged her—his own Bianca, who had only him left on earth to comfort and protect her, and whom he had abandoned by his neglect to death—the young, the bright, the beautiful, the high-born! And there was no hope—she was dead! And how died she? Not as the happy die—not amid the tears, and prayers, and blessings, of those who loved her; but alone, with madness in her brain, and despair tugging at her heart-strings! In the bleak darkness of a winter midnight she had perished miserably, violently setting the last seal upon a career of sin by that crime which cannot know repentance—she had died the death of the suicide!

“Wild thoughts these with which to wander through the silent streets of a sleeping city! No wonder that, ere he reached the *Morgue*, the conscience-stricken man was in a state of partial madness. Had he never existed, she had been still living, honoured and happy. Had *he* even been true to the victim he had made, she would still have existed, less honoured, less happy, perhaps, but yet hoping on, and trusting even where she had been the most deeply wronged: but now what was she?

“As he asked himself the fearful

question, he was in the immediate neighbourhood of the death-cell.

"Day was just dawning; for the young Englishman, absorbed in his own agonising grief, had frequently wandered from the direct path; and the tall houses of the streets before him looked like grim spectres starting from the snow-covered earth, while the sullen and sluggish Seine was half obscured by the dull vapours that hung about it like a veil. He turned one glance towards the fatal river; and then withdrew his eyes with a cold shudder, such as all his night-wandering under the biting influence of the season had failed to produce. He hurried on; *his* was no errand on which he could linger: *the truth* lay before him; and he must learn it all or become a maniac.

"The *custodier* of the Morgue stood upon the threshold smoking a pipe, to protect him from the damps of the dawning, and his portly person filled up the doorway; but he had no sooner cast his eyes upon the advancing figure than he moved aside, for he saw at once that the errand of the scantily clad, bareheaded, and frenzied individual before him could have no other end than death.

"And he was right; for ere another moment had elapsed, the narrow cell, though tenanted by three individuals, was, for a few seconds, as silent as the grave. Upon the corpse-plank lay the body of Bianca, cold, stiff, and pale; a coarse and scanty coverlet veiling the graceful limbs whose outline could be traced through the unseemly shroud. Her face was bare, and so beautiful in its rigidity that it might have seemed the dream of genius wrought into mimic life by the hand of the statuary, had not the long raven hair streamed over the brow and cheeks, and trailed, dank and heavy with moisture, almost to the floor; while at distant intervals a large drop of water would fall from the tangled masses, and splash heavily upon the stones beneath. Above her head hung her velvet mantle and her sable dress—she appeared to have provided her own pall—and upon the plank beside her, freed for the time of its accustomed ghastly load, were displayed her jewelled clasp, the diamond that she had worn upon her finger, and a gem-encircled miniature. The wretched man saw it all at a glance; and as he

stood, gasping for breath, and clinging to the grating which separated him from his victim, vivid memories swept over his spirit of the hour in which that picture was painted; of the bright sky; the dark-browed artist; and the vows which he was breathing into *her* ear for whom it was designed; and there it lay—in *the Morgue*; and *she* lay beside it—DEAD! He turned his languid eyes from the miniature to the corpse, and in the next instant he was stretched insensible upon the pavement.

"‘Aye—aye, I thought how it would be!’ exclaimed the *custodier*, as he saw him fall; ‘I thought the jewels would soon find an owner. Here, Lisette—Lisette, *dépêchez*,—here’s one come to claim the dead lady, who’s as senseless, and well-nigh as cold, as she is. Be gentle with him,’ he added, with more feeling than might have been expected from an individual inured by habit to scenes of misery; when, in obedience to his summons, his wife descended from an upper apartment, and began to assist him in raising the stranger. ‘Poor gentleman! he cannot have been in his right senses to brave the weather in such a dress as this!’ Call Jacques, *bonne femme*, to watch the door; and I’ll carry him up-stairs, and see what I can do with him, while you run for a surgeon.’

"The few acquaintances whom the young Englishman had made in Paris never saw him again. The body of Bianca was privately interred in Père-la-Chaise, permission having been purchased of the authorities at a heavy price; and a plain stone, simply inscribed with her initials *B. S.*, was placed upon her grave. But hours before she was laid at rest in the solemn cemetery, he who should have wept beside her dust was many leagues distant from the city.

"Two years after she perished a handsome monument was erected over her remains, but still no clue was given to her identity; the initials were repeated, and in a line with these were added *C. L.*; while beneath both was wrought the semblance of a withered tree struck by lightning, with the affecting motto—

“TUTTO È PERDUTO!”

"About that time a young Englishman of rank died of rapid consumption at Madeira."

## THE ASHBURTON TREATY AGAIN.

It is reported by Madame D'Arblay in one of her twaddling volumes lately published, that once in conversation, when allusion was made to the fulfilment of one of Burke's predictions, which, when originally put forth, had been scouted as visionary, Charles Fox observed with some sharpness, "Oh! Burke is often right—very often right—but *he is always right too soon!*" This is a sentence full of meaning. It marks very distinctly the difference between the statesman and the political partisan. Never was there charge less founded in justice than that playfully urged against Burke by his friend Goldsmith. Burke was not one of those who

"To party gave up what was meant for mankind."

He soared far above the considerations of mere party, as his life abundantly proves. The good of his country in the first instance, and in the next of human kind, were the objects he proposed to himself on all occasions. Every question, accordingly, was examined by him without the bias of self-interest, the prejudices of party (for he was too mighty to be held by the trammels of association with inferior intellects and ordinary men), or any other disturbing influence, except, perhaps, a generous enthusiasm, which sometimes, as in the case of the French Revolution, led him too far on the right road. Saving this, he gazed upon every thing without glamour. Every question lay before him stripped bare to its depths. He was an admirable master of the science of method—the lordly science, as politics is the lordly pursuit. This was one strong reason why he was enabled to see things in their true aspect long before those who were enveloped in the mists of prejudices and party; and when we reflect that he had, besides, learning, industry, genius, and will, unsurpassed by those of any statesman of any age or nation, we shall cease to marvel at the correctness of his predictions, which might otherwise seem well-nigh miraculous. Far be it from us, however,

to insinuate that he had not also the right royal gift Heaven vouchsafes its own favourites, "*Le coup d'œil de génie qui devine l'expérience.*" We are believers in the comparatively complete and the imperfect organisation. Burke had the first in the highest degree of excellence allowed to mortals. Therefore it was, in Fox's words, he was "*right too soon.*" Why?—Because his age could not understand him. "Do you see that star," said Napoleon to Cardinal Fiesch, who had been pressing his advice upon him, drawing the grovelling churchman to a window, and pointing upwards to the firmament, "on which is emblazoned the poetry of Heaven?"—"No, sire!" "*I do!*" So it was with Burke and his contemporaries! And therefore it was that he never attained the supremacy in the state due to his merits, while far less capable persons, though each great in his own way, Pitt and Fox, passed him by. Well did Voltaire, the greatest incarnation of common sense the world has ever known, observe,—

"Qui n'a pas l'esprit de son âge  
De son âge a tous les malheurs."

And he that goes before it is in a far worse position for mere mundane success during the fleeting hour than he who is compelled to lag behind. These are sad truths. We have given them utterance upon this occasion because they, in some sort, touch ourselves. Without pretending, in our "*collective wisdom,*" much less in our individual capacity, to be of the same order with Burke, to possess his political sagacity, and great gift of declaring the future from his knowledge of the past and present, and his transcendent reasoning powers, yet it has occurred to us more than once, so far as the feeling of the hour went, to have "*been right too soon.*" Notably it was so with respect to the Ashburton treaty. At the time we expressed our opinions on this subject, we had the pain to know that we differed with many highly valued friends, public and personal. We found,

too, that our motives were misunderstood by some and misinterpreted by others. Still, being perfectly convinced we were right, and regarding the question touching the settlement of the north-east boundary with America as a national, and not as a party-question, we felt it, in spite of spite, a paramount duty to continue to declare the truth, and to prove we had always done so. And now we have the satisfaction to perceive that the conclusions to which we came have recently been by the discovery of facts confirmed in every the minutest particular. We have not one word to retract; and we trust that the errors committed, and the want of information displayed by the negotiator to whom we intrusted the management of this treaty, will prove a warning to our government respecting the hands to which our interests in relation with foreign countries are committed, and to the mode in which our diplomatic business is carried on. We hope, too, some little caution will be taught to journalists in whose political opinions we are in general happy to coincide, and for whose ability and honesty of purpose we have the highest respect, and that they will hereafter hesitate to take a side in a question involving the rights and honour of the British empire without having first made themselves masters of the subject. It is a thing greatly to be regretted that the influence which several journals daily, monthly, and quarterly possess, and deserve to possess, over the public mind, was exercised in the wrong, as regarded this great national question to which we refer. We entirely attribute this to the circumstance of the writers not having taken trouble to look into the evidence, and come to a careful conclusion upon the case; because, had they done so, we are convinced no tenderness with regard to individuals and no mere party considerations would have deterred them from taking the same course that we did; and in which, of the whole press, as well as we can recollect, we were assisted only by the *Morning Herald* and the *Morning Chronicle*. Now, however, all the journals have harked into the cry we were the first to raise. Even the *Examiner*, whose preference for the institutions of the United States

led it into open-mouthed approbation of the Ashburton Treaty, by which the republicans of America gained so much, now cries shame upon them, and gulps down its own applauses of all concerned in this piece of imbecility on one side and trickery on the other. Our friend, the editor of the *Standard*, who, without reading his brief or getting any body to note it for him, came chivalrously forward as the advocate of the negotiator, observes a prudent silence.

We are far from blaming any writer of the daily press for not originally understanding this question. It is scarcely possible that any body having to supply essays day after day upon the divers subjects that spring up could have commanded sufficient leisure to have studied and considered the case as it came before us of the north-east boundary. The contributors to periodicals are not so excusable. Even if they had predetermined to take a side, they ought, at least, to have felt the necessity of learning to defend it. But there is one class of persons whose ignorance is in no sort excusable, and that is the whole body of individuals who, since the treaty of Ghent, from first to last were engaged in the negotiations with respect to this boundary. This we undertake to prove.

When we first wrote upon this subject, we had nothing before us but the two volumes presented to parliament in July 1840, containing the correspondence relating to the north-east boundary, and the Report of the Commissioners Mudge and Featherstonhaugh. We took the trouble of studying these carefully and critically, and on the 1st of the September following we published a paper, in which we not only proved that Great Britain had a right to the whole of the disputed territory, but that it was absurd to pretend to suppose she had not. To any body at all acquainted with the science of method, and who had the power and the patience to reduce the case to its elements, that case *under the terms* of the treaty of 1783 lay in a nut-shell; and the only minister Great Britain wanted beyond the precincts of Downing Street was a competent surveyor. Let us just shew this again, because we cannot expect all our readers to go

back to our Number for September 1840: we will do so very briefly. Article 11 states,—

"The following are and shall be the boundaries,—viz. from the north-west angle of Nova Scotia,—namely that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix to the highlands along the said highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic ocean to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river."

Taking this article at a distance of time from the hour at which it is made, without the aid of that gloss which the universal knowledge could have then afforded it, and weighing the mere value of the mere words, there is this difficulty,—not one of the three elements for settling the boundary is positively fixed and determined. You have no "datum." The man who reads the article says, as we said in 1840,—

"It is strange to find the able men who drew up the treaty of 1783 inverting the ordinary course of proceeding, going from the unknown to the known, in opposition to the law of inductive science; but unless the 'highlands' alluded to were at the time as notorious as Paul's, and recognised as such by the contracting parties, the thing is utterly unaccountable."

We declared positively that they *must* have been known, and most notoriously known, and such has turned out to be the fact. But when Great Britain came to negotiate after the war in 1814, a mystification had been raised about the position of those "highlands," which was afterwards increased by frauds, falsifications, forgeries, and perjuries, upon the part of the Americans. Well, then, what was the duty of a British negotiator about this boundary?—Oh! it was quite plain! It was as we said in 1840:—

"Fix those highlands once, and shew that they correspond accurately with the description in terms of the treaty, and all is smooth and clear. The junction of the line through the 'highlands,' and the due north line, gives you the north-west angle of Nova Scotia. It is no longer a non-existent point, and you can begin with the beginning."

This ought to have been done the

moment a question was raised about the site and characteristics of those "highlands." This ought to have been done at the Convention of Ghent. We had no business to trouble the King of Holland. We wanted no arbitrator. All we wanted was the "highlands," which *must* have been to be found somewhere in the disputed territory as described in the terms of the treaty. Having once determined these, there could have been no difficulty whatsoever in running the line. We might have then dispensed with the protocols, and all the rubbish of correspondence which was heaped upon a plain question. It cannot be too strongly impressed, that all our government had to do was to determine those "highlands," and, in the face of the civilised world, insist upon the rights which the restoration of them to their notorious fixity in men's minds could alone disclose. In order to arrive at this result, it was only necessary that the disputed territory should be properly explored and surveyed by competent engineers. By this very obvious course all the scribbling, and quibbling, and arbitrating, and compromising, might have been spared. We might have ascertained our rights, and if afterwards we chose to concede any portion of them, the grace of a gift, at least, would be in the concession, and no pretence of our having yielded to fear of consequences or the dictates of "expediency," which is only another word for temporising cowardice, could have been raised. That this was not done in 1814 is no fault of Lord Ashburton or the government that employed him; but yet there are grave charges to be preferred against both, and probably, before this article shall go to press, they will be brought before the House of Commons on the motion of Lord Palmerston. We will advert to these by and by. Party shall have no influence with us in a matter wherein the interest and honour of England are concerned. We charge all the successive negotiators on the part of Great Britain from the Convention of Ghent up to the ratification of the Ashburton Treaty, with not, in the lawyer's phrase, having used due diligence and with being shamefully ignorant of much it was their duty to know and know thoroughly. How

comes it that, in all the voluminous correspondence upon the subject of the north-west boundary, the terms of the Convention of 1803 made between Great Britain and the United States, the plenipotentiaries being Lord Hawkesbury and Mr. Rufus King, were not brought forward, explained, and insisted upon? How comes it that the fact Great Britain and the United States had agreed in 1803 to an amicable arrangement of all their disputed boundaries, has not been dwelt upon, and an attempt made to get into the track of that amicable arrangement? We think it would be hard upon the part of those who preceded Lord Ashburton and the present government in those negotiations, to explain this. That the information was to be got at in the easiest manner, we will shew by and by. The search after it would have necessarily led to the discovery of the facts lately promulgated in a pamphlet by Mr. Featherstonhaugh, civil engineer, one of the boundary commissioners. These facts we deem it expedient to give in the first instance, with the comments thereon, which appeared in a recent number of the *John Bull* newspaper. In the following exposition we have nothing to amend or alter. We propose simply to add :—

"It appears that the American senate and government had, while they were negotiating, ample evidence before them of the justice of the British claim to the whole of the disputed territory, and that, not content with concealing this from Lord Ashburton, they omitted no falsehood or treachery to deceive and mislead him. A Mr. Rives brought before the senate in secret session a communication from the American historian, Jared Sparks, relative to a letter from B. Franklin to M. de Vergennes, and a map with the north-eastern boundary of the United States, as settled by the convention of 1783. Mr. Sparks says :—

"While pursuing my researches among the voluminous papers relating to the American Revolution in the *Archives des Affaires Etrangères* in Paris, I found in one of the bound volumes an original letter from Dr. Franklin to Count de Vergennes, of which the following is an exact transcript :—

"Pasey, Dec. 6, 1782.

"Sir,—I have the honour of returning herewith the map your Excellency sent me yesterday. I have marked with a strong red line, according to your desire,

the limits of the United States, as settled in the preliminaries between the British and American plenipotentiaries.

"With great respect, I am, &c.

"B. FRANKLIN."

"This letter was written six days after the preliminaries were signed."

"Mr. Sparks afterwards found a map, in its proper place, in the geographical portion of the Archives :—

"After a little research in the American division, with the aid of the keeper, I came upon a map of North America by D'Anville, dated 1746, in size about eighteen inches square, on which was drawn a strong red line throughout the entire boundary of the United States, answering precisely to Franklin's description. The line is bold and distinct in every part, made with red ink, and, apparently, drawn with a hair pencil or a pen with a blunt point. There is no other colouring on any part of the map.

"Imagine my surprise on discovering that this line runs wholly south of the St. John's, and between the head waters of that river and those of the Penobscot and Kennebec. In short, it is exactly the line now contended for by Great Britain, except that it concedes more than is claimed."

"Farther it is stated by Mr. Featherstonhaugh :—

"A map has been vauntingly paraded here, from Mr. Jefferson's collection, in the zeal of opposition (without taking time to see what it was), to confront and invalidate the map found by Mr. Sparks in the Foreign Office at Paris; but, the moment it is examined, it is found to sustain, by the most precise and remarkable correspondence in every feature, the map communicated by Mr. Sparks. The senator who produced it could see nothing but the microscopic dotted line running off in a north-easterly direction; but the moment other eyes were applied to it, there was found, in bold relief, a strong red line, indicating the limits of the United States according to the treaty of peace, and coinciding minutely and exactly with the boundary traced on the map of Mr. Sparks. That this red line, and not the hardly visible dotted line, was intended to represent the limits of the United States according to the treaty of peace, is conclusively shewn by the circumstance that the red line is drawn on the map all around the exterior boundary of the United States, through the middle of the Northern Lakes, thence through the Long Lake and the Rainy Lake to the Lake of the Woods, and from the western extremity of the Lake of the Woods to the river Mississippi, and along that river to the point where the boundary



of the United States, according to the treaty of peace, leaves it, and thence, by its easterly course, to the mouth of the St. Mary's on the Atlantic.'

"Now the value of the testimony afforded by this map of Jefferson's cannot be over-stated, when it is remembered that he was one of the bitterest enemies of England, and that it was through his intrigues the convention for the settlement of boundaries between the countries, agreed upon betwixt Rufus King and Lord Hawkesbury, was not ratified—the pretext for defeating it being not in the least with reference to the north-eastern boundary. The objection was to the fifth article, and referred altogether to Louisiana. In Dwight's *History of the Hartford Convention* there is a letter from King, then minister from the United States to Great Britain, addressed to the government of which Jefferson was president. The letter is dated London, May 1803, and says:—

"I have the honour to transmit herewith the convention which I yesterday signed, in triplicate with Lord Hawkesbury, relative to our boundaries. *The convention does not vary in any thing material from the tenor of my instructions.* The line through the Bay of Passamaquoddy secures our interest in that quarter. The provision for running, instead of describing the line between the north-west corner of Nova Scotia and the source of the Connecticut river, has been inserted as well on account of the progress of the British settlements towards the source of the Connecticut, as of the difficulty in agreeing upon any new description of the manner of running the line without more exact information than is at present possessed of the geography of the country.'

"On the 24th of October following, President Jefferson, in his message to Congress, says,—

"I lay before you the convention, signed on the 12th of May last, between the United States and Great Britain, for settling their boundaries in the north-eastern and north-western parts of the United States, which was mentioned in my general message of the 17th instant, together with such papers relating thereto as may enable you to determine whether you will advise and consent to its ratification.'

"Madison, secretary of state, writes to King, Feb. 4, 1804:—

"You will herewith receive the ratification by the president and senate of the convention with the British government, signed on the 12th of May, 1803, with an exception of the fifth article. Should the British government accede to this change in the instrument, you will proceed to an exchange of ratifications, and transmit the one received without

delay, in order that the proper steps may be taken for carrying the convention into effect.'

"Thus, then, in 1803 both governments had agreed to the north-east boundary-line—it was settled to their entire mutual satisfaction. Who would be bold enough to deny that this, if not exactly the line of 1783, is the line of the convention of 1804 laid down on Jefferson's map? The only objection he could excite against the convention was directed to the boundary on the opposite side of the United States. What, then, was it necessary for subsequent negotiators to do more than go back to the boundary agreed on by that convention? When even Jefferson was compelled to approve of the line *then run by a compromise*, as King describes, the extreme moderation of England is evident,

"The historian says,—

"In forming this convention (1803), it is known that Mr. King's views were fully acceded to by the British commissioner, Lord Hawkesbury, *having left the draft of the convention to Mr. King, and fully approved of that which he prepared.*

"It seems strange that, under such circumstances, the convention was not carried; but Jefferson was at the head of a party then, as now, powerful in the United States. He wielded all the evil passions of the mob. And who was he that wielded them? The leader of the Anti-federalists; the man who accused Washington with being an aristocrat and a monarchist, and a creature of Great Britain; the man who uttered the doctrine at which Robespierre would have blushed (for he looked forward to a time when blood should cease to flow); and the man who said, 'The tree of Liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants—it is its natural manure;' the vaunting infidel—the hypocritical wretch, whose crimes bore fruit after he was rotting in his grave, when his children, all of whom he left unemancipated, were sold by public auction as slaves—the children of him, Miss Martineau's great and good man, who penned the paragraph erased from the Declaration of Rights, asserting that the slavery of the negro was a violation of the most sacred rights of life and liberty. The ruling principle of this man's political conduct was, 'Friendship to France, eternal enmity to Britain.' One sentence will show his feeling towards England; in a letter to an intimate friend in 1795, he says, 'If I could but see them (the French and Dutch) now at peace with the rest of their continent, I should have but little doubt of dining with Pichegru, in London, next autumn.' To his utmost power he provoked and pro-

war, and frustrated all attempts at

The resistance of the New Englanders to his measures and the battle of Lake Champlain alone sufficed to stop his career. But for him the convention of 1803 would have been ratified, which trouble, past and future, spared the countries. The convention was drawn up; it was highly approved of by the twelve delegates from Massachusetts, which Maine then formed part, and seven from Connecticut, who were members of the Hartford convention, and by whom Jefferson's intrigues were aided. But, in addition to the two above alluded to, there is a third to add to them in every point. It was published in 1784, in Paris by the king's order. It is formally entitled on its face, "Treaty of the United States of America, with the Treaty of Peace of 1783, between the United States of America, and the Kingdom of France, in the name of the King of France, and the French Republic, the Treaty of Peace of 1783, and the Treaty of Peace of 1783." It dedicated and presented' (*dedicé et offert*) 'to his Excellency Benjamin Franklin, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, near the court of France,' and while Dr. Franklin yet resided in Paris, for he did not return to the United States till the spring of the year 1785."

It would add for the sake of greater distinctness, from Mr. Jared Sparks' communication, the following passage:—

The north line, after departing from the source of the St. Croix, instead of going to Mars Hill, stops far short of that point, and turns off to the west, so as to leave on the British side all the waters which flow into the St. John's, and the source of the St. Croix and Mars Hill. It is evident that the line between the St. Croix to the Canadian highlands is intended to exclude all the waters which flow into the St. John's."

Now, from all the evidence accumulated above, it is perfectly clear that the "highlands" of the treaty of 1783 were perfectly well known, and that it was as perfectly well known at the time of the treaty, and continued to be known as such in 1803, and were not until the breaking out of the war between Great Britain and the United States, and came first to be doubtful and to be disputed in the negotiations between the two powers which were resumed at Ghent. It is undoubted that Dr. Franklin, as negotiating negotiator of the treaty of 1783, was well acquainted with the "highlands;" and not even an American would be so hardy a rebel

to the truth as to deny that he, with his own hand, drew the line of boundary on a map sent to M. de Vergennes, and that that line coincided in all points with that laid down on the map found by Jared Sparks in the Geographical Archives of France, and that described on the Parisian map, and dedicated to B. Franklin in 1785. Equally certain it is that those "highlands" were known to Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Rufus King in 1803, and it cannot well be doubted, indeed it is impossible to doubt, also to Lord Harrowby, Hawkesbury, and the British government of the day. Perfectly well known, too, were those "highlands" to Messrs. Tyler, Webster, and the American senate. The following unblushing confession of fraud and treachery is made in an American publication, which attacks Mr. Webster for that he did not, upon the part of the United States, insist upon the possession of the "highland positions which commanded and overawed the St. Lawrence and Quebec, and also commanded all the civil and military communications of the British." Here is the precious passage to which we adverted:—

"We who are here upon the spot know that senators voted for the treaty who detested it, but who feared worse from a negotiator who was seen by the correspondence to be an instrument in the hands of Lord Ashburton, and who had destroyed our claim by arraying the authority of Dr. Franklin against us, and by surrendering the military boundaries which even the King of the Netherlands would not yield."

The utter unconsciousness betrayed in this of all distinction betwixt right and wrong, and of every thing like honour and honesty, is almost amusing in its atrocity. Lord Ashburton, too, though not in possession of the physical evidence, so to speak, that the Americans had before them, could not fail (presuming as we do that he read the report of Messrs. Mudge and Featherstonhaugh) to be acquainted also with the "highlands" of the treaty of 1783. But of this more anon! Our more immediate business is with his predecessors in negotiation.

Mr. Featherstonhaugh, in his work,

when alluding to the proceedings of our commissioners at Ghent and the course pursued by our government, observes,—

"It is almost impossible to refer to the conduct of the British government of that day without just pride. At the period of these negotiations our country had issued from her terrible contest with Napoleon, full of glory and renown. She had no enemy in arms against her except the United States of America, and she was now at liberty to turn her veteran strength and her concentrated resources in that direction. But, disregarding her overwhelming advantage, she did not hesitate to set the bright example of preferring the interests of peace and humanity to all selfish considerations; and we find her government then, as we find it at the present day, asserting her moderate pretensions, not to a boundary which could in any manner be prejudicial to the United States, but to one which, while it was sanctioned by justice, was indispensably necessary to the security of her own colonies and to the permanency of friendship she was desirous of returning to with a country peopled by a common ancestry."

Now we differ as widely as may be with the worthy civil engineer. We think, as we trust we shall shew by and by, the commissioners and the government betrayed (*through ignorance or incompetency, or both*) their trust to the country. This is a grave charge against Englishmen, and must be supported by frank and solemn argument. Without troubling ourselves about Mr. Featherstonhaugh's verbiage, which is no better than what in the technical language of his own profession is called "spoil," we will take leave to remark that however amiable and magnanimous the motives of those engaged in the negotiations may have been, their conduct was pre-eminently silly. The government and negotiators for a country are guilty of direct and positive crime,—they are guilty of treason to the state when they surrender any of its own just rights, these being *demand[ed] as rights by a foreign power*. The utmost latitude with which, constitutionally, they can be endowed is to *give*; they cannot be properly and lawfully invested with the authority to *cede*. Rights are *rights*, and should be enforced by every state that regards the sanctity

of its own honour, unless it receive a due equivalent in return. The principle of dealing should be that propounded by our own Shakspeare, and put into the mouth of one of his noblest characters, Harry Percy:—

"I'll give thrice as much land  
To any well-deserving friend;  
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

"Oh!" but it will be said, "there was an equivalent for the concessions we were to make:—In Mr. Featherstonhaugh's words, 'the permanency of peace.'" Now, does not all history tell and all experience shew that this is a dream, and that in all our proceedings of conciliation we have been pursuing only a shadow? Is it possible for the well-regulated government of any civilised country to deal upon any thing like equal terms with the mob-made and mob-driven government of America? We think not. It is in the position of a company amongst ourselves in civil life, and we know that there is no possible rascality from which each man would shrink in his individual capacity with the most deferential honour that will not be committed most barefacedly by the aggregate of individuals in their corporate capacity. So it is with the federal government of America with this little difference,—that each state has its own peculiar form of rascality, and that the government of the United States very faithfully and very adequately represents the whole in the amalgamated mass of its rascality. To talk, then, of securing by any acts of magnanimous concession on our parts a permanent peace with a mob-made and mob-driven government, is a sheer absurdity. Nothing will ever induce the Americans to keep the peace towards Great Britain, except the selfish and sordid feelings of fear or interest. If the Americans really thought they could beat us, and fulfil the most cherished wish of their hearts by seizing the port of Halifax and the mouths of the St. Lawrence, they would attack us to-morrow. Nay, if they thought they could *gain any thing* by going to war, they would not hesitate an instant; for their hatred to Great Britain is only less than their anxiety to rob her sub-

jects. All history shews us that sacrifices made for the sake of preserving peace with America are thrown away. We are, accordingly, of opinion that the *extreme* moderation displayed by the British government in 1814 was of an order better suited to adorn the page of a romance, such as Rabelais's *Gargantua*, than to do credit to us in the page of history. We had the power then to run the boundary line as we wished. The New England states would have been delighted to secure the return of peace by any concessions. All our government had to do was to trace a line upon a map of America and declare we *will have that line*, and the American government *must* have yielded it. Massachusetts, and the other states territorially interested in the north-east boundary, would have compelled them to accept any line prescribed by the British government. To make this quite clear, we will give an extract from the report made by the convention that sat in December 1814 at Hartford, in the state of Connecticut. That convention consisted of twelve delegates from Massachusetts, seven from Connecticut, four from Rhode Island, three from New Hampshire, and one from Vermont. George Cabot, a delegate from Massachusetts, was chosen chairman; and Theodore Dwight, who has written a history of the Hartford Convention, secretary. The report states,—

“ Without pausing at present to comment upon the causes of war, it may be assumed as a truth, officially announced, that to achieve the conquest of the Canadian territory, and to hold it as a pledge for peace, is the deliberate purpose of administration. This enterprise, commenced at a period when government possessed the advantage of selecting the time and occasion for making a sudden descent upon an unprepared enemy, now languishes in the third year of the war. It has been prosecuted with various fortune, and occasionally brilliancy of exploit, but without any solid acquisition. The British armies have been recruited by veteran regiments. Their navy commands Ontario. The American ranks are thinned by the casualties of war. Recruits are discouraged by the unpopular character of the contest, and by the uncertainty of receiving their pay. In the prosecution of this favourite warfare, administration have left the exposed and

vulnerable parts of the country destitute of all the efficient means of defence. The main body of the regular army has marched to the frontier. The navy has been stripped of a great part of its sailors for the service of the lakes.

“ Meanwhile the enemy scours the sea-coast, blockades our ports, ascends our bays and rivers, makes actual descents in various and distant places, holds some by force, and threatens all that are assailable with fire and sword. The sea-board of four of the New England states, following its curvatures, presents an extent of more than 700 miles, generally occupied by a compact population, and accessible by a naval force, exposing a mass of people and property to the devastations of the enemy, which bears a great proportion to the residue of the maritime frontier of the United States. This extensive shore has been exposed to frequent attacks, repeated contributions, and constant alarms. The regular forces detached by the national government for its defence are mere pretexts for placing officers of high rank in command. They are besides confined to a few places, and are too insignificant in number to be included in any computation. These states have thus been left to adopt measures for their own defence. The militia have been constantly kept on the alert, and harassed by garrison duties and other hardships, while the expenses of which the national government decline the reimbursement threaten to absorb all the resources of the states. The president of the United States has refused to consider the expense of the militia, detached by state authority for the indispensable defence of the state, as chargeable to the union, on the ground of a refusal by the executive of the state to place them under the command of officers of the regular army. Detachments of militia placed at the disposal of the general government have been dismissed either without pay or with depreciated paper. The prospect of the ensuing campaign is not enlivened by the promise of any alleviation of these grievances. From authentic documents extorted by necessity from those whose inclination might lead them to conceal the embarrassments of the government, it is apparent that the treasury is bankrupt and its credit prostrate. So deplorable is the state of the finances that those who feel for the honour and safety of the country would be willing to conceal the melancholy spectacle, if those whose infatuation has produced this state of fiscal concerns had not found themselves compelled to unveil it to public view. If the war be continued, there appears no room for reliance upon the national government for

the supply of those means of defence which must become indispensable to secure these states from desolation and ruin. Nor is it possible that the states can discharge this sacred duty from their own resources, and continue to sustain the burden of the national taxes. The administration, after a long perseverance in plans to baffle every effort of commercial enterprise, had fatally succeeded in their attempts at the epoch of the war. Commerce, the vital spring of New England's prosperity, was annihilated. Embargoes, restrictions, and the rapacity of revenue-officers, had completed its destruction. The various objects for the employment of productive labour, in the branches of business dependent on commerce, have disappeared. The fisheries have shared its fate. Manufactures, which government has professed an intention to favour and to cherish, as an indemnity for the failure of these branches of business, are doomed to struggle in their infancy with taxes and obstructions, which cannot fail most seriously to affect their growth. The specie is withdrawn from circulation. The landed interest, the last to feel these burdens, must prepare to become their principal support, as all other sources of revenue must be exhausted. Under these circumstances, taxes, of a description and amount unprecedented in this country, are in a train of imposition, the burden of which must fall with the heaviest pressure upon the states east of the Potomac. *The amount of these taxes for the ensuing year cannot be estimated at less than five millions of dollars upon the New England states, and the expenses of the last year for defence in Massachusetts alone approaches to one million of dollars.*

"From these facts it is almost superfluous to state the irresistible inference that these states have no capacity of defraying the expense necessary for their own protection, and at the same time discharging the demands of the national treasury."

Under the circumstances described in these passages, it is evident that Great Britain might have settled all questions of disputed boundary with the United States; and if having ascertained her just rights, she asserted and insisted upon them, there would be no ground whatever for charging her with an ungenerous use of the power she possessed. Another extract, which we take from Dwight's volume, p. 380, will put this in a stronger light:—

"In a very short time after the publication of the report the country was sur-

prised with the news of peace. The manner in which the intelligence of this event was received throughout the country afforded a striking commentary upon the character of the war, and the light in which it was viewed by the nation at large. Without waiting to learn what were the provisions of the treaty, or to ascertain whether the objects for which the war was professedly declared had been accomplished, a general spirit not merely of rejoicing but of exultation broke out in every part of the country. Mutual congratulations at the restoration of peace were exchanged by all descriptions of politicians, bonfires were kindled, and illuminations were exhibited over a large portion of the union. Nobody seemed to manifest any anxiety about the provisions of the treaty; the war was at an end, and peace was established; and beyond these main points, scarcely any individual appeared to be disposed to inquire or examine."

In point of fact, then, we had only to declare we should have such or such a north-east boundary line, and it would have been given to us by acclamation. We say, then, that the government and the commissioners they employed in 1814 failed egregiously in their duty in not getting us the line of the treaty of 1783, or the line of the convention of 1803, at least, if in truth it differed in any material point with the former. We take Mr. Featherstonhaugh's account of the transactions carried on by those commissioners, while we protest with all our might against the conclusions he draws from the facts stated:—

"War broke out between the two countries in 1812, but was happily followed by the treaty of peace of Ghent in 1814. At the period when the commissioners of the two countries met at this place, the dispute respecting this frontier had not excited much attention, and the geographical details upon which alone a proper judgment could at that time have been formed as to the equity of the case, if not exclusively confined to the Americans, were but imperfectly known to the British commissioners: they, however, were not ignorant of the pretensions that were to be brought forward, and perceiving that it was intended to urge them in a very serious manner, they adopted a course eminently calculated to forward the great object they were deputed to prepare the way for—viz. the restoration of peace. Instead, therefore, of entering upon a discussion of the respective rights of the two parties, which, as past experi-

ence has shewn, would have led to no conviction, they proposed in their first communication with the American commissioners, 'A revision of the boundary between his majesty's territories in America and those of the United States, not upon any principle of conquest or acquisition, but upon that of mutual advantage and security.—Aug. 8, 1814.'

Now we say that this proposition was most unbecoming, and if not made in stupidity or ignorance, most base and treacherous on the part of our commissioners. What, forsooth, were they because they were *not ignorant* that most impudent and transparently preposterous pretensions were to be put forth on the part of America by her plenipotentiaries, and because they *perceived* (bless their clear-sightedness!) that it was *intended* to urge them in a very *serious* manner, were they to commence by throwing up the whole case on behalf of their country? If ever public servants deserved punishment for acts not alone of omission but commission, those persons deserved it. What to them was the impudent and ridiculous claim of the braggart Yankee plenipotentiaries, when they knew that the American government would not, *could* not, and *dared* not support that claim? In the very first instance our commissioners should have flung it contemptuously aside. They should have said to those representatives of a state on the very verge of ruin, and which was utterly incapable of carrying on the war for another year, what Charles Fox once said to Buonaparte, "Clear your head of that stuff." It is ridiculous, it is impossible, it is an insult to common sense in a human being of the meanest capacity to suppose that Franklin and the government of the United States could have proposed and the British government accepted a boundary such as you with the most brazen-faced assurance presume to lay claim to—a boundary which would enable the Americans to command and overawe the St. Lawrence and Quebec, and likewise all our civil and military communications. We will not condescend to discuss that question at all with you. We will be guided in our proceedings by either or both of two things,—the treaty of 1783 or the convention of

1803; and any information which is needed to throw light upon them, that we will not fail frankly to bring forward. This north-east boundary question was settled to the entire and mutual satisfaction of both countries in a convention concluded in 1803 between Lord Hawkesbury on the part of Great Britain, and Mr. Rufus King on the part of the United States of America. Mr. King was a Massachusetts man, in which state Maine was then included. He was a deputy to Congress for that state, and signed as such the constitution of the United States made in 1787, under the presidency of George Washington. Mr. King, who had full knowledge of all matters in dispute, and who represented the state whose territorial interest was the greatest in the question mooted, had himself drawn up the draft of the convention, which was approved of by Lord Hawkesbury, and cordially sanctioned by both governments. We are ready to abide by that convention; we can easily make ourselves masters of the precise terms of it, as, indeed, can you also,—for it was laid before Congress by President Jefferson in 1803, and received the ratification of that body. Oh! but it may be said that that convention was not carried into effect. 'True; but, in the first place, there was no difference of opinion whatever as to the north-east boundary. That was settled to the perfect satisfaction of both parties. And, in the second place, let us see from the weekly journal we have already quoted, how it was the convention failed to be put in act:—

"The history of the convention of 1803 for the settlement of the north-eastern and north-western boundaries of Great Britain and the United States, is nearly similar to that of the right of search, which, as Lord Brougham explained in the House, went off on the one word 'America.' The boundaries were agreed upon; all differences adjusted; the convention signed, and laid before the senate for ratification. Again, in this case, the President Jefferson raised an objection, which again, from being resisted by our negotiators, led to the ultimate defeat of the whole measure; and this objection, too, was to no vital point—it affected not in the least the question settled by the Ashburton treaty.

The objection (says Mr. Monroe, Secretary of State, in a letter to Mr. King, minister at St. James's for the United States), the objection (the only one raised) to the fifth article appears to have arisen from the posteriority of the signature and ratification of this convention to those of the last convention with France, ceding Louisiana to the United States, and from a presumption that the line to be run in pursuance of the fifth article might thence be found or alleged to abridge the northern extent of that acquisition.' This point was evidently raised by Jefferson with a view to disturb a convention, of which, in his message to Congress, Oct. 17, 1803, he spoke 'as one that would give satisfaction to all parties.' There was not a month between the signing of the two conventions alluded to. That with France was signed in April 30, 1803, and the boundaries of Louisiana were defined in it.

"Nothing, in the spirit of conciliation that prevailed at the time in the negotiators on both sides, would seem to have been easier than to settle this fifth article. No question of sufficient importance to justify the overthrow of the whole measure could have arisen on it. Yet precisely after the same manner, and through the same causes and conduct on either side (as far as we can judge), the opportunity of settling all our disputed boundaries with the United States was lost."

Then came the diplomatic discussions about the renewal of the Jay's treaty of 1794. The British ministry were willing to renew that treaty which had proved most beneficial to the United States. Jefferson was determined it should not be renewed; and the ground which he took was to insist on a provision against impressment of seamen, which he right well knew Great Britain would no more grant *then*, than it did at the conclusion of the war and convention of Ghent in 1814. In December 1807, a treaty was concluded, under the ministry of Fox, between Lords Holland and Auckland for England, and Messrs. Monroe and Pinkney for the United States. This treaty contained no less than eleven articles of that of 1794. Jefferson received it in March 1807, but never even submitted it to the senate for their advice and consent to its ratification. In a word, from his hatred to England he continued to defeat the fulfilment of pacific intentions, and exacerbate all the sore points of difference between the two countries. And thus it con-

tinued, until, in the hope of crushing England in her hour of difficulty, the United States made war upon her. We will abide by that convention. We are pretty certain that if the United States boundary line laid down on it be not identical with that of the treaty of 1783, it differs in no material point from it. At all events, we are quite sure that Lord Hawkesbury and the British government never were satisfied with such a boundary as you now propose to us. Or if you will not agree to this, let us go back to the treaty of 1783. The only difficulty is, and it is one recently started by you, is to determine "the highlands" which divide those rivers which empty themselves into the St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the north-westernmost head of the Connecticut River. Let us fix, and determine, and agree upon those highlands once—let us have as clear a notion of them and their whereabouts as the negotiators on either side in 1783 must have had, and we shall have no difficulty whatsoever in running the line according to the terms and provisions of the treaty. Besides, we will shew you, to begin with, on the authority of one of your own much-vaunted statesmen and patriots, Madison, that it is ridiculous to look for those highlands north of the St. John's river, where you pretend they are to be found. Madison, writing as a contributor to *The Federalist*, a work carried on by him in conjunction with Hamilton and Jay, wrote thus. It was in the year 1788, five years after the conclusion of the treaty. Speaking of the "actual dimensions" of the Union, he says:—

"The limits, as fixed by the treaty of peace are, on the east side, the Atlantic; on the south, the latitude of thirty-one degrees; on the west, the Mississippi; and on the north, an irregular line running in some instances beyond the forty-fifth degree, in others, falling as low as the forty-second. The southern shore of Lake Erie lies below that latitude. Computing the distance between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degrees, it amounts to nine hundred and seventy-three common miles, computing it from thirty-one to forty-two degrees, to seven hundred and sixty-four miles and a half. Taking the mean for the distance, the amount

will be eight hundred and sixty-eight miles and three-fourths. The mean distance from the Atlantic to the Mississippi does not probably exceed seven hundred and fifty miles.—*Federalist*, p. 63. On the title-page we read, 'A new edition.' The numbers written by Mr. Madison, corrected by himself. If Hamilton and Jay are dead."

Now, gentlemen of America, our commissioners might and ought to have said, this evidence of Mr. Madison, which is above all suspicion, decidedly puts you out of court. The description of the irregular line running beyond the forty-fifth degree, and falling as low as the forty-second, precisely accords with the line laid down on Franklin's map sent to M. de Vergennes, on Jefferson's map, and on the Parisian map dedicated to Franklin. It only differs from a just description of the claim we make, from the circumstance of its being more extensive, as was observed by Mr. Jared Sparks. But, my gentle Arcadians, the boundary line you are polite and innocent enough to demand, runs beyond the latitude of thirty-eight degrees!!! That is to say, three degrees more than your progenitors, while they had yet enough of English feeling in their breasts to save them from being "measureless liars," ever contemplated. The limits laid down by Madison utterly repudiate the notion of the highlands of the treaty of 1783 being north of the river St. John! It is physically and morally impossible. Still, however, if you insist, let us get the whole of the disputed territory explored and surveyed, let us have the highlands that fulfil the conditions of the treaty ascertained. This point once settled, it is impossible for us to get involved in any serious difference of opinion upon any other point; and having ascertained how and where the right lays, it will then be time enough to talk of *mutual* concessions for *mutual* convenience and advantage? This, we submit, is what our commissioners ought to have said and done. See what they actually did say and do:—

"The British negotiators, therefore, perceiving that there really was sufficient apparent ambiguity in the second article of the treaty of 1783, upon which to raise a claim for a line of frontier hostile

to the British construction of that article, and pregnant with serious misunderstandings, proposed to remove all future uncertainty and doubt by negotiating—

"Such a variation of the line of frontier as would secure a *direct* communication between Quebec and Halifax.—August 19, 1814."

"The American commissioners had admitted, upon the opening of the negotiations, that they were warranted by their instructions in agreeing to a revision of the boundary; but, upon further consultation, those gentlemen considered their powers limited to cases where there was an obvious cause for uncertainty and dispute; and as the present claim of America was considered by them to have nothing uncertain about it, and to be perfect, they therefore declared they had 'No authority to cede any part of the territory of the United States, and to no stipulation to that effect will they subscribe.—August 24, 1814.'"

We deny, and we maintain there was proof enough of the stringency and truth of the denial, without the physical proofs by maps lately brought forward, and just adduced in time to be too late, that there was "sufficient apparent ambiguity in the second article of the treaty of 1783, upon which to raise a claim for a line of frontier hostile to the British construction of that article, and pregnant with serious misunderstandings." For the hundredth time we repeat, that the only *crux* was to restore the highlands which divide the waters flowing on the one side into the St. Lawrence, and on the other into the Atlantic, to the notoriety of universal knowledge, which they enjoyed in 1783; and the labours of Mudge and Featherstonhaugh, called in at the eleventh hour, prove that this was a matter of no moral difficulty, though of great physical toil. Our commissioners had no business whatsoever to propose a *revision* of the boundary line. Their duty was to *run it*, according to the terms either of the treaty of 1783 or the convention of 1803. Until the right had been established, which might have been done easily, it was a base abandonment of their trust to volunteer a proposition about revision or compromise. The American plenipotentiaries took their very pregnant hint, and did not fail, in the vulgar phraseology, to throw them quite over. The negotiation altogether



failed, and, from the absurd course taken by the British commissioners, the simple question at issue was left in "confusion worse confounded."

"The negotiation on this point ended in the adoption of the fifth article of the treaty of Ghent, authorising commissioners on the part of each government to survey the territory in dispute, and, in case of disagreement, to refer the report or reports of the said commissioners to some friendly sovereign or state to be then named for the purpose, and who shall be requested to decide the differences which may be stated in the said report or reports."

Well, this may seem very right; but the fact is, there was still no survey until that of Mudge and Featherstonhaugh, reported in 1840. The Americans falsified, swore, and forged;—the proper territory was not explored by the English. And thus the matter went to the King of Holland, who made an award greatly against us—against all right, justice, and equity. Featherstonhaugh says:—

"The King of the Netherlands having accepted the arbitration on the 12th of January, 1829, gave in his award on the 18th of January, 1831, deciding two of the three points which had been submitted to him in favour of Great Britain, but recommending and explaining a compromise of the principal question depending upon the position of the highlands, because 'the nature of the difference, and the vague and insufficiently defined stipulations of the treaty of 1783, do not allow of the adjudication of one or other of these lines to one of the said parties, without departing from the principles of justice and equity towards the other.'"

This was, even upon the information afforded, about as stupid an award as ever yet was made. The only thing that we could by any ingenuity find in its favour was, that it left open to us the established post route from New Brunswick to Quebec, which went north of the river St. John. But in all other respects it was preposterously against us. Two-thirds of the disputed area in square miles were to be wrested from us, sundry military posts and the navigation of the river St. John from 150 miles from its source, every inch of which properly belonged to us. Still such was the mania of our government for peace with a discre-

putable association of adventurers and outcasts who could not support a war—we say emphatically *could* not, for the notion of this populace being able to wage war against any civilised, and much more any imperial, power of Europe is assuredly the most absurd that ever was fostered in the utter access of a fever of impudence; still such was the mania for peace, that our government was actually prepared to accept the award of the King of Holland as "final and conclusive." But hear Mr. Featherstonhaugh:—

"Nevertheless on the 12th of January, 1831, only two days after the date of the award, Mr. Preble, himself a citizen of Maine, and then chargé d'affaires from the United States at the court of the King of the Netherlands, addressed a letter to Baron Versloot de Soelen, protesting against the award, on the ground that the arbiter had exceeded the power conferred upon him by substituting a boundary distinct from that provided by the second article of the treaty of 1783; and although the president of the United States deemed it consistent with his high duty to refer the award to the senate for their advice and consent to give it his ratification, that body, acting under its constitutional power, rejected the decision which the king had given in his quality of arbiter and mediator."

The British government repeatedly announced their willingness to abide by the award, but the Americans constantly refused; and it was only on the 30th of Oct. 1835, that Viscount Palmerston directed Mr. Bankhead "to announce to the president that the British government withdraws its consent to accept the territorial compromise recommended by the King of the Netherlands." Protracted and idle negotiations followed between the countries, our negotiators never exercising the common sense of trying to fix the Americans to the determination of the point, namely, the establishment of the highlands in which the King of the Netherlands found the difficulty, and upon which obviously the whole depended. Meantime, encroachments were made upon the territory in dispute by the rabble of Maine, and a collision was near taking place between the militia of that province and her majesty's forces. It was averted by the calm efforts of General Scott—that *issue*

*nature*, an American gentleman — and Sir John Hervey. While we honour the motives which actuated both those functionaries, we cannot help inclining to the opinion, that, from the course things have taken, it is to be regretted this collision did not take place, and that the rabble of Maine were not properly chastised. During that time, Lord Palmerston “thought it advisable, while the negotiations were proceeding, to send two commissioners to North America, with instructions to examine the physical character of the territory in dispute, and bring home such information as might enable her majesty’s government to understand clearly whether the boundary claimed by the United States of America was or was not in accordance with the language and intentions of the treaty of 1783.” These commissioners having completed their investigations in North America, returned home early in the year 1840. Mr. Featherstonhaugh farther says, “Her majesty’s commissioners, perceiving that the popular opinions on this controversy (concerning the disputed territory) were founded in many instances on data so erroneous that they had even misled the judgment of the King of the Netherlands, thought it their duty to review the whole diplomatic history of the dispute before they finally drew up their report. Prepared as they were to communicate the result of the geographical investigation they had been instructed to make, they were desirous of tracing to their true causes all those incorrect statements which had so much prejudiced the British claims both at home and abroad. They believed that the moment was arrived when it was necessary to present a strong case for the consideration of her majesty’s government, if the right and the honour of the country authorised it, or frankly to admit that the claim of Great Britain did not appear to them to be founded in truth and justice. Under a deep sense, then, of their responsibility, they, after long and anxious investigation of the subject, determined to report in substance to her majesty’s government, that the line of ‘highlands’ claimed by America was inconsistent with the physical geography of the country and with the intentions of

the treaty of 1783; and that the line of ‘highlands’ mentioned in the second article of that treaty did not lie to the north of the St. John, but to the south of that river.” The report we reviewed shortly after its publication. It was a singularly able document; and, as we demonstrated at the time, it shewed most clearly and indisputably, that Great Britain was entitled to every yard of the disputed territory. The great point achieved was, that they determined the “highlands” of the treaty of 1783. And nothing, accordingly, would have been more simple than the course of carrying the provisions of the second article of that treaty into effect, if we had had to deal with men on the other side who were accessible to any feelings of honour and honesty. But the Americans, in all their proceedings with us since Jefferson’s spirit was first infused into their diplomacy from the president’s chair — that is, we will say, since 1807 — have proved themselves the falsest and most shameless of human kind. In Washington, and Franklin, and Jay, and Rufus King, and some of their contemporaries, there was a strong admixture of that honest English feeling which has since quite disappeared from the American continent, — so far, at least, as all men are concerned who are engaged in public affairs. Here, however, we cannot help remarking, that the authors of the Report having used, as they did, great diligence, made a strange omission in not referring to the convention of 1803, executed by Lord Hawkesbury and Rufus King on behalf of their respective governments. Surely, this was an event in the diplomatic history of the north-east boundary question that ought not to have been passed over without notice. And it lay not very deep. It could not have well failed to attract the attention of any body who had read Dwight’s *History of the Hartford Convention*, — a work that every body who wants to know the facts concerning the war of 1812–13 with America, and our previous diplomatic relations with that country, ought to study. Nor could the circumstance of such a convention, whereby all the points of dispute respecting the north-east boundary,

and except in one instance the north-west also, were amicably arranged, have escaped the observation of any body who had read the volume containing the messages, &c., to Congress of the successive presidents. We say it was strange, then, that those gentlemen, though labouring in a new capacity for engineers, should not have fallen upon this piece of information, and written to our secretary for foreign affairs, and obtained from him a copy of this convention. But if we, in the case of those engineers, wonder at this omission, in what terms of reprobation sufficiently strong can we characterise the negligence or ignorance of all our diplomatic persons engaged upon this boundary question since the treaty of Ghent up to the ratification of the treaty of Washington? How came it that this convention of 1803 was not brought under the notice of the King of the Netherlands? How came it that Lord Ashburton, if he, who lived so long in America, and so much with American statesmen, and is so familiar with American history and literature, we say, if he were himself unacquainted with this convention, how came it that he was not supplied with a copy? It cannot reasonably be doubted that this convention would have been well-nigh as formidable an instrument in the hands of the British plenipotentiary as Franklin's map, which Mr. Webster kept (as some of our un-English contemporary writers say) so happily concealed from him. It is not reasonable to suppose that a convention signed by Lord Hawkesbury, and entirely approved of by the British government of the day, contained any concessions of a nature to compromise the interests or the honour of England. The great probability is that the boundary agreed upon by Lord Hawkesbury and Rufus King was nearly identical with that marked upon Franklin's map, and the Parisian map before referred to, and that map brought from Jefferson's collection. Perhaps the line drawn on that map describing *all the boundaries of the United States* represented the line agreed to by the convention of 1803. At all events, we are clear it could not have been very different from it, and that it ran far south of the river St. John; that it ran in

accordance with the principle always pursued by Great Britain in determining the boundaries of her empire on the American continent. That it was drawn through the sources of the St. John, and was not permitted to cut that river any where in its flow; and that it included in our territories the whole of the St. John's river, and all the streams which flow into it between the source of the St. Croix and Mars Hill; *all the waters, in a word, running into the St. John.* May it not be fairly asked, too, why was the discovery of the true boundary line of 1783 left to Mr. Jared Sparks and those who since brought forward other maps? Is it possible to conceive that the British ministry of 1783 were less curious about having the boundary-lines agreed to by treaty delineated on a map than M. de Vergennes? Surely we who were in possession of the Canadas had a deeper interest in their frontier than the French, who had lost those provinces! Can it then be reasonably concluded that in the archives of our foreign office, or in public or private collections, there is no map with the boundaries of 1783 laid down, as in that discovered by Mr. J. Sparks? At all events, all those concerned in the negotiations from 1814 to the present hour, if they would escape the blame of negligence and incapacity, should be prepared to shew that all due diligence in searching for such maps and authentic documents to illustrate them had been used.

We now come to the subject of Lord Ashburton. It is idle to suppose that no better information could be obtained than Mr. Featherstonhaugh describes in his supplement. He says:—

"Shortly after the departure of Lord Ashburton, an ancient map which had apparently been hid away for near sixty years, was discovered in one of the public offices (why not say which?) with a red line drawn upon it exactly conforming to the British claim; and, upon a careful consideration of all the circumstances connected with it, no doubt was entertained that that map was one of the maps used by the negotiators of the treaty of 1783; and that the red line marked upon it designated the direction of the boundary they had established. But this map was not signed, and could not be authenticated. A map, however, engraved in

1785, only a year perhaps after the ratification of the treaty, by M. Faden, geographer to the king, was taken to the United States by Lord Ashburton. This was evidently copied from an official map, and probably from the one last mentioned. It had the boundary-line traced in the copper, and was coloured exactly in the same direction with the red line on the map that could not be authenticated, running from the St. Croix along the highlands south of the St. John, and thence to the lake of the woods, according to the terms of the treaty. This map of Faden's was strong evidence of what was considered to be the established boundary at that time, and deserved much consideration from the circumstance of its being a semi-official map, which had never been objected to by the United States at any time after its appearance. In a letter of the Main commissioners to Mr. Webster, dated Washington, June 29, 1842, it appears that this map had been submitted to them; and, in a long passage respecting it, remarkable for its sneers, they seem satisfied with impeaching its value as evidence in the following words: 'The map referred to (Faden's) is a small one of small pretensions.'

If no better in the way of research and reproduction could be done than this, we say fie on our public officers, fie on our diplomatic servants; but still, take it at its worst, the possession of those maps ought, at least, to have lent confidence in the justice of the British claim to our plenipotentiary.

We now come to the subject of Lord Ashburton's mission. We have already treated of this topic at considerable length, and our opinion as to the amount and character of the sacrifices made without any equivalent stands recorded. We then maintained, setting aside the sacrifice of territory, that under no circumstances which could have arisen, could the surrender of a military position on Lake Champlain, the scene of our disasters in the war, and the Americans' most highly vaunted triumphs, the surrender of the navigation of the St. John, and the abandonment of 2000 British subjects, to whom, as they owed the British crown indefeasible allegiance, the British crown owed enduring protection, be excused or palliated. We believe we made this quite clear at the time; but if any thing were wanting to convince the most incre-

dulous, time and recent discoveries have supplied it. Lord Ashburton, it is true, has been duped, deceived, misled in the most shameful and treacherous manner by Mr. Webster and the other American authorities. No words are sufficiently strong to blazon forth the infamy of their conduct. But we do contend that Lord Ashburton was in a position which rendered it unnecessary for him to place implicit confidence in Mr. Webster, and ought to have rendered him able to perceive the fallacy of all, and the falsehood of many, of his statements. Lord Ashburton might and ought to have known much more than it would appear he did. A plenipotentiary properly qualified to serve Great Britain would not have been ignorant of the convention of 1803, and would not have passed it over in silence; he would, at least, have striven to possess himself of maps and documents relating to the treaty of 1783. Still Lord Ashburton might have stood on much higher ground than any negotiator since 1814. He had the report of Messrs. Mudge and Featherstonehaugh, in which, from history, physical geography, and actual scientific observations, explorations, and surveys, those propositions in dispute were proved to the entire satisfaction of any man capable of comprehending the arguments. The commissioners state at the conclusion of their report,—

"We have carefully examined every branch of this important subject as it has come under our consideration; and that conscientiously believing that the claims of Great Britain to the whole of the disputed territory are founded in justice, and are in plain accordance with the second article of the treaty of 1783, and with the physical geography of the country,

"We report,—

"That we have found a line of highlands, agreeing with the language of the second article of the treaty of 1783, extending from the north-westernmost head of the Connecticut river to the sources of the Chaudière, and passing from thence, in a north-easterly direction, south of the Roostuc, to the bay of Chaleurs. The course of that line is traced out on the map A, accompanying our Report. Upon the left margin of this map we have placed a section of the country along the line as far as the Lake Kecaquam; and,

upon the right margin, a perpendicular section along the exploratory due north line, accompanying them both with barometrical elevations. We further report, that there does not exist in the disputed territory any other line of highlands which is in accordance with the second article of the treaty of 1783; and that the line which is claimed on the part of the United States as the line of highlands of the treaty of 1783 does not pass nearer than from forty to fifty miles of the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river, and therefore has no pretension to be put forward as the line intended by the treaty of 1783."

With this report in his hand, Lord Ashburton, strengthened and confirmed by two *ancient* maps, which he must have known in his heart were authentic, we say ought not to have been the first to propose a compromise of our rights, and to volunteer an offer to make concessions to an insolent and braggart populace. He *had* that which other negotiators on our side *had not* since the war with America. He had the *highlands* of the treaty fixed and determined, and no difficulty remained in drawing the line according to the terms of the second article. It was not for him, then, to assume a doubtful or hesitating tone, either with respect to those highlands or the validity of our claim, however he might be expected to make *concessions* (we presume, for the honour of England), on receiving equivalents. We are unwilling to dwell upon this painful subject; but, having originally taken up the question of this north-east boundary, and then the Ashburton treaty, and put forward certain views on both, we feel it a duty we owe to ourselves to shew now that, in every particular, those views have by recent events been established as correct. Mr. F. has come forward in a bulky pamphlet as the champion of the Ashburton treaty. Pamphlet and postscript have been well described by a contemporary:—

"There is a story in our nursery lore about a cow that was in the habit of giving a good pail of milk, and directly after kicking it down. Mr. Featherstonhaugh seems to have studied the moral of this little story with advantage. After writing a bulky pamphlet, in which he erected a goodly monument in honour of the Ashburton treaty, he has, in the most

complete manner, kicked down the whole structure in a brief postscript. In the body of his work he defends the treaty in every point, and all its passages in the most chivalrous manner. We say chivalrous, because there is something romantic in the gallantry of a civil engineer, who comes forward to defend the policy of a diplomatist upon questions purely economic, and upon the great and delicate questions of international law. But, alas! after lending the whole weight of his authority, and discharging the heavy ordnance of his arguments in favour, not simply of the 'expediency,' but of the satisfactory and excellent nature of the Ashburton treaty, a spark falls into his powder-magazine, which explodes and destroys guns and batteries, and completely dismantles the fort he had been at such pains to construct."

The same publication observes:—

"As to the line claimed by the Americans, to suppose for a moment that the negotiators, on the part of England in 1783, would countenance an arrangement so utterly destructive to the interests of our provinces, and so fatal to their preservation, is one of those absurdities which will not bear an instant's calm and dispassionate consideration.

"Unless America were in 1783 in a condition to dictate terms to us on the *væ victis* principle, it is impossible to imagine that England could have accepted such a boundary. Yet this same Mr. Featherstonhaugh, after the treaty is concluded, the terms of which are sufficiently well known, comes gravely forward to argue that, not alone morally but *physically*, we have concluded a beneficial arrangement. To argue that we had not in the division of the territory, and the rights attached to it, made concessions, we always looked upon as idle. Undoubtedly concessions had been made, and, on our part, rights abandoned. But we did hope that morally a result had been achieved of infinite importance—a result cheaply purchased by much more than we tendered for it. Great, indeed, must be the price that could be too great to pay for the establishment upon a solid and permanent basis of friendly relations between the two countries. In this we cordially concur with Lord Brougham. But, after all Mr. F.'s fine and philanthropic reasoning, it is rather too bad to have to learn from him that we have been deceived and over-reached by our friends the Americans; that our forbearance now, as on all previous occasions, has been misinterpreted and misunderstood, our generosity, frankness, and confidence abused; and that the sincere and enduring establishment of amicable and faithful re-

lations, not simply between the British nation and the American populace, but between their respective governments, is certainly not now more near, if it be not more remote, than it was before the signing of the Ashburton treaty."

We had another and higher object in writing this paper than any we have yet declared. Where the interests and honour of the British empire are concerned, no personal regards, no party feelings, shall prevent us from coming forward to reprobate the wrong, and defend the right. We have accordingly regarded it as a duty to our country to make manifest that all our negotia-

tions with the Americans since 1814 have, to say the least, been grossly mismanaged. If, on the side of the Americans there has been fraud, falsification, perjury, and bullying, on ours there has been a want of information, a want of diligence, and a want of firmness, which is disgraceful to our diplomacy. We are about to enter into negotiation with the Americans for the settlement of another boundary. We trust that the lesson taught us by the startling story of the Ashburton treaty, both as regards the diplomatic servants of America and those of our own country, will not be thrown away.

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REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS,

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

No. V.

M. THIERS.

WHEN first my eyes caught a glimpse of the shining silver spectacles of little Monsieur Thiers, he was living in a very modest manner on a rather high *étage* in a by no means prepossessing house in Paris. Dingy, dark, and dirty was the staircase, and the porter growled a sullen "*oui*" when the friend whom I accompanied inquired, if M. Adolphe Thiers resided in the dwelling of which that illustrious keeper was the legally authorised preserver. I fear that at that time the little man was not so generous in his "*etrennes*" to the aforesaid porter as he was afterwards in a position to be, since at any rate it struck me forcibly, that Thiers was not a popular name in the establishment in question. This was prior to the Revolution of 1830, and at that time our hero loved and swore by that very Armand Carrel, whom afterwards he persecuted and traduced. The former was engaged in writing for the republican *National*, which he had assisted in establishing, and in preparing the minds of the too ardent "*Jeunes Gens*" for that call "to arms" which the tocsin of the capital soon after thundered in their ears. Thiers was one of those who conspired to bring about the Revolution of 1830. He did this, *first*, because his principles or his doctrines, his convictions or

his professions, were at that time of a republican character. He did so, *second*, because I think he believed that it was the intention of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon to overthrow the constitutional charter of Louis XVIII., and to render it purely monarchical. He did so, *third*, because he saw no hope for himself, or for the extreme party with which he was connected, ever arriving at power and office, without "the men of the past" were all driven from their posts to make room for "*Young France*;" and he did so, *fourth*, because he belonged to those who *hated the Bourbons*. One of his associates at that time was Mignet, of whom they tell the following curious anecdote. When asked by the Duke de Guiche what was the reason of his animosity to the Bourbon race, as a race, he replied, "*Parceque je n'aime pas les Bourbons*." "But *why* do you not love the Bourbons?" demanded the duke. "It is not an answer to my inquiry why do you hate the Bourbons to say, because I do not love them." Mignet smiled, but retorted on his political interrogator in the following manner:—

"I once knew a lady who said she did not like mackerel. Now to me who was, and still am, a great lover

of mackerel, this appeared extraordinary; and I asked her, 'Pray, madam, *why* do you not like mackerel?' 'Because I *do not* like mackerel,' was her answer, and she would give me no other."

The duke thought that both M. Mignet and the lady, might have given better reasons than they did for their mutual dislikes, but he perceived that the distastes of both were at any rate inveterate. I think this story will illustrate that which I wish to impress on the readers of "*Regina*," that little M. Thiers had a constitutional hatred for the Bourbons, just as his other friend, Béranger, had, when he sung his treasonable but witty song, "And still the Bourbons held the Throne." The young men of France knew nothing of the Bourbons. How should they? The first revolution had banished them; and the empire with its glory and its disgrace had been the period during which the then youth of France had been nursed, cradled, and educated. Those who had not been carried off by the conscription, or mown down by the sabre or the grape-shot of the European alliance, were, in nine hundred out of every thousand cases, wholly ignorant of *why* they fought, or of who were the Bourbons, or where they resided. They had heard of the decapitation of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette, but of Louis XVIII. and Count D'Artois, or the Duke d'Angoulême and his admirable and immortal duchess, and especially of the son of *Egalité* Orleans, they were as ignorant as they were of the Emperor of China or the Governor of the Moon. The old republicans who had not in 1814 expired, undoubtedly took great pains to convince the people that the Bourbons were Jesuits, enthusiastically attached to all that was Romish, bigoted, and "saintly," and got up a sort of "*charivari*" against the priests and the altar. Now M. Thiers, living in a department far removed from civilisation and good life, received his early impressions from those, who wholly mistook at any rate the character of Louis XVIII.; and being also opposed alike to the Protestant and to the Catholic churches, was prepared on his arrival at Paris to join in the cry of, "Down with the Jesuits!" This cry of "Down with

the Jesuits!" was a senseless one, because Louis XVIII. was as free from popish, as he was from Protestant influences. He was a thorough man of the world. He had lived in many countries and in very troublesome times; he had seen many religions at work, as well as in theory. He was a good scholar, and not far removed from being a philosopher, and those who called him a Jesuit were rogues or dunces. He was a man with a great mind, much wit, and sound discretion, and he was no more a Jesuit than Charles James Fox or Robert Southey. When, then, little M. Thiers pretended to believe that the restoration of the Bourbons was the revival of popery, he either evinced great ignorance, or he insulted and perverted truth and facts. If I dwell a little longer on this point, it is because I feel its importance. The eldest branch of the house of Bourbon was shamefully misrepresented. Louis XVIII. had no more the desire of reigning in a spirit of priestcraft, than he had of living on "*soupe maigre*," or of dying in a cloister. But M. Thiers and the men of his age, opinions, and calibre, knew that there was no better way of running down the Bourbons in France than by adding to their royal titles the epithet of "Jesuit;" and this plan was eventually successful.

At the time to which I am now, however, more especially alluding, Louis XVIII. was dead. Those liberal tricksters who had libelled him when living, then affected to believe that France had lost the most constitutional of monarchs; and when Charles X. ascended the throne, the liberal prints poured forth daily their regrets for the wise and enlightened prince, who had descended to the tomb of the Capets. It was then that M. Thiers first began to hope for the future; and then, also, it was that Laffitte declared that the house of Bourbon would be unable to stand against the power of the house of Laffitte. No man was more regular at the revolutionary, or quasi-revolutionary *soirées* of the said M. Laffitte than Adolphe Thiers. There he spouted anarchy, and fanned sedition, and there it was that he often repeated the famous declaration, "That the king reigns, but does not govern." This was one of

those French maxims which captivated the ignorant, and delighted the thoughtless.

The *soirées* of M. Laffitte were very little more violent, however, than those at the Palais Royal. Undoubtedly, the then Duke of Orleans (now Louis Philippe) kept up the appearance of respect to his king and relative, Charles X.; but Barthélemy and Méry, Benjamin Constant and Laffitte, Béranger, Lafayette, and all the uproarious and discontented spirits of the age, were well received and applauded, by the then first subject of the realm. It was at this period that M. Thiers first made the acquaintance of his future sovereign, and it was then that he paved his way for his subsequent reception at the palace of the Tuileries.

It is a fact which has been too frequently forgotten, that the revolution of 1830 was by no means an *"impromptu."* It is not true that M. Thiers, for example, was not fully prepared for its accomplishment. He, and those who acted with him, planned the measures and the opposition which should, in the end, compel the monarchy to stand on the defensive. "*We will drive the old Jesuit to a coup d'état,*" said M. Thiers, on one occasion, when speaking of his king, Charles X.: "*they wish to govern legally, that is, according to the letter of the law; but we will make him rule according to its spirit!!*"

At the period of which I am now speaking little Thiers was a very poor man. His two-franc dinners, or one shilling and eightpence, wine included, were by no means rare; and none but himself would have dared to predict that he would afterwards become the associate of the rulers, and of the prime ministers of Europe. Not, indeed, that such men as Talleyrand ever forgot Thiers's origin; but he who said that "language was given to enable men to conceal their thoughts," also said, "that Thiers was a fop without elegance, an aristocrat without real pretensions or family, and a political demagogue without courage or foresight." Still Talleyrand availed himself of his services, admired his dexterity in boxing the political compass, and used to declare "that Adolphe was the only man of merit who had sprung from the hotbed of the barricades." "Tal-

leyrand sucked the orange, and rejected peel and pips," said Odillon Barrot in one of his happy moments; but when little Thiers heard of it, he vowed vengeance against both his patron and his competitor.

I shall never forget M. Thiers's aspect in the *Rue Richelieu*, as he hurried with a quick and eager step towards the bureau of the journal *Le Temps*, as soon, or immediately after the appearance of the ordinances of Charles X., to assist in preparing "*the protest*" of the journalists against the decrees of the sovereign. He evidently felt that all his future depended on that very present moment; and he knit his brow, clenched his fist, and stamped steadfastly the ground, as a man will do who resolves to play his very best card, and to run the risk of all consequences. He had evidently also some confidence in his star of good luck; and though the police might have disturbed Monsieur Jacques Coste's orgies, and carried off the conspirators to gaol, little Adolphe Thiers acted on the broad constitutional maxim, "that those who were born to be hung will never be drowned," or that those who are born to be prime ministers will never die sub or even chief editors of journals. At one of the various meetings of political partisans and leaguers held in those eventful times, General Sebastiani, afterwards ambassador of Louis Philippe to the court of St. James's, was present,—

"I am no conspirator," said the count; "I am not come here to arm against my king; but simply to counsel him."

When this was told to Thiers, he replied, "Poor man! his world is in his pocket! his sea is a puddle! his storm a wind of fans! and when he conspires, it will be under the immediate protection of Madame —."

On another occasion, when told that Casimir Perier was known to be favourable to the popular movement, he exclaimed, "Yes, as favourable as a farmer is to locusts, as favourable as a miser is to spendthrifts, as favourable as a merchant is to bankrupts."

Thiers saw in the revolution of 1830 his only chances of future fame, wealth, and distinction; and never did any gamester more wholly cast his fortune on a die. It turned up



"trumps," and he became rich and powerful. His visions became realities, and no one could desire more than he did, to render them all solid and durable. Still, in spite of his "palaver"—and few men can talk as well as Adolphe Thiers—he had some difficulty in ingratiating himself with the then Duke of Orleans. If Talleyrand had not taken him by the hand to do as he told him, and had not so confided in his docility as to countenance what to other less discerning minds would have appeared to be temerity, all his manoeuvring under the restoration, and during the last days of the old monarchy, would have been wholly useless. Indeed, the first offices held by M. Thiers under the elective monarchy of 1830 proved that his alliance was less desired, than his opposition was apprehended. He was "the" man, *par excellence*, of the barricades. Mauguin and Barrot, Cormenin and Arago, Constant and Perier, Laffitte and Lafayette, had long been known, and their value variously estimated. In fact, the public mind had been made up about them; and such men as Salverte and Villemain, as Royer Collard and Guizot, or as Berryer and Chateaubriand, were known and judged of all parties. But little Thiers, sparkling Thiers,—dashing, foaming, ranting, coaxing, wheedling Thiers, was a new man. He had no antecedents. His past was obscurity; his present, agitation and uncertainty; his future was an enigma. But not so to him. He knew that he was prepared to sacrifice men, principles, people, the throne,—all—all—for power; and he knew that power with him meant wealth, ease, luxury, enjoyment, influence, and—fame. But fame was secondary to wealth; and gold was his idol!!

When first I saw M. Thiers as under secretary of state, he appeared to have grown twelve inches. His "I" this, and his "I" that, was changed to the royal "we;" and he looked at his master as one who thought "the power behind the throne would soon be greater than the throne itself." His spirit could not brook a superior. To be prime minister, as he afterwards was, would evidently not be a sufficiently elevated position to satisfy him, if the monarch, when he should counsel,

should dare to retain an independent opinion. Hence his beloved maxim, "that the king reigns in constitutional monarchies, but does not govern." But Louis Philippe has, fortunately for France and for Europe, despised it.

When next I saw M. Thiers, he was a minister of state! Heavens—what a splash! He put at defiance the aristocracy! The furniture was new and magnificent; the refreshments were sumptuous; the lights were regal! All Paris talked of his initiative fête as an affair belonging to the "Arabian Night's Entertainments;" and the little man looked six feet high even without his boots!

When the old hereditary families of France occupied ministerial posts, they were reserved in their demeanour, modest in their carriage, diffident in their habits, and economical in their proceedings. When M. de Peyronnet expended upon his ministerial hotel a few extra hundred pounds sterling, the revolutionists of 1829 saddled him *personally* with the expenses in question; but when little Thiers, the nobody of 1829, the revolutionist of 1830, and the minister of 1832, threw napoleons to upholsterers by the basket-full, in order that Madame d'Appony, the Austrian ambassadress, might not laugh at his descent, and ridicule his plebeianism, the great little man sat on brocade velvet, slept on eider down, compressed, however, into ministerial mattresses, and drank iced Tokay because the world could not supply a more *expensive* beverage. In those days of regal sumptuousness he exclaimed, "Who can afford to be splendid, if it be not the minister of a monarchy, where the people pay for all with their eyes open?" Poor "people!" But what cared he for reproach or scorn? He was minister of state, and he triumphed over both friends and foes!

I remember one of Thiers's satellites at this period was a celebrated Parisian *gourmand*! The baron liked Thiers, as an old lady likes a young coxcomb,—his friendship tickled his vanity. Every one talked of the "little minister;" and as he said very odd things in a very droll way, nothing delighted this lover of the "*delicacies of the table*" so much, as to tell all the good things this said mi-

nister had uttered at his, the gourmand's table. The baron, myself, and a few others, met at the house of D—, where good wines were plentiful, and hospitality was displayed with elegance and taste. The baron spoke of Thiers with rapture. He had dined with him the previous day. He had said so many capital things, that the gourmand was in ecstasies; and amongst them were the following (I give them in English, for the benefit of the unlearned):—"Why was the revolution of 1830 a *legitimate* revolution?—Because it had been made by 'the sovereign people!' "What was the greatest miracle of modern times?—The election of Louis Philippe to be King of the French: first, because he was elected *because* he was a Bourbon; and yet, second, *although* he was a Bourbon." M. Dupin, "the double of Lord Brougham," afterwards made a "*parceque*" and a "*quoique*" out of this joke; but it was originally the property of little Thiers. "Why is Prince Talleyrand the most able of diplomatists?—Because his left hand is ignorant of the proceedings of his right;" or, in other words, because with him "words are made to conceal, and not to express convictions." "Who is the keenest monarch in all Europe?"—"Louis Philippe." "Why?—Because when he played for a *crown* he gained a kingdom, and kept his own fortune,"—alluding to the able arrangements of that prince before he accepted the throne, by which he secured his own large private revenues to his family, ere he entered into possession of the crown estates. There were several more of the same class, which really sounded very well over a bottle or two of the best hermitage I ever remember to have tipped.

There was another man named H—, the man of business, the go-between, the pocket-handkerchief of *Monsieur le ministre*. It was his duty to take a "*cabriolet de remise*" every morning at nine o'clock, and drive to the hotel of the minister of the barricades. He had the right of private entry. He was charged to "*confabulate*" and "*conspire*" with the commissary at the exchange, who was yet charged to *protect* (!) the French public from the tricks and manœuvres of all men—except ministers of state. They

were of course too exalted, too honourable, too high-minded to require any watchers over *their* proceedings; and for this reason it was that the tremendous fluctuations in the French and Spanish funds at the Paris Bourse always were the result of ministerial trickings. Poor H— had an unfortunate face of his own,—for he looked cold, cadaverous, and yet spiteful. He never constructed one sentence in his life, beginning and ending naturally. He never looked at another man's eyes, except when that other man was blind. He never went straight to a street, lane, or house, but walked and rode, like a crab, tortuously and unpleasantly. His voice was dull, heavy, and funereal; but he played the part of "mysterious" *à la merveille*, and even raised a silver cover of a dish of vegetables, as if he expected the contents of a "*green bag*" would be let loose by his effort. He never appeared to have made up his mind as to the answer he should give even to the simplest question, and looked embarrassed when you said, "*How d'ye do?*" Now that man was my aversion. But he was a "handy man" for M. Thiers; for H— would, if he could, have kept even from himself his own secrets, lest he himself should tell himself that which he knew M. Thiers ought never to have confided to another. But H— was "the dirty-work man" of *Monsieur le ministre*, and both found the acquaintance most desirable and engaging. In plain terms, to H— a small commission on all sales and purchases of stock was an object; and to Thiers, his friend's devotedness was the means of enabling him to carry out all his patriotic (!) and unselfish policy. H— knew well when to tell a "very great secret;" to whom to tell it; that it might be spread the most rapidly; and how to profit by it, either for a rise or fall in the three per cents.

But to return to the minister himself. Although he had assisted in getting up the drama of the revolution, he found that it was a much more difficult task than he had anticipated, to chain the rampant spirits he had aided in letting loose upon society. This annoyed him greatly. The *émeutes* and insurrections of 1832, 1833, and 1834, often put him

into prodigious passions. On one occasion, the then prefect of police at Paris said to him, "Monsieur le Ministre, there is a more formidable organisation at the present moment in this city against the government of the king than you seem to be aware of. The conspiracy has reached the ranks of the National Guards, and we cannot rely on them."

"*Enough!—Enough!*" cried little Thiers, jumping on his feet, and slapping the table with his right hand,—“they'll conspire, will they? Against me too!—against the government!—against the king! I know them—I dare them—I'll crush them! They shout for liberty, do they? Then they shall not have it! Liberty, indeed! the rascals—the scorpions! I'll try them before courts-martial—I'll shoot them—I'll guillotine them! What do they want? War with the world, I suppose! Cowards! they would be the first to run away. ‘Young France,’ and ‘Young Germany,’ and ‘Young Poland,’ are we to be governed then by beardless sucklings, and by a government of bibs and tuckers? I know them. They are pennyless hawkers of sedition; they live in the puddles, and rake filth in the ditches of society; they would fatten upon blood and beauty, and dance to the sound of the axe, as it fell on the necks of all who were wealthier than themselves! They are reptiles, they are regicides—parricides—any thing—every thing, to reach fat larders and well-stored cellars. They shall do neither. I will crush them!” and then he gave the table another such a slap as made the prefect stare, and must almost have alarmed the mahogany itself.

But M. Thiers kept his word. He attacked those very principles of the Revolution, which he had been foremost to proclaim and to put into operation, with a vigour which astonished even his coadjutors, and which caused his quondam associates to denominate him “the Assassin of Liberty.” Casimir Perier also indulged occasionally in violent outbreaks against the Revolution. On one occasion a townsman of his, a native of Grenoble, called at an early hour upon that most extraordinary man. He found Casimir Perier just about taking his morning bath, but this

was no impediment to the interview.

“They say, M. Perier, that you will not be able to maintain your ground, and that your system will be overthrown, for that France ~~will~~ have her natural frontiers, and 500,000 men will arm themselves, and march to the Rhine.”

Perier sat up erect, clenched his fist, looked the veriest hurricane in the universe, and broke out as follows:

“*They say!* who are *they*? Some ranting maniacs at the Salpêtrière—some madmen at Charenton! ‘*They say!*’ who are your *they's*, sir? not one man who has a hope of ever laying his fingers, by honest means, on another five-franc piece during his life. Not one man who has a child to love, a wife to defend, or a mistress to caress. Not one man who is removed even but one degree from helpless idiocy, or from frantic insanity. *They say!* Tell me who they are! Let me know their names,—where they breathe without living, and exist in fetid atmospheres, and with vice, crime, and corruption. Ah! ah! So I shall not be able to maintain my ground, eh? Then they must kill me, stab me, crush me by their brute force, and scatter my dust to the winds. France has no natural frontiers. They are asses, fools, beasts, who talk thus. There are no such things as ‘*natural*’ frontiers, except the sea which forms the boundary of the land. Tell these wretched dunces that France is too large already, because she contains them. 500,000 men who will clothe themselves, and march to the Rhine! Where were they at the capitulation of Paris? Where were they after the defeat at Waterloo? Where were they at the adieu at Fontainebleau? Where were they when their emperor sailed to St. Helena, his prison and his grave? Let them clothe themselves if they can, wretched ragged, loathsome, cowardly conspirators! But the first man who marches towards the Rhine is dead. I will have no war. I will have no European coalition against France. I will not have the Prussians bivouac in our streets, and the English encamp in our Bois de Boulogne and our Champs Elysées. Tell your ‘*they's*’ so from me, sir. I defy them. Let them do their worst. I

will make no concession. Peace, peace, peace I will have, and of those who shall attempt to disturb it I will make signal examples."

When this indignant, but eloquent sentence was over, Perier rose from his bath, dressed in great agitation, continued during the whole period of his toilette his vehement philippics against the war and revolutionary parties; and kept his Grenoble friend for nearly an hour, under the influence of this sort of moral hail-storm. At length the statesman was physically exhausted, and he sunk upon a chair. Still, however, his Grenoble opponent remained firm to his opinion; and, at length, Perier, no longer able to endure the opposition, seized him by the collar of his coat, and exclaimed,—

"Are you too, then, one of these 'they's' who will crush me, defeat me? You shall not succeed. The very bowels of society in France shall be got into, the secrets of every hearth and home shall be known, the deepest depths of secrecy shall be explored, and a man shall not have the privilege of his own thoughts, or the sacredness of his own hopes and desires, before France shall be ruined by a band of secret conspirators. Tell them all so. I defy them!"

The Grenoble "Patriot" at length became as peevish, irritable, and untractable as the minister himself; and but for the arrival of a friend, the scene might have been by no means *convenable* for a premier. But who can refrain from admiring the grandeur of the man who, knowing he was right, would die, rather than abandon the cause of order, truth, and real patriotism? Alas! he did die the victim of his own manliness of purpose, and of his own sincerity of conviction.

When this scene was related to Thiers, he capered about the room in a sort of paroxysm of joy, and as one of his very favourite terms is *canaille*, he repeated it again and again, applying it, of course, each time to those who opposed the "peaceable and legal" policy of M. Perier. And yet that admirable man had but little confidence in M. Thiers. He admired his talents, and who that has heard him at the tribune, when he was in a happy mood, could refrain from doing so? But he had little

confidence in his principles, and no respect for his opinion. M. Thiers knew this; but Perier was a mighty rock, a great deliverer, a giant amidst pigmies, and it suited the young deminister to fight for the time as an underling, rather than to be separated from the cause of peace and order. M. Guizot stood on far different grounds. Casimir Perier admired his virtue and integrity, as well as his talents, and confided at once in his judgment, and his heart. Guizot is certainly no admirer of M. Thiers. The latter acted with the former in hours alike perilous to the throne and to the country, but when the season of peril was past, they found that their views as to the best means of preventing the return of similar physical and moral disasters, were widely different. In fact, Thiers is the mountebank minister, Guizot the philosophic statesman.

The great use of M. Thiers, as a coadjutor in a Conservative ministry, was this, that he did essentially belong to the Revolution, and that, in that particular, he formed the contrast to the men of the empire and the men of the Restoration, who were members of the various French administrations from 1830 to 1840. When the press, the public schools, the colleges, the streets resounded with the cry of "We have not only the same principles, but even the same men as the Restoration. We have changed nothing but the youngest, or the left-handed branch of the house of Bourbon, for the old and ancient branch of the Capets:" the answer invariably was, "You cannot say this of M. Thiers, and yet he, the man of the Revolution, is with us." Now this was all very well, as being *ad captandum*, with a description of people such as the French, but M. Thiers of 1829 and 1830 was *not* the same man as M. Thiers the minister. On the contrary, he had renounced his principles, abandoned his party, and mainly assisted in depopularising those very dogmas and opinions which, by his periodical and other writings, he had so greatly aided to get into vogue.

But there was another reason why M. Thiers was so soon called to power, and so prematurely raised to a position of eminence and importance, and that was, that the *Left*

wanted a powerful, intrepid, eloquent, and energetic leader; and if they had obtained the aid of that gentleman, he would have been found to be a very formidable, not to say dangerous, antagonist. The new dynasty had too many enemies to be able to afford to add one to their number, and especially one, whom it was easy to conciliate, and not difficult to purchase. Besides which, he was an acute man, a clever man of business, a man of action and energy, and prepared to break with his former party, and to expose its weakness. There was, likewise, a still stronger reason than all the rest, and that was his unquestionable talent as a public speaker. He is petulant, waspish, tyrannical, unfair in debate, if you will; but he is coaxing, winning, emphatic, personal, and decided. He is far more than this, he is really and truly eloquent. Oh! I have heard him, in his loftiest and best moments, enforce with manly courage true constitutional principles: and carry along with him not merely the attention, but the sympathies and hearts, of an excited and delighted auditory! Bursts of long-pent-up applause would mark the homage and the interest of those who listened to, and were held captive by, his powers. For whilst no public man of the present day, in any part of the world, has exposed himself so much to reproach and censure by his tergiversation, his selfishness, his love of money and of display, and his forgetfulness of the nothingness of his origin, as has this gentleman; yet it would be perfectly ridiculous to deny to him the possession of great oratorical powers. And those powers are the more striking, and remarkable, inasmuch as Nature has done nothing for him. His person is diminutive, his features by no means prepossessing, his eyes concealed by spectacles, his voice frequently nasal and disagreeable, his manners plebeian and vulgar, his whole air that of a *marchand* of the better class, huckstering or bargaining for goods or for credit. No one would make such a mistake as to say, "That's the son of a nobleman," or, "He belongs to the class of gentlemen or of landed proprietors," or even of men of letters, except, indeed, it is to the hectoring

school of French journalism. And yet let the veriest enemy of Thiers existing on the face of the earth, including the Emperor Nicholas and the good old ex-King William of Holland, hear him on a gala day attack the Republicans, or defend the cause of peace and order, and he must spring forward to shake him by the hands, and congratulate him on his triumph. Yes, and even when changing his tone, altering his tack, and, as the late Marquess of Londonderry once said, "turning his back upon himself," he has pleaded for restraining the prerogatives of Louis Philippe, has argued in behalf of a French armed intervention in Spanish affairs, and has, by half promises and many phrases, cheered on Mehemet Ali in his opposition to his master the sultan; still M. Thiers has so won upon the imaginations of his opposers, by his poetry and his persuasiveness, that they have left the Chamber of Deputies unable to remain in hostility to one, who could so enchain them. And yet M. Thiers has none of the attributes of an ancient orator, except his sophistry. He belongs neither to the Ciceros nor to the Demosthenes of former ages. On the one hand, he is without method, logic, close argumentation, like Guizot; on the other hand, he is without pathos, depth of feeling, and soul-stirring fire, like Berryer. But in the world in which we live he makes more converts to his opinions. How is this? Let us see.

The eloquence of M. Thiers is adapted by him to his audience. He looks at the Chamber of Deputies as a small but motley group of timid, anxious, money-loving, peace-improving men. They are ex-notaries, or notaries still. They are ex-judges, or judges in inferior courts still. They are retired merchants, or merchants still. They are iron-founders, barristers, sugar-refiners, ex-legal officers of the crown, receivers-general, local attorney-generals, wine-growers, small landed proprietors, and nearly all have some object in view in becoming deputies besides being members of the Chamber. This is exactly the reverse (generally speaking) of what takes place in England. Here, men strive to be something, in order that they may be selected as members of parliament by

some constituency. In France, men seek to be deputies, that they may then begin to be, or hope to be something. Because in that country the "something" has always a reference to a government place in the provinces, or in Paris, and to the pension which is sure to follow a certain number of years of active service. Thus the great knack of M. Thiers is the adaptation of his voice, manner, words, style, thoughts, to the audience he has placed before him. In the English House of Commons he would be lost, because the interests are so opposite, the classes so distinct, the parties so equally, or nearly equally poised, and the majority of minds so divergent, that he must enlist himself on one side or the other, and he might, or might not, I am not sure which, become one of the leaders of one party. But this would not suit his trimming and uncertain mind. I will illustrate my meaning further, by an example. For instance, let us suppose the question of the "Nationality of Poland," and the necessity for preserving and defending it, to be brought by M. Mauguin or by M. Barrot, under the consideration of the Chamber. What would be the course taken by M. Thiers?—I will tell you. He would draw an afflicting and almost tearful description of the sorrows and calamities of the Poles! The members of the Opposition would cheer the "little" minister, and cry, "*C'est bien! c'est bien!*" That done, he would turn his attention to "the glories of the empire," describe in such glowing terms what France had done, and how she had been first and foremost defending the cause of the oppressed, and in protecting weak and helpless people from tyranny and rapacity, that those who thought they had the history of France at their fingers' ends, and had yet arrived at the very opposite conclusions to the orator, would pride themselves in belonging to a nation so distinguished by its gallantry, chivalry, and benevolence! The officers of the empire, who were members of the Chamber of Deputies, would let their deep sepulchral voices be heard crying "*Ecoutez! Ecoutez!*" as M. Thiers rapidly ran over the battles of Germany, and the wonders of Leipsic; and when the orator de-

scended from the tribune, they would rush even to embrace him. But long before that descent, he would perceive that whilst the *gauche* were enchanted with his touching *tableau* of Polish distress; and whilst the Buonapartists of the Chamber loved to hear him descant of battles, which they thus seemed to fight o'er and o'er again, he would perceive that the bulk of the house, the two centres, the heavy battalions who constitute the voting majority, were getting weary of these concessions to popular feeling, and to military taste; and perceiving this, he would then spread wide his canvass to far different shores and exclaim, "Yea, gentlemen, those mighty marvels which *our* France *has* accomplished she could again effect, were it to her interest, her policy, her real grandeur, and solid advantage, to undertake them!"

("Silence! silence!" cry the Centres. "That's the question.")

"Yes!—it *is* the question!" M. Thiers would rejoin; "and I reply that such efforts, such displays, such sacrifices, she is no longer called on to make. France desires peace with honour, and liberty with the laws; and although her big heart still palpitates with emotion whenever she hears of the wrongs and outrages with which the world is filled, yet she cannot afford to sacrifice the blood of her children for every cause, nor to lavish her treasures in every land."

(The Centres rise *en masse*. Cries and shrieks of rapture drown the voice of the little minister, and he has effected, or nearly so, his object. What is that?—To dispose of the motion by a side-wind, or else to qualify it, and mitigate its severity, against it shall reach the ears or the eyes of the Autocrat of all the Russias.)

"I know your sentiments, gentlemen, relative to Poland," continues M. Thiers, still directing his eyes and his words to the Centres; "they are full of kindness, of melting kindness, of compassion, of the best recollections, and of friendly sympathy. But there *is* a land you love yet dearer than Poland; there *are* hearts for which yours beat higher and warmer than even for those of the unhappy Poles—and those are for the hearts, the lives, of your own

sons, of all Frenchmen! The charity which ever stays at home, and confines its affections within the narrow circle of domestic life, is but a poor specimen of godlike love; but the charity which extends its sympathy to other and to foreign families, forgetting those of its own country and kind, is not of such a character as angels can delight in, or as God can approve. France!—glorious, noble, chivalrous, courageous, enlightened France, must be supreme in our affections, and paramount in our considerations!"

("This is beside the question," exclaims M. Berryer. "This is to get rid of the difficulty," calls out M. Arago.)

"No, sir, it is not beside the question: it is not to get rid of any difficulty," retorts M. Thiers. "I was shewing to the Chamber how it was possible to cultivate the noblest sympathy, and yet to preserve the peace of the world."

("Ah! ah! ah!" shout the *extreme right* and the *extreme left* members. "That's it—that's it—monsieur le ministre; how to deceive the Poles, and to keep your place," ejaculate many voices at once.)

M. Thiers affects gravity, looks philosophical, preserves his calmness, adjusts his spectacles, and then turns to his interrupters,—

"It was always so," continues the little man; "you are ignorant of all modes of government but one, and that is the mode of governing by force, of negotiating with the sword, of insulting allies, of advocating extreme measures at unsuitable seasons, and of setting up *your* views as those which are *exclusively* worthy of adoption by mankind. When a question comes before you, you are unacquainted with its history—it is to your extravagant and party minds something wholly novel, having no antecedents, and requiring a prompt and definitive solution. But, gentlemen, this is not the manner in which a government of a great empire can decide questions, which relate to whole masses of humanity. It is not thus that the fate of Poland is to be determined on. France forms part of a family far greater than one you would restrict her to, for you would only have for her allies people in revolt against the old governments

of the world." France belongs to the one great European family of thrones, governments, and people; and she has no more right to decide on vast questions without consulting the other members of that family, than they would have the right to decide on other questions without her."

("But they *have* decided without her," cries M. Berryer, and a buzz of approbation is heard in the public galleries.)

"I say, sir, they have *not* decided without her," exclaims M. Thiers, in a voice which fails from his excitement; "and the government of the king would know how to resent with force and with dignity any attempt to insult or to degrade France in the estimation of the world."

("Ancona," cries Berryer; "you abandoned Ancona.")

"To be sure we did," retorts M. Thiers; "for to have remained there would have been an act of folly and madness."

("You are right—you are right," cry the Centres *en masse* again; and for some minutes all is confusion.)

This is just what M. Thiers has studied to bring about. "To divide" is with him "to conquer;" and he has effected his purpose. But he has still one more trick to play, and then he may return to his ministerial bench? What *is* that trick?—It is this.—To fall with his heaviest artillery upon M. Berryer, as the chief of the Legitimist party, and to destroy, if he can, the impression which he sees has been made on the minds of some, and which, through the press, may influence still more, that the Legitimists are more *really* patriotic and popular in their views and policy, than are the men of the Gauche, the Buonapartists, the Republicans, and the Government itself. So he begins:—

"But what is the most extraordinary in all this *charivari* against the government, is the reproachful and curious language of the friends of the fallen dynasty! What is the great conquest of which the Restoration has to boast? What the unanimous act which the honourable member (alluding to M. Berryer) has to adduce on behalf of that era of glory and fame?"

(M. Berryer exclaims, "The emancipation of Greece!")

"I thought you would say that," retorts the little man; "but *who* effected that emancipation? Was it France *alone*, separating herself from the other members of the one great European family, and acting on her own will and her own independent responsibility?—You know it was not. She was one of three great powers, acting in concert, and as one man."

(Once more the Centres rise delighted *en masse*, and the little minister is for a long time unable to proceed.)

But I must not continue at any greater length this *échantillon* of the sort of tact and oratory in which M. Thiers excels. Those who know the French Chambers will corroborate its accuracy, and those who do not will, I hope, still believe in the fidelity of the description. His merit as a tactician is his knowing well his men; and his adroitness consists, in securing a majority; or, if not, at least of being defeated without clamour, noise, or the absolute necessity for resignation.

Thiers's greatest aversions in public life are Count Molé and Marshal Soult. They have, at different epochs of his short and notorious career, looked on him so disdainfully, spoken of him so disparagingly, and treated him so unsparingly, that he cannot possibly forgive them. Count Molé cannot forget the measures taken by M. Thiers, in conjunction with Guizot and Barrot, to overthrow the cabinet of which he was chief. He cannot forget that the Chamber of Deputies was dissolved in vain; that Louis Philippe in vain shewed his confidence in, and love for, that minister, by visiting him at his château; and that the old majority against him was perpetuated in a new Chamber, so that his resignation was inevitable. This was all the result of the united efforts of Thiers, Guizot, and Barrot. On the other hand, Marshal Soult cannot forget that M. Thiers refused to accept *his* presidency over a cabinet, laughed both in public and private at the *Hero of Toulouse*, and gave him the direct lie as to what had transpired in the course of some long negotiations for the formation of a new ministry. Thiers called the Molé administration "*the Polar Bear Cabinet*,"—Russian in its origin,

oppressive in its character, and cold in its heart." Many other gibes and jokes he had at its expense, and many more still were aimed by him at the old marshal, whose good-natured confidential friends were good enough "to consider it to be their *duty* to repeat to him the *insolent* innuendoes of the impertinent M. Thiers." The result could not be doubtful. Marshal Soult looks on the little minister as his sworn foe.

When Marshal Soult was asked by the king on one occasion to forget animosities, and, for the sake of the public service, to form a ministerial alliance with M. Thiers, the former is reported to have replied, "There was nothing that Marshal Soult would not do to prove his devotedness to his king, except to disgrace the laurels he had won on the field of battle." This was conclusive. On the other hand, M. Thiers, when charged with the task of forming a cabinet by Louis Philippe, made but one *sine quâ non* before he undertook the task, and that was, that on no account should the marshal be expected or invited to become a member. The marshal is a blunt, honest old man, with no other than military talents, but he has a fair and deserved reputation for bravery and patriotism, and in spite of all the jealousies and bickerings of his opponents, his word is looked on as sacred, and his promise as sure of being fulfilled.

There are some passages in the life of M. Thiers which are as curious as they are contradictory, and demonstrate that he is only governed in his public career by selfish considerations. The first is, that after having combated with energy and success for several years under various secondary chiefs, and then as chief himself of his own cabinet, in favour of the personal influence and control of the king, notwithstanding his oft-repeated declaration under the restoration, that in a constitutional monarchy "the king reigns, but does not govern," he returned to that very maxim after having for years abandoned it; when to return to it was necessary once more to place him in power. The revolution of 1830 was made, according to M. Thiers (when it suited him to say so), in order to preserve to France the benefit of a



real parliamentary government; and yet during the years he had acted as minister to Louis Philippe, certainly no one had troubled himself less about the will or the opinion of the Chambers than M. Thiers himself. But when he perceived that France had become weary of agitation, and had made up her mind rather to submit to the aristocracy of such men as Count Molé, with his long line of noble ancestry, than to be cajoled and degraded by the democracy of Adolphe Thiers, the latter raised the cry of "The Charter is in danger: we shall have an absolute monarchy and a favourite;" and the cry being caught up by the populace, by the journals, and by extreme parties, it became successful. This was not principle but diplomacy, and not diplomacy for the good of the country, but solely for himself. There is a second passage in the short public life of M. Thiers, which is also by no means creditable either to his generalship or his consistency. I allude to his conduct with regard to a *French Intervention* in the affairs of SPAIN. When Louis Philippe discovered that one of his own ministers with whom he was in almost daily conference was directing, by means of the telegraph, the marching of troops towards the Pyrenees, in order to prepare for an invasion of Spain under the specious title of "*an armed coalition*," he was not less astounded at the impertinence, than he was indignant at the secrecy, of his secretary for foreign affairs. But how lamentable is the fact, that M. Thiers was a large speculator in the Spanish funds, for his own benefit, at the very moment he was directing the movements of the telegraph! Himself, his agent H——, and his stockbrokers, were alone in the secret: whilst his king, and his own coadjutors in office, were kept in a state of blessed ignorance relative to his decisions and his military movements.]

There is a *third* passage in the life of this extraordinary personage which is quite as remarkable as those which I have already noticed; I mean his violence against the English government, in relation to the Syrian question, after years of apparent approval of a close alliance between France and Great Britain. When I say extraordinary, I mean

inconsistent, absurd, ludicrous. For according to one meaning of the word *extraordinary*, his conduct was in perfect harmony with his innate selfishness, since his object in exaggerating the importance of the Eastern question was in order to secure to himself a return to power. He hoped to overthrow a cabinet; to accede to office; to take the helm of the state vessel, by means of raising a cry against England; joining thus his voice and his authority to the rebels and rioters of all factions who loved war and anarchy, because by them they hoped personally to profit. Never were such tremendous efforts made as at that period by M. Thiers, and by his many-headed confederates, to force the king and the government to war, by exciting public opinion, and even intimidating the constitutional Chambers. All that could be effected by the journals, the schools, the students, the demagogues, the secret societies, was set in motion to increase the agitation, and to drive even the populace to fury. Why was all this? Why did M. Thiers at that time receive at his residence political agitators from whom he had separated in 1831, and whom he had not only attacked, but even persecuted? Was France in danger from secret or avowed, from internal or from external enemies? Or had any organised conspiracy been discovered against her dignity and importance? Decidedly not! The whole secret lay in this; Lord Palmerston had at last discovered what others had found out years before, that M. Thiers was not to be trusted; and as the latter knew too well that that discovery had been made, he became the bitterest foe of the English alliance.

The last passage in the life of M. Thiers upon which I shall specially remark, was his conduct at the death of the late Duke of Orleans with respect to the REGENCY BILL. It is not, perhaps, generally known in England that the late young duke had a good deal of friendship for M. Thiers. His royal highness was much more warlike in his propensities than the king, and in M. Thiers he thought he saw a sort of stop-gap in case of need, which would satisfy the liberal party in the event of the demise of his royal father. Besides

which the duke had heard in his opening life so much about "liberty" and "progress" at the Palais Royal, and at Neuilly, when his father was surrounded by the Benjamin Constant, Lamarques, Lafayettes, Periers, Foys, and Laffittes of those days, that when he came to be a king's son he had not forgotten what had passed when he was simply the young Duke of Chartres. When, then, the royal family of France was suddenly deprived of the heir-apparent to the throne, M. Thiers, feeling that not only he had no present grandeur, but that even the future offered no brilliant hopes or expectations, he expressed himself every where in the strongest terms as to the measures which ought to be adopted. That the Duke de Nemours was no admirer of him, M. Thiers was quite assured. So he turned to the Duchess of Orleans as the regent for the Count of Paris, and would have raised such a clamour, such confusion, and such a violent outbreak in the nation as had not been heard of since the insurrection of 1834, but that Louis Philippe sent for him, consulted him, flattered him, and—all we know is, wholly subdued him. But *how* was this change effected? What new light so *suddenly* broke in upon his mind? He passed from south to north with an unaccountable rapidity, and that fact will undoubtedly never be forgotten.

"Other times, other conduct," M. Thiers would reply; but even this answer will break down, and be wholly untenable, when it is remembered that between the time of his threatened opposition and of his ready assent, no adequate period had passed, no new events had taken place, nothing but an interview with royalty had occurred. And was M. Thiers the man who had coalesced against the personal government of the king, and who had defeated his sovereign's will and policy at the general elections, and in the face of the whole nation; was he a person who had so much deference for royal authority as at once to acquiesce in his monarch's views, without some weightier argument than words being used in his favour? This passage in his life will remain unexplained and unexplainable.

Perhaps I shall be asked, What

will be his destinies? Will he settle down into the character of an historian? Will his now preparing *History of the Empire* be succeeded by one, more colossal and general, of the French monarchy and nation? Or, will he "bide his time," and wait in comparative seclusion until the death of Louis Philippe (which God forbid should at present take place!) shall once more introduce him into the arena of official life? Or will he look out for the first favourable opening which may take place,—for the first propitious gale which may blow, holding that the means are consecrated by the end, and that "all's well that ends well?" I think this will be his line of policy. It is in perfect accordance with his past; and I should not be astonished to find him buckling his little body to the triumphal car of the Count Molé or the Duke de Broglie. In fact, "*all by myself, and for myself*," is the phrase that will best explain his policy and his life. Whether that policy will eventually place him in the ranks of statesmen time only can decide; but I have a sincere conviction that the contrary will be the result of his multitudinous and incongruous courses.

But there he is, little man, there he is, rushing to the Chamber of Deputies. He has a roll of paper in his hand, and Jollivet, the deputy, is almost galloping by his side. The ex-minister is in a passion. What is it about? He is still ferocious against England; but he has another ground of fury now,—either real or assumed. There he goes—there he goes; he enters the chamber, takes his seat, looks sardonically around him, screws up his little mouth, and bites his little lips; you may be sure that something is brewing. Oh, yes!—he ascends the tribune, and declares himself once more "a man of the centres!" He denounces the opposition! they are incompetent,—they know not *how* to rule,—they are weak and wishy-washy; and he bids them adieu in the face of France and of the world. But for how long? I cannot tell; since M. Thiers will always be regarded as the very condensed essence of weather-cockism. Alas! alas! he is not the *only* GIROUETTE in France, as we shall unhappily see in an early sketch of DE LAMARTINE!

M. Thiers!—farewell!

## THE LOST PEARL.

THOSE who had in 1830 arrived at an age when man usually exercises the faculty of observation cannot fail to remember "the three glorious days" of that year, which unseated the representative of the long and direct line of the House of Bourbon from the throne of France, placing in his stead, and we now verily believe contrary to his inclinations, that talented man, on whose existence now depends the remnant of constitutional freedom which the change alluded to, and its concomitants, have left to a people who, notwithstanding all that they have suffered from revolutionary violence, appear to value each the imaginary enjoyment of his own individual ideas of freedom more than the reality of that blessing in a rational and practical form. Those, too, who remember the events referred to will be able to recall to memory the interest they excited in the public mind in England; and so great was then the desire to visit Paris, the stage on which these revolutionary scenes had been so recently enacted, and to see the individuals who, from various motives, had represented the different characters in the sanguinary drama, that thousands of our countrymen, ourselves amongst the number, found their way across the Channel with these objects in view. What we could trace as the results,—but stop. As we wish to carry all parties in good-humour along with us, it would perhaps be injudicious to obtrude our political sentiments at present; and therefore, having brought our reader thus far on our way, and explained to him the why and the wherefore, we shall "to our mutton," instead of lengthening our preamble until we shorten his patience.

Our intention on leaving England was to have remained a fortnight or three weeks in the French capital; but we had taken with us one or two introductions, and such were the fascinations of the *coterie* into which they brought us, that week after week slipped so agreeably, almost imperceptibly, away, that we were content to remain where we were till the beginning of the month of April following. Strange to say, the win-

ter of that year and the following spring were remarkable for their gaiety. *La jeune France* was already weary of her Revolution; and those who had suffered most severely from it seemed the most desirous to banish its consequences from their minds; and, to do them justice, they appeared to attain this philosophic object without the necessity of any violent effort.

Amongst those with whom we frequently came in contact at the houses of some of our French acquaintances was Miss Wilmont, an English lady of excellent family, and whose connexions in England were most of them aristocratic in their grade. She was singularly fair, while her deportment was dignified and graceful; in short, we have rarely seen one who carried her station more distinctly developed in her appearance and bearing. Her general style, and especially that of her dressing, was not, however, in keeping with her age. It was juvenile and modish, suitable for a fashionable woman of twenty; while our heroine was a spinster of some seventy years standing. Indeed, so complete a personal deception as Miss Wilmont, was perhaps never before or since "got up," even in the French metropolis, where the *artistes* in millinery are certainly far advanced in what we will take the liberty of designating the science of pads and bussels. Dear old Miss Wilmont! we have her now distinctly in our mind's eye. Hers was the very figure of which she and her *modiste* could produce any thing; and, accordingly, as will appear in the sequel, on a mutual understanding both parties made their own of it.

The sedate may lament over the weakness of this specimen of humanity, whose judgment seventy summer suns had failed to bring to matured sobriety. But let it be remembered, in judging of Miss Wilmont, that a young and handsome woman is comparatively independent of her milliner, and, instead of making the reputation of a *modiste*, is generally content to resort to the *magasin* of one whose fame is already established.

"How extraordinarily well Miss Wilmont looks and dresses!" observes La Comtesse de Bleau at a *soirée* to her English friend Lady Soft; "she is an extraordinary woman for her age—is she not?"

"Wonderful!" exclaims the other, while she whisperingly adds, "Pray, my dear Madame la Comtesse, can you tell me who builds our friend?" And this same question is asked over and over again every where, and by every one, for there are few ladies, be they French or English, so deficient in acumen as not to arrive at the conclusion, when contemplating Miss Wilmont's "outer woman," that the *modiste* who can make so much of a lady of seventy would make "quite a love" of one who happens to be of an age less dependent on her science. The consequence was, that many took Miss Wilmont as the pattern card of *Madame Tourneaux, modiste de dames, Rue Vivienne, numero quarante quatre*.

But to what amounts all this, it may be demanded, in defence of an old woman like Miss Wilmont, making herself ridiculous by assuming a mask of youth, while one of her feet may be said to be slipping out of the world? And we find that, to make this point of the character of our ancient friend sufficiently luminous, we must be extremely confidential with our reader. It did so happen, then, that even with the help of the card-table, which observing people thought (while few dared to say) stood friend on pressing emergencies in a manner somewhat unaccountable, she could hardly bring together a sufficient income to pay expenses incidental even to her not extravagant mode of living; and she dressed so remarkably well, chiefly for the reason that it was the only way she could afford to dress. In a word, she made the milliner's business; and that personage was more alive to her interest than to demand payment of an account of many years standing from one under the sunshine of whose patronage she was fast making rich. Besides, Miss Wilmont felt society to be necessary to her existence, and that her existence in society depended upon appearances; for it is notorious that, to have influence in the *salons* of Paris, remarkability for something is absolutely indispensable. So much

for Miss Wilmont's *personnelle*. She was a well-instructed woman scholastically, had read much, and had not only been long in the world, but had observed it closely, with a penetrating eye. Her remarks had much of that point which is aimed at in the coteries. Occasionally she evinced a vein of satire extremely biting in its character; and we may admit being frequently amused by the piquancy of her allusions to people as they passed us in a crowded room, and to the frailties of some of her own sex who might happen to be of the party; still, we never thought her ill-hearted; but it always appeared to us that Miss Wilmont was dissatisfied with her position, which she yet strove, day by day, to retain. Her constitution, when we think of her age and the racking life she led, must have been of extraordinary strength, for night after night Miss Wilmont's aristocratic form was every where familiar to us. Even the appearance of her valet became so, for he was ever to be seen reclining—and generally in Morpheus's arms—on one of the benches in the hall, or, more correctly, the outer apartment of "the suite" of the fashionable of whose party his mistress happened to be one. During the season, we are inclined to think, she must have averaged three parties nightly; for, be it remarked, that one who has discretion, and wishes to retain his footing in the *salons* of his circle, will be wary of giving even his favourites too continued a portion of his presence. In our own experience, we never felt that we had over much of the society of an agreeable woman; but we concurred with our then quondam crony, M. Vipon, of the seventh, that he is no ordinary man who can give to a small party more than forty minutes of his time, without the risk of becoming insipid, if not absolutely tiresome. Owing to the limited nature of Miss Wilmont's resources, the functionary alluded to was her only male domestic; and it was indeed affirmed, that his having stood out the fatigues of a single "season" was attributable to his power of employing his waiting hours in "balmy sleep."

We have many curious reminiscences connected with the seven short months we passed in Paris at the

period alluded to. We little then imagined that now, surrounded by a wife and seven—but these are personal matters, and, until better acquainted with the reader, we shall not introduce him to what a worthy author, we believe six weeks after his nuptials, designated “the hallowed pale of our domestic hearth.”

In the month of April, the *beau monde* of Paris—some elated with their recent conquests, others penitent over the indiscretions of the past season—were fast leaving that pleasant city; some with heavier hearts, nearly all, we venture to affirm, with purses lighter than those with which they entered it. About the end of the same month, we took leave of such friends as still loitered in town; amongst others, Miss Wilmont: and although we felt interest in that person, we nevertheless believe that our impression of her may be pretty nearly gleaned from the preceding observations. In short, we thought her a clever, graceful, and ridiculous old time-killer, to say the best of it.

On our way home through the Netherlands, we unexpectedly met at Brussels two friends and countrymen who had there passed the previous winter; and as they took us into society with them, we delayed our homeward progress from day to day, and had tarried for about a fortnight, when one morning, whom should we encounter, shortly after leaving our hotel, but Miss Wilmont? We came so suddenly upon her, at turning the corner of a street, that we almost lost our breath with surprise; for we had often heard the lady boast that for years she had not gone further from Paris than Fontainebleau or Versailles, and that solely to avoid being “the only person in town” during the summer months. This, coupled with her present somewhat hurried manner, and, for her, careless harnessing, satisfied us that it could be no trifling affair which had brought her so far from what she always said was her home, without altogether seeming to feel it so. She noticed our surprise at once, and in her own lively way exclaimed, laughingly, “Ah! Miss Wilmont so far away from Paris! What magnet *can* have drawn her hither?”

“Indeed, dear Miss Wilmont,” we

replied, “to meet you here is what we could not anticipate. Pray, would it be over bold to inquire to what lucky circumstance we are indebted for a pleasure so unlooked for?”

“Offer me your arm,” she rejoined, “to a street not far off, where dwells a Jew *marchand des bijoux* of whom I wish speech.”

We did the old lady’s bidding; for, as we have already said, there *was* something about her which interested, perhaps from her not being understood by us. She was a character without being a bore; and, besides, in Paris, she had laid us open to a favourable impression by expressing the opinion that, considering our years, we had seen the world with tolerably clear optics. And shew us the male of frail humanity who is invulnerable to a little flattery, even from one of the sex rendered venerable by her antiquity!

“Oh!” she continued, “you must think it passing strange to see me here, and are entitled to interrogate me. Paris was, I think, nearly empty when you left; and for ten days before I, accompanied by my *femme*, put myself into the public conveyance hitherward, I alone remained of all our set. Poor Captain Morson was made ridiculous by the little Comtesse Villeaux after your departure. I told you, you recollect, that her coquetry would force her husband to put cold lead into him, and he did so last week at the Bois de Boulogne. *Il est mort!* But of course you see the newspapers. The Hopkinsons, who used to make themselves the most odious amongst the odious at the Tuileries mobs last winter, have made a regular breakdown; and the very drags are to be sold this week. It turned out as *even* you saw,—that it was a *spec* for their ‘dear girls!’ But the Paris market is glutted with goods of their quality. And what shall I tell you? Oh! it kills me to think of it. Madame Justans has actually declared to her circle that she has for the first time, after being a wife for twelve years, hopes of being a mother! You were scarcely beyond the barrier before the important fact was public property; and the pleasantest part of it all is, that her husband, the old colonel, is in a state of unqualified delight about it. By the

way, the Comte Tournon and his wife have separated, and it was more respectable that they should. But I have had a real sorrow since we parted. You have heard me very often speak of my best and kindest friend Mrs. Somers, the wife of the English clergyman, she who attended me and comforted me in my illness two years ago,—she died in Brittany, where she had gone for change of air. But I will not say more about what vexes me, and perhaps cannot interest you."

And thus she flew from subject to subject, until we were at the door of the Jew's residence.

"Ah! here we are," she continued, putting her hand to the bell; "now I may just mention that my object in coming —" but the door opened. To Miss Wilmont's demand as to whether Mr. Isaacs was now at home, the Jewish handmaiden replied in the affirmative, and we were straightway ushered into a small room, where the old Israelite was seated, and received us evidently under the impression that he saw in us two new victims to his rapacity.

"I understand," said Miss Wilmont, looking at a card she held in her hand, "that you deal extensively in pearls, Mr. Isaacs. Is it not so?"

"Ah! 'suredly, I buy and sell, and have de pearls."

"I understood so. Pray, sir, do you happen to have a very large one in your possession at present?"

"My gar; yes, madame," said the Jew. "Only two days ago I buy one of a Frenchman; de finest—de finest and de largest, I do on my shole believe, in de norde of Europe. But it is *very* precious!"

The Jew, eyeing us askance, removed the top from a flat case, when there certainly greeted our sight a collection of gems perfectly dazzling to it. Miss Wilmont contemplated for a few seconds the part appropriated to the pearls, when suddenly, and with a cry as of joy, she pounced upon the largest, which she held fast. The Jew seized her hand instantaneously, and screamed for help. We again, full of amazement, but acting under the impulse of the moment, on seeing a woman so handled, applied one hand to the throat of the Jew, while with the other we seized the wrist of the hand which held that

of Miss Wilmont containing the pearl.

"Sarah! Rebecca! Call the city guard—call murder! thieves!" shouted the old man; while just as the Jew's servant entered, Miss Wilmont fainted, and her hand relaxing its hold, the pearl fell on the floor, broken to atoms by the pressure of the rings which were on her fingers!

Smelling salts and a little water recovered Miss Wilmont to presence of mind; and when precisely informed as to what had passed, she said, "There is the money, Mr. Isaacs, which I brought to pay for the pearl—now," she added, "unhappily lost irretrievably. But do oblige me by letting me have the fragments in a bit of paper."

I did my best to appear unconscious that any thing very much out of joint had occurred; and the Jew, having received double the value of his gem, seemed content to lock fast his treasures without requiring further explanation of a scene which we are inclined to think must have been utterly unintelligible to him. Miss Wilmont came to our rescue by remarking that she had not been so seized with illness for very long; that she was extremely grieved by having broken the pearl; and, expressing to Mr. Isaacs her regret for the trouble she had given him, requested he would desire his servant to procure a hackney carriage for her. Isaacs, probably pleased to suppose that we were unconscious of having been swindled in regard to the price he had exacted, was all readiness and courtesy. We accordingly had Miss Wilmont conveyed to her hotel, where she again fainted before she could offer us any explanation of what had just occurred. She remained in bed alarmingly ill for eight or ten days. Her maid was fortunately with her. We called twice every day, and saw the doctor too; and her *femme* told us that her mistress desired her to say, that she hoped in a day or two to be able to receive us. The doctor, who we generally found partaking of something nice which he had ordered for the invalid, said she was rallying fast; but he was not explicit as to the extent of her ailment. He seemed mostly interested as to who the old lady was—her means,

and so forth—evidently with a view to discover the likelihood of his fining a good fee. We set his mind at ease on that point. Miss Wilmont had, however, sat up once or twice, and was, we understood, convalescent, and, consequently, she had not of late so constantly occupied our thoughts.

One evening about seven o'clock, having discussed a veal cutlet *au naturel*, and washed it down with our usual allowance of two glasses of *Chablis*, we were sitting in an arm-chair by the open window of the hotel, our legs being placed on one *sans arms* opposite, and at a suitable distance from it. As far as a man can remember any event of secondary importance, between which and the present moment twelve years and his marriage have intervened, we were in the very act of applying the breakers to a French walnut, when, the waiter entering, announced that *une jeune demoiselle* desired speech of us. To such a proposal, we believe, the reader already thinks better of us than to doubt our at once and gallantly acceding; but on that occasion a visit so promising in its announcement led not to pleasantry. The person who entered was no other than Justine, the *femme de chambre* of Miss Wilmont, who looked as sad as she could do without the danger of injuring the expression of her really handsome face, while she announced to us that her mistress had been in a weak and declining state for two days; and from some directions she had given Justine, that functionary thought herself warranted in supposing that Miss Wilmont considered herself at all events to be in a precarious state. She said that she had been sent by her mistress to request that we would, if possible, come to her without delay. We instantly obeyed the summons.

Upon entering Miss Wilmont's apartment, we found her lying on the sofa, and certainly felt appalled by the sudden change her appearance presented to us, and which the alteration in her style of dress made additionally conspicuous. Her complexion, her fair and glossy braids and ringlets, were no longer parts of her. She wore a plain white gown, and a cap of the plainest description,

not even indicating in its make what would have been an allowable attempt at the becoming even in a woman of seventy. We suspect that we must have made our feelings of surprise and distress apparent by receding half a step when we first observed her, for she smiled, and held out her hand, saying, "Come, come, my kind friend, do not let my appearance appal you! *Entre nous*, the real change in my appearance is not so great as you may suppose since we had our last gossip at the *bal costume* of Madame Tournons only five short weeks ago; for what will not French skill achieve for a silly old woman who is determined, from vanity or necessity, to make the most of herself? In truth," she added, solemnly, "the only difference is, that when we parted at Paris I was standing with a foot in the grave, now I am tottering into it."

"Nay, dear Miss Wilmont, talk not so," we said; "we saw Dr. Meiner three days since, who assured us that you would soon be able to return by easy stages to Paris. Or what say you to cross the Channel with us, and breathe your native air for a month or two?"

The scenes of her girlhood seemed to flit across her mind in painful freshness on our alluding to England.

"No," she said, "I will never return to England or to Paris again! I feel myself losing my hold of life hourly, and that was the reason I took the liberty of requesting you to come to me. I was chiefly anxious to express my gratitude to you, and if possible to place myself in a more tolerable point of view to the only one, except Mrs. Somers, who, for many a long day, has shewn me disinterested kindness."

We rallied her on what we alleged to her was a fit of "the flats," consequent on her recent illness. "It is so unlike you, Miss Wilmont," we said; "for your life and spirit used to be the admiration and wonder of every one."

She made no reply, but seemed deep in reflection for some moments.

"You remember me in Paris last winter," she began, "slavishly following Fashion's decrees; which are there, you know, more absolute than those of the legislature. Night after night was passed by me in a sweet-

sion of gaiety and entertainments, holding to the last a place which, considering my age, was probably, as regards influence in the world of fashion, without a precedent for an Englishwoman in Paris. Now I will tell you," she continued, "what you and another then said of me. You said, 'Look at that silly, trifling, heartless, and care-for-nothing old woman, how she 'goes it' with her last breath!'" She had spoken the truth; but we were proceeding to interrupt her, when she added, "Nay, I do not ask you to tell me what *you* thought of me, that would be taxing your candour unfairly; but I admit having a strong wish to make you think tolerably of me, if you should remember at long intervals, when she is away, one, the course of whose life has been shaped by circumstances. The scene at the Jew merchant's, too, requires an *éclaircissement*; and if you will indulge me with your ear, a short sketch of my weary life's journey may at all events make me appear less ridiculous in your eyes; if it does not, by exciting your sympathy, make you indulgent towards the follies of the latter years of a life which I now feel has been utterly wasted."

We expressed ourselves flattered by her valuing our estimation, and declared ourselves ready to listen.

"I was the youngest of three daughters," she said, "of a Welsh baronet, the length of whose rent-roll bore no proportion to that of his pedigree, and who rejoiced in a circle of aristocratic connexions sufficiently extensive to have led to ruinous expenditure a man with a larger income and a smaller family. My mother died several years before I arrived at girlhood, but my surviving parent possessed a sense of what the world considers parental duties with which he would neither allow the county pack nor the district business to interfere. The consequence was, that he managed, with the assistance of a maiden sister, to get his neighbour and second cousin, Lord Newhurst, to marry my eldest sister; while he prevailed upon Mr. Lorimer, a gouty Indian, of 'a certain age,' to make a wife of sister Clara, who, from what I remember of her, never would have done as much for herself. My parent had, also, to the

best of his thinking, good matrimonial plans for myself. Dear me!" she said, speaking parenthetically, "I talk now of what occurred upwards of half a century ago!" and she appeared mentally agitated. "Amongst the men," she resumed, "invited to the hall, was our neighbour, Sir Thomas Ingleby, whose large income, derived from his really fine place, I thought so much more desirable than himself, that my father's most logical reasoning could not make me understand the propriety of taking the one for the sake of the other. Ere long I was compelled to admit to him, what I knew would be unpalatable, that my affections were unalterably given to my cousin, Ernest Manvers. I will not speak of *him* further than to say that every one thought him handsome, accomplished, and fascinating, while to me he was the very *beau idéal* of manly excellence. I loved him most unreservedly, and I do think a woman's love was never more devotedly returned. But of what avail was that, when Ernest's pay as a subaltern, with an allowance of a hundred a-year from his father, barely kept him out of debt in a dragoon regiment, and I was not so ignorant as to look to mine for a portion. My cousin's regiment was in India. He had returned with two years' leave, which had nearly expired. Many an anxious conclave poor Earnest and I held as to whether he should not sell his commission, and, with the interest of the price and his paternal allowance, live blissfully in a tiny rustic cottage *pas ornée* in some sequestered valley, or whether I should go with him to India without my parent's consent. Our meetings now became of much rarer occurrence, however, for my father had given Ernest pretty plainly to understand, that were his visits less frequent, they would be esteemed more highly by him; and he embraced the opportunity of having his *protégé*, Sir Thomas Ingleby, as much as possible at the hall. I could not be uncivil to Sir Thomas. I had no excuse for acting so if I had had the wish, for, to do the man justice, he was well bred, and to me profoundly respectful. I had been necessitated to ride out on horseback with my father when Ingleby was with him, and on several occasions I had been escorted



home by that gentleman alone, when cause or intention led my parent to ride forward to the neighbouring town, or to call for his steward; and it is, perhaps, not wonderful that this, and Sir Thomas Ingleby's frequent visits at the house, and Ernest's comparative absence, should have given rise to reports that the wealthy squire had supplanted my handsome cousin, and that he was making way in my favour to my father's heart's content, as well as his own friends. I need scarcely say that some kind friend questioned Ernest Manvers on the point, while others congratulated him on his escape from so heartless a coquette as they alleged I had proved myself to be. Appearances, unhappily, led him to give a place in his mind to distrust and suspicion; his position, too, was peculiar, and tended to make him sensitive.

"Having worked himself into a state of excitement for some days by a vain endeavour to avoid approaching me on the subject of his disquietude, it was with a glad and beating heart that I observed him one forenoon cantering up the approach. When he entered the room where I was seated, however, I perceived a frown on his brow, which, till then, I had never seen there. I shall pass over that interview rapidly for my own sake. I, offended by his groundless want of confidence, admit having played the coquette a little. In the end, however, he seemed satisfied, and promised to see me in a few days; but although we parted tenderly, I yet felt that we parted as we had never done before.

"You remember, don't you, the large pearl attached to a pin, which you and others in Paris observed that I wore constantly? I had it from Ernest Manvers the day on which we made known to each other our reciprocal attachment. Just two days after that last alluded to, I was seated at my little work-table, on which I had placed the pin referred to, when the door opened and Sir Thomas Ingleby was announced. After sitting for a few minutes, I excused myself on the ground of headach, saying, that although I would use the freedom of retiring to my own room, possibly my father would soon return, and that he had better remain if he desired to see him. When left alone,

I suppose he had commenced reconnoitring to pass the time. There were books there, but no one ever accused the squire of book-reading; and, as the Fates decreed, he stumbled on my trinkets, and had been contemplating himself in the mirror with my pearl in his neckcloth when Ernest Manvers, who had been informed that I was in the drawing-room with Sir Thomas Ingleby, entered suddenly. It immediately occurred to Ernest that I had left the room on his approach. He returned not Ingleby's salutation, but that fated pearl caught his eye, and he left the room ere he had advanced many steps. When he met the servant in the lobby, he was again assured that I was with Sir Thomas, and I have little doubt that the varlet accompanied his reiterated information with a grimace which would not serve to soothe the ruffled feelings of Ernest Manvers. He left the house hurriedly, getting his horse from the groom at the stable, where he had desired it might be put up with the intention of remaining; and, ere long, he passed the park lodge leading to the Ingleby Abbey road at a rapid pace. Sir Thomas Ingleby shortly followed. Bear in mind that much of what I now relate came to my knowledge subsequently.

"Every period of the twenty-four hours is conducive to a sentiment or tone of feeling in my mind perfectly distinct and definable; but if there is an hour of the blessed day when the heart is less than usually under the influence of false feeling, and rises in gratitude for the past and in hope for the future, it is, I do think, when the sun illuminates nature with his meridian splendour. It was about one o'clock when Sir Thomas Ingleby left the hall. There was no turn in his road for nearly two miles after passing the lodge. Afterwards, however, he took a byway to the right, the beauty of which is even now fresh in my memory. The branches of the lime-trees which lined either side of it met at the top, keeping the road cool and agreeable in summer; but as it was very retired, and Ingleby Abbey being the only seat to which it led, it was not, with all its noon-day attractions, a road one would have chosen when alone of a winter night. About a

mile along this road there was a quarry, which had not been worked for many years. It was close to the road, having but a fragile old gate between, and which generally hung unlatched on its hinges. Sir Thomas Ingleby was not a man of lively sentiment, though I do believe he possessed many useful qualities, and he could not fail more or less to partake of the general feeling which appeared to pervade every object of nature on the way which he traversed. He accordingly laid the reins on his horse's neck, and felt in keeping with the scene. Whatever were then his day-dreams—but I must not anticipate. As he passed the open gate mentioned, a man sprang from its side and seized his bridle—that man was Ernest Manvers! Few words passed.

"Tell me," he said, "will you at once resign all pretensions to supplant me with—"

"Unhand my bridle," replied Sir Thomas, "or by heaven—"

"But he was cut short in his threat, for Ernest Manvers had seized him by the throat, and still retaining his hold, though unsuccessful in his endeavour to dismount him, the horse backed in alarm, and both it and its rider reeled into the quarry. It was the work of an instant!

"Manvers gazed over the precipice for some seconds in breathless horror, but with recollection he saw the necessity of flight. He had fastened his horse to a tree hard by, and, throwing himself into the saddle, he retraced his steps to the public road leading home. He had engaged himself to dine on that day with my brother-in-law Lord Newhurst. The party was assembled in the drawing-room in the evening, where I was accompanying my voice at the piano. Ernest Manvers sat a little to one side in front. I could see him perfectly. He had taken more than his usual share of the conversation at dinner, and must have seemed to all especially animated. I, however, who knew Ernest well, could not read his expression; and just as this had forced itself upon me painfully, one of the servants entered hurriedly and spoke to Lord Newhurst, who immediately uttered an exclamation of horror and surprise, 'Good God!' he said, 'this is indeed a fearful

affair,—Sir Thomas Ingleby murdered in broad day, and thrown into the Greysoles quarry! You know the spot, Mr. Wilmont—near the end of the lime-tree loan.'

"I turned one glance on Ernest—my Ernest, and it was enough. I fainted; and I doubt not that some of the company thought this very handsome and becoming on my part, considering the relative position gossip had assigned Sir Thomas and myself; and if poor Ernest did look strange, albeit, it might account for that also!

"When I sufficiently recovered I was conveyed home. My father was by my side, but he uttered not a syllable. For ten days I was alarmingly ill. When I was allowed to speak or be spoken to, I had my memory refreshed by my hand-maiden. Sir Thomas Ingleby was already buried.

"The second day on which I was enabled to be in the drawing-room, my father came to me, and said that Ernest Manvers was in the library, and that he wished to see me for a few minutes if I thought myself able for an interview with him. To his proposal I acquiesced. My parent spoke kindly to me, and I could see that if the predominant feeling in his mind did not amount to absolute grief, he was at all events extremely *fâché*. Having conducted me to the library, he left Ernest and myself together. I need not—I could not, indeed—detail what passed betwixt us at that our last and sad interview. Although perhaps unnecessary, he satisfied me that he intended no murder, but was led away by the passion of the moment to stop at the fatal spot, to call to account him whom he considered his rival, when, before many moments, he saw Sir Thomas Ingleby drop into eternity. He gave me to understand that slight suspicions existed in the minds of some of the dead man's relatives as to who did the deed, and that he would start next morning for London, and take shipping for Bombay early in the ensuing week. He went accordingly, and the return packet brought a notification of poor Ernest's death. The announcement attributed what they termed in the usual phraseology 'the deeply regretted event' to consumption, which had been preying

upon him during the voyage out. And they were not *far* wrong. As I have already stated, his gift at our betrothal was the pearl pin which the last time alluded to was in the neckcloth of Sir Thomas Ingleby. That pearl was lost or stolen from me at Paris. There it was not to be found; and having been informed that all the finest and most costly pearls found their way generally into the possession of M. Isaacs, an irresistible longing to recover it brought me here, and will, perhaps, bring me a few years sooner than otherwise to my grave. It is odd, is it not, that this paltry gem should have been the indirect cause of bringing three human beings into the immediate presence of their Maker! Don't mistake me, however, I am no fatalist; and, indeed, I now believe it more than probable that the pearl I saw at the Jew's, and which my heated imagination led me to suppose my own, had never been in my hand before.

"These, then, were the events which made me what I was, at first apparently gay; and to drown reflection, I went from the house of one relative to that of another during the country season. In spring I was a stand-ard in London, till all my friends were dead, or placed on the shelf three times over. I then came to Paris with my sister Lady Newhurst, where people, you know, are never old, and I found the climate and easy manner of visiting more suitable to my increasing age. There I remained immersed in the circle in which you found me. The last of my brothers and sisters died sixteen years since; and even the holder of the family estate, which was my early home, will only feel an interest in the end of my life, as clearing his property of the small annuity which its entail entitled me to. Is it not singular that, with a heart broken, and leading a life of racket to hide its beatings, and keep my reflections from myself, I should have outlived them all?"

When we called next morning at Miss Wilmont's hotel, we inquired of the porter at the *concierge* if he knew how Miss Wilmont did. His reply was brief, while he disturbed not a muscle of his countenance as he delivered it, "Monsieur," he said,

"*elle est morte!*" A feeling of depression came over our hearts at the intimation, although not altogether unexpected, and we were turning away, when we observed Miss Wilmont's servant, who had arrived from Paris during the night, coming towards us. We believe more genuine grief was never evinced by a domestic on such an occasion.

"Ah, sir," he said, "it is all over now with my poor dear mistress. Bless you, sir, for what you did for her when she was here alone without any who knew and cared for her. Pardon me, sir," he added, "but I doubt if even *you* were aware of the good qualities which she hid by a manner which I never could believe was a real part of herself. She will be missed in Paris by many a family whose wants she supplied sometimes at the sacrifice of her own. Ask Justine, her maid, about my poor mistress, sir,—she can tell you what Miss Wilmont did for her little brother and sister, and many a similar case I could bear witness to. And she was a good woman, too, although she made no display of her worth. And she was, indeed, a kind mistress."

And the honest-hearted fellow here seemed ashamed of the necessity of brushing off the tear-drop which rolled down his cheek. What her servant said now of the hidden qualities of the deceased, we had amply confirmed by the husband of her late friend, Mrs. Somers, at Paris, and by another.

We trust that our narrative of the life of our ancient friend, and the circumstances which formed it, have not been altogether without interest to the reader; and if it has served to wile away an idle half-hour, we have attained one of the objects we had in view in committing it to the press. We would not, however, have him to suppose that our sole intention was to create amazement by a recital of the personal displays of vanity on the part of our heroine, which, after all, we have shewn originated more in necessity than from choice, far less that it was to indulge in the portrayal of a useless tale of horror. May not our brief sketch teach a lesson on the danger of that coquetry which, leading Miss Wilmont for one short hour to tamper with a man's ardent affections, brought about com-

sequences so fearful to contemplate. May we not learn from it the valuelessness of every personal grace and mental accomplishment, as possessed by Ernest Manvers, if passion, uncontrolled by principle, is allowed to run riot with the will? Without an attempt to justify the use made by Miss Wilmont of the events of her early life, yet keeping in view the good deeds done by her in private, does not her appearance in the fashionable scenes of the world's drama instruct us to be reluctant to satirise, slow to judge, resolute against condemning? For he who has read human nature most deeply is con-

strained to admit that, although occasionally not far astray in his conclusions in regard to individual character, his penetration below the surface of other minds is so limited and obscure as to render it of little value for practical purposes. The three deaths, and a life of weariness, now laid before the reader, form, moreover, an additional illustration of the somewhat trite maxim that "from trifling causes great events result," for who could have imagined that they should all be traceable to the immediate instrumentality of a cause so insignificant as *THE LOST PEARL*?

#### LIFE OF SIR MURRAY MAXWELL.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### SAILS FOR INDIA — LOSS OF THE *DÆDALUS* — HIS LIFE IN INDIA — RETURNS HOME.

THERE occurred no event during the outward passage of which it is worth while to make mention. Having under her immediate care seven first-rate Indiamen, and escorting to a certain point a Brazil convoy, of which the *Aquilon* frigate was in charge, the *Dædalus* maintained throughout the voyage the same air of marked and peculiar superiority over all her consorts, which, from the first hour of their assembling, every seaman in the fleet had conceded to her. For, in truth, she was a stately and a beautiful craft. Her tall and tapering masts, — the perfect symmetry of her hull, — her canvass new, and therefore glittering, — the rapidity, yet grace, of her movements, — the very trim and order of her yards, — the good taste exhibited even in the paint lines along her sides, — all these combined to render her an object of especial admiration both in harbour and at sea; and as the weather chanced to be, from the outset, peculiarly fine, she was for ever before the eyes of the hundreds who bore her company like a creature instinct with life. But it is not always the fairest, either among men or ships, that hold the most prosperous course to the termination of a voyage. Many a noble youth has foundered while yet within view of his home, and many a gallant ship gone down ere her destined port

could be attained. It was fated that among the number of these last the beautiful *Dædalus* should be enrolled, and that, too, under circumstances which gave to the catastrophe a more than ordinary depth of interest.

The outward-bound fleet had touched successively at Madeira, the Cape of Good Hope, and the island of Joanna in the Mosambique Channel. Not an accident had occurred since they quitted Spithead, and a steady continuance of glorious weather, ever since they lost sight of the English coast, appeared to assure all embarked of a safe and steady arrival at the place of their destination. On the 1st of July Point del Galle, on the southern side of the island of Ceylon, was made; at five p.m., the *Dædalus*, which was leading, shaped a course E. by N. for Dondra Island, of which she was then abreast, and the Indiamen in company, following the example of their commodore, the whole held on under easy sail and in good order for the night.

It does not appear that in the minds of any of her officers or crew there was the smallest misgiving with respect to the frigate's safety. Repeatedly, indeed, during the night, Captain Maxwell consulted the log-board, as well as the chart and the instructions by which the ship was navigated; while Mr. Web-

ster, the master, did not once quit the deck till half-past five on the morning of the 2d. But these were measures of common precaution, such as the ship's position rendered judicious; they were not dictated by any apprehensions of immediate or serious danger. It was to get well to windward of the *Basses* (certain reefs which impede the navigation at this point) that the ship's head was kept in the direction towards which it had been turned; and, the object appearing to have been sufficiently attained, Mr. Webster suggested an alteration of the course, which was accordingly effected, by hauling up to N.N.E.

Hitherto the atmosphere had been thick and hazy, so much so, indeed, as to render objects at a little distance invisible. About seven A.M., the haze cleared off, and land was discovered, bearing north, and distant about ten or eleven miles. The course was immediately altered two points to the starboard. But as the breeze had not varied since the evening of the 1st, and the water was smooth and the tide gentle, no sails were taken in, nor were any set; so the ship held her way steadily at the rate of five knots an hour. And so things continued, a sense of security mingling with the watchfulness which is habitual to seamen, when, about five minutes before eight o'clock, a noise was heard like that which is produced when an anchor is let go in deep water. The phenomenon could not upon any ordinary principle be accounted for, and a sort of panic spread itself through the ship; under the influence of which all hands rushed upon deck, only to discover, to their inexpressible astonishment, that the ship had grounded. Up to that moment the faintest evidence had not been afforded that they were approaching shoal-water; on the contrary, the sea was dark, and clear, and sullen, as it is wont to be where masses of waters cover the bottom; and even now it was the rubbing of the keel against some hard substance that alone made the fact evident that she had struck. The quarter-boats were at once lowered, and the lead let go, when it was ascertained that she had taken ground very nearly at the extreme depth of her draught.

There were eighteen feet, or little short of it, on the shoal; and, as it was found that she hung only by her stern, strong hopes were entertained that, by judicious management, the danger would soon be surmounted. Accordingly the sails were taken in to prevent straining, and the measures necessary for lighting her abaft were at once adopted.

The first thing done, after the situation of the ship had been ascertained, was to signalise the convoy, so as to hinder them from running into a like hazard. The next, after sounding, was to run the sternmost guns on the main-deck forward, an operation which it took the active and well-disciplined crew scarcely a moment to effect. Instantly the ship floated, and the joy of all hands was proportioned to the consternation which naturally seized them when the discovery was first made that they had struck. But the exultation was not destined to be of long continuance. It was found, on trying the wheel, that the tiller would not traverse; the rudder had got unshipped, and the regular steerage was gone. A well-regulated ship of war, however, is usually prepared for all manner of accidents; and the *Dædalus*, manned and commanded as she then was, proved no exception to the rule. The sun's rays, which had heretofore fallen so vividly upon the breakers of the "Little *Basses*," lost, for obvious reasons, their power, and the sight of the white foam about three miles outside of the spot where they lay shewed the people where they were. The sails were accordingly trimmed, and the breeze blowing stiff, so as to fill them well, the ship was steered accurately without a helm.

On they went for a brief space, being grieved only by this, that they saw an Indiaman, which the glare had in like manner deceived, strike upon the shoal of the "Little *Basses*." She was a strong-built ship, and therefore got off again without sustaining any material damage; but she had not yet freed herself from the dangers of her position when those of the *Dædalus* were ascertained to be imminent. A report was suddenly brought that the after cockpit was full of water, and that a quantity of bread was floating to and fro. Away went the carpenters to

examine, and the discovery was soon made that into the bread-room the sea was rushing like a torrent; and that such was the force of the stream, that it swept the bread through the steward's room in one dense mass into the cock-pit. Now, then, the pumps were manned. They would not work, for the bread had choked up the crevices in the hold, and all the exertions of a willing crew availed not to fill the well; whereupon parties were employed to remove this hinderance, and the full extent of the damage became perceptible. It was found that part of the stern-post had been broken off, and a breach was thus made in the ship's bottom, through which the water rushed in a volume that was resistless.

A signal was now hung out for the carpenters of the fleet to come on board, and as many as could without hazard reach the *Dædalus* obeyed it. They found that the rudder, hanging by a single gudgeon, tended, by its action on the remaining part of the stern-post, to loosen the ship more and more abaft; and as the leak increased in proportion to the influence of this friction, they proceeded to unship it altogether. After this, thrummed sails were prepared and passed with all zeal under the ship's bottom. But the position of the leak rendered such a precaution useless. They could not reach it; and though buckets were used in abundance wherever there appeared room to work them, no progress whatever was made in diminishing the incumbent weight of water.

It was now noon, and each successive quarter of an hour rendered the sad truth more manifest, that the leak, in spite of their exertions to resist it, was gaining on the crew. The water was by this time on the orlop-deck, and, as a last resource, it remained to be seen how much could be effected by lighting the ship. Guns, shot, every bulky or heavy article that could be reached, was in consequence thrown overboard, and the captain held his course steadily towards Trincomalee, which, at one time, he encouraged sanguine hopes of reaching. But fate had declared against him. He was nobly supported by his crew. His own calm and manly bearing inspired all under his command with a zeal which

amounted to enthusiasm; indeed, such were their efforts, especially in pumping and baling, that over and over again the scuppers proved too narrow to give free passage to the water that was thrown on the main-deck. Yet all availed not. By five o'clock in the afternoon it had become manifest to the most sanguine that to save the ship was no longer possible, and the care of those in authority was forthwith directed to save the lives of the people.

Even for this sad emergency Captain Maxwell was prepared. He had caused the boats of the fleet to gather round him, and now he removed into them, in the first instance, the sick, the boys, and the idlers. These soon reached their appointed places of refuge, and after them the crew, being called away by divisions from the pump, abandoned the wreck. There was no confusion throughout the whole series of operations; indeed, to use Captain Maxwell's words, when examined before a court-martial, "greater regularity never prevailed in removing men from one ship to another at home." And finally, at about a quarter to six, Captain Maxwell was himself warned by his officers that to linger many minutes more upon the sinking wreck would be fatal. Nor, indeed, was this expostulation prematurely addressed to him, for the lower-deck had already given way on the larboard side, and the water was pouring in through the main-deck ports with the violence of a cataract. Accordingly, having ascertained that not a human being remained below, he quitted, not without a bitter pang, the ship which he had chosen, fitted out, and commanded, in such a way as to attach every individual embarked to her and to himself, and by means of which he had cherished the hope, even in the Indian seas, of serving his country well, and adding to his own honourably earned reputation. It was high time that he should have done so. Scarcely were the boats beyond the influence of the surge when the *Dædalus* fell upon her larboard side, so that her yards sank deep into the hollow of the sea. She remained in that situation about a minute, when, righting again, she shewed her quarter-deck bulwark above the water; and then, shivering

as it appeared from stem to stern, she sank slowly and majestically, as the good and the brave whom adverse circumstances have overwhelmed go down, yet retain their honour to the last.

There is something in the spectacle of a fine ship going down, more especially if it shall chance to have been our floating home for a period of time, more or less protracted, which no man, however stern, can look upon without emotion. This is the case under all circumstances; but when, as in the instance now before us, the usual accessaries to such a catastrophe are wanting—when there has been no hurricane, no protracted contest with the elements, no gradual loss of efficiency in the vessel or of bodily strength among her crew, but all at once, and in the very acme of her pride, the noble ship disappears from the face of the waters, the effect becomes even more appalling. When the *Dædalus* foundered, the weather was fine. The frigate to the eye of the spectator appeared to be in as perfect condition as when she quitted Spithead. She seemed to be lying to in the midst of her convoy, with the topsails at the mast-head and the royal-yards across; and though she fell for a moment on the larboard side, and even buried her topsails in the water, she righted again with her upper bulwark just awash, seeming to be as strong and as stately as ever. Yet even then, retaining all the while her upright position, she sank with a retarded motion, till at length all that was visible on the surface was the vortex occasioned by so large a body in its descent. To be sure, the spars that used to be upon her decks floated upwards; for the lashings that had fastened them were cut, and these the boats from the rest of the fleet proceeded to secure. But, except these comparatively worthless sticks, nothing of all the stores with which she was laden could be saved. Men gazed upon the void which her disappearance seemed to have created in nature, and in half an hour afterwards the convoy was proceeding on its course.

And here, before we dismiss the subject, it may not be amiss if we point out more clearly than has yet been done the cause to which so grievous a calamity could alone be

attributed. When the *Dædalus* took the ground, she was going at the rate of only five knots an hour, a degree of impetus which was clearly inadequate to produce any very violent collision either above or below. The wind was on the quarter, the sea was smooth, the three topsails were all that she had set, for it was necessary to keep her very lightly in canvas, otherwise she must have run away from the convoy. Moreover, as the shoal was covered with almost as much water as she drew, her way was not immediately stopped; indeed, for the first minute or two, she grated and rubbed, as a ship is apt to do if she be forced over a bank or a shallow. In fact no part of her bilge ever took the ground. Why, then, was she lost? She was not once lifted, so as to strike again violently; she merely hung by the stern; and when lightened there by the easy process of running a few guns forward, she slipped again into deep water. The *Dædalus* foundered because, like French-built ships in general, neither her fastenings nor her timbers were worthy of the class to which she belonged. A frigate sent forth from an English dockyard would have sustained, under similar circumstances, no more serious hurt than the loss, perhaps, of her false keel; and if a pin-tackle or two had got loose in the fastenings of the rudder, the carpenters who supplied them would have been blamed for carelessness. Indeed, the escape of the *Atlas* East-Indiaman, a ship of 1200 tons burden, from a worse danger than that which the commodore proved unequal to sustain, sufficiently marked the difference that prevailed at least, in 1813, between the naval architecture of Great Britain and that of her rival and enemy. That no lives were lost in the *Dædalus* could not fail of awaking in the mind of her captain much gratitude. The rapidity with which she became water-logged after so trivial an accident proved that she was not formed to contend against either a hurricane or a typhoon; and, as she must have been exposed to both had she reached either the Indian or the Chinese seas, the probabilities are that she would have foundered unseen, and carried her crew with her to the bottom.

The loss of his ship was the more

trying to Captain Maxwell at this time, that he had his wife and sister on board. Anticipating a protracted sojourn in India, he had carried the ladies with him; and now all their outfit, as well as his own, was lost. They bore their misfortune, however, with a cheerfulness which did them honour; and he, seeing that they were not disposed to give way, bore it cheerfully in like manner. They were all too grateful to the Providence which had spared them, to think long or much about minor matters, and each took care to let the other see that such was the common state of their feelings.

The officers, crew, and passengers belonging to the *Dædalus* were distributed through the different ships of the fleet. Captain Maxwell, with his family, found a home in the *Bridge-water*, of which the late P. Hughes, Esq., was in command, and were treated there with the greatest kindness and consideration: indeed, the gentleman who thus became their host had been on terms of intimacy with Captain Maxwell since the voyage began,—and intimacy now ripened, as might have been expected, into friendship.

On the 7th of July, 1813, the *Indiamen* reached Madras. They found Sir Samuel Hood's flag flying on board of the *Minden*, 74, to which the crew of the late *Dædalus* were at once transferred; and a court-martial, as is usual in the service, was ordered to assemble, in order to investigate the circumstances under which the *Dædalus* was lost. We regret that we have not been able to procure a copy of the defence which Captain Maxwell set up on the occasion. But the result of the inquiry is well known. Captain Maxwell, his officers, and crew, were generally acquitted of all blame. The catastrophe was attributed to the influence of a strong and unusual current, which had swept the ship out of her course during the night, and to the state of the atmosphere on the following morning, by which all parties in calculating their distance from the land had been deceived; and though something was said about want of care in not keeping the hand-lead going previously to the ship's having struck, even that cir-

cumstance was satisfactorily accounted for in Sir Samuel Hood's official correspondence with the Admiralty. In a word, Captain Maxwell's pecuniary resources, and, to a certain extent, his professional prospects, suffered by the accident; but his good name as a brave and skilful seaman sustained no blight.

Captain Maxwell was now a citizen at large in a country which, being new to him, presented very many features of attraction; and he did not omit to make use of the opportunities of inquiry which accident had thrown in his way. From employment in the line of his own profession a combination of untoward circumstances had cut him off. There was no vacant ship on the station to which he could be appointed; and even the office of flag-captain had already been promised. Accordingly, after arranging to return home in the *Cornwallis*, a new 74, which had just been launched at Bombay, he availed himself of invitations which greeted him from many old friends then in India, and travelled from point to point through the presidency. Some time he spent with his brother-in-law, Colonel Waugh, at Bangalore. He proceeded thence through Mysore to Seringapatam, where the well-known hospitality of the resident, the Hon. A. Cole, was extended to him. He next made an excursion into the Coorg country, which a pleasant party from the resident's family shared with him; and, becoming the guest of the rajah, he joined heartily in the royal sport of tiger-hunting. Neither was all this done without producing a beneficial effect both upon his health and spirits. The liver-complaint which attacked him while employed in the Adriatic, though ameliorated, had never been subdued. The fine climate of the Mysore, together with the very active life which he led, totally removed it. At the end of three months, when it was announced to him that the *Cornwallis* was ready for sea, his constitution had in all respects recovered its tone; and he embarked for England on the 7th of January, 1814, a stronger man than he could boast to have been for some years previously.



## CHAPTER XII.

PEACE—DOMESTIC LIFE—APPOINTED TO THE *ALCESTE*—VOYAGE TO CHINA WITH LORD AMHERST.

Before the *Cornwallis* and the convoy of which she had charge could reach England, the peace of 1814 had occurred. It was marked, as a general peace usually is, by a large, and in some respects an indiscriminate promotion, in both services. Many commanders were made captains, many lieutenants commanders; while of mates, or passed midshipmen, about a thousand obtained their epaulettes; but among the latter the names of Mr. Adair and Mr. King did not appear; neither was Lieut. Hickman promoted. Now, in the fortunes of these gallant young men Captain Maxwell took the deepest interest. He had repeatedly recommended them to the lords of the Admiralty, and repeatedly made mention of their exemplary conduct before the enemy; yet he had now, on his return from India, the mortification to find that in the boon conferred on so many of their comrades they had not participated. Though Captain Maxwell seems to have been on all occasions the reverse of urgent when his own claims hung in the balance, of the claims of his officers he was very jealous; and he did not fail, on the present occasion, to protest against the injustice with which they had been treated. He addressed a strong letter to Lord Melville, then at the head of the board, in which his own services and those of his subordinates were set forth; and he concluded by soliciting "employment for himself; for Lieut. Hickman, Mr. Adair, and Mr. King, promotion." We are not in a condition to state how far the reasoning of their chief availed in the cases of Lieut. Hickman and Mr. King. But the claims of Mr. Adair, who had lost an arm in the service, were admitted; and he was soon afterwards promoted to the rank of lieutenant.

The application of Captain Maxwell to be kept afloat appears, in 1814, to have come in too late. The fleet, as it was then reduced to a peace establishment, would admit of no more post captains hoisting their

pendants; and though the confusion incident upon the escape of Napoleon from Elba held out a momentary prospect of better things, the progress of the meteor, from its rise to its setting, was too rapid to allow such prospect to be realised. Accordingly, the subject of this memoir, after establishing himself for a while in Bath, removed to Clifton, where his children had been put to school, and resumed, as he was admirably fitted to do, the habits of domestic life. These he varied by making occasional visits to London, where a large circle of attached friends was always ready to greet him, and where he rendered himself useful by taking an active and a leading part in the establishment of that excellent institution the United Service Club. Nor was this, be it observed, either a light or an agreeable task. There was a prejudice among many distinguished men against the scheme, on the ground that the club would be monopolised by officers of the army, or, failing this, that the naval members would be so far outnumbered that, in the management of the machine, they must become little better than ciphers. But Captain Maxwell was one of those who took a more liberal view of the subject, and his opinions happily prevailed. The club was set up, and the most nervous among all, who looked upon it at first with distaste, are now forced to acknowledge that it has wrought very beneficially for both services.

It was at this time that the institution of the order of the Bath took place, an arrangement commendable in the abstract, yet the sure and fertile source of heart-burning and complaint in many quarters. It is marvellous how acute the visions of men become when their own deservings are to be sought for, and how little each is disposed to try himself by the standard which others would apply to him. We do not mean to deny that, among the G.C.B.s and K.C.B.s of 1815, unworthy names crept in, or to doubt, on the other hand, that the names of very

many meritorious officers failed of attracting the attention of their superior in point of rank. Such errors must attach to the best regulated of human institutions; and, perhaps, had Captain Maxwell been dignified with the star of the second class, he would have been rewarded in nothing beyond his deservings. But the higher powers having resolved to extend these honours of knighthood only to flag-officers, he, with many a gallant captain besides, appeared at the outset to be passed over. There was murmuring at this, a result not to be wondered at; and the good effects anticipated from the general arrangement ran some risk of being defeated. Wherefore a third order was created, and in the list of companions, then a highly distinguished throng, Captain Maxwell found that his name had been included.

The surrender of Napoleon, and the second restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France, operated as a complete blight upon the professional prospects of many who, along the troubled paths of warfare, hoped to have won their way, by sea or by land, to distinction. Among others, Captain Maxwell appears to have relinquished all idea of further advancement — perhaps, we might have said, of further active employment, when, towards the end of September 1815, the newspapers informed him that Lord Amherst had just been nominated ambassador from the court of St. James's to that of the Emperor of China. Lord Amherst and Captain Maxwell were at this time not absolute strangers to each other. They had often met when his lordship held office as British minister at the court of Sicily, and associating with a common friend (who seems to have been equally esteemed by both), the advance of mere acquaintanceship into intimacy became a natural one. Wherefore, Captain Maxwell, assuming that his lordship would make his voyage to the mouth of the Yellow River in a ship of war, determined, after a good deal of hesitation, to apply for the command. He wrote to Lord Amherst accordingly, resting his principal claim to attention upon his connexion with Lord Amherst's friend, Captain Stewart, and touching very slightly on the intercourse which, in

former years, he had himself been so fortunate as to establish with his lordship; and, at the end of a week, he received a most satisfactory answer. His application to command the ship in which the ambassador might be appointed to go out was favourably received:—

"I hope" (added his lordship, while communicating the fact to Captain Maxwell) "it will be a further gratification to you to learn that your name had occurred both to Lady Amherst and myself previously to the receipt of your letter; and I assure you that the recollection of you arose not more from your intimacy with our late valued friend, than from the pleasure we ourselves had received in your society, and from the high estimation in which your character was held in the Mediterranean."

"I would venture to suggest," continued his lordship, "that the sooner you come to town the better, as I doubt not that your presence will greatly assist in forwarding our preparations."

Captain Maxwell hurried to town as requested; where the pleasant tidings met him that the ship of which he was about to assume the command would be the *Alceste*; not such as she was when he last commanded her, but fitted up pretty much as a troop ship. Now as Captain Maxwell knew that for every purpose, either of navigation or of battle, the *Alceste* was a trustworthy craft, he was glad at heart that she had been selected for this service; and, towards the end of October, proceeded to Portsmouth, where he immediately put her into commission.

The journal of Lord Amherst's embassy on its outward passage has been submitted to the world in such a variety of forms, that it is not without considerable hesitation that we refer to it at all. Captain Basil Hall, for one, has told the tale at length; and in Dr. McLeod's still more interesting narrative, enough is stated to satisfy the curiosity even of professional readers, far more of readers that are not professional. Captain Maxwell's private diary, likewise, of which a copy now lies before us, has long been in the hands of the public. It would appear, then, that for us only the light labour remains of condensing and bringing into a single point of view details which the pro-

gress of events must render day by day less striking. And this we shall endeavour to do in words as few and simple as we can find, after we shall have conveyed to our reader's mind some general idea of the state of the relations between Great Britain and China, out of which the embassy of 1816 arose.

When the East India Company first began to trade with the most extraordinary people upon the face of the earth, there seem to have been no restrictions imposed upon the commanders of their ships as to the ports which they should enter, or the class of people with whom they should communicate. We find them, for example, trafficking with the merchants of Formosa, as well as with those of Ningpo, Amoy, and Chusan; indeed, Canton, which ultimately became the sole emporium for British goods, was opened to them so late as the beginning of the eighteenth century. The jealousy of the Chinese, however, being worked upon by the intrigues of the Portuguese and the Dutch, operated to the gradual curtailment of the Company's privileges. Having established a factory at Canton, it was announced to the representatives of that body that to this harbour, and to none other, would they in future be permitted to resort; and even there the trade was subjected to as many restrictions and annoyances as the caprice of a proud and semi-barbarous people chose from time to time to impose.

The disinclination of the Chinese to trade on a liberal footing being attributed to their contempt for the mercantile body under whose auspices the trade was carried on, it occurred to the minister that the mission to the court of Peking of an official person, bearing the King of England's commission and representing his majesty, might have weight in establishing an order of things more consonant to the received notions of civilised men, and, of course, more extensively beneficial to all parties. Accordingly, in 1788, Colonel Cathcart was despatched in the *Vestal* frigate, having full powers to conclude a treaty with the brother of the sun, such as might both put a stop to certain barbarous practices which the laws of China sanctioned,

and place the commercial dealings of the Chinese people with Europeans on an intelligible footing. Colonel Cathcart never reached the point of his destination. He died at sea, having proceeded as far as the straits of Sunda; and with him died for six years the hopes that had been built, as the event proved, rashly, on his mission. In 1792, however, the project was renewed upon a larger scale. Lord Macartney, attended by a numerous suite, embarked, the month of September of that year, in the *Lion*, of sixty-four guns; and daring much, and being a good deal tried, he succeeded in making his way to Peking, the seat of the court, and even into the presence of the Chinese emperor himself.

We have no design so much as to touch upon ground which has been so well and so fully trodden before us. All that could be told concerning the progress and issues of Lord Macartney's mission, Sir John Barrow and Sir George Staunton have already communicated, and communicated with a clearness as well as breadth of detail on which we could not hope to improve. Enough, therefore, is done, when we state that the refusal of the British ambassador to degrade his sovereign and his country by performing the sort of obeisance before the emperor which the latter seemed determined to exact, called up at the outset feelings of mutual alienation which never afterwards subsided; and that the hurried and unceremonious interview with which his celestial majesty honoured the envoy, had the effect of adding fuel to the flame. Lord Macartney quitted Peking in disgust. He received but scurvy treatment at the hands of the provincial authorities as he went along, and he totally failed in getting other ports than that of Canton thrown open to British traders. Nevertheless, good so far arose out of the whole proceeding, that the Hong merchants and mandarins of Canton became less knavish and more obliging. Presents were, in consequence, sent to Peking, first in 1795, and afterwards in 1805; of which the sun of heaven made excellent use, by describing them as tribute paid by the King of England to his celestial majesty!

Between 1805 and 1816 more than

one event befell which had the effect of interrupting, to a very serious extent, the good understanding between the two nations, to which Lord Macartney's mission paved the way. First of all, Lord Minto, apprehending an attack from the French on the Portuguese settlement at Macao, took possession of the latter place in 1808. It was an ill-advised measure, seeing that the Chinese claimed to exercise sovereignty there, and had, in 1802, indignantly protested against a similar movement on the part of Lord Wellesley; and besides that, it was entered upon rashly and imprudently—it was not carried through with the spirit which ought to characterise every political adventure of the kind. The Chinese governor of Canton no sooner heard of the landing of the British force, than he sent to require that they should at once be withdrawn; and when no regard was paid to his edict, he stopped the trade with the British factory. No provisions were any longer supplied, either to the gentlemen on shore or to the ships of war and merchantmen in the river. The natives whom the factory had in their service were ordered to quit it; and some Chinese officers, under the pretext of seeing that these orders were obeyed, forced their way within the building. Of course, proceedings like these produced much irritation, and Admiral Drury, who commanded in the river, sought a personal interview with the viceroy; which, being refused, the admiral manned and armed his own boats, and those of all the other ships on the station, for the avowed purpose of cutting a way through all obstacles, and reaching Canton. But at the critical moment his moral courage failed him. He moved forward, was fired upon, and had one man in his own gig wounded; whereupon, he fell back to the anchorage, and left the Chinese confirmed in the belief of their own superior prowess, and inflated, as a necessary result, to twice their usual bulk with vanity.

Throughout the whole of this injudicious difference the Chinese had a decided advantage. They met the British admiral with a show of force, and he yielded to it; they reiterated their demand to have the British troops withdrawn from Macao, and

they prevailed. The trade was in consequence reopened; but the English were subject in the management of it to perpetual insults. With more than one of the chiefs of the factory the mandarins refused to communicate; while the mere fact of having shewn kindness to the barbarians, or being by them respected, supplied the supreme government with ground enough for persecuting and degrading its own representatives. Finally, the occurrence of hostilities between England and America, and the capture in the Chinese seas of some ships belonging to the latter country by the English commodore, brought things to a crisis. The frigate being unassailable, the factory at Canton was attacked; a series of aggressions, upon which, as well as upon the boats of the Indiamen as they passed to and fro, led to a fresh suspension of the trade, and the embarkation of the gentlemen composing the factory on board of ship.

Before these latter occurrences were known in London, the idea of fitting out a third embassy to Peking had been entertained. It was believed that the outrages to which the factory was exposed, sprang from the caprice of a set of despotic functionaries, who kept the court in ignorance of their arbitrary proceedings, and dreaded nothing so much as that they should be brought to light. And as men remembered that out of Lord Macartney's expedition, abortive as in most respects it might be said to have been, important benefits to commerce had arisen, so no one doubted but that an equally favourable result would attend a like movement now; if, indeed, more substantial advantages might not be gathered from it. As might be expected, every fresh arrival from Canton served but more and more to confirm the British government in the determination at which it had arrived; and though the last of these described the Chinese as brought a good deal to their senses by the decided steps which Sir George Staunton had taken, not on that account was the plan of a fresh embassy abandoned.

The ostensible purpose of Lord Amherst's mission was the adjustment of a treaty between the King of England

and the emperor, by which the commerce of the former country might be settled on a secure footing, under the cognizance of the court, and the benefit be secured to the British factory of a direct appeal, in case of need, to the emperor himself. Some faint hopes were at the same time cherished that his lordship might succeed in establishing a British resident at Peking; perhaps, even obtain permission for our merchants to visit other ports than Canton, on the north-east coast of the celestial empire. Idle visions these! such as could be cherished only by persons ignorant of the dispositions of the people with whom it was proposed to negotiate; yet as this ignorance, which confessedly prevailed in the cabinet, prevailed every where else, there was no one, either within the walls of parliament, or without, to object to the measure. Accordingly Lord Amherst's commission was made out: the *Alceste* frigate, with the *Lyra* sloop-of-war, and the General Hewitt, an East-Indiaman, laden with presents, were directed to convey him to his destination; and, at his own desire, Captain Maxwell was, as we have elsewhere stated, appointed to take command of the little squadron.

On the 9th of February, 1816, the ships quitted Spithead. Funchal, Rio Janeiro, the Cape of Good Hope, and Batavia, were all visited in succession; and from the latter island the *Lyra* was sent on to announce to the Company's supercargoes, then supposed to be sheltered in Macao, the approach of the embassy. By and by, the *Alceste*, having the General Hewitt in company, followed in the same direction, and passing the Straits of Banca, found themselves, not without having repeatedly stirred up the mud, afloat on the Chinese Sea.

The place of rendezvous for the little squadron was off the Great Lemma, where, on the 10th July, the *Lyra* was seen at anchor. Beside her lay two surveying vessels, the *Discovery* and the *Investigator*, which the Company had sent to attach themselves to Captain's Maxwell's command, and to turn whatever opportunities of investigation might arise to account. Moreover there were embarked in these vessels Sir George Staunton, with other

gentlemen attached to the factory, whose acquaintance with the Chinese language proved eminently useful, and who attended the embassy in all its future movements, as well by sea as by land. Still the one thing, without which no decisive step could be taken, was wanting. The imperial edict, authorising a landing to be made in the Peiho, had not arrived, and till it came, the Gulf of Pee-chee-Lee was, in some sort, closed against the British squadron. Therefore, Captain Maxwell, being desirous that time should not be wasted, gave orders that the ships should water. This they did from the island of Hong Kong, over a rock at one of the extremities of which a clear and excellent spring dashes; and the anchorage being embayed, and the sea perfectly smooth, the operation was performed both quickly and well.

On the 13th of July, the long-expected edict came; and the little fleet bore up from the mouth of the Peking river. It traversed ground which, however familiar it may be now, was then all but unknown to the European mariner; and of its movements from day to day, Captain Maxwell kept an accurate journal. But we need not swell our narrative with long quotations from that. Enough is done, when we state that he acknowledges his obligations to Sir E. Gower's diary, with a copy of which in manuscript Sir Bryan Martin had supplied him, and which described, with great care, and some very useful remarks, the course which the *Lion*, in 1792, had taken. Under the guidance of that document, he held boldly out to sea, instead of permitting himself to be dragged, as his predecessors had been, along the different bends of the coast; and the consequence was, that the voyage was performed in something less than half the time that had been spent by the *Lion* in accomplishing the same purpose.

Of the discoveries which were on this occasion effected, as well in the shape of the coast as in the depths and shoals of the water, it would be profitless to speak. The general reader takes but little interest in such matters, while to scientific and professional men, the ship's log, and the private diary of her com-

mander, are both accessible. Besides all which, the rapid progress of events within the last three years has put aside every obstacle that appeared till then to stand between us and the acquisition of a very perfect knowledge of the geography of the Yellow Sea. Nobody is now in ignorance, that to reach the mouth of the Peiho from Canton you pass through the Straits of Formosa, traverse the Tunghai, double the promontory of Shan-tung in the Whang-hai, and run down the whole depth of the bay of Pee-chee-Lee. And as to the islands, and capes, and headlands encountered, we shrink from the bare enumeration of them. We content ourselves, therefore, with saying, that on the 28th of July, about five P.M., the tops of the trees, and the fort at the entrance of the Peiho, were discerned; and that in five fathoms water, though at the distance of not less than ten miles from the land, the little fleet came to an anchor.

The movements of the embassy had been too rapid for the thoughts of the Chinese authorities to keep pace with them. Nobody in the province of Pee-chee-Lee appeared ready to receive them, indeed the 31st arrived ere the smallest indication was given that, either on the coast or in the interior, the authorities had been apprised of their coming. At last three mandarins came on board the *Alceste*, but they were the bearers only of civil and complimentary addresses.

"No boats," says Captain Maxwell in his journal, "had been prepared for the conveyance of the embassy, nor did it appear that arrangements were as yet made for

their reception; in fact, intimation of our coming had reached the court from Peking only a few days previously to our arrival, whereas, in the case of Lord Macartney's mission, a three months' notice had been afforded. Perhaps it is a matter of regret that H. M. ship *Orlando*, which carried to China the official announcement of the proposed embassy, should have been so much retarded in her outward passage. Our coming was thus a sort of surprise to the Chinese, and surprise of any kind is never, I am persuaded, a pleasurable sensation to that curious people."

From this date up to the 9th of August, frequent conferences took place. The mandarins boarded the squadron almost daily, where they were treated with great kindness, and conducted themselves respectfully; but neither arguments nor remonstrances could prevail upon them to step one inch beyond the well-defined bounds of their official duty. They professed great anxiety to facilitate the progress of Lord Amherst to the capital, but resisted all Captain's Maxwell's instances to reduce their professions to practise. Even Chinese procrastination, however, has its limits. On the 9th of August, it was announced to Lord Amherst that the imperial legate was ready; and his lordship, attended by his suite and the gentlemen of the factory, quitted the *Alceste*. They were greeted at parting by three cheers from the ships' company, all of which manned the yards to do them honour; and amid the thunder of cannon—royal salutes were fired for the barges that carried, and the boats that escorted them, pushed off.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### VOYAGE THROUGH THE YELLOW SEA—COREAN ARCHIPELAGO—LOO CHOO ISLANDS.

Lord Amherst, as is well known, landed at a place called Ta-coo, about three miles up the Peiho or White River. He was attended to the beach by Captains Maxwell and Hall, and the crews of twelve boats, all of them rigged out in their best attire, while a prodigious crowd of country people were gathered together to witness a ceremony which was perfectly novel to

them. Hospitality, however, according to our acceptance of that term, the Chinese had no knowledge of. Not only was his lordship left without an invitation to the house or hotel of the legate, but it was civilly announced to him that the sooner he transferred himself to the government junk upon the river, the better pleased would the emperor's repre-

sentative be. To that junk, therefore, he and his immediate followers removed, while Captain Maxwell and his boats' crews returned to their respective ships.

With the proceedings of Lord Amherst and his personal attendants we have no concern. They occupy their own proper page in our national history, and owe their place there to hands which were well qualified to inscribe them. Neither can we pretend to follow from point to point the voyage of discovery on which, soon after the departure of his lordship to Peking, the little squadron entered. That tale like the other has been told already,—partly by Captain Basil Hall, in a well-written volume, which has long been in the hands of every body,—partly by Dr. John McLeod, in his interesting *Narrative of the Voyage of H.M.S. Alceste to China, Corea, and the Islands of Lewchew*. But an outline of the series of operations we are bound to give, were it only for the purpose of connecting one portion of this biography with another. And this, for obvious reasons, it has become our business to render as brief as may be at all consistent with perspicuity.

In the code of instructions handed to Captain Maxwell from the Admiralty, there was a clause which informed him that, "as a voyage up the Yellow Sea was an event of rare occurrence, their lordships expected that he would, while performing it, collect as much useful information as might be attainable." The best manner of accomplishing this object it was left to himself to determine, and he now felt at liberty to carry into effect a plan on which he seems early to have decided. Having delayed little more than twenty-four hours at his anchorage, and accepted a somewhat shabby present which the Chinese authorities sent to him, he divided his fleet into two petty squadrons, one of which he placed under the command of Captain Hall of the *Lyra*, while of the other he himself took charge. With the former, consisting of the *Lyra* and *Investigator*, Captain Hall was directed to proceed round the southern side of the Gulf of Pee-chee-Lee; with the latter, comprising the *Alceste* and the *Discovery*, Captain Maxwell proposed to steer to the northward.

Meanwhile the *Hewitt*, taking a central route, was to retrace, in some sort, the ground already trodden; and after touching, and, if practicable, watering at, the Mee-a-tou Islands, was to make for Che-a-tou Bay, which was appointed to be the place of general rendezvous.

In the management of the share of this enterprise which he had reserved for himself, Captain Maxwell displayed all the caution as well as zeal that became a skilful seaman. The *Discovery*, drawing much less water than her consort, was directed to keep the lead; and more than once both ships were prevented, in consequence, from striking. For though the bottom of this shallow sea was found to consist usually of a sort of blue soft clay, here and there sand-banks and hard ground were reached; every symptom of which ought to be accepted by the navigator as a warning that shoal-water is not far distant.

By distributing his little force in this judicious manner, Captain Maxwell contrived, within the space of a few days, to map out, as it were, the whole of that portion of the Yellow Sea which extends from the headland of Shang-tung on the south, to the great wall of China in the Gulf of Lea-tung on the north. It was evident, too, from the mode of his reception towards the latter point, that as yet the Chinese of that remote district knew nothing, or next to nothing, of Europeans:—

"Two villages and some detached hamlets," says his *Diary*, "were seen around the bay (Rosse's Bay), and the whole neighbourhood appeared extremely well cultivated. The natives seemed at first to view us with much astonishment, but unmixed with apprehension, and the utmost caution was used on our part to avoid giving cause for alarm or doubt. Cattle and poultry were abundant, but they would not sell them; neither could we obtain any by barter, which was attempted to be brought about by various offers. They greatly coveted our buttons, but looked upon every kind of specie with indifference. An officer gave a button to a ragged peasant who was gazing with admiration at the numbers on his jacket, and afterwards tried to bribe it back from him with an offer of four dollars, but without success."

Nor was this the only circumstance in the condition of these northerly

which attracted his atten-

must, doubtless, be," he says, the head of the Gulf of Lee-ace or places of considerable the extraordinary number of daily saw passing up and down; understood at the Peiho that antity of the grain that supplies ies from the northward by sea; tance which should make the cautious how they insult a nation; seeing that this vital their capital might be inter-not wholly cut off, by a few sers in this sea."

neral result of the exploring as to satisfy those engaged there are plenty of excellent , with convenient places for on all sides of the Gulf of -Lee. Dangerous spots there are, especially along the coast; but with ordinary hese may be avoided, espe-the map laid down by the as found to be in the main lly correct. Moreover, of ment afforded to them by esthey seem to have had no complain; except in this at the latter seemed every unwilling that a party of amen, however numerically ant, should pass the night

It appears, too, that about of rendezvous the manda- them no presents, which used on the plea that their was a sterile one, and the universally poor. Neither condition changed greatly etter in this respect after crossed the little bay, and cast a beautiful harbour near for though the mandarins t them a few pigs and fowls, entirely aloof from all fa-ercourse with the strangers. ow determined to try the coast; and the Alceste and ing joined company, stcered accordingly; but there, both officers and men were is entirely to preclude the bringing on, even by slow , more intimate communica-e ships, instead of getting the mainland of Corea in twenty hours, found them-ter three days, in the heart er of islands; and there in

a small bay on the south side of one of the least unpromising, they let go their stream-anchor in eight fathoms.

The islands which, by the naviga-tors, were called Sir James Hall's Group, seemed all to be inhabited. At the head of the little bay which the ships now occupied a village stood; towards which, as soon as things had been rendered what a seaman calls snug, the two captains proceeded for the purpose of communicating in a friendly spirit with its inhabitants. But the latter withdrew as they approached, leaving only a few old men, who indicated by signs that their presence in the village was by no means desired. Nothing could exceed the forbearance and good feeling with which the British officers comported themselves:

"The inhabitants," says Captain Maxwell in his journal, "who had assembled in numbers on the beach, all retired as we drew near the shore, excepting a few old men, who, when we landed and approached them, making signs of friendship, shewed no reciprocity of that feeling towards us; but, in a loud voice and a very harsh-sounding language that our Chinese interpreters did not at all understand, constantly repeated some words, accompanied, however, with a very significant gesture of the hand, pointed towards the ship, to which it was clearly evident that they wished us immediately to return. Finding our courteous salutations and offerings of small presents were equally rejected, all we could do was to leave an impression of inoffensiveness upon their minds by not going into the village. As a dread of our intrusion there appeared to be the great cause of their aversion to us, they no sooner saw us turn aside from it and ascend the heights, than they shewed signs of being pleased."

The result was, that having obtained from the top of the hill a commanding view as far as the mainland, Captains Maxwell and Hall returned on board of ship, not, however, without having been greeted, while lingering on the beach, in a much more friendly manner by numerous groups of the natives.

The position of these islands, and indeed of every other place at which during this interesting voyage the vessels touched, was accurately noted. It appears, too, that the officers paid a becoming regard, as often as they went ashore, to the state of agricul-



ture and general condition of the inhabitants: as far, at least, as the jealousy of the government and the extreme timidity of the governed would allow. But we do not conceive that of such things we are required to make especial mention. Every tolerable book of geography contains the substance of the discoveries which Captain Maxwell, in 1816, had the merit of making. We should, therefore, but fatigue our readers in proportion as we increased the bulk of our narrative, were we formally to notice them.

From the group which they had named after Sir James Hall, the frigate and brig steered for another, which is marked in modern maps as the Corean Archipelago, but to which our navigators chose to give the appellation of Hutton's Islands. Their endeavours to become acquainted with the domestic habits of the people dwelling here were not crowned with better success than had attended them elsewhere. On the contrary, the loud and angry vociferations which had greeted them when landing before were repeated with equal vehemence again; while numbers of persons added a still more significant sign by drawing their hands across their throats as if to indicate the act of cutting. A closer acquaintance, however, satisfied the voyagers that unseemly as the latter movement was, it implied no threat of violence to them. They, therefore, retired to their boats, and not long afterwards stood over to the mainland of Corea. There, in a well-sheltered bay, to which, out of compliment to Captain Hall, they gave the name of Basil's Bay, the ships anchored; and once again, so soon as the day had made some progress, they renewed their effort to communicate with the natives. We must give the account of this negotiation in the words of one of the principal actors in the scene:—

"What we have seen," says Captain Maxwell, "of the Coreans upon the mainland did not encourage us to expect much useful communication here. We were, therefore, rather agreeably surprised when, rowing towards the village on the northern side of the bay, we met several small vessels coming off from the north side of the bay. In the leading one of these I saw a man who made the only tolerable report, and taken his

passage; who, upon our going aboard his vessel, received us very graciously, and made signs expressive of his wish to go to the Lyra, which lay nearest the Alceste to the shore. We met there many others, which denoted a welcome, and meant to express the pleasure we should derive from seeing him on board: and on board we accordingly went, where the whole party remained, looking at and examining every thing with much curiosity, until some time after dark. They then went into their vessels, for the purpose, as we supposed, of going on shore; but, instead of this, they stood for the Alceste, and I just got on land in time to receive the old gentleman and his suite, who all appeared to pay us the utmost respect and submissive obedience.

"The old chief did not seem to approve of his people expressing their admiration at the novelties around them, either by loud talking or handling things, a practice in which their neighbours the Chinese so offensively indulge. A smart rap from his cane, or occasionally a shake by the shoulder, limited all their curiosity to whispering and pointing. They partook of some refreshment, and left the ship about ten o'clock at night, apparently much delighted with the reception which had been awarded them.

"The next morning, at an early hour, the chief, with the same party, went on board the Lyra, where they landed, and seemed much pleased with the manner of it. Upon my joining them there, the chief made known by signs that he was coming to me; while we endeavoured, on the other hand, to communicate our wishes to wait upon him on shore. Of this proposal he appeared very anxious to get rid: and when he left the Lyra, he pointed to the Alceste, and nodded to me, as if to say, 'I am going to the ship, do you follow;' and steered off in that direction. But he very soon turned back when he saw us go into a boat, and row towards the shore. We waited until he came up, when, to our great surprise, he quitted his own vessel, and entered himself beside me in the gig, with one of his attendants. A friendly party immediately asked as to what course the boat was to take. The old gentleman, with expressive action, pointed to the ship, while we in a similar manner pointed towards the shore, and the latter route was ultimately adopted, though I must do myself the justice to say, with feelings of great reluctance. The wishes of the Corean might have been complied with, however they might militate against our own, particularly as he sat with such blood countenance placed himself at our dis-

But the anxiety to get upon ere no European had ever trodden prevailed at the moment over any eling. The reward of such ill-induct accorded exactly with its for we were stopped upon the sea of the beach, and not suffered step beyond them. The boat d a little distance from it, where-o Koreans waded off, and carried e (upon their backs) the chief attendant. Our people followed in the same manner. The mo- were landed, however, our fur-gress was arrested by a shower f arrows or of stones, which these have the credit of assailing in-with—no! but of tears, which down the venerable face of the accompanied by a most piteous l gestures of the most unfeigned He had walked in this manner a stance towards the village, when, round, and seeing us still stand-re we landed, he stopped, and veral signs expressive of his gra-at our forbearance. His tears iped away, and the people, who his lamentation had kept at a re-distance from him, now drew Presently we observed several f in different directions, who r returned, carrying small bas-hich the chief made them bring on towards us. Their contents (ruit and sweet cakes) were offered refreshment in the most courteous , which convinced me we were cluded from their hospitality by ions of their nation, and not from of individual inclination to kind-

way of marking with reproach so table a custom, we refused to taste g that had been brought, to their rest mortification. Indeed, they d to understand and to feel, from ce of our signs, that sitting upon on the sea-beach was not, accord-our view of these matters, a situa-opper to eat or drink in. Our re-fter much pressing on their part, om the chief the repetition of a 'which, when he had before made e boat, we could not comprehend ming. This was first pointing to to the village, then to the east, oving his finger perpendicularly the horizon west. This latter was described *four times*; when ced his head on one side, and is hand across his neck, shutting s, and remaining some time mo-t. All this we now clearly und to imply, that our going to the would be known to his jealous rbarous government in two days;

and in two days more his head would be cut off for permitting us; although the poor man had no means whatever of preventing our going there but those he had so happily adopted. Is it not singular that a people exercising such inhospitable laws should have any part of their frontier indebted to such a mode of protection from the intrusion of strangers?

"All this also explained the strange conduct of the people upon Hutton's Island, who, doubtless, meant that their heads would pay the forfeit of holding any communication with us.

"It was under these impressions, which rather whetted than diminished our desire to look into this forbidden land, that the opportunity of doing so was relinquished, and we returned on board; because I felt that the government of my own country had alone the right to prescribe whether, and in what manner, if at all, the prejudices and opinions of those with whom we had been sent to communicate were to be interfered with.

"The Lyra had weighed to take her appointed station of leading, and the Alceste was braced for casting, when the Koreans again came alongside; and the old chief, without waiting for the ceremonious aid that he had before received from his attendants, came quickly up the ship's side, and never stopped until he reached my after-cabin, where he threw himself at my feet in an agony of gratitude, if I may be allowed the expression, and no entreaty of mine could prevail upon him to rise, or even sit upright, until he was so exhausted with sobbing, that I became alarmed, and sent for assistance. During this time, none of his own people had presumed to come near; nor, when he recovered his self-possession did he express a wish that any of them should enter the cabin, so anxious was he to mark his unbounded confidence in my friendship. Certainly, no gratification which I could have derived from exploring the whole country would have equalled that which had its rise in this impressive scene, the interest attaching to which was greatly enhanced by the imposing mien and singularly striking manner of this venerable chief, whose grey hairs and long flowing white beard must have attracted attention and commanded respect wherever they were seen."

It is needless to dwell longer upon a narrative with the substance of which few readers of voyages and travels can at this time of day be unacquainted. Through that cluster of a thousand islands the Alceste and Lyra held their way; being confessedly the first ships which under

the flag of any European nation ever visited the shores of Corea. And it is worthy of remark, that the commanders of both—one in his published account, the other in his MS. journal—speak in high terms of the general accuracy of the information which the Jesuits collected long ago; indeed, these intelligent men have erred only in this respect, that they marked the sea-board of the mainland two full degrees more to the east than the facts of the case will warrant. But we cannot afford to linger over records which our readers, if they be curious in such matters, can consult for themselves; for there is as little of instruction as of amusement to be derived from abridgements of histories, whether these relate to European or Asiatic nations.

Having given names to several islands, headlands, and roadsteads, and made in each of these ineffectual endeavours to break through the crust in which the natives had ensconced themselves; having once, and only once, carried their point so far, that they were permitted to inspect the dwellings\* of the country people, and eat with their betters, our two adventurers struck out, as it were, to sea, and, steering in a northerly direction, were first brought up under the lee, or south-west side of Sulphur Island. They found it worthy of its name,—a volcanic production, on which dwelt only two or three families, whose business it was to collect and prepare the sulphur, and ship it on board the junks which were to convey it to Loo Choo; but they could not easily land, by reason of the heavy surf that prevailed; and the threatening aspect of the sky forbade their lingering long at a spot where shelter was wanting. Wherefore, making all tight to meet the Tippon, they bore up to the south-east; and, catching less of the gale than they anticipated, came before

long in sight of the Great Loo Choo, where they determined for a brief space to sojourn.

Of the risks which they ran in seeking out a harbour, of the skill with which they surmounted these risks, and the happy expedient which secured for them the friendly offices of the islanders, it were worse than idle to speak. Captain Hall and Dr. McLeod have both described these occurrences at length, as well as communicated to the public full information concerning the tastes and manners of the amiable inhabitants. Moreover, both of these gentlemen speak in the highest terms of praise of the forbearance and good humour exhibited on all occasions by the subject of this memoir. Not unaware of his own power, which was much more than adequate to reduce the whole kingdom of Loo Choo to subjection, Captain Maxwell regulated all his personal proceedings, as well as the proceedings of the officers and men under his command, according to the wishes of the Loo Choo chiefs; and he left, in consequence, the best impressions on the minds of the people when he quitted them, as well as confirmed what he is forward in his journal to describe as their natural disposition to be kind and hospitable.

Should these detached papers be collected into a separate work, the latter will probably include numerous quotations from the document to which we have just referred. From our biography in its present form such extracts are of necessity excluded, not because there is any lack of interest in them, but because there is not space enough at our command with which to deal by them fairly. One little anecdote, however, illustrative of the excellent footing on which the crews of the *Alceste* and *Lyra* succeeded in placing themselves with these gentle

\* Concerning the inhabitants of one of the Corean cluster, whom he had managed to conciliate, and who admitted him into their houses, Captain Maxwell writes thus:—"Captain Hall and myself were forcibly struck with the great resemblance of the habitations to those of the poorer classes of peasants in our own country (Scotland). Their building materials were exactly the same,—lath, clay, rush or straw thatch; and any difference that could be observed in the household arrangements of the smoke-dried interiors was rather in favour of Corea. The men were not very tall, but strongly made, and well proportioned; their dress much the same as that we had seen before. They accompanied us in our morning walk, and appeared highly amused with the attempts which they made to pronounce English words, in which they were wonderfully successful."

Asiatics, must be inserted. Speaking of his preparations to depart, after a month spent in the harbour, during no inconsiderable portion of which the sick of both crews had been permitted to live on shore, Captain Maxwell says:—

"The powder had been brought on board a few days before, together with the sails and other stores for the depôt; and thus the people that had been landed sick were embarked, all perfectly recovered, except one man who had died. His case had been hopeless when he went on shore; but if any thing could have saved him, the tender and unremitting kindness which restored health to others must have done so. For never, I believe, were sick seamen so carefully nursed and daintily fed as by these excellent Samaritans, whose truly Christianised feelings were on every occasion nobly displayed. And, to sum up all, they offered a pagan sacrifice upon the tomb of this stranger when he was no longer sensible of their benevolence to-

wards him. They had dug his grave, and walked before his body at the funeral dressed in their mourning robes. They had erected a monumental stone, and engraved upon it, in our language, the epitaph which I dictated; and afterwards, with great solemnity, performed the funeral rites which their own religion required."

This is very touching, as is the epitaph itself, of which we transcribe a copy, and with which, though with great reluctance, we feel that our present chapter must be brought to a close:—

"HERE LIES BURIED,  
AGED TWENTY-ONE YEARS,  
WILLIAM HARE,  
SEAMAN OF HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S SHIP  
ALCESTE.  
DIED OCT. 15, 1816.  
THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED  
BY THE KING  
AND INHABITANTS  
OF THIS MOST HOSPITABLE ISLAND."

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#### JACK MORIARTY AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES T. C. D.

##### No. III.

COLLEGE STARVING — WHITSUN AND TRINITY WEEKS — THE SCHOLARSHIP AND FELLOWSHIP EXAMINATIONS — THROUGH ALL THIS PERIOD OF HIGH LITERARY EXCITEMENT, JACK, HAVING REALLY AN INFINITE DEAL OF NOTHING TO DO, DOES IT, AND THAT TOO IN A WORKMANLIKE MANNER.

THE general reader, on perusing the first part of my present heading, will probably be getting himself ready for a course of tears. If he be of old Trinity, however, and among the initiated, he will just as probably refrain. Weeping is altogether a perilous process, and not to be undergone without solid cause. This refers chiefly, I should say, to the tear masculine; for that, somehow or other, is known soon to wear out utterly the heart that is its fountain; for touching the sorrows of the better part of creation, Bailly Nicol Jarvie's idea is not a bad one, when he proclaimed that it was "Nae mair oot o' the way to see a woman greet than it is to see a goose gangin' bare-fitted." Now as geese seldom run accounts with shoemakers, the illustration may be considered as perfect. Be this, however, as it may, the present writer speaks feelingly on the main point. Since he ceased to *starve*

within the precincts of the university, he, God help him! has been obliged to do nothing but *live*, as he knows full well "College starving" is, in short, a phrase of most peculiar import, and indicates a form of destitution which, with all their "scribbling," as Lord Granville Somerset would say, it never entered the hearts of the Poor-Law Commissioners to scribble about. Its most logical division embraces two species, and is either *perfect* or *imperfect*. *Perfect college starving* is that state of pauperism which supposes a complete absence of money and credit. A person thus situated in London, for instance, would probably hold himself in rather embarrassed circumstances. "How am I to *rise* a breakfast?" is one of those questions which it is proverbially said a fool may, in such a case, put without finding a wise man just ready to answer. In the Irish university,

such are the peculiar blessings of education, at least Irish education, the solution is of the easiest, and here it is. You have but to summon a council of war—consisting of yourself and your old woman of a *skip* (*skip-pia a non shippando; sed hoc obiter*); the former member of the court being generally half asleep in his bed in the morning, while the other stands polishing her face with her apron, by way of brightening up her ideas within, as it were, at the foot—lay before the assembled parties an unreserved view of the case, and the business is done.

"Well, then," is the usual sentiment of the aged Hebe, "if there's nather money nor credit to the fore, shure we can do without it. Ay, an' troth we can! Don't disturb yerself, sir, about it" (this is only said to a freshman, who is naturally a little nervous, knowing no better), "lave it to myself; we'll be twice as bad off afore we's die, never fear—glory be to God!—and that's a comfort—that same

' Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,  
Inconstant, coy, and hard to please;  
When want of breakfast wrings the brow,  
A ministering angel thou! "

Henceforth you have nothing to do but continue your attention to your sleep, so as to give thereby a fine finish to the appetite. In no long space there will be a delicious concert of cups rattling and fire blowing in your outer chamber, to conclude with a piece of brief *recitative*, breathed through as much of an opening as the fair melodist's nose can secure, on the principle of the wedge at the door. "Here we's are, sir, why should we quarrel for riches?" It must be a strange temper, indeed, which would dispose you to quarrel with any mortal thing when before the eye there beams such a breakfast, and before the heart the knowledge of your paying nothing for it. This, perhaps, is the only occasion in life when you find that absence of money is a positive blessing, as such a magnificent regale was never spread before you as now. Now every phenomenon in nature—and surely to get a splendid breakfast without money is one, and a most curious one, too—has its philosophy, and so has this. It resolves itself, in short, into one unfailing fact, that

your old woman cannot pretend to the luxury of a conscience, and, to do justice to her straightforwardness of character, never does. In the practical application of this principle there is, however, much room for ingenuity. She, on sallying out on duty, is impressed, of course, with a general sense of her obligation to rob somebody. On that head, as I have just intimated, there does not exist any difficulty, that being a point I would desire to be always clearly understood by the reader. But the matter of conscience is who that somebody is to be. Frequently it is a thing of mere chance. It used to be the practice of the university *skips*, before breakfast, to assemble in solemn senate round the milkmen in the centres of the several courts, discussing the virtues generally of their respective masters, and their comparative degrees of sobriety on the preceding night. Of these conventions old Tip, the dwarf badgeman already honourably referred to for his courage in spitting in the face of *ould* Katty, *ould* Jacky Barrett's *ould* woman, was a sort of movable chairman, shifting from one to another, and refreshing himself with a draught of milk presented gratuitously, through admiration of his "great power of words," and which a flying education, by catching the newspapers and reading out, when they had finished before the newsman called, the young gentleman's "penny reads," had conferred. The practice of these old ladies of the bedchamber was to leave, on such occasions, their masters' doors staring wide open. By this arrangement they were themselves relieved from distraction of spirit in fumbling, among twenty others, for the proper latch-key; and if robbers, in their absence, should, from the secluded form of the buildings, venture to intrude, it could be none but those who were legitimate, and had a right to rob. From these conventions are necessarily absent that portion of the *skip* community whose masters have placed themselves on the "*starving list*," and who cannot, therefore, afford the luxury of the usual gossip round the milk-can, but must be up and stirring, as becomes the emergency. Accordingly, they will be seen to dart in at the first open door, seize upon as much edible pro-

perty on table or pantry as will suit, and move off with a countenance and conscience infinitely more composed than one might expect. No nicety of this sort did ever make sore the heart of any old college woman in my day, nor, for that matter, did it of any of their masters. They, indeed, may stifle any morbid feeling on this head (and it is a strong hypothesis which supposes its existence in any case) by the reflection that they will have money in turn, and in turn their door will stand open some morning or other.

The second form of academic pauperism, and which, as I have said, is entitled, *Imperfect College Starring*, and refers to that state of affairs when there is credit, but no money. The difficulties here are, of course, merely nominal, and need no detail. It may be remarked, however, that this state of finance is a favourite one, the idea of a resumption of cash payments being, on the whole, practically scouted.

I forget at what distance of time from the events of my last number it was that, lying in my bed, in No. 27 Brick Square, sweltering luxuriously in the blankets, and convincing myself over and over again that it would be absolute madness to get up so soon, I thought I heard a combination of light and heavy sounds played off upon my outer door, as if some lady or gentleman's hand and toe were taking therat contemporary exercisc. Tumbling out of bed half asleep, and disencumbering myself of the bed-clothes by piecemeal as I moved along (an admirable plan to break the shock of the cold air, but only practicable by a bachelor), I succeeded in throwing open the double door, whereupon the dirty face of the fair Mrs. Smout forthwith presented itself. My robes were, to be sure, of the simplest order; but this was another of those niceties which made not sore the heart of any old college woman in my day, nor, for that matter, any of their masters.

"Well, Biddy," said I, getting my eyes, by rubbing them, out of a state of eclipse, as I addressed Jack Moriarty's devoted follower, "what fresh piece of mischief are you and your master after this morning?"

"A buildin' ov churches, at last, sir, an' why not?" responded the good

old lady, wiping with her cinder-riddled apron her lips, as if preparing to receive a hearty salute from a sturdy pot of porter. "But here's a letter from himself to tell you to come and help him, not a doubt of it!"

"Why, Biddy, you don't tell me Mr. Jack's up yet, do you?"

"Well, thin, he's not just what you may call up, by raison that he's down. But he wrote this on his mahogany goold-covered writin'-desk" (here Biddy, meeting my eye, and thereby recollecting that it was only when she was preaching about her master's magnificence outside the walls that she held herself called upon to glorify the character of the establishment, corrected herself by a sober emendation)—"on the bellows outside the quilt," as a body may say.

The precious document was then handed into court, and which ran in the usual right royal manner:—

"JACK M.

"Article 1. You are bidden to a banquet at our palace forthwith.

"Article 2. Biddy Smout, our Minister for the Interior, is charged with the execution of this decree.

"(Signed)

JACK M.

"(Countersigned) BIDDY SMOUT,

"Minister of the Interior."

"A biddin' for blankets!" screamed the lovely minister for the interior; "has he takin his lave ov his sinces at last thin?"

"Hut, Biddy, get out with you!" said I, wishing to soothe her alarm, and pushing her out into the lobby, "it's a feast of reason he means. Tell him I'll be over in a moment."

"A faste of raisins at this time ov the morning! an' where's he to get them?" I heard the old lady muttering to herself, little enlightened, as it would seem, by my hurried explanation, as she shuffled down stairs.

"Jack," thought I, as, in my high state of excited anticipation, I jumped into my trousers by way of expedition, with only the slight drawback that, having jumped the wrong way into them, I tumbled three or four times on the floor in jumping out of them again,— "Jack is decidedly after something this morning, that's plain. Let me see now what it can be. To-morrow will be Whitsun Thursday, and the candidate scholars

will be going in for their examination. He will have a vast deal of running about, I know, among them, — encouraging them during the intervals of examination to expectorate, as a wholesome process, the annual quantity of nonsense which is always expected on this occasion. Then next week comes on the terrible fellowship examination; and he will, of course, be up to the ears in business, cheering the unhappy wretches who are to undergo torture thereat. Then again there is the sizarship examination, and the whole bogful of Kerry frieze-coats, and old Jacky Finn, the Wesmeath hedge-school governor, will be at his inveterate practice of standing as candidate just as he has done time out of mind; and Jack, I know, is determined to give him a more magnificent chairing than usual round the courts, to congratulate him on his annual disappointment. Yes, yes!" said I, "Jack will have a vast deal of nothing upon his hands, for the next ten days or so, and he wants to consult me as to the possibility of his getting through it all." Having, during this soliloquy, contrived, by a sort of natural instinct, I suppose, for I was far beyond any power of deliberation, to get on my grey cloth morning-gown and college *slate*, reserving for my transition across the courts the adjustment of the neckcloth — the favourite mode of touching off that part of the toilette with us in flying to morning chapel — I found myself incontinently at Jack's open door in No. 7, and where the lovely Smout once more was standing brushing her master's toggery, and dimly visible through the cloud raised by her own energies, like a pyramid in a sirocco of dust.

"Hallo, Biddy, here I am again! What sign is there of breakfast?"

"Och! an troth, sir, sure it wud'nt be manners in us to make a show till we was sure ye wud come."

"Keep out of the way, then, Biddy!" said I, hurrying on, without stopping to remark a most suspicious puckering about one corner of her mouth, which, as soon appeared, expressed a strong presentiment and enjoyment of the mischief that was at hand. Bursting Jack's bed-chamber door open, I executed a splendid somerset, whose local *ter-*

*minus* was in the centre of Jack's bed, and whose shock was broken, as I intended it should, by Jack's own person therein ensconced.

"Hallo, there above!" said Jack, emerging from the bed-clothes, and coming to the surface. "What the devil brings you here?"

"Brings me here, is it? The hope of my breakfast, of course!"

"Oh, ay! I remember now asking you," said Jack, with his mouth full of sleep. "Have you any money about you?"

"Yes," said I; "I think I have about ten shillings; but what has that to do with the breakfast?"

"Why, something, in a slight degree, I should rather say. Biddy!"

"An amn't I here, Misther Jack?" said that beautiful being, her soapless face betraying sooty symptoms of delight.

"Well then," said her master, lazily, turning half a mouth towards her over his shoulder, "Mr. T—— will give you money for tea, bread, butter, sugar, milk. How many eggs do you generally take? I'll take four myself—say a dozen, and we can, at all events, eat them to-morrow—at least I can; so be off with you, and blow the fire, while Biddy is on external duty, for I want to give a finishing touch or so to my last sleep; and call me, do you hear, when all's ready."

"Oh! colder than the wind that freezes  
Founts that of late in sunshine played  
Is the congealing pang that seizes  
The trusting bosom when betrayed."

And betrayed I was with a vengeance! Here was I who, in my eagerness to enjoy a piece of mischief at another's expense, had hazarded the existence of a popular pair of trousers, not only fraudulently deprived of any such positive accession to my happiness, but actually made myself the victim of duplicity. I, too, Jack Moriarty's bosom friend as I then was, and historian, as I am destined to be, through all time—oh! treachery, is not thy name Jack? And if there was any thing wanting to fill up the measure of bitterness, it was supplied by the fiendish exultation of the wretch Mrs. Smout, who, casting herself, after the ecstatic mode of her countrywomen, with her outstretched arms upon that part of the bed where her master's shoulder was

ly with infinite chuck-  
d in a shrill scream  
hich the combined  
whole universe of su-  
rood-hens could not  
och! but ye's are the  
world!—for where's  
er? The blessin' be  
g lady that yer begin  
yer false music—for  
and amin, I say, this  
turning to me, who  
petrified state on the  
ixed in the attitude  
ted my somerset, she  
n' sure, sir, does n't  
ivarse for divarsion?  
nine-and-twenty year  
, but one that 'ud  
to him I nivr saw—  
oth!—no, if it warn't  
boordin'-house rush-  
betther be off for the

this appeal, I flung  
es at her head (which,  
ill luck, did not dash  
but struck the inno-  
id her), leaped madly  
and finally sought to  
ughts by superintend-  
he wandering energies  
peless pair of bellows.  
e, however, consider-  
, as by the time old  
ister for the Interior,  
ting and blowing on  
ened with a store of  
y temper had reco-  
and I felt sufficiently  
see that I could do  
them, a circumstance  
ing that I alone had  
aided, it is probable,  
7. "Here Biddy,"  
h the eggs, and call

art of my directions  
xuted, not by ringing  
ng a gong, as is done  
commonplace house-  
oolly walking in, and  
ut again with every  
l-clothes upon her  
alking out" does not  
express the mode of  
ever, on the present  
ceremony gave rise  
speed as to which  
the door first be-  
handmaiden, Jack's  
after her head, and  
nd. CXX.

Jack himself. After that facetious  
gentleman had recovered from the  
irritation of a disturbed *smooze*, and  
which he helped himself to do by  
executing in certain very thin robes  
a pirouette or so round the room, he  
stopped to admire the arrange-  
ments of the breakfast-table, pro-  
nouncing them inimitable, in a  
general way, but intimating that,  
as he had a large number of ac-  
quaintances, he should exert him-  
self to see that they were really  
imitated on many future occasions,  
consoling me with the observation  
that, by this means, I would not be  
called on to pay up my shares for a  
respectable space of time again.

"I must certainly," said he, "en-  
large the circle of my friends. I had  
not intended to have done so until  
winter, when I would require to bor-  
row umbrellas and lose them; but I  
see I must give many breakfasts be-  
fore that—I see I must."

With this *exposé* of his future do-  
mestic arrangements, he proceeded to  
institute a combined process of eating  
and dressing, and which resolved itself  
into alternate stages of egg and stock-  
ing—trousers and egg—egg, waist-  
coat and egg—egg—and—and—egg  
—then egg, and then coat, and then  
egg again, winding all up with one  
continuous flourish of eggs.

"Come, come," said he, reproach-  
ing himself, as it were, for trifling,  
"let us get seriously to breakfast."

Suiting the action to the word, he  
threw himself into an easy college  
attitude, by resting his feet horizon-  
tally on the seat of my chair, and  
which I reciprocated, to complete the  
picture.

"Let us make haste," said he,  
"the candidate scholars will be put-  
ting down their names to-day, and  
will be already at deep *funking*.  
(The meaning of this term is pec-  
uliar, and, next to undergoing a  
college examination, will be best un-  
derstood by the reader's consulting  
the experience of any gentleman of  
his acquaintance who has ever held  
up his hand at the Old Bailey.)

Accordingly, we hurried the break-  
fast over, limiting, on this emergency,  
our habit of doing justice to ourselves  
to something rather over than under  
six cups a-piece, and went forth to  
view the stirring scene which the  
college courts always present the day



before scholarship, and which does not, indeed, subside until that day fortnight, when the period of excitement is closed by the sizarship examination. To attain the position of scholar-of-the-house, a very competent knowledge of Greek and Roman literature is required, tested, as it is, by a critical examination held for two days by the senior fellows. This portion of the general body, and who form, in a great degree, the ruling authorities of the University, as the junior fellows are considerably restricted to their duties as tutors and examiners at the usual term examinations, resume their former occupations of examining on the occasion of scholarship and fellowship only. The emoluments attached to the situation of scholar are very considerable, and constitute to the struggling student a very desirable and solid object of ambition, especially to the class of sizars, persons for the most part of limited means. Moreover, a great degree of respectability belongs to the name, and which is felt to attach itself in a considerable measure to after-life. The number of candidates was, on the present occasion, unusually great, amounting to upwards of one hundred and twenty. This may be accounted for by the chances of success having been multiplied by the large proportion of vacancies which were proposed to be filled up. Each scholar vacates his office after a tenure of five years; but the present year, moreover, belonged to the cycle corresponding to the unhappy period of 1798, when the authorities were reluctantly compelled to punish by expulsion several of the young scholars, who were more than suspected of treasonable practices. Accordingly, the courts presented one living sea of black caps and gowns, the individuals who tenanted them crowding towards the porter's lodge, to "put down" their names as candidates. As none but persons with some pretensions to classical acquirements—pretensions which his most intimate acquaintances never imputed to Moriarty, and the more intimate the less inclined, always excepting Biddy Smout, who looked upon her master as a miracle of knowledge, and "able to sack the provost himself, and thin the vice-provost, one down and another come on"—the

reader will probably, in his ignorance, ask what business he could possibly have in such a crowd on such an occasion. That reader must therefore be informed, once for all, that Jack on the contrary had a very great deal of business, and which nobody but himself could do. For had he not to stand at the desk in the lodge, with his cap half off his head in his excitement, and bestow on each candidate as he came up, and whom Jack knew—whom, indeed, did he not know?—a whole world of oracular counsel and advice touching the proper way of demeaning himself in the hall to-morrow.

Not, indeed, that Jack knew precisely any thing whatever about the matter,—just as if a man should, for that reason, deny himself the luxury of giving advice, forsooth! Was he not there to tell them what his opinion seriously was, and, as a friend, as to the best mode of securing success, and what was a good deal to the effect, that the party advised should answer the best they could, and other like topics, which could only occur to such an original mind as his. And even where his directions and monitions were not more than half digested by some of the receivers, in the rashness of youth, who seemed to think that a professed *caution-man* was likely to know rather less on those points than themselves, were they not swallowed and bolted by the fathers of those candidates who had come up from the provinces—many of them for the first time in their lives—to cheer them up on this trying occasion.

"Mind that, my boy,—mind now what this gentleman says,—I'm sure, sir, he ought to be much obliged to you. Good again! Half-a-dozen raw eggs and a Swedish turnip in slices, before he goes into the hall, would give a good tone to the voice, and might have its effect upon the examiner." "Pray, sir,—I have not the pleasure of knowing you,—but might I expect you to dinner with me at the hotel at five?—now sir, don't say no, I beg!" But villain as Jack was (had he not defrauded me of a breakfast?), he was that only—he was not a *sponge*, and so constantly evaded the temptation.

On the next morning, being Thursday before Whitsunday—the day

fixed by the statutes—the tug of war commenced, the tocsin being sounded on the large-bell for a space of twenty minutes (commencing at a quarter after seven o'clock, college time.\* The scene of action on this, as on every similar occasion, was the dining-hall, as the theatre was in a full glow of preparation for the fellowship examination, which would commence on the ensuing Wednesday. The hour for the scholarship examination commencing is strictly limited to eight o'clock, all ingress being impossible beyond that time, and which is defined by the market-bell alluded to in my first number at the door in a high state of synchronism with the last blow of the clock overhead. To do justice, however, to the considerate feelings of the porter in charge of the machinery of the said market-bell, he sounds the note of dispersion at the first, the very first stroke of the chronometer, bringing it down from shoulder to thigh with a hearty earnestness which shews he can appreciate the relief from agony it brings. Moreover, he himself then goes off duty. Into many a beating heart that day was instantly sent a pulse of fierce fervour by so simple an intonation—many and many a cheek was blanched. The day so long looked for, hoped for, and, when it did come, so dreaded, was set in, and they must now abide its issue. And then, in cruel contrast to all this scene of agitation, was the cool, the insolently, atrociously cool demeanour of the grey-headed examiners,

who passed through the retiring crowd, lingering still on the outside with as much calmness as if proceeding to breakfast, and that breakfast, too, to be paid for—as in one John Moriarty's case—by some favourite guest! The subject of examination is restricted, as I hinted before, to matters of purely classical literature, and comprises within its range a considerable proportion of the best authors of Greece and Rome. Each of the examiners selects one of the books in question, and the business proceeds simultaneously at the several points of the hall, which, according to my previous statement, presented on this occasion an unusually full appearance. It is superfluous to remark, that where the interests involved are so very considerable, the test of scholarship is as rigidly as it is impartially applied. For one of the examiners a sentiment amounting to something like perfect awe was confessedly felt by every individual among the candidates, Dr. Elrington, the then provost, but subsequently elevated to the see of Fergus. That he was a man of high acquirements and powerful abilities in whatever line he chose to display them, his published works, as well as the voice of his contemporaries, fully evince; but his character as an examiner was darkened into what, in our view, was sheer savage sternness. This, I now know, was a partial idea, fostered by a feeling of agitation which his presence used to inspire; but still its effect was real and deep.

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\* I have, in a former Number, alluded to the circumstance of the college-clock being always kept a quarter-of-an-hour behind that of the post-office. I think that it is in Basle, in Switzerland, that, up to this day, the clock of the town-hall is regulated one hour behind the natural state of the day, in commemoration of a conspiracy being many years ago frustrated by the ingenuity of one of the magistrates, who, apprised of the circumstance, prevented, by this simple artifice, the meeting of the conspirators, and which, it appears, could never afterwards be effected. But the movements of the respectable old gentleman who stares you above the dining-hall of Trinity, and an honest old soul of a clock he is too—going, when he does go, decidedly, and stopping, when he does stop, just as decidedly and candidly—refer to no such atrocious recollections. The engagements of the young gentlemen in town, he knows, are somewhat protracted, especially if at evening parties, and taking leave of their partners, beyond the exact time, and he therefore indulges them with a quarter-of-an-hour's law to reach the gates before they are closed for the night. This circumstance, by the by, will throw light in some measure on the apparently superfluous verbiage of Charley Sharpe, the book-auctioneer in Anglesea Street, the most punctual of men, and an immense favourite with Jack, whose advertisements, with an eye to his college customers, always concluded with some such announcement as "Sale to commence with No. 232 of the Catalogue, strictly at eight o'clock, to the minute accurately, by the post-office precisely."

There is no doubt, however, that his form of examination was peculiarly searching, and rarely was attended by a favourable judgment upon the results. "The provost's best mark" was an uncommon event in my day, and was, of course, prized in proportion to its rarity. Among the examiners, too, came out in full force—force after his little odd way—the vice-provost, even Jacky Barrett. For such occasions he was known to arm himself with a strange assortment of puzzling passages, cranky questions, and obscure readings, wherewith he might give to the candidates "a power," as he termed it, "of pushes" (ū as in rushes). The examination, like that at the commencement of each term, is conducted during two consecutive days, and terminates at four o'clock on Friday evening.

But this is rather a digression. As Jack Moriarty was not, as a matter of course, among the candidates, it may be asked what that industrious personage was about all this time? Jack, sir, then was about a great deal. I would distinctly wish it to be understood that he was over the very coat-tails in business; it is a strong figure, I allow, but not stronger than the facts themselves warrant. If any reader should still further wish for more accurate ideas as to the precise nature of this business, I, too, would beg to say at once that I hold such a reader a troublesome fellow, and I don't wish for his further acquaintance. He can have, of course, his half-crown on applying at the publisher's. If people will persist in asking how people manage who have an infinite deal of nothing to do, and are fully alive to the duty of doing it, let people consult their own private and personal experience on such occasions, I say, and let other people rest.

Suppose, then, that the scholarship examination is brought to a close, or that the Friday evening has arrived. The adjudication of the successful candidates will not be announced until Trinity Monday morning, which is now removed by more than an interval of a week, and the candidates are in comparative peace. This, however, they contrived to enliven by a small system of self-tormenting, and to which Moriarty was

sure to lend his friendly aid. They might be seen running up and down stairs with cards full of calculations in their hands, conferring in rings in the centre of the courts after commons as to the chances of success; and, finally, and as the result of impartial deliberation, each determining that, come what might of the rest, he himself was sure of his election.

As this was now Saturday, there were tokens of excitement and animation pervading the courts, and the whole university in general, to which the scholarship affair could not have given rise, as the trial of skill had, as I said, closed the preceding evening, and matters on that head would be comparatively at rest until Monday week, when the day of declaration would stir them up once more. The porters, who are all necessarily fat and scant of breath, else the idea of a public institution would be depreciated, assisted by a whole mob of understrappers, who were not in academic livery—some of them, indeed, were almost in nothing at all—were seen toiling in coatless energy across the courts, bearing what seemed detached portions of previously prepared machinery, rather tarnished through use, from an odd sort of a recess in Botany Bay Square, and only disturbed upon the present annual occasion. Streams of ladies and gentlemen, and of all possible grades of ladies and gentlemen—we have an assortment of every degree of fineness and quality in Ireland—were hurrying all in one direction, towards the theatre, as if the scene of some interesting preparation, and which through its magnificent compartments was echoing all round, and sending out its echoes at every opening far and wide over the university, to a system of fierce and hurried hammering. In short, the usual preparations were making for the fellowship examinations, which would commence on Wednesday, and be continued through that and the three ensuing days. These consisted of a series of circular seats, rising gradually one above the other, so as to suit the convenience of the crowd of spectators, and command a view of the open space in the centre. One segment of this circular space is filled up with seats for the court of exam-

iners, which, as I intimated before, is constituted by the provost and the seven senior fellows, while opposite to them are placed the candidates, amounting, in their average number, to half-a-dozen. Both parties repose—if repose that can be called which repose is none—on cushions of the softest texture; and an air of seeming comfort is completed by a thick carpeting of green baize, though that idea is strangely in contrast with what is really a scene of excitement almost painful. On the present occasion the visitors to the hall were very numerous, and were mingled among the workmen. The assemblage of females was beyond the usual proportion too. As they are excluded from

the court of examination while in actual progress, they avenge themselves by visiting the scene whilst in a state of preparation, sitting now in the chair of the examiner and wondering what questions he would ask, and now in the chair of the examined, and wondering what he again would answer. Then would the father, or brother, or other male friend accompanying, thinking himself bound not to appear ignorant, volunteer an explanation of the whole process of fellowship examination, exciting therein all his faculties, that of impudence especially, in a case, on an average, hopelessly beyond their comprehension.\* “Poor creatures!” would then be the general rejoinder,

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\* The present writer has exerted himself to procure a copy of the corum of examination prescribed, and which, as it is not generally known, it may not be uninteresting to the reader. When it is borne in mind that the searching nature of the examination—and to make it so the examiner tasks his ingenuity to the utmost—requires the candidates’ knowledge to be so accurate as implies a perfect recollection of almost every sentence of each prescribed author, and that the whole process, even where the most abstruse dissertations of the German philosophy and the most complicated formulæ of mathematics are involved, is conducted orally, and in the Latin language, there is reason for the general opinion, that the fellowship examination in Trinity College, Dublin, forms the most rigorous literary ordeal in the world, and to which, indeed, neither of the sister universities of England can propose the slightest parallel. The emoluments, however, and dignity of the situation, it must be remarked, are in the same proportion:—

*Intellectual Philosophy.*

Reid’s *Essays on the Powers of the Human Mind*; Stewart’s (Dugald) *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*; Brown’s (Thos.) *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind*; Bacon’s *Novum Organum*; Bacon de *Augmentis Scientiarum*, liber v.; Berkely on the *Principles of Human Knowledge*; Whateley’s *Logic*; Locke on the *Understanding*; Cousin’s *History of Philosophy*; Cousin on *Truth, Beauty, and Virtue*.

*Mathematical Philosophy.*

Cagnoli’s *Trigonometry*; Lardner’s *Trigonometry*; Luby’s *Trigonometry*; Woodhouse’s *Trigonometry*; Lacroix on the *Differential and Integral Calculus*; Lardner on the *Differential and Integral Calculus*; Herschell’s *Examples of the Differential and Integral Calculus*; Lardner’s *Analytic Geometry*; Hamilton’s *Conic Sections*; *Selections from Archimedes*; Monge’s *Geometry*; Dupin’s *Geometry*; Leroy’s *Geometry*; Lacroix’s *Geometry*; Chaste’s *Geometry*; Poisson’s *Memoire on the Calculus*; Jacobi’s *Researches on Elliptic Functions*; Murphy’s *Algebra*; Gounil’s *Algebraic Analysis*.

*Natural Philosophy.*

Newton’s *Principia*; Poisson’s *Traité de Mécanique*; Pratt’s *Mechanical Philosophy*; Lloyd’s *Mechanical Philosophy*; Lloyd’s *Optics*; Herschell on *Light*; Herschell on *Sound*; Airy’s *Lunar Theory*; Airy’s *Planetary Theory*; Airy on *Nutation and Precession*; Airy on the *Theory of Waves applied to Light*; Airy on *Figure of Earth*; Robinson on *Figure of Earth*; Lubbock on *Tides*; La Place’s *Système du Monde*; the *Doctrine of La Place’s Coefficients* as applied to *Figure of Earth*; Somerville’s *Mechanism of Heavens*; M’Cullagh’s and Hamilton’s *Optical Researches*.

*Ethical Philosophy.*

Cicero de *Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*; Ciceronis *Quæstiones Academicæ*; Ciceronis *Quæstiones Tusculanæ*; Cicero de *Legibus*; Cicero de *Natura Deorum*; Cicero de *Officiis*; Conybeare’s *Reply to Tindal*; Butler’s *Analogy*; Butler’s *Sermons on Hum. Nature*; Warburton’s *Divine Legation of Moses*; Cumberland de *Legibus Naturæ*; Cndworth’s *Immutable Morality*; Adams on *Virtue*; Smith’s *Moral Sentiments*; . y’s *l ical Philosophy*; Brown’s *Reply to Shaftesbury*;

referring to the candidates, "how they must wish it was all over."

And well they may. To devote day after day, month after month, year after year, to a line of severest study that has no points of relaxation—no spots of sun-mantled greenness to disport on—to task the spirit in foregoing, and that in our nature's most elastic season, those enjoyments even of the animal economy, even of open light and air, poring on and on, alike through the dreary watches of the night as the tantalising brightness of the day, and through all and amid all to bear up manfully against the sickening and sinking of the heart, which a strain so tense and so monotonous on the physical energies alone would induce, even was there nothing of the sense of hope deferred and blighted, working, as it often does, in fatal secrecy—surely there is enough here to waste and wear away a nerve far less fine in its tone and texture than is often assigned to the lot of genius. Well, then, may they wish it over!

"I have been round them all," said Jack, alluding to his circuit of the candidates on the evening preceding the examination, "I have been round them all. I administered a couple of glasses, or so, of good old port to M—— and K——, with rather good effect, and four or five to myself with decidedly good effect. I am about to take down S—— to Dunleary, the noise from the examination hall is driving him distracted. He has been applying too liberally, I am afraid, of late, to green tea and slops. He could bear nothing else, he says. Why don't the board see that those carpenters work with muffled hammers, as it were."

Next morning the college was alive from day-break. A peculiar feeling

of interest was attached to the present occasion, and which pervaded all parties. The two favourite candidates for the single vacancy, M—— and K——, had been frequently pitted against each other during their undergraduate course, and each had been almost alternately victorious and defeated. This was the last trial of strength they were ever to have. This was the one great capital prize for which they were finally to compete, and then one of them might rest for life. The private characters of both—their public was that of intellect—were excellent. M—— was a young gentleman of moderate birth and fortune; but K——'s original condition had been one of great humility and comparative privation. His struggles must have been many and severe before he attained a footing of respectability in the university, though nowhere is there so positive a grace shed over such efforts, if honestly and unaffectedly made. This circumstance induced a general feeling in his favour. Moriarty's predilections hovered between both, although it required but little to cause an actual preponderance towards the poorer candidate.

I do not recollect a morning in all my life—and yet I have been at this date a denizen of the warm south for years—blessed by a sunrise of such dazzling brilliancy as burst upon all eyes that morning. Every one was up and stirring, and the chapel, at the early hour of six, was crowded. The examinations not commencing until eight o'clock, the interval was devoted by a crowd of students and civilians (as a raw recruit is fond of expressing it) to the exhilarating exercise of kicking against the low iron-gates, which

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Dugald Stuart on the Active Powers; Mackintosh's *Ethical Dissertation*; Aristotle's *Ethics*.

*History.*

Herodotus; Thucydides; Livy; Hook's *Rome*; Mitford's *Greece*; Niebuhr's *Rome*; Heeren's *Greece*.

*Chronology.*

Newton's *Chronology*; Hale's *Chronology*; Beveridge's *Chronology*; Wall on the *Astronomical Learning of the Egyptians*; Mitford's *Chronological Disquisitions*.

*Hebrew.*

The first twenty-five chapters of *Isaiah*.

*Classics.*

One of the Greek Plays, or Demosthenes' *Oration*s, no previous notice being given. The Latin author selected is generally *Tacitus*.

*Composition in Latin Prose and Verse.*

stood, with characteristic obstinacy, between them and the portals of the theatre of examination. Jack was not, however, in his usual place, the centre of a college-mob, being assiduously employed in "saddling," as he termed it, the candidates, pulling on for them their silk stockings and shoes, and arranging their white neck-cloths with a taste to which their hands, trembling with nervous weakness, could not aspire. At last, the porter in charge, who had by slight tugs at the lever-rope at first, and then by gradual increase of power, been wakening into life the huge bell of the university, reached the computed climax precisely as the hands pointed to twenty minutes to eight, and a tone of thunder shivered the air. This was the signal for the gates being opened—a process rather dangerous to the opener, where you have an irritated crowd ready to assist you by external pressure, and forthwith every seat was occupied, except those for the examiners and candidates, who would not make their appearance until the proper season. The bell continued to toll until five minutes to eight—the precise moment, by the by, and suggesting queer analogies, at which the Newgate one ceases on the morning of execution; and forthwith, headed by the provosts, and received by the whole company standing, entered, according to seniority, the eight examiners, followed by the candidates. Thus, to take one of the analogies before alluded to, the eight examiners represent, as it were, in the procession from the condemned cell, the prison chaplain eight times multiplied,—the chief point of resemblance being here the astonishing coolness and calmness of the party in question in each case; but any want of similitude is made up by that part of the picture which includes the candidates, who, as they pass the barrier of the circle, exhibit faces rather longer perhaps, and more wo-begone, than those which present themselves at the well-known debtors' door. The candidates then took their seats, as soon as the examiners had assumed theirs; and a curious array they did present—a tribe of pale faces indeed! worn, weary, and exhausted, and two-thirds of them reduced to spectacles. Both parties were in full

dress and robes; but what a contrast! the one, the examiners, full of spirit, snuffing the coming slaughter,—they, had, however, been all once slain themselves—the other could not have got up a laugh among them strong enough to shake the air two inches from them. The moment the clock sounded, M<sup>c</sup>Allister, the head porter, arrayed in his red silk gown of office, and full state face, and who held the market-bell on this grand occasion, to distinguish it from vulgar eyes, came down with a single peal, and the business commenced. As a prelude, however, the senior lecturer for the year rose, and read a long piece of Latin, believed to be—for no one of course paid any attention to it—that part of the statutes which refers to the rules for electing fellows. The interval was employed by the examiner in the first course (intellectual philosophy) unfolding his roll, and sharpening his pencil; while every other individual present, from the provost down to the glib, sharpened his pencil too, with a view to mark the responses. This over, the examiner opened his fire. The first question put at fellowship is intended to rouse the candidates only, it is supposed, as a correct response, if any at all, is never received. One or two may be seen to move their lips; but this is probably done instinctively, to remove the viscid matter which in such a state of excitement usually affects the parched organs. This circumstance is technically called "cutting the bench," the examiner replying to any attempt to answer, if attempt there be, by the decisive "*Non, Domine.*" It should be remarked that the examiners and candidates are vastly polite to each other, interlarding, without much reference to classical pauses, their speech with perpetual "*Domines,*"—very probably, like the "Gentlemen of the Jury" with the barrister, to gain time for a word. When the examiner began once more his circuit the bench was now fully awake, and real business became the order of the day. This was so well understood, that the motley audience, comprising a host of students, clergymen, doctors, barristers, and every sort of professional idler of every denomination in Dublin, leant anxiously to hear; and when the first correct response

was heard, and the examiner's "*Recte, Domine*" sounded, a sigh of relief rose from the whole assembly; while five hundred pencils on as many cards debited to the proper owners the auspicious fact. There were always reserved a couple of seats or so within the circle for visitors of a more distinguished order, as bishops and judges. One of these was occupied at present by the member for the University, who was there probably with a view to electioneering purposes, as in a constituency of so limited an extent as it then was (comprising only the fellows and scholars) the vote of the new fellow would be of importance on the occasion of a dissolution of parliament. Still, however, it might have been his love of the sciences which operated on the gentleman in question; for Plunkett, who then represented his Alma Mater, had at an early season of life displayed, in his studies, that taste for severe reasoning which gave such a solid lustre to his brilliant periods, and was himself a distinguished proficient in the pure mathematics. He is said, even at this day, to occupy any pause that takes place in the business of court where he presides—that of Chancery—with the solution of some geometrical problem, like Napoleon's algebraical calculations, and was known on one occasion to have secured more than one vote among the scholars, when, on visiting their rooms on a canvassing circuit, and finding them battling with some difficulty, he drew in his chair, and cleared it up. Another seat was occupied by the princely figure of the most princely of all the Beresfords—and a family of splendid men were they—the then Archbishop of Dublin, and now lord primate of all Ireland. His successor in the see, the celebrated Magee, who was of a low, slight make, used punctually to attend during the whole three days wherein the court of examination was open to the public, the fourth, which is devoted to composition in Latin verse and prose, being private. His celebrity first took its rise in the University of which he was a fellow, and wherein he held the professorship of mathematics. He is remembered to this day for his practice at the fellowship examinations, in conducting the portion—the mathe-

matical—that fell to his share, without applying to a written list of questions,—a departure from the usual mode, which, as it was considered to be attended with no real difficulty among the *cognoscenti*, was by them held to savour something of affectation. It had its effect, however, as implying high proficiency in the science, upon the general auditor, and was mentioned, on the occasion of his death, as matter of honourable eulogium in the papers of the day. It must have been with no small share of honourable pride, and which gave, one could not help thinking, a lustre to his peculiarly restless eye, that he used to take his seat in the circle, to witness those of others where his own first pregnant triumphs were won, increasing, as they did, step by step, until they reached their climax, on driving, in full archiepiscopal state, as visitor of that university through whose gates he had once walked humbly as a sizar,—one more instance of the process whereby our great national seminaries link, by the most endearing of all conceivable ties, the aristocracy of our country to its less exalted classes—a circumstance of measureless value to the solid happiness of the state, and which, as several occasions have lately proved, is fully appreciated by the English people—an effect which, if properly applied, cannot fail to give to the established orders in our social life a power to meet all turbulence with a conscious sense of their solid strength, as surely and as calmly as the Andes meet and send back the Pacific. It is in consonance, I am certain, with this sentiment, to refer to the fact of Magee, upon all fitting occasions; notwithstanding a slight tinge of *hauteur* which affected his habits of intercourse, exhibiting the good taste—if so paltry a phrase can be applied to the discharge of the duty he owed himself and the community—of reverting with pride to the circumstances of his early birth, and the struggles by which he at last encountered successfully their depressing influence.

But where all this time—

"Where is he, the pilgrim of my song?"

—not Childe Harold, who could have been well spared, but Childe Moriarty, the beloved of man and woman,

and Biddy Smout most inclusively, —where is he? Look there! just look there! If you wish to refresh your eye as human eye never was refreshed in the annals of vision, look back there, and behold him. There he is, planted between two kilted sergeants of the highland regiment in garrison,—sergeants off duty being notoriously a most inquisitive class, roaming, in pairs, here, and there, and every where, with cane switches in their hands, in search of all sorts of knowledge—that connected with public-houses not omitted. Accordingly, it is by no means a rare thing, however alien the scene must be to that which the daily habits of such persons present, to see a number of scarlet uniforms checkering the sombre mass of black gowns assembled at a fellowship examination, giving an air of brightness to the assemblage, as is done on the occasion of private parties in Dublin, where the garrison officers, being invited confessedly for sake of their clothes, are expected to illumine the room, and save lamp reflectors. Between two highland sergeants, then, by some odd chance, had our Jack been planted now, and with whom, it soon appeared, he had struck up, as was his general wont, an immediate acquaintance. I had remarked these two Waterloo heroes—so their medals testified—at the moment they took their seats apparently puzzled by the scene before them, snuffing up all the air in the neighbourhood of their noses with a most inquiring relish, as if saying to themselves, with their far Aberdeen accent, “Fat ta deil’s a’ this about?” But they soon found a relief to their ignorance in Moriarty’s affability, who took care to explain in under tones any points of interest in his own peculiar way, and with his own peculiar face; and to whom, as arrayed in learned academic costume, they paid the most respectful and implicit deference.

“Weel, sir, this is a maist curious scene. I dinna ken if I ever saw a mair curious ane atwixt the een.”

“True, true,” said Jack; “these candidates are obliged to lead an odd sort of life.”

“Nae doot, sir; nae doot ava!”

“Yes, indeed. What would you think, now, that to enable them to

keep awake at night, they go out for a month or so—among their friends at first—as private watchmen, not public, observe, public watching being only ordered by medical men in cases of bad sleeping!”

“Weel, noo, that pays a!”

The number of correct responses at the close of the first hour “put in” by K—exceeded those set down to M—(the two candidates on whom the interest was chiefly concentrated) by the small majority of one and three-fourths. The reader will be surprised, perhaps, at a fractional quantity measuring a response, or that it could be submitted to such nice calculation. But the spirit of impartiality which pervades the whole examination is so severe, that the slightest shade of merit is sure to be acknowledged, and hence the words of the examiner, “aliquatenus” and “sufficit,” belong to the aggregate of significant phrases as much as the decisive sound of “bene,” or “recte, domine.” Jack was at infinite pains to give accurate ideas to his military friends on this head, and who, catching the infectious spirit, were as busy now as any of us, watching, for a jotting down on the back of roll-calls, the answers of the candidates. This might have been done perhaps with a view to edifying the form of soldiers basking at the guard-room door in the evening’s sunshine, and giving a correct tone to the ideas of the sentinel on the subject of fellowship. The examination in intellectual philosophy closed just as the clock struck ten, and the court adjourned. The state of the poll, as it referred to the two gentlemen above mentioned, being that of perfect equality, after a proper computation of fractions,—a circumstance which gave an air of unusual excitement to the crowds that thronged the courts during the forenoon. Among these was our Jack most prominent, just as he ought to have been, laying down the law and delivering his opinion to the townspeople on the intrinsic merits of the examination which had just closed with so much spirit and eloquence, that it was really matter of regret that he could not possibly know any thing about them. This was, however, no impediment to him, or a hundred others, who were equally industrious in talking away for the



ensuing four hours in every court, at every doorway, on every stair-head, in every chamber. At two o'clock, again, the court was assembled,—the auditory being rather more crowded in the morning, owing to the more convenient hour of the day for loungers, among whom the two sergeants, with the intermediate Jack, were conspicuous, as before. The mathematical section of the examination attracts in general a smaller body of hearers than any other, the average number being scared away by the terrible words which that science, more especially in its modern researches, has invented, and which is placed hopelessly beyond their comprehension by the application of the Latin language. But the interest excited by the balanced merits of the two favourite candidates conquered, on the present occasion, the general repugnance. The two sergeants faced the whole business with as much intrepidity of air as ever they did the cuirassiers at Waterloo; and even the ladies, who were kept out by a boarded screen, and who thronged the lower part of the hall, tried to drink in a little knowledge through the chinks. That the interest had even reached through the medium of our friends in scarlet and tartan, the classical neighbourhood of the royal barracks, seemed not improbable, as appeared by the presence of a whole platoon of privates (they were, if my memory serves me right, the 79th Highlanders—the Camerons of Lochiel—the handsomest regiment in the service by the bye down to the very pioneers), and who remaining in the hall—as venturing into the court of examination, itself already dignified by the presence of their non-commissioned officers, would have broken down all the rules of the *canteen*—dressed up, rank and file, on each side in the attitude of “*attention*,” and assumed a disciplined look of reverential awe, as the examiners and candidates passed between the ranks, and which, as no doubt they felt, was, in its way, a homage to literature. “There is not a drummer in the army,” said Napoleon, who knew a soldier’s nature well, on being remonstrated with by some of his friends for wearing a portion of the dress of the Academy of Sciences, even on mili-

tary occasions, “who will not think the more of me for being something beyond a mere soldier.” It will be unnecessary for me to enter into any detail of the mathematical examination, as it could not, by its nature, create any general interest, and I will, therefore, limit myself to saying that the merits of M—— and K—— were, at its close, as accurately balanced as before. Under such exciting circumstances every body talked. Through the whole extent of crowded chambers there was not one could be procured to listen for love or money; in vain was the search for an empty reservoir wherein to discharge the bursting fulness of speech—hopeless the mission on which the look was sent to catch an unoccupied eye. And, oh! for one night in the guard-room of the royal barracks!

But I find that my subject is swelling beyond the just dimensions. Let it suffice that up to the last moment the two favourite candidates were so much on an equality—so accurately close was the dead heat run that even the minor tests of composition in Latin verse and prose, which are rarely ever applied, failed to intimate the slightest shade of difference. Among so excitable and so idle a population as belongs to Dublin the ferment was, without exaggeration, intense. Fellowship in Trinity College, Dublin, is a matter of quite a different nature from fellowship in Oxford or Cambridge. There the interest is local, rarely extending beyond the walls of the particular college, nor calculated to produce a general interest. But with us it is far otherwise. The situation is one of such high dignity—that is fully conceded by the members of the sister establishments—the test of competency so excessively severe, the interests involved are so numerous, that I speak with confidence when I say, that fellowship-week is one which agitates more or less the general aspect of Dublin society while it is passing. Collegemen are every where. There is not a hall-room, there is not a tavern, there is not a Dunleary car, but is pregnant with the one theme of discussion. This excitement, of course, subsides as rapidly as it rose, but, like every other form of Irish feeling, it is of a right

fiery temperature while it lasts. But the causes to which I have alluded gave it a stronger impulse than ever. When the examinations were finally closed on Saturday evening at four o'clock, after being continued during four consecutive days at intervals, the candidates entered on a new scene. This refers to the highly interesting fact that the senior lecturer gives them upon this occasion a most magnificent dinner, and where they meet all the examiners on terms curiously contrasted with those which prevailed through the period just closed. Little would a spectator conclude from the uproarious laughter, the joy of the redeemed captive in its early outburst, as it were, the anecdotes of mirth which circulated to and fro with the splendid wines,—every one saying something, after the way in which an Irishman alone can say something,—little, I say, would a spectator have been led thereby to refer to the scene of anxiety in such recent existence, wherein the very parties who were now met in high convivial amity sustained the relations of tormenter and tormented.

But I must hurry on. Suppose Trinity Sunday over, with its great dinner in honour of the foundress of the University, Queen Elizabeth, and whose memory is matter of thanksgiving in the after-dinner grace to this day,—suppose that almost all parties are talked out, and are waiting for Trinity Monday morning, that morning of mornings, to begin again with recruited resources,—suppose it is nine o'clock of that day, and that Jack Moriarty has asked a simple friend, as he did myself, in his own peculiar way, to breakfast, and has succeeded—an idea of easy formation,—suppose it is half past nine, and that the above Jack has swallowed half-a-dozen eggs and cups of tea—another easy idea for the reader, though not more so than was this process to that John,—suppose it is ten o'clock, and already there are symptoms of stir. Jack and I went over to K——'s room, who was sitting, affecting to read the newspaper, but keeping to one and the same line, as exhausted and as pale as a ghost.

"Oh! Jack, man, but I am glad you are come."

"To be sure you are, so am I; have you any breakfast for me?"

thundered out Jack, with a humane view, however,—let me do justice to his memory, although he did defraud me of a breakfast,—as he was anxious to direct the creature's thoughts from the agitating current in which they had plainly been flowing. "Here, get me an egg; come K——, don't make a fool of yourself by boiling them to a stone. If you spill the water again, I owe it as a duty to myself and my appetite to kick you round the room, making up, too, mind you, for the space lost at the corners by the intensity of the kick. Never mind, man; if you lose it this time, you can try again."

"But, then, they are in such an agony of excitement in the country—that I know. I got a letter from my youngest sister last night; I could see all through its affected indifference."

"Never mind her—in with another egg" (the eighth for Jack since sunrise, as I am a true man); "I hope she is not so ugly as you are, and I care not; never mind her, I say. I'll answer her letter for you to her heart's satisfaction. Here, try another egg, and so will I (*egg the ninth disappears*). There, Biddy (for Mrs. Smout was a compound Hebe, and distributed herself to K—— as well as Moriarty), clear off, for I think I'll do now; and come, let us have a jump, for digestion's sake, over the table. Stand out of the way, Biddy."

"Oh, Jack, I cannot; I think I will lie down on the bed. What a crowd there is about the door,—do you see it?"

"Come away with you from the window."

"Aye, troth, sir," interposed the servant, "there's no use in lookin' for sorrow comin'; it comes surc enough and fast enough ov itself. Well, let me see, its three-and-twenty year now, come Candlemas, an' I was attendin' on Mr. T——, him the fellow, when he got fellowship,—and a dacent, kind-hearted young gentlemann he was, and at that day the likes ov him for comliness yer would'n't see in a summer-day's walk."

"Hold your tongue, you Biddy, you—who cares about you or him?"

"Ha! ha! ha! troth, Misther Jack, then, he was not so much be-

hind yerself here" (old woman as she was, Biddy, as a woman, appreciated her master's good looks, and often descanted upon them with old Molly Fitzmermons and other critics); "but sure it wint to my heart, the craiture, when T—— used to find him on a winter's mornin', as I often did, a sittin' at the very table as I had left him at the night afore, a talkin' to himself all sorts of languages, and, what between the want of the sleep, and the readin', and the green tea, startin' like as he saw a ghost when I came in, and shakin' like a child, not knowin' me, as you see, for some minnits through the nervousness."

"Biddy, I'll make a ghost of you with the sweeping-brush, if you don't let me read the paper."

Biddy, rather encouraged than otherwise by this rebuff, leant her hands on the table, where Jack and K—— were sitting, and continued,—

"Well, thin, when the provost came out to the chapel steps, and tould, with a mighty grand manner all out, that Mr. F—— was the new fellow, och! shure, then, it was the beautiful race between me and ould Tip, the dwarf, for Mr. F——'s father's house in —— Square; but I was young thin, Misthur Jack, and so I gives the fut to Tip, and laves him on his back, at the turn down Nassau Street; I gives sick a rap at the door as wud have surprised a ten-pinny nail, and made it scratch its head any how.' 'Let me up,' says I to the butler, 'to the mistress,' says I. 'Och, an' Biddy! has he got it—has the young master got it?' says he. 'Let me up,' says I, 'to the drawin'-room,' says I, 'for I will be up.' An', thin, what does I hear but the drawin'-room door open, and Mrs. F—— (the ould mistress I used to call her), and two of the young ladies? 'Och! an' Biddy,' said she, 'don't tell me he has lost it,' says she. 'Troth, I won't ma'am. Lost it? not he!—won't it? to be shure he's won it!' Oh, then, Misther Jack—oh, thin, Misther K——, thin was the doin's! There was nothin' in the house half good enough for me, besides a goold guinea all out for the news; and the father, too, as bad, if not worse, than any of them. It was, 'Biddy, won't you take this?' an' 'Biddy, won't you take that?' and 'Biddy, we'll all drink the new

fellow's health,' said the mistress, with an eye shinin' like a cat's under a bed—by the same token the ould gentleman's was that strong it wud have split a pitcher; and thin he up and off to tell my young master, who was taken down to Dunbary—but, Lord save us, there's the bell for them to cross over to the chapel."

"Now, K——," said Jack, "you must lie down on the bed; I insist upon it, and I'll sit at the window."

"I'll do—do—what—whatever you like, my dear Jack," said the trembling creature, as Jack led him to his room, and covered his head so that the sound that was booming across the courts might be somewhat deadened.

Jack and I then went to the window. The open space before the chapel was a crowded scene of agitation. The eight examiners meet in the board-room about eleven o'clock, and, having canvassed each other's lists, they proceed to determine the successful candidates for scholarship, this being a matter of comparatively minor moment. But, to give an air of even sacred solemnity to the election of fellows, the votes are given by them kneeling round the communion-table of the chapel. When the procession was ready to move out, the bell alluded to broke forth in tones of really thrilling interest—so we felt them, and then appeared the whole body of examiners, cap in hand, headed by the provost, and arranged according to seniority, preceded by a body of porters in their new liveries. They moved across the courts in solemn step, every head uncovered, not a breath drawn. The chapel doors were instantly closed as the last of the eight passed in, and M'Allister forthwith mounted guard thereat in his best manner. Vain were all attempts to seduce him from his duty, so as to peep through the key-hole, and see if he could see any thing. Even the ladies, who were there in great numbers, could not move him from his stern resolution, but he checked their impatience by a decided, though courteous, wave of the hand.

Will that bell never cease?

"Any thing yet,—any—any thing yet, Jack?"

"No, on my word there is not, K——. I can see M'Allister's face from this, he has not made a motion."

"God help us! I wish they would come out, that I might know one way or other."

"It will take time, you know; matters are so balanced, I will hear the provost's voice from this, I assure you."

"Well, if I am beat, M—— deserves success; he fought me fairly."

I have been present in some of our Irish courts of justice when, in some case of dubious evidence, the jury, whose voice was either life or death, were on the point of coming out from their room,—I have stood among the Roman populace on the outside of the conclave on the election of pope, when the smoke from the chimney shewed that the voting papers, having answered their purpose, were consuming, and that the sound of the pick-axe would be heard forthwith, breaking down the brickwork of the door, whereby the cardinals were cut off from all communication with the world; and, as the reader now knows, I was watching for the egress of the eight senior fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, from the chapel, and I solemnly declare that the last brought with it more excitement than all the rest put together.

"Jack!—oh, Jack!" said K——, his ear being strained to an agony

of attention, muffled up though his head was, "surely I hear the chapel-door opening."

It was the fact.

The provost advanced bareheaded to the front steps.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. K—— is the fellow."

Then did every voice repeat it, and K——'s door was besieged.

"For God's sake, Biddy Smout, keep them out. Here, T——, fetch me some water this instant; quick—quick."

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Then were the examiners tossed to and fro with the lists of new scholars by the stormy multitude—then rose the shout of success, then burst the groan of disappointment.

That portion of the disappointed candidates which belonged to the sizars especially, many of them from the refined plains of Kerry, endeavoured to relieve their feelings by an expectoration of oaths, several of them original, and reserved for this day, but all of them marked by singular force.

Long and loud was the thunder of applause with which K—— was greeted as he entered, in pursuance of his new duties, the examination hall next morning, to examine for sizarship—the closing act of familiarity, if it is to be so called, towards one who, now emerging from the rank of students, would hereafter share in the respectful demeanour that is ever shewn towards the fellows of Trinity College, Dublin.

## PLEASURES, OBJECTS, AND ADVANTAGES OF LITERATURE INDICATED.

## No. III.

XIX. IN the natural world there are two ways in which a body may be rendered visible; by its own internal brilliancy, or by a light reflected from a separate object. Now, in the world of literature it would be untrue to say that any stars are essentially and of themselves luminous, shining so far beyond the boundaries of the mental creation as to be unvisited and unwarmed by the great sun of intellect, and sympathy, and imagination. But it does seem to be in harmony with the laws of the universe, that these stars of thought, like the fixed stars of the sky, should present us *with periodical variations of light*. That, at certain seasons, and from certain causes—manifestly operating, though not always admitting of explanation—these bodies of glory should become fainter and darker; and that in their mysterious revolutions through the firmament of the intellectual heaven, one side, so to speak, should rise *into light*, as the other side sinks *down into shadow*. Thus we have the *Iliad* first and afterward the *Odyssey*; now the *Paradise Lost* and then the *Paradise Regained*. And it is also pleasing to observe how soothing a harmony of repose steals over the scenery of thought in the succession of years; how exquisitely its brilliancy and heat are tempered and subdued by the sweet interchange of light and shade. If we turn to Athenian history, we behold the milder majesty of Sophocles casting a gentle beauty over the dark grandeur of Æschylus. In Italy we see the stern features of Dante shone upon by the softer eye of Petrarch; and we can turn away from the gloomy and black architecture of the Florentine, to admire the palace of Fiction, with every gate blooming with the garlands of Boccaccio.

It is obviously wise to contemplate these luminaries of genius on their bright side—to study their greatest works. Warburton, writing in 1761, observed that he had not time to read books at a venture. Warbur-

ton was an old man; but the youngest man has no time to spare. There are many books, even of famous men, of whose construction and decorations, in the quaint words of Fuller, a glance, through the casement of the index, furnishes as correct an idea as an entire day passed in the interior. When Boswell asked Johnson whether he had read Du Halde's account of China, he said, "Why, yes, as men read such books, that is to say, consult it." The same remark might be applied to a large portion of the prose writings of Milton, and even to the costly crudition and elaborate eloquence of Jeremy Taylor. Pope has very justly rebuked that disposition which has frequently manifested itself in our own time, of bestowing unmeasured praise upon a writer whose genius, in reality, seems to have *flowered* in a single book; the richness and fragrance of whose fancy seem to have been concentrated into one beautiful and vigorous blossom. It is impossible to consider the quotation of one admirable line or passage, brought forward as a *specimen* of the author's genius, in any other light than that of a fraud upon the credulity of the reader. The handful of good grain at the mouth of the sack deceives us into the purchase of the sack itself, which frequently contains not a single ear of corn from the true and faithful harvest-field of wisdom.

Let me not be misunderstood. I know that as there is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the earth, and many a fair pearl in the bosom of the sea,\* so in the discoloured leaves of many an old volume, and in the dim recesses of our college libraries, time has hidden some of the brightest jewels of the diadem of genius,—jewels which require only to be held up to the rays of taste to pour out the purest gleams of radiance; nor am I insensible of the charm of coming suddenly upon one of these buried treasures. The discovery breaks upon us like a cluster of violets in a dreary walk,

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\* Bishop Hall.

with a sweet surprise; and, like Bertha, so exquisitely described by Davenant, we behold

"A sudden break of beauty out of night."

Upon these occasions we also frequently meet the original of a de-

scription, or an illustration, which has afforded us delight or improvement. Had not, for example, the preacher in the seventeenth century anticipated a very striking thought of the preacher in the nineteenth? Compare these passages:—

BRADLEY.

"Even the works of our own hands remain much longer than we. The pyramids of Egypt have defied the attacks of 3000 years, while their builders sank, perhaps, under the burden of fourscore. Our houses stand long after their transient proprietors are gone, and their names forgotten. Where is now the head that planned, and the head which built this house of God? They were all reduced to ashes 500 years ago. The very seats we sit on have borne generations before they bore us, and will probably bear many after us. The remains of those who once occupied the places we now fill are underneath our feet."—*The Brevity of Human Life*, v. i. 271.

HENRY SMITH.

"This is our life, while we enjoy it; we lose it like the sun, which flies swifter than an arrow, and yet no man perceives that it moves. He which lasted 900 years could not hold out one hour longer; and what he now more than a child that lived but a year? Where are they which founded this goodly city? which possessed these fair houses, and walked these pleasant fields; which entered these stately temples; which knelt in these seats; which preached out of this place but thirty years ago? Is not earth turned to earth? and shall not the sun set like theirs when the night comes?"—*The Magistrate's Scripture Sermons*, p. 300. 1675.

But to return. Every greater light of intellect kindles into life and splendour some lesser light; every great author awakens some inferior author; and so the sun of genius, like the sun of nature, appears with clusters of stars in his train. And the purity and colour of the light always declares the fountain of glory from whence it flowed. The influence of Spenser upon our imaginative literature presents an interesting exemplification of this assertion. From his own day until ours, from Milton to Southey, we can trace the beams of his lustrous fancy tinging every golden urn which each successive disciple brings to him to be filled; and all these effluxes of light still leave the fountain unexhausted and unimpaired. Spenser still shines with the unclouded splendour of his rising; the *Faërie Queene* bearing the same relation to our literature which Westminster Abbey bears to our architecture. The spirit of one bearing witness, so to speak, with the spirit of the other; the cathedral illustrating the poem, and the poem reflecting light upon the cathedral. "Large masses of dim and discoloured light, diffused in various directions, and at different intervals, through unequal varieties of space,

divided, but not separated, so as to produce intricacy without confusion." This is a description of a cathedral—this is a description of the *Faërie Queene*.

We cannot, therefore, go back with too humble and submissive a mind to these lights of our intellectual sky. Pythagoras enjoined upon his disciples a *period of silence*, which lasted five years, before he permitted them to deliver an opinion upon any question of science. It would be well for all students in literature, as in science, if this novitiate of humility and silence were strictly enforced: of all exhibitions of human pride and presumption, the familiar contempt with which the most illustrious men are spoken of by the lips of the pretenders to criticism is the most offensive. Instead of pondering with lingering and reverent affection upon the intellectual achievements of the heroes in the thousand provinces of the understanding—

"Multa vim virtus animo, multasque  
recursat  
Gentis honos—

instead of this filial tenderness and submission, there is the arrogance of the judge and the bitterness of the rival. We shall find that where

this reverence is wanting, true genius is also wanting. A pleasing moral was concealed in the superstition of the Thracians, that the nightingales which built their nests near the grave of Orpheus, had the most melodious song. Nor is the story of Mandeville without interest; he mentions the assembling of the chief men round the tomb of Aristotle, in the hope of deriving some imparted gift from the genius of the buried philosopher. Let us not forget that the costliest jewels and the purest gold are always found in the sepulchres of the Kings of Literature.

The cathedral has faults, so has the *Faërie Queene*. Horace Walpole remarks, in reference to Mabuse, a painter in the reign of our seventh Henry, that allegorical personages are only a poor decomposition of human nature; a single quality being erected into "a kind of half deity," and rendered intelligible by symbols. Sir Joshua Reynolds seems to have regarded allegory with a more favourable eye. If allegorical painting, he says, "produces a greater variety of ideal beauty, a richer, a more various and delightful composition, and gives to the artist a greater opportunity of exhibiting his skill, all the interest he wishes for is accomplished; such a picture not only attracts but fixes the attention."\*

But these worlds of fiction, hanging upon nothing, and launched into the wide expanse of human imagination, must be shone upon by the kindling sun of human interest and life; where this sun is wanting, there may be splendour, but there will be no warmth. The reader is dazzled, without being cheered; a melancholy stillness broods over the garden of poetry; unreal figures go by him with cold and stony eyes; he longs for the familiar voices of affection, and the gentle harmony of home endearments: like the Trojan wanderer, in the Latin paradise, he opens his arms in vain to a shadowy Anchises, and the child cannot embrace his father in the Elysium of Fancy.

The poetry of the allegoric school shares this defect in common with the poetry of the classic school. Hurd, who never omitted any opportunity

of elevating the Gothic over the Greek or Latin poetry, conceived the gallantry that inspirited the feudal times to supply to the poet finer scenes and subjects of description, in every view, than the simple and uncontrolled barbarity of the Grecian. In the *Iliad*, he seems to think the sources of delight to be placed in the developement and illustration of the boisterous passions which "are provoked and kept alive in that poem by every imaginable scene of rage, revenge, and slaughter;" while in the Gothic tales he discovers, in combination with the stirring incidents and darker passions of the Homeric legends, delineations of the sweeter affections, which diffuse a mild and soothing light over the savageness of the picture. But the *Iliad* has its gleams of tenderness, and affection, and beauty; and more simple and uncontaminated than any of the scenes in Gothic allegory. In the *Odyssey* their presence is still clearer. The face of the Greek Penelope is, at least, as sweet and lovely as the face of the Gothic *Faërie Queene*; the first shining upon us with all the natural charms of womanhood, the second glimmering upon us through the cloudy veil of fiction. I love a catholic taste in poetry as in literature, and

"At night, when all assembling round  
the fire,  
Closer and closer draw, till they retire,  
A tale is told of India or Japan,  
Of merchants from Golcond or Astracan,  
What time wild Nature revelled unrestrain'd,  
And Sinbad voyaged, and the caliphs reign'd."

At that hour, to me at least, the classic or the Gothic tale comes with a voice equally sweet and winning. Taste, educated into that refined sensibility which diligent nurture and cultivation can alone produce, will study and appreciate every varying expression in the physiognomy of genius. It will love the Raphael as well as the Rubens of the pen; and will linger before a sunset of Claude or a storm of Poussin with an admiration and delight correspond-

ing in character, though differing in degree,—

“ The grace of motion, or the bloom of life,  
Thrills through imagination’s tender frame  
From nerve to nerve.”

Let me linger for a moment upon this interesting subject. To appreciate the charms whether of classic or Gothic poetry, the reader must possess the *inward eye of taste*. That clear and serene organ of intellectual vision which looks not only into all the component elements of the object before it, but gazes even beyond the visible into the invisible, and perceives not only the beauty and splendour of the actual creation, but also the remote array of thoughts and images which, being present to the creative transports of the poet, are, as it were, thrown into shadow, and intercepted by a veil from the eyes of the vulgar. Let me illustrate this remark from the sister art of painting. When Paul Veronese was asked why certain figures were painted in *shade*, no cause of shadow being apparent in the picture itself, he immediately answered, “ A cloud is passing the sky, which has overshadowed them.” The reader of Homer, or Milton, or Shakspeare, or Dante, might expect to receive a similar reply. No delineation by the pen of genius can be properly admired or understood, without the perspective, and retrospective, and circumspective eyesight of the mind. Imagination, transparent as it is with its own internal and glorious light, can, nevertheless, turn a dark side to the weak vision of unilluminated common sense, or the enfeebled and diseased eyesight of a licentious fancy. To the first, the *Faërie Queene* would only be a series of dull pictures by a dull painter; to the second, *Paradise Lost* would only be, as it was to Waller, a poem written by a blind old schoolmaster, and remarkable for nothing but its extreme length.

The possession of this inward eye of pure and serene perception is undoubtedly the *chief* thing to be desired; and the *next* is, to accustom it to receive pleasure from all objects in themselves pleasing, however they may differ in appearance. There

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should be in every lover of literature an universality of admiration. Every feature of the landscape should be dear to his eye. If he is fond of contemplating the peasants of Gainsborough, the boors of Ostade, or the shepherds of Berghem, he should still turn with a reverent and loving eye to the majestic heads of Titian, the sacred dignity of Raphael, and the sweet harmony of Francia. The same fire of genius burns in “ the giant oak of Ruysdael, or the full-grown pine and ilex of Claude, or the decayed pollard of Rubens.” The eye that lingers upon the war-horse of Wouvermans, will linger also upon the divine heads of Guido; and the heart that feels an emotion of religious awe before the “ Raising of Lazarus” by Piombo, will also be agitated, though from a different cause, before the “ Attack upon the Sabines” by Rubens.

XX. But I spoke of the allegoric lights which the *sun* of Spenser’s genius had kindled, and of the golden urns which have been brought to his ever-flowing fountain of beauty; of these urns that of Beattie, if small, is graceful and bright.

Goldsmith is reported, in Northcote’s *Conversations with Hazlitt*, to have rebuked Reynolds for having, in an allegorical picture, debased a man like Voltaire before a man like Beattie, whose works, he said, would be forgotten in a few years, while Voltaire’s fame would last for ever. If Goldsmith ever uttered this prophecy, time has proved its falsehood. Beattie still lives, and will ever live in the memory of the gentle, the sensitive, and the good. It has been observed by Southey, that no writer ever exercises a more powerful influence over certain minds at certain periods of life; *those minds* being the purest, and *those periods* being the most golden moments of our existence. There is a pensive gentleness, a melancholy sweetness in his manner that communicates to it an inexpressible charm,—

“ Eyes dazzled long by fiction’s gaudy rays,  
In modest truth no light nor beauty find.”

The eye of Beattie seems to have reposed with calm satisfaction upon the scenery of home. He could have lived with Cowper in his summer-

A A



house, and joined his pic-nic over a wheelbarrow. Poetry like this influences the intellectual frame, as the atmosphere operates on the physical constitution, it sinks into the thoughts with a delicious and soothing balm. It breathes a serene enjoyment over the soul; it is *felt along the blood*. It awakens no exultation, it kindles no flame of passion. We may compare its influence to the breath of summer air in the face of nature. The bosom glows with bloom and fragrantcy. But there is dignity in the humblest pictures of Beattie. Through the lowly vale of Shepherd the eye perceives the temple of fame; and a light, not of the common mould, shines through his college window.

The early history of Beattie has something in it very pleasing. The

home of his infancy was partly shaded with ivy, and the banks of the little stream that flowed by it were adorned with roses. Ogilby's Virgil awoke in his mind the earliest chimes of verse, as the Homer of the same writer had done in the fancy of Pope. In the parish school of Laurencekirk he was called the Poet. His situation as schoolmaster in a village at the foot of the Grampians, was favourable to the growth of his poetical powers. In that solitude his thoughts expanded. The scenery was wild, yet beautiful, and supplied him with the rural imagery that still diffuses so fresh a bloom and verdure over his verses. Compare these four little landscapes by three of the sweetest painters of scenery:—

#### *A Morning Sketch.*

BEATTIE.

"The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark,  
Crown'd with her pail the tripping  
milkmaid sings;  
The whistling ploughman stalks afield,—  
and, hark!  
Down the rough slope the ponderous  
wagon rings,  
Through rustling corn the hare asto-  
nished springs;  
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy  
hour,  
The partridge bursts away on whirring  
wings;  
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered  
bower,  
And shrill lark carols clear from her  
aerial tower."

#### *An Evening Sketch.*

GRAY.

"Now fades the glimmering landscape  
on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;  
Save when the beetle wheels his drony  
flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant  
fold."

#### *A Morning Sketch.*

GRAY.

"Now the golden Morn aloft  
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,  
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft  
She woos the tardy Spring:  
Till April starts and calls around  
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,  
And lightly o'er the living scene  
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green."

#### *An Evening Sketch.*

THOMSON.

"A faint, erroneous ray,  
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of  
things,  
Flings half an image on the straining eye;  
While wavering woods, and villages, and  
streams,  
And rocks, are all one swimming scene,  
Uncertain if beheld."

## CONFESSIONS OF GEORGE FITZ-BOODLE.

## MEN'S WIVES.

## MR. AND MRS. FRANK BERRY.

## CHAP. I. THE FIGHT AT SLAUGHTER-HOUSE.

I AM very fond of reading about battles, and have most of Marlborough's and Wellington's at my fingers' end, but the most tremendous combat I ever saw, and one that interests me to think of more than Malplaquet or Waterloo (which, by the way, has grown to be a downright nuisance, so much do men talk of it after dinner, prating most disgustingly about "the Prussians coming up," and what not), I say the most tremendous combat ever known was that between Berry and Biggs, the gown-boy, which commenced in a certain place called Middle Briars, which is situated in the midst of the cloisters that run along the side of the play-ground at Slaughter-house School, near Smithfield, London. It was there, madam, that your humble servant had the honour of acquiring, after six years' labour, that immense fund of classical knowledge which in after life has been so exceedingly useful to him.

The circumstances of the quarrel were these:—Biggs, the gown-boy (a man that, in those days, I thought was at least seven feet high, and was quite thunder-struck to find in after life that he measured no more than five feet four), was what we called "second cock" of the school; the first cock was a great, big, good-humoured, lazy, fair-haired fellow, Old Hawkins by name, who, because he was large and good-humoured, hurt nobody. Biggs, on the contrary, was a sad bully; he had half-a-dozen fags, and beat them all unmercifully. Moreover, he had a little brother, a boarder in Potky's house, whom, as a matter of course, he hated and maltreated worse than any one else.

Well, one day, because young Biggs had not brought his brother his hoops, or had not caught a ball at cricket, or for some other equally good reason, Biggs the elder so belaboured the poor little fellow, that Berry, who was sauntering by, and saw the dreadful blows which the

elder brother was dealing to the younger with his hocky-stick, felt a compassion for the little fellow (perhaps he had a jealousy against Biggs, and wanted to try a few rounds with him, but that I can't vouch for); however, Berry passing by, stopped and said, "Don't you think you have thrashed the boy enough, Biggs?" He spoke this in a very civil tone, for he never would have thought of interfering rudely with the sacred privilege that an upper boy at a public school always has of beating a junior, especially when they happen to be brothers.

The reply of Biggs, as might be expected, was to hit young Biggs with the hocky-stick twice as hard as before, until the little wretch howled with pain. "I suppose it's no business of yours, Berry," said Biggs, thumping away all the while, and laid on worse and worse.

Until Berry (and, indeed, little Biggs) could bear it no longer, and the former, bouncing forwards, wrenched the stick out of old Biggs' hands, and sent it whirling out of the cloister window, to the great wonder of a crowd of us small boys, who were looking on. Little boys always like to see a little companion of their own soundly beaten.

"There!" said Berry, looking into Biggs' face, as much as to say, "I've gone and done it;" and he added to the brother, "Scud away, you little thief! I've saved you this time."

"Stop, young Biggs!" roared out his brother, after a pause; "and I'll break every bone in your infernal, scoundrelly skin!"

Young Biggs looked at Berry, then at his brother, then came at his brother's order, as if back to be beaten again, but lost heart and ran away as fast as his little legs could carry him.

"I'll do for him another time," said Biggs. "Here, under boy, take my coat;" and we all began to gather round and formed a ring.

"We had better wait till after school, Biggs," cried Berry, quite cool, but looking a little pale. "There are only five minutes now, and it will take you more than that to thrash me."

Biggs upon this committed a great error, for he struck Berry slightly across the face with the back of his hand, saying, "You are in a fright." But this was a feeling which Frank Berry did not in the least entertain, for in reply to Biggs' back-hander, and as quick as thought, and with all his might and main—pong! he delivered a blow upon old Biggs' nose that made the claret spurt, and sent the second cock down to the ground as if he had been shot.

He was up again, however, in a minute, his face white and gashed with blood, his eyes glaring a ghastly spectacle; and Berry, meanwhile, had taken his coat off, and by this time there were gathered in the cloisters, on all the windows, and upon each other's shoulders, 120 young gentlemen at the very least, for the news had gone out through the playground of "a fight between Berry and Biggs."

But Berry was quite right in his remark about the propriety of deferring the business, for at this minute Mr. Chip, the second master, came down the cloisters going into school, and grinned in his queer way as he saw the state of Biggs' face. "Holloa, Mr. Biggs," said he, "I suppose you have run against a finger-post." That was the regular joke with us at school, and you may be sure we all laughed heartily, as we always did when Mr. Chip made a joke, or any thing like a joke. "You had better go to the pump, sir, and get yourself washed, and not let Dr. Muzzle see you in that condition." So saying, Mr. Chip disappeared to his duties in the under school, whither all we little boys followed him.

It was Wednesday, a half-holiday, as every body knows, and boiled beef day at Slaughter-house. I was in the same boarding-house as Berry, and we all looked to see whether he ate a good dinner, just as one would examine a man who was going to be hanged. I recollect, in after life, in Germany, seeing a friend who was going to fight a duel, eat five larks for his breakfast, and thought I had

seldom witnessed greater courage. Berry ate moderately of the boiled beef—*boiled child* we used to call it at school, in our elegant, jocular way; he knew a great deal better than to load his stomach upon the eve of such a contest as was going to take place.

Dinner was very soon over, and Mr. Chip, who had been all the while joking Berry, and pressing him to eat, called him up into his study, to the great disappointment of us all, for we thought he was going to prevent the fight, but no such thing. The Rev. Edward Chip took Berry into his study, and poured him out two glasses of port wine, which he made him take with a biscuit, and patted him on the back, and went off. I have no doubt he was longing, like all of us, to see the battle, but etiquette, you know, forbade.

When we went out into the green, old Hawkins was there—the great Hawkins, the cock of the school. I have never seen the man since, but still think of him as of something awful, gigantic, mysterious; he who could thrash every body, who could beat all the masters: how we longed for him to put in his hand and lick Muzzle! He was a dull boy, not very high in the school, and had all his exercises written for him. Muzzle knew this, but Muzzle respected him, never called him up to read Greek plays; passed over all his blunders, which were many; let him go out of half-holydays into the town as he pleased; how should any man dare to stop him—the great, calm, magnanimous, silent Strength! They say he licked a Life-Guardsman, I wonder whether it was Shaw who killed all those Frenchmen? no, it couldn't be Shaw, for he was dead *au champ d'honneur*; but he would have licked Shaw if he had been alive. A bargeman I know he licked, at Jack Randall's in Slaughter-house Lane. Old Hawkins was too *laxy* to play at cricket; he sauntered all day in the sunshine about the green, accompanied by little Tippina, who was in the sixth form, laughed and joked at Hawkins eternally, and was the person who wrote all his exercises.

Instead of going into town this afternoon, Hawkins remained at Slaughter-house to see the great

fight between the second and third cocks.

The different masters of the school kept boarding-houses (such as Potky's, Chip's, Wickens's, Pinney's and so on), and the play-ground, or "green," as it was called, although the only thing green about the place was the broken glass on the walls that separate Slaughter-house from Wilderness Row and Goswell Street. (Many a time have I seen Mr. Pickwick look out of his window in that street, though we did not know him then.) The play-ground, or green, was common to all. But if any stray boy from Potky's was found, for instance, in, or entering into, Chip's house, the most dreadful tortures were practised upon him, as I can answer in my own case.

Fancy, then, our astonishment at seeing a little three-foot wretch, of the name of Wills, one of Hawkins's fags (they were both in Potky's), walk undismayed amongst us lions at Chip's house, as the "rich and rare" young lady did in Ireland. We were going to set upon him and devour or otherwise maltreat him, when he cried out in a little, shrill, impertinent voice, "*Tell Berry I want him.*"

We all roared with laughter. Berry was in the sixth form, and Wills or any under boy would as soon have thought of "wanting" him, as I should of wanting the Duke of Wellington.

Little Wills looked round in an imperious kind of way. "Well," says he, stamping his foot, "do you hear? *Tell Berry that HAWKINS wants him.*"

As for resisting the law of Hawkins, you might as soon think of resisting immortal Jove. Berry and Tolmash, who was to be his bottle-holder, made their appearance immediately, and walked out into the green where Hawkins was waiting, and, with an irresistible audacity that only belonged to himself, in the face of nature and all the regulations of the place, was smoking a cigar. When Berry and Tolmash found him, the three began slowly pacing up and down in the sunshine, and we little boys watched them.

Hawkins moved his arms and hands every now and then, and was evidently laying down the law about

boxing. We saw his fists darting out every now and then with mysterious swiftness, hitting one, two, quick as thought, as if in the face of an adversary; now his left hand went up, as if guarding his own head, now his immense right fist dreadfully flapped the air, as if punishing his imaginary opponent's miserable ribs. The conversation lasted for some ten minutes, about which time gown-boys' dinner was over, and we saw these youths in their black, horned-button jackets and knee-breeches, issuing from their door in the cloisters. There were no hoops, no cricket-bats, as usual on a half-holyday. Who would have thought of play in expectation of such tremendous sport as was in store for us?

Towering among the gown-boys, of whom he was the head and the tyrant, leaning upon Bushby's arm, and followed at a little distance by many curious, pale, awe-stricken boys, dressed in his black silk stockings, which he always sported, and with a crimson bandanna tied round his waist, came Briggs. His nose was swollen with the blow given before school, but his eyes flashed fire. He was laughing and sneering with Bushby, and evidently intended to make minced meat of Berry.

The betting began pretty freely: the bets were against poor Berry. Five to three were offered—in ginger-beer. I took six to four in raspberry open tarts. The upper boys carried the thing farther still; and I know for a fact, that Swang's book amounted to four pound three (but he hedged a good deal), and Tittery lost seventeen shillings in a single bet to Pitts, who took the odds.

As Biggs and his party arrived, I heard Hawkins say to Berry, "For Heaven's sake, my boy, fib with your right, and *mind his left hand!*"

Middle Briars was voted to be too confined a space for the combat, and it was agreed that it should take place behind the under-school in the shade, whither we all went. Hawkins, with his immense silver hunting-watch, kept the time; and water was brought from the pump close to Notley's the pastry-cook's, who did not admire fistycuffs at all on half-holydays, for the fights kept the boys

away from his shop. Gutley was the only fellow in the school who remained faithful to him, and hesat on the counter—the great, gormandising beast!—eating tarts the whole day.

This famous fight, as every Slaughter-house man knows, lasted for two hours and twenty-nine minutes, by Hawkins's immense watch. All this time the air resounded with cries of "Go it, Berry! Go it, Biggs! Pitch into him! Give it him!" and so on. Shall I describe the hundred and two rounds of the combat?—No! Fraser must publish a supplement, and the taste for such descriptions has passed away.\*

1st round. Both the combatants fresh, and in prime order. The weight and inches somewhat on the gown-boy's side. Berry goes gallantly in, and delivers a clinker on the gown-boy's jaw. Biggs makes play with his left. Berry down.

4th round. Claret drawn in profusion from the gown-boy's grog-shop. (He went down, and spit his front tooth into a pewter basin at the end of this round, but the blow cut Berry's knuckles a great deal.)

15th round. Chancery. Fibbing. Biggs makes dreadful work with his left. Break away. Rally. Biggs down. Betting still six to four on the gown-boy.

#### CHAP. II. THE COMBAT AT VERSAILLES.

I afterwards came to be Berry's fag, and, though beaten by him daily, he allowed, of course, no one else to lay a hand upon me, and I got no more thrashing than was good for me. Thus an intimacy grew up between us, and after he left Slaughter-house and went into the dragoons, the honest fellow did not forget his old friend, but actually made his appearance one day in the playground in moustachios and a braided coat, and gave me a gold pencil-case and a couple of sovereigns. I blushed when I took them, but take them I did; and I think the thing I almost best recollect in my life, is the sight of Berry getting behind an immense bay cab-horse,

\* \* \* \* \*  
20th round. The men both dreadfully punished. Berry somewhat shy of his adversary's left hand.  
\* \* \* \* \*

29th to 42d round. The Chipite all this while breaks away from the gown-boy's left, and goes down on a knee. Six to four on the gown-boy, until the fortieth round, when the bets became equal.  
\* \* \* \* \*

102d and last round. For half-an-hour the men had stood up to each other, but were almost too weary to strike. The gown-boy's face hardly to be recognised, swollen and streaming with blood. The Chipite in a similar condition, and still more punished about the side from his enemy's left hand. Berry gives a blow at his adversary's face, and falls over him as he falls.

The gown-boy can't come up to time. And thus ended the great fight of Berry and Biggs.  
\* \* \* \* \*

And what, pray, has this horrid description of a battle and a parcel of school-boys to do with *Men's Wives*, the title at the head of this paper?

What it has to do with *Men's Wives*?—A great deal more, madam, than you think for. Only read Chapter II., and you shall hear.

which was held by a correct little groom, and was waiting near the school in Slaughter-house Square. He proposed, too, to have me to Long's, where he was lodging for the time; but this invitation was refused in my behalf by Dr. Muzzle, who said, and possibly with correctness, that I should get little good by spending my holyday with such a scapegrace.

Once afterwards he came to see me at Christchurch, and we made a show of writing to one another, and didn't, and always had a hearty mutual good-will; and though we did not quite burst into tears on parting, were yet quite happy when occasion threw us together, and so almost lost

\* As it is very probable that many fair readers may not approve of the extremely forcible language in which the combat is depicted, I beg them to skip it and pass on to the next chapter, and to remember that it has been modelled on the style of the very best writers of the sporting papers.

sight of each other. I heard lately that Berry was married, and am rather ashamed to say, that I was not so curious as even to ask the maiden name of his lady.

Last summer I was at Paris, and had gone over to Versailles to meet a party, one of which was a young lady to whom I was tenderly \* \*. But, never mind. The day was rainy, and the party did not keep its appointment; and after yawning through the interminable palace picture-galleries, and then making an attempt to smoke a cigar in the palace-garden—for which crime I was nearly run through the body by a rascally sentinel—I was driven, perforce, into the great, bleak, lonely *Place* before the palace, with its roads branching off to all the towns in the world, which Louis and Napoleon once intended to conquer, and there enjoyed my favourite pursuit at leisure, and was meditating whether I should go back to Vêjour's for dinner, or patronise my friend M. Duboux of the *Hôtel des Réservoirs*, who gives not only a good dinner, but as dear a one as heart can desire. I was, I say, meditating these things, when a carriage passed by. It was a smart, low calash, with a pair of bay horses and a postilion in a drab jacket, that twinkled with innumerable buttons; and I was too much occupied in admiring the build of the machine, and the extreme tightness of the fellow's inexpressibles, to look at the personages within the carriage, when the gentleman roared out "Fitz!" and the postilion pulled up, and the lady gave a shrill scream, and a little black-muzzled spaniel began barking and yelling with all his might, and a man with moustachios jumped out of the vehicle, and began shaking me by the hand.

"Drive home, John," said the gentleman; "I'll be with you, my love, in an instant—it's an old friend. Fitz, let me present you to Mrs. Berry."

The lady made an exceedingly gentle inclination of her black velvet bonnet, and said, "Pray, my love, remember that it is just dinner-time. However, never mind *me*." And with another slight toss and a nod to the postilion, that individual's white leather breeches began to jump

up and down again in the saddle, and the carriage disappeared, leaving me shaking my old friend Berry by the hand.

He had long quitted the army, but still wore his military beard, which gave to his fair pink face a fierce and lion-like look. He was extraordinarily glad to see me, as only men are glad who live in a small town, or in dull company. There is no destroyer of friendships like London, where a man has no time to think of his neighbour, and has far too many friends to care for them. He told me in a breath of his marriage, and how happy he was, and straight insisted that I must come home to dinner, and see more of Angelica, who had invited me herself—didn't I hear her?

"Mrs. Berry asked *you*, Frank, but I certainly did not hear her ask *me*!"

"She would not have mentioned the dinner but that she meant me to ask you. I know she did," cried Frank Berry. "And, besides—hang it—I'm master of the house. So come you shall. No ceremony, old boy—one or two friends—snug family party—and we'll talk of old times over a bottle of claret."

There did not seem to me to be the slightest objection to this arrangement, except that my boots were muddy, and my coat of the morning sort. But as it was quite impossible to go to Paris and back again in a quarter of an hour, and as a man may dine with perfect comfort to himself in a frock-coat, it did not occur to me to be particularly squeamish, or to decline an old friend's invitation upon a pretext so trivial.

Accordingly we walked to a small house in the Avenue de Paris, and were admitted first into a small garden ornamented by a grotto, a fountain, and several nymphs in plaster of Paris, then up a mouldy old steep stair into a hall, where a statue of Cupid and another of Venus welcomed us with their eternal simper; then through a *salle-à-manger*, where covers were laid for six; and finally to a little salon, where Fido the dog began to howl furiously according to his wont.

It was one of the old pavilions that had been built for a pleasure-

house in the gay days of Versailles, ornamented with abundance of damp Cupids and cracked gilt cornices, and old mirrors let into the walls, and gilded once, but now painted a dingy French white. The long low windows looked into the court where the fountain played its ceaseless dribble, surrounded by numerous rank creepers and weedy flowers, but in the midst of which the statues stood with their bases quite moist and green.

I hate fountains and statues in dark, confined places, that cheerless, endless splashing of water is the most inhospitable sound ever heard. The stiff grin of those French statues, or ogling Canova Graces, is by no means more happy, I think, than the smile of a skeleton, and not so natural. Those little pavilions in which the old *roués* sported, were never meant to be seen by daylight, depend on't. They were lighted up with a hundred wax-candles, and that little fountain yonder was meant only to cool the claret. And so, my first impression of Berry's place of abode was rather a dismal one. However, I heard him in the *salle-à-manger* drawing the corks which went off with a *cloop*, and that consoled me.

As for the furniture of the rooms appertaining to the Berrys, there was a harp in a leather case, and a piano, and a flute-box, and a huge tambour with a Saracen's nose just begun, and likewise on the table a multiplicity of those little gilt books half sentimental and half religious, which the wants of the age and of our young ladies have produced in such numbers of late. I quarrel with no lady's taste in that way; but heigho! I had rather that Mrs. Fitz-Boodle should read *Humphrey Clinker*!

Besides these works, there was a *Peerage*, of course. What genteel family was ever without one?

I was making for the door to see Frank drawing the corks, and was bounced at by the amiable little black-muzzled spaniel, who fastened his teeth in my pantaloons, and received a polite kick in consequence, which sent him howling to the other end of the room, and the animal was just in the act of performing that feat of agility, when the door opened and madame made her appearance. Frank came behind her peering over

her shoulder with rather an anxious look.

Mrs. Berry is an exceedingly white and lean person. She has thick eyebrows which meet rather dangerously over her nose, which is Grecian, and a small mouth with no lips—a sort of feeble pucker in the face, as it were. Under her eyebrows are a pair of enormous eyes, which she is in the habit of turning constantly ceiling-wards. Her hair is rather scarce and worn in bandeaux, and she commonly mounts a sprig of laurel, or a dark flower or two, which, with the sham-tour—I believe that is the name of the knob of artificial hair that many ladies sport—gives her a rigid and classical look. She is dressed in black, and has invariably the neatest of silk stockings and shoes; for forsooth her foot is a fine one, and she always sits with it before her, looking at it, stamping it, and admiring it a great deal. "Fido," she says to her spaniel, "you have almost crushed my poor foot;" or, "Frank," to her husband, "bring me a foot-stool;" or, "I suffer so from cold in the feet," and so forth; but be the conversation what it will, she is always sure to put *her foot* into it.

She invariably wears on her neck the miniature of her late father, Sir George Catacomb, apothecary to George III.; and she thinks those two men the greatest the world ever saw. She was born in Baker Street, Portman Square, and that is saying almost enough of her. She is as long, as genteel, and as dreary, as that deadly-lively place, and sports, by way of ornament, her papa's hatchment, as it were, as every tenth Baker Street house has taught her.

What induced such a jolly fellow as Frank Berry to marry Miss Angelica Catacomb, no one can tell. He met her, he says, at a ball at Hampton Court, where his regiment was quartered, and where, to this day, lives "her aunt Lady Pash." She alludes perpetually in conversation to that celebrated lady; and if you look in the *Baronetage* to the pedigree of the Pash family, you may see manuscript notes by Mrs. Frank Berry, relative to them and herself. Thus, when you see in print that Sir John Pash married Angelica, daughter of Graves Catacomb, Esq., in a neat hand you find written, *and*

sister of the late Sir George Catacomb, of Baker Street, Portman Square; "A. B." follows of course. It is a wonder how fond ladies are of writing in books and signing their charming initials! Mrs. Berry's before-mentioned little gilt books are scored with pencil-marks, or occasionally at the margin with a !—note of interjection, or the words "*too true, A. B.*" and so on. Much may be learned with regard to lovely women by a look at the books she reads in; and I had gained no inconsiderable knowledge of Mrs. Berry by the ten minutes spent in the drawing-room, while she was at her toilette in the adjoining bed-chamber.

"You have often heard me talk of George Fitz," says Berry, with an appealing look to madame.

"Very often," answered his lady, in a tone which clearly meant "a great deal too much." "Pray, sir," continued she, looking at my boots with all her might, "are we to have your company at dinner?"

"Of course you are, my dear; what else do you think he came for. You would not have the man go back to Paris to get his evening coat, would you?"

"At least, my love, I hope you will go and put on *yours*, and change those muddy boots. Lady Pash will be here in five minutes, and you know Dobus is as punctual as clock-work." Then turning to me with a sort of apology that was as consoling as a box on the ear, "We have some friends at dinner, sir, who are rather particular persons; but I am sure when they hear that you only came on a sudden invitation, they will excuse your morning-dress.—Bah, what a smell of smoke!"

With this speech madame placed herself majestically on a sofa, put out her foot, called Fido, and relapsed into an icy silence. Frank had long since evacuated the premises, with a rueful look at his wife, but never daring to cast a glance at me. I saw the whole business at once; here was this lion of a fellow tamed down by a she Van Anburgh, and fetching and carrying at her orders a great deal more obediently than her little yowling black-muzzled darling of a Fido.

I am not, however, to be tamed so easily, and was determined in this

instance not to be in the least disconcerted, or to shew the smallest sign of ill-humour: so to *renouer* the conversation, I began about Lady Pash.

"I heard you mention the name of Pash, I think," said I; "I know a lady of that name, and a very ugly one it is too."

"It is most probably not the same person," answered Mrs. Berry, with a look which intimated that a fellow like me could never have had the honour to know so exalted a person.

"I mean old Lady Pash of Hampton Court. Fat woman—fair, ain't she—wears an amethyst in her forehead, has one eye, a blond wig, and dresses in light green?"

"Lady Pash, sir, is MY AUNT," answered Mrs. Berry (not altogether displeased, although she expected money from the old lady; but you know we love to hear our friends abused when it can be safely done).

"O indeed! she was a daughter of old Catacomb's of Windsor, I remember, the undertaker. They called her husband Callipash, and her ladyship Pishpash. So you see madam, that I know the whole family?"

"Mr. Fitz-Simons!" exclaimed Mrs. Berry, rising, "I am not accustomed to hear nick-names applied to myself and my family; and must beg you, when you honour us with your company, to spare our feelings as much as possible. Mr. Catacomb had the confidence of his SOVEREIGN, sir, and Sir John Pash was of Charles II.'s creation. The one was my uncle, sir, the other my grandfather!"

"My dear madam, I am extremely sorry, and most sincerely apologise for my inadvertence. But you owe me an apology too; my name is not Fitz-Simons but Fitz-Boodle."

"What! of Boodle Hall,—my husband's old friend; of Charles I.'s creation? My dear sir, I beg you a thousand pardons, and am delighted to welcome a person of whom I have heard Frank say so much. Frank (to Berry, who soon entered in very glossy boots and a white waistcoat), do you know, darling, I mistook Mr. Fitz-Boodle for Mr. Fitz-Simons—that horrid Irish horse-dealing person; and I never, never, never can pardon myself for being so rude to him."



The big eyes here assumed an expression that was intended to kill me out-right with kindness—from being calm, still, reserved, Angelica suddenly became gay, smiling, confidential, and *folâtre*. She told me she had heard I was a sad creature, and that she intended to reform me, and that I must come and see Frank a great deal.

Now, although Fitz-Simons, for whom I was mistaken, is as low a fellow as ever came out of Dublin, and having been a captain in somebody's army, is now a black-leg and horse-dealer by profession; yet if I had brought him home to Mrs. Fitz-Boodle to dinner, I should have liked far better that that imaginary lady should have received him with decent civility, and not insulted the stranger within her husband's gates. And, although it was delightful to be received so cordially when the mistake was discovered, yet I found that *all* Berry's old acquaintances were by no means so warmly welcomed; for another old school-chum presently made his appearance, who was treated in a very different manner.

This was no other than poor Jack Butts, who is a sort of small artist and picture-dealer by profession, and was a day-boy at Slaughter-house when we were there, and very serviceable in bringing in sausages, pots of pickles, and other articles of merchandise, which we could not otherwise procure. The poor fellow has been employed, seemingly, in the same office of fetcher and carrier ever since; and occupied that post for Mrs. Berry. It was, "Mr. Butts, have you finished that drawing for Lady Pash's album?" and Butts produced it; and, "Did you match the silk for me at Delille's?" and there was the silk, bought, no doubt, with the poor fellow's last five francs; and, "Did you go to the furniture man in the Rue St. Jacques; and bring the canary-seed, and call about my shawl at that odious dawdling Madame Fichet's; and have you brought the guitar-strings?"

Butts hadn't brought the guitar-strings; and thereon Mrs. Berry's countenance assumed the same terrible expression which I had formerly remarked in it, and which made me tremble for Berry.

"My dear Angelica, though," said

he with some spirit, "Jack Butts isn't a baggage-wagon, nor a Jack-of-all-trades, you make him paint pictures for your women's albums, and look after your upholsterer, and your canary-bird, and your milliners, and turn rusty because he forgets your last message."

"I did not turn *rusty*, Frank, as you call it elegantly. I'm very much obliged to Mr. Butts for performing my commissions—very much obliged. And as for not paying for the pictures to which you so kindly allude, Frank, I should never have thought of offering payment for so paltry a service; but I'm sure I shall be happy to pay, if Mr. Butts will send me in his bill."

"By Jove, Angelica, this is too strong!" bounced out Berry; but the little matrimonial squabble was abruptly ended, by Berry's French man flinging open the door and announcing MILADI PASH and Doctor Dobus, which two personages made their appearance.

The person of old Pash has been already parenthetically described. But quite different from her dismal niece in temperament, she is as jolly an old widow as ever wore weeds. She was attached somehow to the court, and has a multiplicity of stories about the princesses and the old king, to which Mrs. Berry never fails to call your attention in her grave, important way. Lady Pash has ridden many a time to the Windsor hounds: she made her husband become a member of the four-in-hand club, and has numberless stories about Sir Godfrey Webster, Sir John Lade, and the old heroes of those times. She has lent a roulette to Dick Sheridan, and remembers Lord Byron when he was a sulky slim young lad. She says Charles Fox was the pleasantest fellow she ever met with, and has not the slightest objection to inform you that one of the princes was very much in love with her. Yet somehow she is only fifty-two years old, and I have never been able to understand her calculation. One day or other before her eye went out, and before those pearly teeth of hers were stuck to her gums by gold, she must have been a pretty-looking body enough. Yet in spite of the latter inconvenience, she eats and drinks too much every day, and toasts off

sofmaraschino with a trembling, y hand, every finger of which rles with a dozen, at least, of rings. She has a story about one of those rings, and a stupid oo. But there is always something pleasant, I think, in stupid y stories : they are good-hearted le who tell them.

for Mrs. Muchit, nothing need id of her : she is Pash's com- m, she has lived with Lady Pash the peace. Nor does my lady any more notice of her than of ust of the earth. She calls her r Muchit," and considers her f-witted creature. Mrs. Berry her cordially, and thinks she is a ning toad-eater, who has formed spiracy to rob her of her aunt's ne. She never spoke a word to Muchit during the whole of r, or offered to help her to any on the table.

respect to Dobus, he is an old mular man, as you are made to before you have been very in his company ; and, like most surgeons, is a great deal more ry in his looks and conversa- han the combatant part of the t. He has adopted the sham- of-Wellington air, which is by ans uncommon in veterans ; and h one of the easiest and softest re in existence, speaks slowly and y, and raps out an oath or two onally, as it is said a certain great in does. Besides the above, we wn to table with Captain Goff, f the — Highlanders ; the Rev. el Whey, who preaches at St. ains ; little Cutler, and the shman, who always *will* be at sh parties on the Continent, and after making some frightful to speak English, subsides and rd of no more. Young married and heads of families generally him for the purpose of waltzing, a return he informs his friends club or the *café* that he has the conquest of a *charmante* see. Listen to me, all family

men who read this ! and never *let an unmarried Frenchman into your doors*. This lecture alone is worth the price of the whole paper. It is not that they do any harm in one case out of a thousand, Heaven forbid ! but they mean harm. They look on our Susannahs with unholy, dishonest eyes. Harken to two of the grinning rogues chattering together as they clink over the asphalté of the Boulevard with lacquered boots, and plastered hair, and waxed moustachios, and turned-down shirt-collars, and stays and goggling eyes, and hear how they talk of a good, simple, giddy, vain, dull, Baker Street creature, and canvass her points, and shew her letters, and insinuate — never mind, but I tell you my soul grows angry when I think of the same ; and I can't hear of an English-woman marrying a Frenchman without feeling a sort of shame and pity for her.\*

To return to the guests. The Rev. Lemuel Whey is a tea-party man, with a curl on his forehead and a scented pocket-handkerchief. He ties his white neckcloth to a wonder, and I believe sleeps in it. He brings his flute with him ; and prefers Handel, of course ; but has one or two pet profane songs of the sentimental kind, and will occasionally lift up his little pipe in a glee. He does not dance, but the honest fellow would give the world to do it ; and he leaves his clogs in the passage, though it is a wonder he wears them, for in the muddiest weather he never has a speck on his foot. He was at St. John's College, Cambridge, and was rather gay for a term or two, he says. He is, in a word, full of the milk-and-water of human kindness, and his family lives near Hackney.

As for Goff, he has a huge shining bald forehead, and immense bristling Indian-red whiskers. He wears white wash-leather gloves, drinks fairly, likes a rubber, and has a story for after dinner, beginning, "Doctor, ye racklackt Saundy M'Lellan, who

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very person who has lived abroad, can, of course, point out a score of honourable ions to the case above hinted at, and knows many such unions in which it is suchman who honours the English lady by marrying her. But it must be re- wed that marrying in France means commonly *fortune-hunting* ; and as for the t in which marriage is held in France, let all the French novels in M. Rolandi's be perused by those who wish to come to a decision upon the question. The has repealed the ninth commandment.

joined us in the West Indies. Wal, sir," &c. These and little Cutler made up the party.

Now it may not have struck all readers, but any sharp fellow conversant with writing must have found out long ago, that if there had been something exceedingly interesting to narrate with regard to this dinner at Frank Berry's, I should have come out with it a couple of pages since, nor have kept the public looking for so long a time at the mere dish-covers and ornaments of the table.

But the simple fact must now be told, that there was nothing of the slightest importance occurred at this repast, except that it gave me an opportunity of studying Mrs. Berry in many different ways, and in spite of the extreme complaisance which she now shewed me, and of forming, I am sorry to say, a most unfavourable opinion of that fair lady; for, truth to tell, I would much rather she should have been civil to Mrs. Muchit, than outrageously complimentary to your humble servant; and, as she professed not to know what on earth there was for dinner, would it not have been much more natural for her not to frown, and bob, and wink, and point, and pinch her lips as often as Monsieur Anatole, her French domestic, not knowing the ways of English dinner-tables, placed any thing out of its due order? The allusions to Boodle Hall were innumerable, and I don't know any greater bore than to be obliged to talk of a place which belongs to one's elder brother. Many questions were likewise asked about the dowager and her Scotch relatives, the Plumduffs, about whom Lady Pash knew a great deal, having seen them at court and at Lord Melville's. Of course she had seen them at court and at Lord Melville's, as she might have seen thousands of Scotchmen beside; but what mattered it to me, who care not a jot for old Lady Fitz-Boodle? "When you write, you'll say you met an old friend of her ladyship's," says Mrs. Berry, and I faithfully promised I would when I wrote; but if the New Post-Office paid us for writing letters (as very possibly it will soon), I could not be bribed to send a line to old Lady Fitz.

In a word I found that Berry, like many simple fellows before him, had made choice of an imperious, ill-

humoured, and under-bred female for a wife, and could see with half an eye that he was a great deal too much her slave.

The struggle was not over yet, however. Witness that little encounter before dinner; and once or twice the honest fellow replied rather smartly during the repast, taking especial care to atone as much as possible for his wife's inattention to Jack and Mrs. Muchit, by particular attention to those personages, whom he helped to every thing round about and pressed perpetually to champagne; he drank but little himself, for his amiable wife's eye was constantly fixed on him.

Just at the conclusion of the dessert, madame, who had *boudéd* Berry during dinner-time, became particularly gracious to her lord and master, and tenderly asked me if I did not think the French custom was a good one, of men leaving table with the ladies.

"Upon my word, ma'am," says I, "I think it's a most abominable practice."

"And so do I," says Cutler.

"A most abominable practice! Do you hear *that*?" cries Berry, laughing, and filling his glass.

"I'm sure, Frank, when we are alone you always come to the drawing-room," replies the lady, sharply.

"Oh, yes! when we're alone, darling," says Berry, blushing; "but now we're *not* alone — ha, ha! Anatole, du Bordeaux!"

"I'm sure they sat after the ladies at Carlton House; didn't they, Lady Pash?" says Dobus, who likes his glass.

"*That* they did!" say my lady, giving him a jolly nod.

"I racklackt," exclaims Captain Goff, "when I was in the Mauritius, that Mustress MacWhirter, who commanded the Saxty-Sackond, used to say, 'Mac, if ye want to get lively, ye'll not stop for more than two hours after the leddies have laft ye: if ye want to get drunk, ye'll just dine at the mass.' So ye see, Mestress Burry, what was Mac's allowance — haw, haw! Mester Whey, I'll trouble ye for the o-lives."

But although we were in a clear majority, that indomitable woman, Mrs. Berry, determined to make us all as uneasy as possible, and would take the votes all round. Poor Jack, of course, sided with her, and Whey

said he loved a cup of tea and a little music better than all the wine of Bordeaux. As for the Frenchman, when Mrs. Berry said, "And what do you think, M. le Vicomte?"

"Vat you speak?" said M. de Blagueval, breaking silence for the first time during two hours; "yase—eh? to me you speak?"

"*Apny deeny, aimy voo ally avec les dam?*"

"*Comment avec les dames?*"

"*Ally avec les dam com a Parry, ou resty avec les Messew com on Onglyterre?*"

"*Ah, madame! vous me le demandez?*" cries the little wretch, starting up in a theatrical way; and, putting out his hand, which Mrs. Berry took, and with this the ladies left the room. Old Lady Pash trotted after her niece with her hand in Whey's, very much wondering at such practices which were not in the least in vogue in the reign of George III.

Mrs. Berry cast a glance of triumph at her husband at the defection; and Berry was evidently annoyed that three-eighths of his male forces had left him.

But fancy our delight and astonishment, when in a minute they all three came back again; the Frenchman looking entirely astonished, and the parson and the painter both very queer. The fact is, old downright Lady Pash, who had never been in Paris in her life before, and had no notion of being deprived of her usual hour's respite and nap, said at once to Mrs. Berry, "My dear Angelica, you're surely not going to keep these three men here? Send them back to the dining-room, for I've a thousand things to say to you." And Angelica, who expects to inherit her aunt's property, of course did as she was bid; on which the old lady fell into an easy chair, and fell asleep immediately,—so soon, that is, as the shout caused by the reappearance of the three gentlemen in the dining-room had subsided.

I had meanwhile had some private conversation with little Cutler regarding the character of Mrs. Berry. "She's a regular screw," whispered he; "a regular tartar. Berry shews fight, though, sometimes, and I've known him have his own way for a week together. After dinner he is his own master, and hers when he

has had his share of wine; and that's why she will never allow him to drink any."

Was it a wicked or was it a noble and honourable thought which came to us both at the same minute, to rescue Berry from his captivity? The ladies, of course, will give their verdict according to their gentle natures; but I know what men of courage will think, and by their jovial judgment will abide.

We received, then, the three lost sheep back into our innocent fold again with the most joyous shouting and cheering. We made Berry (who was, in truth, nothing loth) order up I don't know how much more claret. We obliged the Frenchman to drink *malgré lui*; and in the course of a short time we had poor Whey in such a state of excitement, that he actually volunteered to sing a song, which he said he had heard at some very gay supper party at Cambridge, and which begins:—

"A pye sate on a pear-tree,  
A pye sate on a pear-tree,  
A pye sate on a pear-tree,  
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, heigh-ho!"

Fancy Mrs. Berry's face as she looked in, in the midst of that Bacchanalian ditty, when she saw no less a person than the Rev. Lemuel Whey carolling it.

"Is it you, my dear?" cries Berry, as brave now as any Petruccio. "Come in, and sit down, and hear Whey's song."

"Lady Pash is asleep, Frank," said she.

"Well, darling! that's the very reason. Give Mrs. Berry a glass, Jack, will you?"

"Would you wake your aunt, sir?" hissed out madam.

"*Never mind me, love! I'm awake, and like it!*" cried the venerable Lady Pash from the *salon*. "Sing away, gentlemen!"

At which we all sat up an audacious cheer; and Mrs. Berry flounced back to the drawing-room, but did not leave the door open, that her aunt might hear our melodies.

Berry had by this time arrived at that confidential state to which a third bottle always brings the well-regulated mind; and he made a clean confession to Cutler and myself of his numerous matrimonial annoyances. He was not allowed to dine

not be sad, and but seldom to ask his friends to meet him at home. He never failed to make a cigar for the life of him, not even in the studio. He spent the mornings dawdling in certain shops, the evenings at endless tea-parties, or in reading poems or missionary tracts to his wife. He was compelled to take physic whenever she thought he looked a little pale, to change his shoes and stockings whenever he came in from a walk. "Look here," said he, opening his chest, and shaking him fast as Dobus: "look what Angelica and that infernal Dobus have brought me to."

I thought it might be a flannel waistcoat into which madam had forced him; but it was worse: I give you my word of honour it was a pitch-plaster!

We all roared at this, and the doctor as loud as any one; but he vowed that he had no hand in the pitch-plaster. It was a favourite family remedy of the late apothecary, Sir George Catacomb, and had been put on by Mrs. Berry's own fair hands.

When Anatole came in with coffee, Berry was in such high courage, that he told him to go to the deuce with it; and we never caught sight of Lady Pash more, except, when muffled up to the nose, she passed through the *salle-à-manger* to go to her carriage, in which Dobus and the parson were likewise to be transported to Paris. "Be a man, Frank," says she, "and hold your own," for the good old lady had taken her nephew's part in the matrimonial business; "and you, Mr. Fitz-Boodle, come and see him often. You're a good fellow, take old one-eyed Calipash's word for it. Shall I take you to Paris?"

Dear, kind Angelica, she had told her aunt all I said!

"Don't go, George," says Berry, squeezing me by the hand. So I said I was going to sleep at Versailles that night; but if she would give a convoy to Jack Butts, it would be conferring a great obligation on him; with which favour the old lady accordingly complied, saying to him, with great coolness, "Get up, and sit with John in the rumble, Mr. What-dye-call-'em." The fact is, the good old soul despises an artist as much as she does a tailor.

Jack tripped up to his place very meekly; and "Remember Saturday," cried the doctor; and, "Don't forget Thursday," exclaimed the divine,—"a bachelor's party, you know." And so the cavalcade drove thundering down the gloomy old Avenue de Paris.

The Frenchman, I forgot to say, had gone away exceedingly ill long since; and the reminiscences of "Thursday" and "Saturday" evoked by Dobus and Whey, were, to tell the truth, parts of our conspiracy; for in the heat of Berry's courage we had made him promise to dine with us all round as geyron, with all except Captain Goff, who "racklacted" that he was engaged every day for the next three weeks, as indeed he is, to a thirty-sous ordinary which the gallant officer frequents, when not invited elsewhere.

Cutler and I then were the last on the field; and though we were far moving away, Berry, whose vigour had, if possible, been excited by the bustle and colloquy in the night air, insisted upon dragging us back again, and actually proposed a grill for supper!

We found in the *salle-à-manger* a strong smell of an extinguished lamp, and Mrs. Berry was snuffing out the candles on the sideboard.

"Hullo, my dear!" shouts Berry; "easily, if you please! we've not done yet!"

"Not done yet, Mr. Berry?" groans the lady, in a hollow, spectral tone.

"No, Mrs. B., not done yet. We are going to have some supper, ain't we, George?"

"I think it's quite time to go home," said Mr. Fitz-Boodle (who, to my truth, began to tremble himself).

"I think it is, sir; you are quite right, sir; and you will pardon me, gentlemen, I have a bad headache, and will retire."

"Good night, my dear!" said that audacious Berry. "Anatole, tell the cook to broil a fowl, and bring some wine."

If the loving couple had been alone, or if Cutler had not been left attache to the embassy, before whom she was afraid of making herself ridiculous, I am confident that Mrs. Berry would have fainted away on the spot; and that all Berry's con-

rage would have tumbled down lifeless by the side of her. So she only gave a martyred look, and left the room; and while we partook of the very unnecessary repast, was good enough to sing some hymn tunes to an exceedingly slow movement in the next room, intimating that she was awake, and that, though suffering, she found her consolations in religion.

These melodies did not in the least add to our friend's courage. The devoted fowl had, somehow, no devil in it. The champagne in the glasses looked exceedingly flat and blue. The fact is, that Cutler and I were now both in a state of dire consternation, and soon made a move for our hats, and lighting each a cigar in the hall, made across the little green where the Cupids and nymphs were listening to the dribbling fountain in the dark.

"I'm hanged if I don't have a cigar too!" says Berry, rushing after us; and accordingly putting in his pocket a key about the size of a shovel, which hung by the little handle of the outer grille, forth he sallied, and joined us in our fumigation.

He stayed with us a couple of hours, and returned homewards in perfect good spirits, having given me his word of honour he would dine with us the next day. He put in his immense key into the grille, and unlocked it; but the gate would not open: *it was bolted within*.

He began to make a furious jangling and ringing at the bell; and in oaths, both French and English, called upon the recalcitrant Anatole.

After much tolling of the bell, a light came cutting across the crevices of the inner door; it was thrown open, and a figure appeared with a lamp,—a tall, slim figure of a woman, clothed in white from head to foot.

It was Mrs. Berry, and when Cutler and I saw her, we both ran as fast as our legs could carry us.

Berry, at this, shrieked with a wild laughter. "Remember to-morrow, old boys," shouted he,—"six o'clock;" and we were a quarter of a mile off when the gate closed, and the little mansion of the Avenue de Paris was once more quiet and dark.

The next afternoon, as we were playing at billiards, Cutler saw Mrs. Berry drive by in her carriage; and

as soon as rather a long rubber was over, I thought I would go and look for our poor friend, and so went down to the Pavillon. Every door was open, as the wont is in France, and I walked in unannounced, and saw this



He was playing a duet with her on the flute. She had been out but for half an hour, after not speaking all the morning; and having seen Cutler at the billiard-room window, and suspecting we might take advantage of her absence, she had suddenly returned home again, and had flung herself, weeping, into her Frank's arms, and said she could not bear to leave him in anger. And so, after sitting for a little while sobbing on his knee, she had forgotten and forgiven every thing!

The dear angel! I met poor Frank in Bond Street only yesterday; but he crossed over to the other side of the way. He had on galoshes, and is grown very fat and pale. He has shaved off his moustachios, and, instead, wears a respirator. He has taken his name off all his clubs, and lives very grimly in Baker Street. Well, ladies, no doubt you say he is right; and what are the odds, so long as *you* are happy?  
G. F. B.

## THE CRISIS OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

ATTACHED by every feeling and principle to the national institutions of father-land, we feel keenly when any, even the humblest of them, are perilled. We see in the maintenance of their integrity the perpetuation of those fountains that lie at the roots of all our prosperity, and preserve, green and unimpaired, the overshadowing and glorious boughs that extend over a breadth and length of territory on which the sun never sets. Every year of our existence has struck this impression only more deeply into our hearts, and every crisis has served only to fix it more firmly. Principle, not party, is the secret of this; a principle, fed not from the broken cisterns of earthly expediency, but from the teeming fountain of eternal truth, has imparted to these convictions a depth and consistency which borrow increase of light from surrounding gloom, and, like the electric spark, acquire intensity from repression and force from resistance.

The Church of England, embosomed in the richest and most illustrious scholarships, the Church of Ireland, whose piety has come forth more rich and pure from the furnace in which she has so long been tried, - and though differing in ecclesiastical policy, equally Protestant, and equally interwoven with the statutes and jurisprudence of the nation, the Church of Scotland, surrounded by living witnesses to her vitality and practical value, a righteous peasantry and a moral people, these great institutions, the sacred exponents of the faith and hopes of the Thames, the Shannon, and the Tweed, we have advocated and upheld, with hearts full of love, and hands ever free to shield them. The dangers and the difficulties by which they are beset, we, as Churchmen and Conservatives, have faithfully watched, freely proclaimed, and firmly resisted. We have seen no reason for retracing our steps. On the contrary, the longer we live, and the larger and more comprehensive our experience becomes, the more we are convinced that pulling upward and aback is the safest course. An inclined plane from the sublime citadel of olden Toryism downward to

the very depths of modern Radicalism, at this moment stretches across the bosom of England, and every institution seems smitten with an impetus downward; and thousands who once were thought the fixtures of the age, and the vigorous resisters of the precipitate and headlong rushings heard and felt on all sides, are now, as if one of the unclean spirits of the apocalyptic vial had entered their hearts, become impelled forces, and seem to find their satisfaction in communicating an accelerated speed to that progress which already bids fair to defy the restraints of statesmen, to laugh at the principles of truth, and to bound over the hoary fences of a grave and venerable experience. What is to be the upshot they only who can read the predictions of prophecy with a more illuminated eye than we can claim are likely to know. Only we feel it our duty to stand aloof from the absorbing vortex lest we be sucked in, and, watching its ravages, lift up a voice of warning and remonstrance. Amid the many signs of the day are the position and prospects of the Scottish National Church. Nothing can be more sad than its present aspect, or more prophetic of approaching disaster. Disorganisation and lawlessness seem to be the very element breathed and gloried in by the infatuated men who take the lead in her synods and general assemblies. If Jesuits had entered the ministry of the Scottish nation, they could not have more consecutively pursued the wasting and ruin of the National Church. Whether the reckless men, to whom not a few of the characteristics of the last times, "boasters, heady, and high-minded," seem too justly applicable, are really tainted with the principles of Ignatius Loyola, or are only, as we more charitably hope, labouring under a sort of monomania, and extending the contagious affection to such holy and high-minded men as Chalmers and Gordon, is a question we have heard mooted by some of England's best and most celebrated clergy. We judge them not. To their own Master they stand or fall. Their principles of action we reprobate, their policy we

believe incompatible with tenance of an establishment, by all admissions, there of Cesar and most of Christ: claims to independent jurisdiction first heard, were deemed ostentatious and extravagant, senters wondered, Anglican men stood aghast, Jesuits re- and we most unfeignedly

is certainly one modifying in the conduct of the Non- leaders which has been too overlooked. This element will be just explanation of much peculiar tactics they have pursued, Candlish, Cunninghame, and of that clique, had committed in presbyteries, and on, and in the columns of the papers which they originated, which their pens and hirelings conspicuous a part; and there only one of two courses,—retire from the Church and their livings to others, or to the law of the realm, as emulated the Auchterarder decision, and subjects, with as composed notions as might be secured by a Christian principle and some role. They determined to a perilous experiment to keep livings and to beard the law. Course of action, obviously so the duties that devolve on of an established Church, severed for years, in the expectation that they would ultimately their party so large a mass of Scottish population, that a five government would be amid the prospects of the into a surrender of their and thus legalise their and illimitable demands. Government paused till the interpreters of the law had decided what is the law on the question under review. Their decisions precisely what most men anticipated.

The judgment in the order case, which was the basis of subsequent findings, and interdiction of pecuniary fines, brought the matter to a stand-still. A pause, solemn, like a respite from a sanctuary, reposed for a while the troubled waters. Prohibited through all its organs—Christened amid a thousand families—

men high in office and holy in character, and especially Sir George Sinclair, with distinguished talent, devoted and untiring energies, and in the exercise of peculiar influence, presented an opening so happy, so opportune, that a number of the able and spiritually minded clergy in the provincial synod of Glasgow sent in their adhesion to his exposition of Lord Aberdeen's bill, and every thing in retrospect and prospect pleaded for peace. But, alas! in an evil hour, Candlish and his camerilla, who gave the signals, would not undergo the humiliation of retracing their desperate policy. They now made it out that the "independence of the Church" was "Christ's will," and equivalent to his continuing in "His House." The beacon lights were re-kindled, and "To your tents, O Israel!" appeared in newspaper columns and sounded "on pulpit-drum ecclesiastic," till the peaceful left their parish churches, and the passionate longed for another crusade. Men that preached the gospel instead of "independence" and "Non-intrusion," throughout the three kingdoms, were denounced as "traitors," "dead moderates," "Erastians," "Puseyites;" and the most strenuous efforts were made, under the most "pawky" and plausible pretences, to hunt them down. New chapels were erected, ostensibly to extend the gospel, really to augment the clique; "Church defence associations," and "Lay Unions," and "Anti - Erastian clubs," were duly organised for the maintenance "of the Headship," as with real, though, we believe, unintentional, impiety the new notions were christened. In one word, Messrs. Candlish and Cunninghame, like the fox in the fable, had lost their tails, and they must, at all hazards, persuade their co-presbyters to part with their appendages also.

Sir James Graham, than whom the Scottish Church has no warmer or more anxious friend, was described as "Clavers." Sir George Sinclair was insulted in every variety of paragraph and spoutification. Lord Galloway, whose love and attachment to the Scottish Church induced his gentle spirit to rebuke their excesses, was denounced. Lord Aberdeen, who mourns over the gross misrepresentations of his feelings to



his own Church, was duly depicted in Inquisition colours, that he might feel a foretaste of Inquisition discipline. The Muirs, the Maccullochs, the Leishmans, the Macmorlands, the Wylics, the Taites, and many others of the Scottish clergy, the ministers of crowded churches, and the purest exponents of the best principles of their Church, were branded as traitors; and a rampant denunciation of every body and of every thing that stood in the way of the Non-intrusion tide seemed the painful substitute for the meek, and holy, and peaceful love which ought to be the attribute of a true and faithful clergy.

Long before, as well as during this effort, however, other and more clever tactics had been plied; counters, shops, reading-rooms, newspapers, all echoed Non-intrusion; they felt that it was utterly impossible, nevertheless, to carry their views while there remained a ministry in England, Tory or Whig, possessed of attachment to freedom or to the constitution. Some of the successive expedients of the party we must briefly recapitulate, and in reading them, the Non-intrusion leaders will get a few hints for an appendix to their next history of the kirk, an appendix that will reflect no glory on the men that now covet a chapter among the Scottish worthies.\*

The Non-intrusionists first of all made their appeal to the bishops through Dr. Chalmers, whose lectures at the Hanover Rooms, replete with sarcastic denunciations of dissent, and eulogies of the Church of England, had made a most favourable impression on the episcopal bench. But their lordships had no taste for being cats'-paws. The whole clergy of the Church of England resolved to have nothing to do with Non-intrusion. They saw that there was not a point of rest between so limited and enlightened a patronage as that of the Scotch Church and the Voluntary system. The Non-intrusionists knocked hard, promised much as a sister Church, and patiently waited, late and early, at the gates of Lambeth. A board was ultimately hung out, "No Non-intrusion here." Having lost the Church

of England, they returned to Edinburgh to hit out another move.

They bethought themselves of the Wesleyans, a body neither church nor dissent, and likely to do them great service. The Non-intrusionists were told by some of their opponents, the Wesleyans are Arminians and you are Calvinists. They deny election, imputed righteousness, the perseverance of the saints, and other Calvinistic views, for denying which any member of the Church of Scotland would be justly deposed. The Non-intrusionists felt, however, that Non-intrusion was that mighty altar on which all such differences should be sacrificed; and as they wanted the Wesleyans for a special purpose, and only for a time, they sent up Drs. McKellar and Candlish to occupy the Wesleyan pulpits, in which they, of course, avoided carefully the controverted points. They got over the *Watchman* newspaper by this cannie move, but Mr. Dixon, the president of the Wesleyans, is too conscientious, and Dr. Bunting is too clear-headed, to swallow Non-intrusion, and the Wesleyan body neither hold the pastoral tie, nor allow of the people's veto, nor even lay representatives in the Conference, and they, therefore, turned out not half so suitable agents as the Non-intrusionists calculated. In fact, the Wesleyans have, much to their credit, been satisfied with taking all they could get from the Scotch Church, and, in return, giving Mr. Candlish a half-column in their newspaper, and a cautious speech from Dr. Bunting on the platform. They have no taste for proving themselves active Non-intrusion agents.

The Non-intrusionists retaining all they can of past success, as many do with sovereigns, "sweating them before they let them pass," have now made a dernier movement. They have pressed most eloquently the Independent Dissenters into their service. They have taken every possible step. They have repealed, illegally it now appears, and out of no real love to Dissenters, some ecclesiastical laws enacted against them. They are ready to preach for Dissenters and let Dissenters preach

\* We understand a new Book of Martyrs to the Non-intrusion cause is in preparation.

for them; they promise them every help in their various undertakings, and will do any thing for them, and with them, and to them, if the Dissenters will only help them out of the scrape into which they have got. In fact, the tenders to the Independents for their help are, it is presumed, as follow:—"We are willing to cancel all the aspersions on Messrs. Binney, Burnet, Leifchild, Sir Culling Smith, the president of the Voluntary Association, &c., found in the *Church of Scotland Magazine*, the *Scottish Guardian*, in sermons, speeches, &c. &c. We are ready to open the pulpits of the National Church to any of you, at least *pro tempore*, whether you be Voluntaries or not Voluntaries. We may admit you to livings, if you will only give us your co-operation. We will begin a crusade with you against the Church of England if you like it, if you will only join with us against the Moderates. We will become Whigs, as *The Witness* can testify, if you will only become Non-intrusionists. Do believe us,—do help us. We shall lose our livings, and our victories over you in the Voluntary wars, if you do not take us up." To this sweet and Syren-like address, it may be supposed, Mr. Binney or Mr. Burnet will reply,—“Gentlemen, we told you, when you kicked us about like old boots, that it would come to this. We always said if the state endow and establish a church, it has a right to a share in the distribution of the endowments. Leave the establishment, in other words, your livings, and rely on the free-will offerings of your people, and the state will not touch you. The whole obstruction to your peace and the enjoyment of your principles are your benefices. Now really, Mr. Candlish, your Scotch metaphysics must not blind us. We cannot be parties to any schemes for enabling you to retain your livings. This is your own personal matter, see you to it. I, John Burnet, will be most happy to preach in St. George’s pulpit, or in the Tron Church, or in St. Giles’s, and thus what you used to abominate as a Babel, and what it seems you have no real power to grant, we shall thus overtake as a millennium. But tempting as this overture is, we are too honest, and too committed to the public, and too alive

to our own principles, to become catapaws, scorching our fingers in order to keep you in your livings. Besides, we know that as soon as you are done with us you will kick us overboard, and shut your pulpits against us. The prospect of exchanging pulpits will conciliate a few Dissenting ministers, but by their high-minded and high-principled men—the Claytons, the Jays, the Shermans, and many others, the mess of pottage will be spurned. The boon is too late; Catholicity is on your tongue, but Non-intrusion beneath.” The Non-intrusionists, as far as can be gathered from *The Witness* or the speech of Mr. Candlish, have not yet made any propositions to the priests of the Church of Rome. It is worth the pope’s consideration, whether if his holiness were to become a Non-intrusionist he would not become extremely popular in Scotland, and whether Non-intrusion might not be a capital horse for Dr. Wiseman to ride successfully on. If the present overtures of “friendly communion” with the Dissenters fail, as they have failed with the Episcopalians and Wesleyans, we know of no other denomination but that of Rome to which application can be made. Whether such application may be made we know not.

Such has been the strange and very questionable course which these gentlemen have travelled. We have only recapitulated their steps for the instruction of all, and by way of teaching the successors of the outgoing (?) Non-intrusionists that all deviations from the prescriptions of principle lead off from success in most instances, even in this world.

We must do the Dissenting ministry the justice to say, that they have almost unanimously seen through the transparent ruse. In Scotland, where it is well understood and scarcely now disguised, the repeal, last spring, of the act 1799, which is, after all, the repeal of one exclusive act among many, and from the repeal of which, even if lawfully done, no conscientious and consistent minister of the kirk could feel warranted, after his ordination vows, in admitting Independent ministers or Voluntary seceders to officiate for him, has been met by such men as Wardlaw

and Heugh with dignified silence or rejection. In England, where it was not seen through, the copious administration of catholic asseverations of the necessity of union, &c. &c. have, we hear, inveigled a few Dissenting ministers into such of the Scotch pulpits in England as are occupied by the ministers of the Non-intrusion section. This, however, on the part of the latter, is meant to introduce themselves and their flocks to the various denominations which they mean by and by to join; either by transferring their churches, if the trust-deeds allow them, or by transporting themselves, to use a Scottish ecclesiastical phrase, from the presidency of a Scottish kirk to that of a Dissenting chapel.

We do not mean to impute motives to the leaders of this modern movement, but of their outward actions and policy we speak with as great freedom, though not with as great abuse, as they have spoken of their opponents. Some parts of their conduct, however, are so ludicrous—such as taking to the hills and grey moors, and encountering persecution—that we frequently imagine the more ignorant and less gifted of the ranks take up Mr. Candlish's jokes as truths. We never can suppose that any clergyman with common sense would encounter the mace and sentence of the Court of Session, rather than part with the endowments of which that court is the constituted guardian. Resign the living, and the pastor is free from all ecclesiastical law; retain the living, and, for conscience sake, obey the law which gives and guarantees the fruits.

After a long and, to all our readers, satisfactory *exposé* of the substantial merits of the whole question in a previous number,\* we are scarcely called upon now to begin *ab ovo*. Since that time a state-paper has appeared, from the pen of Sir James Graham, which, for lucid analysis, kind and conciliatory feeling, compression and closeness of thought, for all in short that constitutes first-rate excellence in such a paper, will be treasured up in the archives of England, a witness to the infatuation of so many of the Scottish clergy, and it will reflect silently,

but forcibly, deep discredit on the wild spirits that resisted such, and so conciliatory, overtures. This document, so decisive on the supremacy of law, as becomes its author and his office, is yet so explicit in tendering a measure equivalent to that of Lord Aberdeen, as modified by Sir George Sinclair, that nothing but the previous comital of themselves in the *soi-disant* Convocation at the bidding of the Presbyter-pope and convention-cardinals, has prevented many from hailing it as a boon, not only from the light it reflects, but also from the light it transmits:—

"If the Veto Act," remarks Sir James, "which is illegal, were rescinded by the Assembly, the respective rights of the patron to present, of the congregation to object, and of the Church Courts to examine, to hear, to judge, and to admit or to reject, would be clear and well defined."

"In the hope of peace, Lord Aberdeen, one of her majesty's present advisers, sought by legislation to remove doubts, which by some were supposed to exist, respecting the admission of ministers to benefices in Scotland, by declaring the law, and by defining with precision, the respective rights and powers of the different parties interested in the settlement of a minister."

"In the same spirit I expressed on the part of the government, in the courts of last sessions, willingness to attempt legislation on the same recorded principles; hoping that both the Church and people of Scotland might be found desirous to terminate this unhappy controversy on terms which are strictly conformable to presbyterian discipline and to established rights."

These are not the words of a Claverhouse, but of one who, in the days of the voluntary war with Dissenters, was set forth as a "nursing father" to the Church. Sure we are, Dissenters must amazingly chuckle at the "turn about, wheel about" movements of Non-intrusionists. Once the Christian people were so bad, that they neither could nor would maintain their ministers—starvation being their offering to the Voluntary principle. Now, however, the Christian people are so perfect that they may be intrusted with the powers of patrons and presbyteries too. Once Sir James Graham and

Sir Robert Peel were so godlike that they were toasted at all dinners, voted for at all elections, and thirsted for as the only pilots fit to govern England; but now they are so despised that the one is called "Clavers," and the other a Puseyite. Once Dissenters were almost removed from the pale of Christianity, and one or two ministers of the Church were menaced with suspension for being too intimate with them. Now Dissenters of all classes, orthodox and heterodox, are welcome, — yea implored to enter the national pulpits: we say again, Dissenters must be mightily amused. We cannot see how they can come to any other conclusion, from external appearances, than that it was in the Voluntary what it is in the Non-intrusion war, a matter of loaves and fishes; to wit, the protection of these earthly possessions against the Voluntaries before, and against the government now. We know it is not so; but we do know that it is hard to convince Dissenters that our knowledge is right. But, be these things as they may, we admire the magnanimity and self-possession of the right honourable baronet in passing by all the hard words and offensive epithets which have been so liberally flung at him, and tendering in kindly, and we might almost say affectionate terms, a fair prospect of all the judicial powers the presbyteries can scripturally and constitutionally claim in appointing of incumbents, and in hearing the objections of the parishioners.

All this, however, is accompanied with a clear refusal of the arbitrary and unconstitutional demands of the Non-intrusionists.

Along with this Sir James Graham exterminates quietly, but most triumphantly, the ridiculous pretences of the Non-intrusionists. This part of the Home Secretary's letter is so good and so thorough a settler that we cannot resist the temptation of transferring it to our pages. It is not a mere assertion of state-purpose, but a series of reasons which have thrown Mr. Candlish and his followers aback, and extorted six columns of misty metaphysics, misnomered a reply:—

"The allegation is now distinct, that the constitution of the country has been

broken, and that vested rights and privileges, secured by statute and solemn national treaty, have been violated."

"The question at once arises, when, and by whom?"

"I look for the date in the Protest and Declaration of Right; and I find no cause of complaint even alleged prior to the year 1834; except, indeed, the statute passed in the 10th of Anne, which restored to patrons the right of presentation, which has regulated the exercise of this right for more than a century, and which, until 1834, commanded for many years the tacit assent of the General Assembly itself.

"But some 'encroachment' has been committed in violation of a national settlement.

"Did Parliament interfere? Did the Civil Courts make some aggression on the spiritual jurisdiction of the Church? Quite otherwise. In the year 1834 the General Assembly passed an act, which gave to the heads of families in each parish, being communicants, a veto on the presentation of the patron; and the House of Lords, by their judgment in the first Auchterarder case, pronounced this act of Assembly to be illegal, and practically incompatible with the civil right of patrons, as fixed and determined by act of Parliament. It would seem, therefore, that this attack on vested rights, secured by statute, is of modern date, and that the civil authorities were not the aggressors."

The remarks of Sir James that immediately follow are as apposite as they are admonitory. Other churches have set up before now claims of clerical privilege precisely similar; and as in every age this spirit of priestly domination has shot up, it has been the safety of society that wise and paternal governments have interposed to crush it. Unquestionably in all that is purely spiritual, spiritual men may exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction; but when under pretence of "using the keys," "obeying Christ in His own house," "vindicating the independence of the Church," the very phraseology under the shelter of which Rome has deposed kings and absolved subjects from their allegiance, the Non-intrusionists interfere with civil rights; claim to determine what they are, whose they are, and whereto they reach, we have then assumptions, which may not be trifled with, but which must be promptly and vigorously crushed. Had Sir James Graham hesitated in doing so, Whig

and Tory would have declaimed against him, and society would have felt its character and its concerns exposed by law to the intermeddling of presbyters, with more than Cunningham's taste for that sort of annoyance, and less principle wherewith to restrain it.

It is downright nonsense to say it was the people's rights, not the clergy's power, which the Non-intrusionists desired to exalt. Nominally, patronage was to be lodged in the hands of the people; but, to all practical purposes, in the hands of a central clerical clique. The ultimate result would be the devolving of patronage on the clergy, and thereby the cabals, and nepotism, and intrigues of similar patrons, would bring disgrace on the ministers of religion, and endanger the stability, after destroying the character, of the national Church. So satisfied are we of the excellence of existing arrangements, that we wholly concur with Sir James Graham, when he adds,—

"We are convinced that the Church established by law in Scotland has produced the best practical effects on the morals and religious character of the people. It has well fulfilled, and it continues to fulfil, the important purposes for which it was founded; and any shock, which might endanger this great national establishment, would be regarded by her majesty's servants as a fearful calamity."

We have still before us some of the pretensions and assumptions of the Non-intrusionist party, which require to be exposed before the people of England. These pretensions are all of them the grounds they allege for calling on government to make any concession to them rather than force them to retire from the Church.

One of their most modest assertions is, that they are the vitality of the Church, and that their retreat will leave a valley of dry bones. Suppose this were the fact, it must not be forgotten that on their secession Scotland is not to lose the benefit of their valuable ministry. Were they about to emigrate to New Zealand, we might deplore the loss to Scotland, but this is not to be the catastrophe; or were their mouths to be shut by patent padlocks, or their persons immured in Haddo's Hole in the Calton, we should still more

profoundly grieve at the issue; but all the privation they are willingly to encounter is the loss of comfortable manses, stated stipends, and good parish churches. Scotland will still enjoy their ministrations; and, as a sufficient supply of others is nearly ready to succeed them, the means of pastoral instruction will be multiplied, and out of evil good will thus evolve. No doubt the national Church will feel deeply the exhaustion of the many holy and able men they have misled and dragged into their career, who, out of mistaken but conscientious notions, have placed themselves in their present position; but we trust she will weather it as she has weathered similar storms. Besides, we know that a nucleus of vitality and evangelical vigour will be found in the adherents of Drs. Muir and Macculloch, to whom we can promise on the very highest authority a measure equal to their demands, either immediately before or soon after the secession.

At all hazards, Candlish and his party go out. Nor is it desirable to retain them. It is only to be regretted he did not secede long ago. We only fear he will pocket the affront. But because the Non-intrusion leaders very modestly claim to be the salt of the Church, we are not, as they wish us, to conclude that the fact is so. If we may judge of the character of the Non-intrusionists by the organs which they keep on pay for the propagation of their nostrums, we cannot rate their accomplishments very high. We give a specimen of the wisdom and charity of their northern representative, the *Aberdeen Banner*:

"If a majority vote for this, then the whole Church of Scotland ceases to be an establishment; and its 1200 ministers, moderate and all, are, for the time being, disestablished and deprived of their endowments. One part of them may, of course, sue for a re-establishment. This the state may be willing to grant; but we, along with the Voluntaries (whom we have been conciliating by asking them into our pulpit), will do our utmost to prevent. If a re-establishment take place, we will everlastingly struggle to undo it."

The stupid folly in this passage is only equalled by its brutality. Conscious of its former feature, the employé of the leaders proceeds to say,—

"On the other hand, if a majority of

next Assembly do not vote for the dissolution between church and state, then, of course, the establishment remains unbroken. In that case the minority will first secede from the establishment; and then, *help us God, we'll attack and demolish it.*"—*Aberdeen Banner*, January 14, 1843.

We need not inform the writer, who seems to have drunk deeper into the spirit of Danton and Robespierre than into that of Christ, that the government and nation are in full possession of the process by which recent majorities of the General Assembly have been secured, and of the fact that upwards of two hundred of the seceding minority, that is to say, the ministers of chapels of ease, are constitutionally *hors de combat*. We quote the passage solely as a specimen of the animus of men who necessarily denounce all that differ from them, and exalt and laud themselves as the salt of the earth. The revolutionary spirit that has entered into many of them seems to have exorcised the graces by which they were adorned in their earlier and better times. We do not wish to make personal and invidious comparisons; but let any impartial person contrast the speeches, writings, and deportment of such clergymen as Dr. Muir of St. Stephen's, Edinburgh, and Dr. Macculloch of Kelso, and others that adhere to them, with the blustering, menacing harangues of Messrs. Candlish and Cunningham; and the Scottish university that gave their degrees to the former may congratulate itself, while the American university that bestowed its degrees upon the latter cannot but congratulate itself also, and especially on its discrimination, for surely republican degrees sit most appropriately on revolutionary men. It is to no purpose to quote Dr. Chalmers. He is as much a passive tool as is the battering-ram in the hands of the besiegers, or the cannon-ball and bag of gunpowder in the hands of the captain of the gun.

It is contended that at least 400 able and popular clergymen will leave the Church, and swell the ranks of dissent. WE KNOW, AND ON GROUNDS WHICH ARE CLEARER AND MORE CONCLUSIVE THAN CANDLISH HAS ANY NOTION OF, THAT NOT HALF THAT NUMBER WILL SECEDE. We are aware

those that remain will be twitted and tormented by the Candlishites; but their reply must be, they were coaxed and wheedled into an unconstitutional assemblage called the Convocation, ostensibly to deliberate, but at bottom to be entrapped and committed before the public, on the Jesuitical pretence that a formidable muster would frighten Sir James Graham and terrify Sir Robert Peel. For these country incumbents we make every allowance, every apology, and we can assure them that in so doing we have the full flood of English sympathies. They have been betrayed. Let them awaken to a dispassionate perception of their true position. They are above being driven into conformity by the fear of losing their livings; but they cannot be above the dignity and duty of denouncing a clique of political partisans, raging like bulls in a net, because the characters of men, the circumstances of Dissenters, and the results of the elections, are not suspended on their pleasure, and retiring from a connexion which, to say the least of it, cannot honour. There is a nucleus of vital religion in the Muirs, Maccullochs, and others of that school; and there is a guarantee for constitutional, profound, and consistent *régime* of the future destinies of the Church, as Cook, Mearns, Macfarlane, and other capable leaders, are ready to take the reins. The present leaders have hurried the Church upon reefs, and shoals, and rocks, and must give way to men who combine piety and high-toned evangelism with love of order, loyalty to law, and adherence to Scriptural and apostolic precedent.

We hold in our hands a vast bundle of letters from the most distinguished clergymen and laymen in Scotland. These we have in confidence. By courtesy and on principles of justice we are bound to withhold their names. Some of them are *supposed* by Candlish to be his own adherents. They are the expression of the real sentiments and feelings of the intelligence, talent, and piety of the Scottish nation. We have these letters from a high quarter. We submit one or two extracts from different letters:—

No. I.

" November 1842.

" You cannot more deeply deprecate

the policy and dread the issue of this so-called 'Convocation' than I do. Such a meeting appears to me to be unconstitutional. A minority, when it is debarred from fair play in the church courts, may be excused for meeting in clubs and conventions; but not so a majority which has the church courts at its command as vehicles of saying and doing what it pleases. Such a course on the part of the majority of the Church can only tend to fortify the influential classes in the belief, unhappily gaining ground, that Presbyterianism is inefficient for the ends of good government. This 'Convocation' is further objectionable on the ground that the whole thing is deceptive. The requisition calling it is deceptive. The professed purpose for which it is held is deceptive. Those who have ostensibly convoked the meeting are not the real 'callers.' *Brotherly conference* on the position of the Church, though the avowed, is not the real object. Does any man believe that a *bona fide* conference can be conducted by four or five hundred ministers, or that the managers will give any encouragement to brethren who differ from them to express their opinion? I can conceive of no purpose the Convocation can serve, unless that of entrapping the clergy generally, and committing them to the desperate policy of their leaders.

"Moreover, it strikes me that the topic specially selected for discussion is the very last that ought to be mooted, or that can be advantageously canvassed at a great party meeting. The question of spiritual jurisdiction is one for the closet not the platform; and for the few thinkers, not the many talkers. To define the limits and relations of ecclesiastical and civil jurisdiction in an established Church is scarcely within the powers of human analysis or wisdom. To contend for absolute spiritual independence is to play into the hands of the Voluntaries, and to alienate the civil magistrate. If the church courts have liberty to perform the duties which Christianity has imposed on them, they have all the spiritual independence they need or should desire. And no good but evil can result from contemplating the subject otherwise than as a practical question. Sir George Sinclair's measure would put an end to the collision between the two jurisdictions, and enable us to get out of the reach of the fire of civil compulsors. That is all the Church needs."

#### No. II.

"January 21, 1843.

"I take blame to myself for not having written before now, instead of waiting, as I have been doing, in the hope from day

to day of something emerging which might indicate the probable issue of matters.

"It will, I doubt not, be admitted that Sir James Graham's letter is an eminently able, clear, and statesmanlike paper, nor will any thing but the excess of prejudice deny that in tone and temper, while firm and decided, it is calm, courteous, and conciliatory.

"To myself I say at once, and without hesitation, that, according to the best judgment I can form of its import, it is most satisfactory.

"It is undoubtedly a refusal of the demands to which it is more immediately a reply, and no one feels and deprecates more keenly and earnestly than I do the possible consequences of this; but such a refusal is no more than every man of ordinary intelligence and observation must have fully anticipated. That the claims put forth by the dominant party should be conceded by government, or sanctioned by the legislature, was an expectation which scarcely the most sanguine of that party itself could, I think, entertain. On the other hand, the recognition of the powers belonging to the Church, and, still more, the clearly intimated willingness, by express enactment, to secure to the Church in the matter of collation all the judicial power which it can reasonably claim, taken in connexion with the subsequent reference to Lord Aberdeen's bill and Sir George Sinclair's clause, are, I confess, most satisfactory and gratifying evidence to my mind, that a settlement is still open to us, such as should be sufficient to any man who can be a member of an established church at all."

#### No. III.

"December, 30, 1842.

"Dr. Candlish's epistle is too bad. 'Diplomatic craft,' as descriptive of the conduct of public men anxious to settle the Church, is a phrase which does not fall gracefully from the pen of a clergyman, and least of all from the pen of one who, as a member of the Non-intrusion committee, thanked the government for their good intentions when the negotiations to which he refers were in progress. I suppose Dr. C. feels sore at the recollection of having at first committed himself to the approval of a measure which he afterwards saw reason to repudiate. This is not unnatural. But he might do better than try to conceal the effects of his own blunders, by heaping reproach on the other negotiating party.

"I am not a little surprised at the opinion expressed as to the 'moderation' of the course followed by the late Con-

ome gentlemen, with all e and candour, put a less retation on the resolutions ionists than Candlish in- bear, may not some who an equally softened view And may there not, conse- type that some clergy who ged themselves will not t against a constitutional settlement of the Church ? o think that this inference or it seems to me unac- 433 ministers should and their continuance in such an extravagant con- ference of the govern- courts of law. At the e cannot feel very con- subject, after the lengths to already gone. Who could t possible, a few years ago, with the education of a r man who had read the entry, or pondered on the y principles of the British could ever seriously enter- at any government could would be allowed, to set ution put on a statute by e land, otherwise than by teration of the law for the re now behold clergymen not clergymen only, but in the law, approaching t with this, as they think ble 'request!'"

#### No. IV.

raacter of the Convocation ag itself in the results rung from it. The steps en to organise a separate ot have *decently* originated etent and constitutional

Hence the necessity of v *re nata* and irresponsible accordingly, the Convoca- ing followed by a syste- overturn the Establish- it-'drum ecclesiastic' is ating to arms. Elders are adherences to the Convo- ra. Every one who does lot with them is denounced man and a publican; and about to be canvassed by be view of securing their ); while to ensure the subscriptions for building providing stipends are e set on foot. The idea l and schismatic in minis- to use the influence which from their status in the e purpose of founding a r- ces not seem to have oc-

curred to their minds. The case of the unjust steward is being acted over again, and the glory of the martyrdom for con- science sake, of which we have heard so much, bids fair to be sadly dimmed by the worldly-wise expedients which are resorted to, that when 'they are put out of the stewardship, they may be received into houses.' I fear the Convocation has given the *coup de grace* to all our hopes of an amicable adjustment. Yet I sincerely hope that the government, if they cannot give such a measure as will wholly avert a secession, will at least give a measure sufficient to prevent a large secession. It is not desira- ble, now that matters are gone so far, that the extreme men of the Non-intrusion side should be kept within the Church; at least it is not desirable they should retain the influence which they have recently acquired and so grossly abused in its government. But surely the peace of the country, the peace of families, and the stability of the Establishment, require that all the less violent men should be retained, even at the cost of some concession. Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham would do themselves immortal honour by bringing about such an adjustment as would allow a part of the Non-intrusion clergy and elders to recede from their foolish pledge without loss of self-respect. Nor could these eminent statesmen fail, as I think, in compassing this object, were they speedily to pass into a law the measure which Sir George Sinclair has suggested. And though I personally attach no great importance to it, yet I should rejoice to see it conceded as an offer- ing to the cause of peace. That Dr. Candlish would accept the bill I do not now venture to hope, after all the bluster that has been made regarding a legislative recognition of the Church's independence. But I grievously mis- judge the more temperate men of the party, if they would not acquiesce in it: at all events, this benefit would accrue, that no more Non-intrusionists than those who have already signed the reso- lutions of the Convocation would join the seceding party,—a benefit this of some importance."

#### No. V.

"January 21, 1843.

"You will have already learned from a few hurried lines despatched by this day's post, that I heartily concur in the view which you take of Sir James Graham's letter. It appears to me to be, on the one hand, just what was to be expected, as regards the demands of the extreme party, and on the other all that could be expected as regards the intimation of the



mind of the government in reference generally to our distracted affairs.

"That it is unfavourable to the views and claims of those more immediately concerned may be matter of regret in the prospect of the results to which this may probably lead, but cannot be matter of surprise to any one. They themselves had no other anticipations."

#### No. VI.

"January 11, 1843.

"How sad, how emphatically sad, is it to think that the headstrong policy of our leaders should put it beyond the power of such generous friends of the Church as Sir George Sinclair, Mr. Pringle, and Mr. Colquhoun, to do us any good! That such a bill as Sir George Sinclair describes should be refused, and the alternative preferred of steeping the country in uproar, surely the force of infatuation cannot farther go. The future historian of these times will find it no easy problem to account on the ordinary principles of human nature for the suicidal course pursued by the seceding party! Possibly, he may resort for an explanation to Bishop Butler's theory, that whole communities and public bodies are liable to fits of insanity as well as individuals; or, if he is a person of a less charitable turn of mind than the great and good bishop, he may represent the destruction of our church as the result of a systematic and deep-laid conspiracy, of which, indeed, a 'suspicious ingenuity' will enable him to discover some pretty significant traces in the conduct of more than one of our ecclesiastical pilots.

"No one, indeed, can be more fully alive than I am to the difficulties with which the government are surrounded in reference to our Church question. Nevertheless, it will be hard to convince me that a minister of such a chivalrous spirit and such boundless mental resources as Sir Robert Peel is not able to devise some method by which the wounds of our bleeding Church may be healed, at least to a large extent. Black as is the tempest that is gathering around our Church, I should have some hope of her weathering it, could the class of ministers just referred to be retained on board. But I am also disposed to think, that 'except these abide in the ship we cannot be saved.'"

In addition to the extracts we have given, we venture to transfer to our pages an admirable letter of the distinguished baronet who has done so much to heal divisions, and received only insult from the leaders in return:—

"I am very glad indeed that you are

not prepared to contend for a bill which shall provide that the proceedings of a Church Court, shall, under no circumstances, be touched by the civil tribunals. Permit me, however, to observe, that it would, in my opinion, be most advisable to seek for the restoration of peace, not by any declaratory act, expressly defining, or at least professing to define, the limits between two conflicting jurisdictions, but by such a measure as shall virtually secure the independence of the Church courts, excepting in such gross and glaring cases of injustice as are at least extremely improbable, but would, I think, on all hands be admitted to require revision; such as an enactment of the Assembly, 'that no presentation should be sustained,' as the Church has now adopted the anti-patronage principle. I trust you will agree with me, that if the plan sanctioned last autumn by government had been carried into effect a few years ago, neither the case of Mar-noch, nor that of Auchterarder, would have taken place, and the recurrence of such deplorable proceedings would be completely guarded against, if (as was proposed) the Church courts were empowered 'finally to judge' (to use Lord Aberdeen's words) as to the advisableness of giving effect to the objections of the people, whether homologated by themselves or not.

"As the connexion between the benefice and the cure of souls is the most important and essential element in the constitution of an established Church, I apprehend that parliament would not be disposed to sanction any law by which they should, under any circumstances, be separated.

"It appears to me to be admitted, 1st, that the Church courts have an undisputed right to pass a final judgment as to the qualifications of every candidate who claims to be licensed as a preacher; and, 2d, that when one of their own probationers has been selected by the patron for any particular parish, they are again the sole judges of his fitness for that office, so far as regards his character and gifts. The point in dispute, therefore, relates, I humbly think, only to the nature and amount of the privilege which, in each case, shall appertain to the people, the Church contending that a majority of the communicants shall have the power, by exercising an uncontrolled negative, to cause the presenter to be set aside; so that if the dissentients are even obliged by law to state their objections, the Church courts shall be bound to give effect to the 'dissent' of the objectors, if persisted in, notwithstanding the advice and remonstrances of the presbytery, excepting in the very

improbable case that improper or factious motives can be proved against them by the patrons or the presentees. My decided conviction is, that the legislature will never sanction a principle which amounts (in their view) to an undue interference not only with the rights of the patrons, but with the duties of the Church; and I return to the conclusion, which I so earnestly strove to impress upon you and many other respected friends, that you should accept an unlimited power to give effect in each case to the reasons and objections of the people, on either of two distinct grounds, viz., their validity, or their prevalence, reserving of course to the Church the alternative of overruling a capricious dissent, as well as of setting aside an unpopular appointment. The government is disposed to regard the influence of their sense of moral responsibility as judges on the minds and consciences of the members of the Church courts, as a sufficient but indispensable safeguard against injustice being done to presentees or patrons in the event of reasons or objections being stated by the people; and I do most urgently implore you, my dear and worthy friend, to consider whether this concession (if it be one) should not be made by the Church, for the sake of the peace and stability of an institution whose welfare is so intimately interwoven with the best and dearest interests of the country.

"As long as the majority is considered by both these parties to be acting in defiance of the law, neither of them can conscientiously nominate any individual to supply a vacancy (however numerous the signatures of the parishioners in his favour), if he is known to hold opinions which they deem inconsistent with law and justice."

After all that is indicated in our correspondence, we believe that Candlish will yet discover a pretext for keeping St. George's.

We cannot spare time for examining the various and voluminous treatises written *pro* and *con*. One thing is very striking. Those written in defence of the Church are distinguished by quiet and Christian statements, — acerbity and bitterness being, either by concert or disposition, proscribed and abjured. Those written by the followers of Candlish are generally bitter, — sometimes characterised by an affected softness, and very frequently, as was shewn in the

admirable speech of Mr. Milne, advocate at the commission, — a shuffling of facts amounting to positive untruth. Of this Mr. Milne\* furnished abundant proofs, and truly delighted were we to see that important speech transferred to the columns of the *Standard*, — a paper whose principles and vigorous talent command universal admiration. In fact, it will be difficult for Candlish and his clique to exonerate themselves from gross misstatement of facts. It must, indeed, be a desperate cause that needs such support. We quote the conclusion of Mr. Milne's speech, — a conclusion which was given from an interruption by Candlish: —

"I am glad to have a clear and distinct statement of what the claim of the Church really is, because it will now go forth to the public; and I again distinctly say, that the claims which the Church has now put forth can only be obtained by giving to her a jurisdiction co-ordinate with the supreme tribunals of the country — a position which she never has occupied, and which it would be most dangerous to society to allow her to assume; farther, I am sure that the best friends of the Church must lament to see her engaged in such a struggle for power, and will rejoice to see her defeated in it, though of course they would bitterly deplore if the result should be her entire subversion. This catastrophe, I hope, may not arise — though a secession — and of many whose talents might have been useful to the Church — may now be inevitable. But it is hard — hard upon the Church and the country, that those who now think it necessary to quit the establishment, because they are the true authors of all the turmoil that has arisen, should insist in dragging out others with them, and should be doing all they can to ruin and destroy the establishment which they cannot longer misgovern."

If we are to have a pope, let it not be under the designation of presbyter; and if a conclave of cardinals, let it not be under the nomenclature of a presbytery of a national establishment. Some of the exposures embodied in Mr. Milne's speech ought to make the Non-intrusionists blush.

Let an Englishman conceive the cool impudence of such a statement as the

\* We would advise the friends of the established Church in Edinburgh to reprint and extensively circulate Mr. Milne's *exposé*.

following from page 15 of the *Claim of Rights* :—

"They protest that all and whatsoever acts of the parliaments of Great Britain PASSED WITHOUT THE CONSENT OF THIS CHURCH and nation, in alteration of, or derogation to, the aforesaid government, discipline, right, and privileges of this Church, are and shall be in themselves void and null, and of no legal force or effect."

This is just seditious language.

"This claim asserts that 'the Court of Session—a tribunal instituted by special act of parliament for the specific and limited purpose of doing and administration of justice in all civil actions, *not confining themselves* to the determination of civil actions,' have, 'in numerous and repeated instances, *stepped beyond* the province allotted to them by the constitution,' as, 'for instance, by interdicting the preaching of the Gospel, and administration of ordinances throughout a whole district'—by 'assuming to judge of the right of individuals elected members of the General Assembly, to sit therein,' &c.; 'by all which acts the said Court, *apparently*, not adverting to the oath taken by the sovereign from whom they hold their commissions, have exercised powers not conferred upon them by the constitution'—'have invaded the jurisdiction of the courts of the Church—have subverted its government—have illegally attempted to coerce Church courts in the exercise of their purely spiritual functions—have *usurped* the power of the keys,' &c. By these statements, is it not the design to represent the courts of law as having ultroneously stepped forward to pronounce the judgment complained of—as having spontaneously and wantonly resolved on aggression? If not, why was there no explanation, that the Court was called on and compelled to pronounce judgment in the matters referred to, in consequence of being appealed to in actions for redress or protection, by parties whose demands could not be evaded, but behoved to be disposed of in one way or another? Yet no explanation of this kind is given; and the courts of law are studiously, and somewhat skilfully, represented as having voluntarily stepped out of their own precincts into those of the Church, in order purposely to subvert its government. And why is it that this aggression is said to have been committed? The *Claim* calls 'the Christian people of this kingdom, and all the churches of the Reformation throughout the world, who hold the great doctrine of the sole Headship of the Lord Jesus over his Church, to wit-

ness that it is *for their adherence to that doctrine, as set forth in their Confession of Faith*'—'that this Church is subjected to hardship, and that the rights so sacredly pledged and secured to her are put in peril.'"—MR. MILNE'S *Speech*, p. 3.

It is not for their adherence to the sole headship of Christ that the Church of Scotland is subjected to hardship, but for violating the statute law of the land—intruding on the province of the civil courts, and, in order to vindicate themselves from an objection adduced against Church establishments by Dissenters, trying by a *coup de main* to upset patronage. We cannot believe that the good and pious ministers who are in the Non-intrusion ranks can have read this document. To its drawers up it is deep discredit, and, in the minds of Englishmen, must militate powerfully against any thing they undertake.

A Rev. H. Bonar, whose zeal for his party seems to outstrip his anxiety to speak truth, sends forth the following statement in a pamphlet which a London bookseller has actually advertised and sold:—"We can no longer depose ungodly ministers; thieves, swindlers, swearers, drunkards, are all to be protected from our Church censures by the Court of Session."

Any thing more disgraceful than this reflection on the venerable judges of the Court of Session, and on the House of Lords, by whom the sentences of these judges were confirmed, we have never heard from the lips of the most heated Non-intrusion haranguer.

Mr. Milne well exposed it, where it must have been rather unpleasant. He asked,—

"Now, sir, is this an honest, is it a Christian course, to make such misrepresentations as these? Every man who knows the facts must perceive the unfairness of alleging that the Court has done any thing in order to protect ungodly ministers. It has merely prevented the Church exercising discipline in a way not permitted by law; so that, in fact, the various evils which the Court of Session is represented as inflicting on the Church are only the consequences of her own illegal proceedings, and *show* the mischief which is thence resulting to the Church herself."

Yet Mr. Bonar's statement is only

ecimen of the allegations sent to London, and circulated, in virtue of the cheap postage, and often retised as the thousandth and ten thousand edition, the printer being allowed discretion in this matter. We have, however, that Englishmen not be bothered out of their wits by such pamphleteers; we know that a Conservative Government are duly made aware of gross and wilful misrepresentation. If the seceding Non-intrusionists do not wish to be classified with the Romish priests of Ireland, let them desist from their present course, meekly retire from an establishment their blundering policy brought to the brink of destruction and prosecute the extension of the Gospel beyond the pale of the Church, instead of Non-intrusion, by adding into other men's parishes in it.

After this sweet *morceau* from Mr. Kirk's meek pamphlet, we introduce one of a series by another red-Non-Intrusionist writer, which the Postman has introduced (prepaid) very extensively, no doubt to help revenue. We notice it as coming from one present in the Convention, and prepared, if consistent and honest, to secede with the rest, addressed to Englishmen who, as we might collect from the title, have no Church, and not a Christianity.

This is also the last of a series—a series of unknown and indeterminate titles issuing in one known. The reason indicates ingenuity and thought. The first of the pamphlets advocates Christian unity, and is for Non-intrusion; the first contested one cannot but suppose answer to the last. The "Dew of Non-intrusion" rolls in its descent into acrid and heavy dew of Non-intrusion. We admire an open and an open antagonist, but of sort of movement we cannot but be sore. Dissenters will more and more conclude that pious men, such as doubt not Mr. Hamilton is, mean Non-intrusion when they advocate it; and churchmen will believe the very core of the Gospel is subservient to mere partisan-

**his pamphlet is full of one-sided party statement.**

It is painful, we agree with the writer, to leave comfortable manse; but, to the maintenance of these, the national purse contributes on condition that the inmates obey statute-law—ay, the very law on the clear knowledge of which they accepted their presentations. The following extract contains language and sentiments so painful, that we entreat the writer to recall the whole impression:—

"Now, dear friends, to be as honest as yourselves, I have great fear that you do not understand the case, and some fear that you will not study it. If the Waldenses were about to be ejected from those valleys, which they hold by solemn treaty, I could count on your interference. Or if the civil courts of Constantinople were tampering with the internal arrangements of our ambassador's chapel, I believe you would think it right that our government should remonstrate. Now that the Queen of Madagascar is concussing Christian consciences, I know that many of you are indignant, and would interpose your protection if you could. If you will hear me patiently, I promise to shew that the cases are too parallel; and as I shall endeavour to relieve the subject of all intricate details and metaphysical niceties, so I earnestly trust that, if I make out a case of grievance or of suffering for conscience sake, you, who have ere now listened to a voice from Piedmont, will not shut your ears against a voice from the Church of Scotland."—P. 4.

Queen Victoria's treatment of the Kirk paralleled by that of the Queen of Madagascar murdering Christians! This is too bad.

The comparison made in this extract, we, as loyal subjects, abhor and detest, and we carry with us the sympathies of Englishmen. We look on it as one of those unhappy manifestations which this bitter controversy has originated. But we do not argue further on a pamphlet which embodies nothing new, and sets forth old things in a style that may improve with years and study.

The next document that has reached us is a *History of the Church of Scotland*, by a Mr. Hetherington, whose prose is at least equal to his poetry. It advocates the views of the extremists to the very jots and tittles. Any one who has read Dr. Cooke's and Dr. McCrie's works will be in no danger of being misled by it.

To all those who may chance to see what rubbish these tracts and histories are, we recommend a perusal of the unanswered and unanswerable letter of Sir James Graham. But we must close, and we do so with the following suggestions:—

1. Let the leaders of the Non-intrusion and now revolutionary movement retire by all means. We only suspect the difficulty will be to prevent them catching at some other straw, in order to keep them afloat a little longer.

2. Let the government of the country bear in mind that nothing like four hundred will retire as soon as the decision of Parliament is come to. We know names attached to the *Convocation resolutions*, whose bearers have already made up their minds not to retire, whether Government decide or not decide.

3. Let the principles so luminously embodied in Sir James Graham's letter be made the basis of an independent measure promised or brought in by Government—that measure combining Lord Aberdeen's bill, with or without Sir George Sinclair's clause. We say with it, for this reason,—that many of the most devoted ministers who repudiate the Convocation desire it, and others of the county clergy who have signed will hold it as a boon.

4. Let English Dissenters resist the cajolery of the Non-intrusion

leaders and emissaries; for they may rest assured that, if the tremendous demands of Candlish and Co. were conceded, and the endowments of an established church continued to the possessors of such powers, they, the Dissenters, would first feel the lash. It is one thing to hear sweet sounds and overtures of unity and brotherhood from their old foes in a cleft stick, and quite another thing to have to deal with them as "*Domini rerum.*"

5. Let the churchmen of England remember that these men are demanding powers which go to the ascendancy of the Church over the State, and thereby to a series of inroads on the very principle of a national establishment, which must terminate in disaster.

6. Let the ministry act firmly, for decision and determination to maintain the supremacy of law, the just rights of the presbytery, the just privileges of the people, and the ancient property of the patron, will work wonders; and should a number of the Non-intrusionists secede (and few will), there need be no fear of any powerful coalition with Dissenters against the established Church. The Dissenters are long ago tired of that work. They long for peace and the reign of love. Besides, there are differences involved in such a combination which would soon explode it into fragments.

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. CLX.

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VOL. XXVII.

### MEDITERRANEAN SKETCHES.\*

WE have now before us two works proceeding from the pens of two distinguished members of the aristocracy. We propose to notice them together because, in more respects than one, they are of the same order. Both authors made their voyages in their own yachts, the one accompanied by his wife, the other by her husband. They visited, in many instances, the same places of ancient, of ever-heightened, and renewed, and ever-enduring renown.

Lord Francis Egerton left England in the autumn of 1839. A scavo-  
yage had been recommended by his physician. He himself directed it in that route most attractive to every gentleman imbued with a love of literature, sacred and profane. After touching at Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Malaga, and visiting Seville and Grenada, he wintered at Rome, and on the 11th of April, 1840, sailed from Civita Vecchia to Malta. Thence his way lay to Jaffa, and on the 28th of April he came in sight of land:—

“The land of Palestine! Yes, that blue ridge of distant mountain is the hill-country of Judæa, behind which the widowed queen still holds her squalid state. As it rises gradually above the horizon, and as the coast line itself becomes visible, the outlines of both appear monotonous,

and fade away in distance on either side, without presenting any elevated object to attract the eye. We are too far to the southward for Carmel, Hermon, or Libanus. Jaffa itself is the only object of our search and pursuit, the solitary speck in the target before us, which we are anxious to detect and hit. The sensations produced by the very sound of such names as these are strange and powerful. I shall not soon forget them, but I am not about to attempt a description. They are such as must easily suggest themselves to the imagination of every educated man. They may be enhanced, with reference to the individual case, by the fervour of piety, the extent of acquirement, or the depth of Scriptural knowledge; but even he who reads Scripture to doubt must feel that the antiquity, the historic curiosity, and sublimity of the Volume, shed an interest over the scenes of the events it records which the first sight of no other country can afford.

“Though this spectacle presented itself to us at an early hour, and the breeze did not fail us, it was nearly dark before we could certify to our entire satisfaction the position of Jaffa; and we were obliged, most reluctantly, to abandon the hope of landing before night, under which we had strewed our deck with the preparations for our land pilgrimage—tents, saddles, arms, and the miscellaneous baggage of a numerous party.”

On the following morning he set foot on the land of Asia. He says:—

\* *Mediterranean Sketches*, by Lord Francis Egerton. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1843.

A *Yacht Voyage in the Mediterranean*, by Lady Grosvenor. John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1842.

"The entrance to the harbour, which affords about nine feet of water to the vessels of the country, and is sheltered by a vicious-looking reef, was rather puzzling. Jaffa is described by all travellers as a miserable town, which I do not dispute; but had I been compelled to re-embark at the shortest notice, the sight of it and its population alone would have repaid me for the voyage. The Moorish population of Gibraltar had afforded me some specimens of the richness and variety of Oriental costume; but here, with the exception of our own party, there was none of the formality and tameness of European attire to interfere with the general effect of the picture. The town is situated on a tolerably steep acclivity, and we ascended by lanes and winding stairs to the house of the consul, who received us with the most cordial hospitality. My first lesson in the East was one of submission, for I nearly stove in the crown of my head against the lintel of its low entrance. I should recommend all travellers for the first week of their pilgrimage to adopt the thickest and best-stuffed turban they can procure, at least, if their stature be not below the average. It was arranged that we should dine at the consul's house, and depart in the afternoon for Ramla, so soon as camels and horses could be procured for our conveyance. Both were difficult to be obtained; and the latter it was necessary to purchase, for the most part. As the heat was by no means oppressive, we were able to fill up the interval much to our satisfaction in perambulating the town, where the appearance of man and his works was alike new and exciting. My first visit was to the bath. Descriptions abound of the mysteries of these establishments. I have read none which exaggerate their horrors and their luxuries. The former character belongs to the swarthy and nude attendants, with their shaved heads and gaunt and muscular limbs, and to the vermin, which, in visible swarms, are attracted to the steaming and cavernous recesses in which the patient is manipulated. Nothing better deserves the name of luxury than the effect of the various agencies of horse-hair, soap, and flannel upon the sensations of a frame duly prepared for such operations by previous fatigue or excitement. It is unwise, however, to use these baths immediately upon strong exercise; and I believe many Europeans who, through ignorance or contempt for native experience, have done so, have suffered from fever in consequence."

His lordship speaks in terms of glowing admiration of his ride over the plain which extends from Jaffa to the first rise of the mountains.

It was the spring-tide of the year and all was verdure and fertility; wild aromatics made the air heavy with perfume, and the orange-trees displayed themselves in all the grace and glory that would befit the garden of the Hesperides. He stopped for a night at the house of a famous robber, Abou Gosh, now no more, and whose family the pasha had compelled to relinquish their paternal avocations. Thence he proceeded onwards to Jerusalem, made familiar to us in facts by the narratives of many recent travellers, and in a sort of embodiment of an old poetic vision by the pencil of Roberts. Remembering the multitudes of pilgrims who had given their remarks to the world, in whose footsteps he trod, Lord Francis is sparing in his notices of the spots of sacred interest in the city, holy alike to Jew, Gentile, and Mahommedan. When he does offer an observation, it is, as might be expected from this very caution, wisely and eloquently put forth. The following passages relating to the tomb of Lazarus and the mount of Olives will be read with interest:—

"I rather regret that Lord Lindsay should have thrown reasonable doubt on the alleged position of the tomb of Lazarus. The cavity designated as such would well suit the mightiest and most affecting of our Lord's miracles on earth, next to his own blessed resurrection. The chamber of death lies deep, some forty steps, I think. Strong exertion of a human voice would be necessary to rouse from natural slumber one who was sleeping below. If it be an allowable exercise of our fancy to imagine the possible circumstances of such a scene, what a picture we may form to ourselves of the group around the entrance after the word of power had gone forth, watching—some doubtful, some confident—for the effect, and at last counting the steps of the summoned as they slowly ascend that winding stair! We rode back over the summit of the Mount of Olives, and enjoyed long, from the deserted convent on its summit, the finest and most comprehensive view of Jerusalem which any site can afford. The description of this view by M. de Lamartine is worthy of his talents. I have heard that eloquent and imaginative writer sneered at for giving something like credence to the tradition which makes the trees of the garden of olives coeval with our Saviour. If appearance could justify the theory of such a remote antiquity in any case, that of the

olive in many regions, and of these few trees in particular, would do so; and I am not sure that men of science would be so much at variance with the poet in this particular as the laughers suppose. I do not, however, think these trees so large of their kind as some I met with between Ramla and Jaffa. Those near the Corniche road from Nice to Genoa are the largest I have seen in Italy, and are certainly inferior to those of Palestine."

It is now our duty to accompany the pilgrim to Jericho and the Dead Sea. The reader will hardly fail to recollect the grand opening of Scott's *Talisman*. But, noble as was the eloquence and lofty the inspiration with which the northern minstrel wrote of this terrible monument of God's wrath, it was written by one who saw it not; let us hear the sober truth from one of the most conscientious of all narrators. Lord Francis halted on his journey at the fountain of the apostles, a little beyond Bethany. Proceeding onwards, he says:—

"Five hours of hot and weary ride through the rugged defiles of the hill country brought us to the summit, from which the eye embraces the vale of Jordan, the plain of Gilgal, the Dead Sea, and the mountain-range of Moab. As each of these hours passed away to join company with those before the flood, the scene became more desert, vegetation more scanty. There was little or no risk at this period, for such a party as ours, from the violence of man in these defiles, which our Saviour selected as an appropriate scene for one of his most affecting parables, and where, in later times, many deeds of blood have been committed; among others, the murderous attack from which Sir F. Henniker scarcely escaped with his life. An adventure of a similar description, and very interesting in its details, is to be found in the Latin narrative of C. Furer, a German nobleman, who visited Palestine in 1565. He and three companions, travelling as monks, were assailed by Arabs on their return from the Dead Sea. The details of their danger and escape to Santa Saba are well told, and the whole work is worth perusal. The ascents are sometimes rude, and the track narrow and crumbling, but it presents no serious difficulties to horse or mule. The track once lost, indeed, even by day, a stranger would be embarrassed; and, by night, M. de Lamarine was perhaps fortunate to survive his adventure. In one of the narrowest of these defiles the rock overhung the path

sufficiently to afford a moment's welcome shelter from the sun. Assaad reminded us of the allusions in Scripture to this incident of Eastern travel. Isaiah, xxxii. 2, is one of the most apposite:—'As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' A square tower rising from the plain, and embosomed in trees, was pointed out to us, by the name of the House of Zaccheus, as the site of ancient Jericho, and the place of our destination."

His lordship encamped on the supposed site of Jericho, where, as he states, from a bare knoll one solitary and blighted stem rises to remind the traveller of the title once belonging to Jericho—of the City of Palms! He goes on to the Dead Sea:—

"Emerging from the forest we reached the Salt Desert. Our horses' feet sunk deeper as we proceeded into the bituminous soil, and we at length found ourselves on the margin of the accursed lake. The sun was powerful, and the limpid waters looked inviting; but I did not dare to bathe: many have done so, and have found it as difficult to sink as Taglionni would find it to be awkward, or Sydney Smith to be dull. Recent travellers have stripped the lake of some of its fabulous horrors. It reflects the azure of a southern sky as truly as Como or Garda; birds fly over it with unflagging wing, and, if M. Ponjoulat was truly informed, fishes swim in it. I own, as in a case of high treason, I should like to have stronger concurrence of testimony to this fact, for surely it is treason against the laws of nature that animal life should be supported in such a medium. I tasted, though I did not bathe; and, to my fancy, a decoction of all the salts of a laboratory could scarcely be more horrible. It is more extraordinary still, if true, that an Irish gentleman, who embarked on this lake, and only regained the shore to die, should have been driven by any extremity of thirst to a draught of this hell-broth. This has been asserted by his surviving companion, a Maltese sailor, who was interrogated by Mr. Stevens. A later attempt to explore the lake and ascertain its mysterious geography has been, I believe, more successful. What will not Englishmen achieve, especially by water? And yet, as far as I know, the gentleman who performed this feat, and who, I believe, brought science as well as enterprise to the task, has published no record of it. The lake has lost its Stygian reputation for colour; but its other features of characteristic sublimity remain such as Mandeville could not exaggerate. The term Cities of the Plain is apt to mislead one's notions—at least, it long



mialed mine — of the sea which covers them. My early conceptions had been of a sheet of water in an extensive flat like the Zuyderzee. It occupies, in fact, a trough between two parallel ranges of arid mountain."

Lord Francis has only published extracts from his journal. A diffidence, which the value and interest of those extracts—a value and interest which no man can read them without appreciating, and ought to be ready to acknowledge, would, we trust, remove—has prevented him from putting the whole of his journal into print. If, then, we transfer our readers abruptly from one subject to another, let it be understood we are only following his lordship. Some highly curious and instructive remarks are made by him about the camel, an animal in whom we of the British empire are only less interested than the Arab of the desert. Yet shameful it is how little we know of its natural history. Adventurous travellers enough we have, but few, in comparison, who possess sufficient information in quality, degree, and variety to give us any thing like the full benefit of their observations and researches. Of late years, too, since the facility of exploring distant regions has been so wonderfully increased, the multitude of English travellers are of those who visit foreign parts for the sake of amusement or excitement alone, and of those who write the greater number do no more than record their personal adventures, impressions, and opinions, the sights they have seen, and the individuals they have encountered, and this is not always instructive, however agreeably it may enable you to while away an idle hour. Lord Francis observes:—

"I believe that no certain evidence has been furnished of the existence of the camel in a wild state. Djemahl, the Arabic name for camel most in use out of the 600 which that language is said to possess, thirty of which are certainly in common use, also signifies beautiful. When the young ladies of Hasbya became troublesome by their incursions, I asked my interpreter for a term of compliment, and he suggested this. It had the effect I expected, for they giggled and retired. Many of them deserved the title. It is said that vague reports have been brought of its existence in a wild state, by negroes from Central Africa.

Mr. Moorcroft, in his journal, mentions a two-humped camel as among the wild animals of Khoten, a district of Chinese Tartary. The camels, he says, are generally brown, sometimes white, and have two humps. They are large and swift of foot, and are hunted for their flesh, which is eaten and much relished by the natives; and for their wool, from which a kind of cloth is fabricated (vol. i. p. 370). If this account be accurate, it is probable that the original habitat of the Bactrian camel is to be found in this quarter of Asia; but it is to be observed that Mr. Moorcroft did not penetrate even to the frontiers of this country, and derived his information from the traders of Ladak. It is not probable that, from the time of Marco Polo, any European has explored this remote province; but a considerable commerce is carried on by it with Russia by Nogai traders, and Russian men of science might, therefore, find opportunities for verifying the information of Mr. Moorcroft on a point so interesting to naturalists. Mr. Moorcroft says that considerable commercial intercourse once prevailed between Khoten and Hindostan; but that it has been reduced by political changes to a very limited traffic with the Punjab, through the Chinese province of Yarkand and Ladak. These little-known districts beyond the Himalaya would be likely, if investigated, to add to our zoological catalogues. One species of quadruped hitherto undescribed, of the quagga species, but more nearly related to the horse, called the kiang, was seen and shot at by Mr. Moorcroft, but he obtained no specimen. Lord Hastings was firmly convinced of the existence of the unicorn in Thibet. The description he received from a native chief, who made a rough drawing of it, coincided singularly with that of Pliny, who says, '*cauda apro similis*.' The chief's account was, that the animal's tail curled like that of a pig; the horn, he said, was flattish, and slightly curved, like his own sabre. He described the animal as very fleet, generally timid and gregarious; that young ones were sometimes caught, but that this was dangerous, as the herd would attack in their defence; and that an old one was seldom obtained, except by placing hunters in holes dug for the purpose, and sending parties to frighten the herd in that direction. Such was Lord Hastings's account to me, and belief with respect to the existence of a species of horse with a single horn on the forehead, the physical possibility of which has been denied by the best authorities."

It is odd in how many strange particulars the testimony of the early travellers, Marco Polo, Mandeville, and the rest, has been corroborated

by modern investigation. Without yielding our belief to Lord Hastings's conviction, we certainly see no difficulty in conceiving that there *may* be such an animal as a unicorn, when we know there *is* such an animal as a rhinoceros. Lord Francis, we apprehend, would accompany us to this length fully.

The following extract affords us information thankfully to be received :

"The extensive use to which the camel has been applied for the purpose of military transport under the most opposite circumstances of soil and climate, in modern times, makes its neglect by the Romans the more remarkable. It is mentioned as having been used by the Parthians in their memorable campaign against Crassus, to carry their reserve store of arrows. In our own times it has been found equally available and indispensable in the arid plains of Beloochistan, the mountain-passes of Cabool, and the intensely frozen snows of Khiva. Twenty-two thousand camels were brought under the walls of Vienna when Solyman besieged that city in 1529. The following remarks on the nature and habits of the Egyptian camel, I have taken the liberty to translate and extract from a very amusing volume of travels in Egypt, by Mr. Parthey, a German tourist. I suspect that Germans, in general, are better educated for travelling with profit than the gentlemen of other nations. A volume of German travels can seldom be opened without instruction. Mr. Parthey's journey dates so far back as the year 1822, but contains information as to the Levant and Egypt, and especially the antiquities of the latter, which retains its value in despite of numerous subsequent competitors :—

"It is the sad lot of every camel to perish on the highway ; and in no instance is the ingratitude of man for service performed more conspicuous than in the treatment of this animal. So soon as it attains its growth, it is saddled with its burthen, and henceforth is doomed to unceasing wanderings, accompanied by the most wretched diet. When age and infirmity come on, there is no question of any alleviation of its load. An Arabic proverb runs—'The older the camel, the more accustomed to the burthen.' To this must be added, that nature has denied to the camel, as to the horse, any sound distinctively expressing pain ; for its usual roar or rattling sound, when compelled to kneel for the purpose of being loaded, is merely a sign of moderate vexation. On the other hand, it is also known that blows are of no avail if once the camel sinks beneath its burden. The

drivers unload the baggage with much indifference, divide it among the remaining camels, and quietly pursue their journey, leaving the fallen animal a prey to the vulture and the hyena. It is seldom that they have time enough at their disposal to bestow the mercy of instant death on the victim, and to save the skin to be manufactured into tent or saddle-cover."

"I have no doubt Mr. Parthey is correctly informed as to the incapacity of the camel to express, by sound, the higher degrees of bodily suffering ; but I never heard an intonation more expressive of vexation and disgust than that emitted by the camel on the first sensation of his load. Mr. Parthey records some further results of his own observation and experience in the Egyptian wastes, which are not uninteresting. After describing the mode and the extent of the day's march, he says,—'The drivers encourage the animals more by singing and by the sound of the whip than by its infliction. The song begins from our right flank with the sheikh, and runs along in single verses with variations, till it returns again to the sheikh. Both columns in the meanwhile, the camels and the drivers, move on with a simultaneously enlivened step. The effect of the simple tones, scarcely to be called music, on the camels, is very remarkable. With outstretched necks they step doggedly onwards, and their progress over the extended plains proceeds the faster. The conversation with the drivers, how imperfectly soever conducted, elicits multifarious information upon their manners and mode of life. In the lonely waste, observation attaches itself even to the insignificant, down to the trace of the camel on the path. All that we may have heard of the wonderful acuteness of sense of the sons of the desert recurs to our memory, and we deem the occasion arrived to put it to the proof. It soon, however, appears that we civilised men inevitably take an exaggerated view of these phenomena of the life of simple nature. For, in some respects, this gift of observation in the drivers has not that far-famed and absolute certainty which is attributed to it ; and in others it is not so astonishing, when we consider it as the result of the direction of the faculties through life to one object ; and, finally, the Western World affords analogous examples of faculties exalted by culture.

"By frequent question and comparison it is, however, possible even for an unpractised traveller to inform himself as to the nature, at least, of this power of observation. He will not indulge the notion of measuring his own judgment on the footprints of a camel with that of a child of the desert, but he may so far

master the elements of the science as to be in a position to judge of its transcendental performances.

“ ‘ To discriminate between the footprints of a young and of an elderly camel is, by reason of their difference in size, a matter of no difficulty even to a European; and, if we look attentively at the impressions in the sand, the feebler lineaments of a full-grown but young foot are soon distinguished from those of an old and cartilaginous one. To tell the age with accuracy by this indication is impossible. The footprint of to-day or yesterday is easily known by the sharpness of its outlines. With respect to those of longer date the drivers themselves are uncertain, inasmuch as the question loses its interest. Unladen camels are so rare in the caravans, that their light and shallow impress is easily recognised when compared with the deeper traces of their companions. A conjecture even at the weight of the burden within certain limits is not so fabulous as it sounds, as the maximum amount is well known, and materially modifies the impression. Whether a camel is tired or not cannot be told by the footmarks themselves, but may by their relative distance. In the morning, when their strength is unabated, the steps are wider apart than towards evening. While in the case of the ass the hinder footsteps fall behind those of the fore-feet, and in that of the horse usually coincide, in that of the long-legged camel they fall some inches forward, and this interval is diminished by fatigue. In a smooth sandy plain of some ten miles extent, it requires little skill to count numbers up to fifty, if due attention be paid to the evidences of simultaneous impression. With greater numbers the difficulty rapidly accumulates, and the most experienced eye will be in an error of one or two. In hard and rocky ground, or in a shifting sand, all calculation is soon at fault.

“ ‘ Among the Arabs of Yemen, it may be the case that still subtler differences are distinguished; but among the inhabitants of the valley of the Nile the faculties of the vision are not sublimed to a degree which lies utterly beyond the sphere of European sense. The races eastward of the Red Sea have, moreover, reasons more cogent to improve their powers to the utmost. They live in permanent and bloody feuds; and it is, therefore, of the last importance to them to obtain certain indications of the number and position of an enemy, whether their purpose be to find or to avoid him. Every Bedouin who rides out in the morning with the lance at his stirrup makes up his mind to encounter an enemy in any one he meets. He is, therefore, for ever on the alert for the glance of some

hostile spear-point over every hillock, and every trace on the sand becomes a guide or a warning, with life and death depending on the use he can make of it.’ ”

On his way to Tiberias, Lord Francis met with an Arab chief on an Arab mare of pure breed, “ the finest he had seen in his travels.” She was not, he says, of that silk-coated, showy, lithograph class described in M. de Lamartine’s glowing language; but more like a powerful, well-bred, English hunter, with hocks that would have helped her through a Lincolnshire fallow, and clean and sinewy fore-legs. The guide was of opinion the owner would not part with her for less than 200*l.*, and Lord Francis was of opinion she was worth the money. In the course of his journey he encamped above Hasbya. A magnificent tree afforded shade for his largest tent, and more than one fine spring bubbled within a few yards distant. During the oppressive heat, this spot was a little paradise. The hot wind was terrible; yet at the same time and during its prevalence, a muleteer (to shew how near extremes were to meeting in that fierce climate) arrived with a load of snow, which sufficed to cool the wine and water of the party during their stay. His lordship says,—

“ All accounts concurred in describing the heat we here endured as without example for the season, and rare this height in July or August. We were visited here by a Christian chief or prince, of very interesting appearance and handsome mild physiognomy, and, as I was told, of a family whose genealogy is counted back for many centuries. He was superbly mounted, and followed by one attendant and a beautiful greyhound of the long and silky eared breed, which we called Persian. Stripped of feudal authority by Mehemet Ali, he consoled himself with the sports of the field, which, as the Pasha’s disarming measures had not been extended to this neighbourhood, he was still allowed to enjoy. He was just returned from a hunting expedition to the valley of the lake Houlé. He said that his horse had been positively forced back by the hot wind, and that in the night the party had been compelled by it to break up a bivouac, and regain the upper grounds with all speed.

“ ‘ The conflux of natives to the Frank stranger’s camp, though highly amusing,

from the great richness and variety of the costume of the three sects, which seem much mingled here, was at times oppressive. Besides the population of the neighbouring village, the parties from Hasbya, who came up and established themselves for the day to stare at us, were numerous, and comprised probably the whole beauty and fashion of that place. The race is a fine one, and there was no lack of the former commodity. One young woman, evidently, by the value of the jewellery she wore, a person of rank, was as lovely a creature as eye could behold. She had walked up from Hasbya; but had met with some repulse in approaching Lady F.'s tent, and, not having the persevering impudence of many others, was mourning her hard fate apart when I heard of her case, and procured her the introduction she desired and deserved. The Druse young ladies behaved unfairly, pressing noisily and eagerly upon our privacy, but playing every trick of coquettes with their veils whenever we returned their fire. I found the best receipt at last was to sketch them, when they usually giggled and fell back. One, however, stood the shot, holding her horn on high, and seated like a queen on a throne of loose stones, one bare leg protruding from her drapery below, her silver bracelets shining in the sun, and her dark eyes still brighter flashing over the veil she held up—foolish woman!—to her pretty nose. Another Druse lady, who visited Lady F., consented, without difficulty, to disclose the mysteries of the horn, and, removing its veil, shewed us the manner in which it was fastened and worn. The visitor, a handsome and stately woman, besides the silver bracelets and other ornaments of that metal commonly worn, wore jewellery and precious stones of some value. As Franks, and especially as English, we had little right to complain. How would a provincial town in England behave to a New Zealand chief in full costume? or how did London behave to the Cossack of 1814?"

The recent events and those coming events which "cast their shadows before," invest his lordship's interview with the Emir Beshir with unusual interest:—

"We were now informed that his highness was prepared to give us an interview. We crossed a handsome inner court, and, mounting a stair to a long gallery open to the court, found the Emir at one end—a venerable figure. The conversation was of no interest; the wily veteran was not likely to make us the depository of his intentions, which, for the present, were a subject of intense interest and busy speculation, the question

probably being less whether it was in his power to raise, than to prevent, a general insurrection. Whether he had any doubt or misgiving of our object as travellers in such a country at such a time, I cannot tell; very likely not. He was well enough acquainted with Englishmen to know our roving propensities, and could hardly imagine that spies or emissaries would travel with so many incumbrances. The subject of the insurrection was never mentioned.

"As the venerable-looking old man sat quietly conversing on topics of trifling moment, our recollection was naturally called to the vicissitudes of his long life, soon about to close, perhaps as it had begun, in scenes of blood and danger, or in the exertion to the last of those powers of craft and intrigue which had saved him through many perils, and raised and retained him where we found him. Memory also reverted to many acts of cruelty and violence which deface the page of his history, and which may be collected from the pages of Burckhardt. Recollections such as these create odd sensations in Europeans when brought into contact with the despots of the East,—men of the sabre and the bowstring; and there are probably few travellers who have not felt such when in their presence. I do not mean sensations connected with the circumstance, often noticed, that the life of the visitor himself depends upon a nod or other gesture of the cross-legged gentleman on the divan. 'If I speak the word,' says the Baillie to Rob Roy. 'Ay, but you'll never speak that word,' replied his Highland cousin; and as matters stand in the countries of which I speak, there is as little chance of any violent proceeding on the part of the Pasha or Emir. Neither, as it seems to me, is the interest of the same class and description as that which takes persons of figure and fashion to the cell or the scaffold, and procures locks of hair and autographs from Greenacre and Courvoisier. With such we feel nothing in common; for we can no more imagine the circumstances which would lead ourselves to such acts of hazard as well as wickedness, than a sane and prosperous person can realise to himself the feelings of a lunatic or a suicide. In the case of the Eastern despot, sympathy is at work; and we may feel as if in his position our own exercise of power might, like his, have been bloody and capricious. Uncivilised by literature, the barbarian who sits before us has the advantage of his European visitors in many outward particulars,—in grace of attitude, richness of costume, and dignity of manners. He is generally in the latter a personification of mildness, gravity, and good-humour.

We ask ourselves, why should not we be able, like him, to leap the narrow boundary which separates this apparent placidity from the wildest excesses of violence and crime? May not the outward gloss of civilisation and humanity adhere as loosely to the Englishman as the Turk? One answer of general application may be given,—that we have been nurtured under that Christian dispensation which embraces in its insensible influence even those who reject its evidences. And yet the time is not long gone by when, in the game of English politics, heads of the statesmen players were the stake. I really know, however, no other security against a sudden orientalising of our habits."

We are next introduced to the interior of a Druse house; the house of a prince, too. He says,—

"The family was one of long descent and former consequence in the country, but, like others, had been reduced by the Pasha's government to the level of a country squire in England, or perhaps of a Catholic squire when disarming acts were in force, for neither prince nor peasant can shoot a partridge within the sphere of the present government's operations. The house, in point of extent, might make a decent residence for such squire with a rental of 1000*l.* or 1500*l.* a-year. For visitors, indeed, the accommodation was limited; consisting of two large rooms on either side, an archway which led into a court, and a third smaller room not finished. A small kiosk at an angle of the court afforded a splendid view of Beyrout and the coast, and from it we were able to distinguish our vessel at anchor. This end of the court was open; the remaining two sides were occupied by the women's apartments, to which Druse habits only allowed us a partial admission. The larger room was devoted to Lady F., the other to servants, and we made out the rest with our tents. Those encamped had the advantage, for fleas in Syria are of all sects."

The insurrection was now raging, and our travellers were obliged to resign the prospect of visiting Damascus. Baalbec they did visit. On their way they halted at the convent of Mar Elias, seated on a rugged and rocky eminence, commanding a magnificent prospect towards the coast. The building includes two establishments,—the one Maronite, the other Greek. As the monks of the former could not, according to their rule, receive ladies, the party were obliged

to take up their quarters with the Greek. The narrative states,—

"We were sitting on the flat roof of beaten and rolled clay, enjoying the magnificent spectacle of sunset, when the heavy thump of distant cannon-shot arrested my attention. Our situation afforded us a view of the town itself, and it was clear that no engagement was going on there; but we conjectured rightly that the mountaineers were attacking the lazaret, and that one of the Pasha's vessels had stood in to the shore to support the Albanian garrison with their artillery. The vessel, in fact, at first hidden by the intervening flanks of the mountain, soon sailed slowly into sight, discharging her carronades in succession; and at times a long flare of musketry smoke would rise above the ridge, shewing that the mountaineers were pressing the place. This continued till dusk, and we retired to bed uncertain of the result. It turned out, as I afterwards heard, very nugatory. I believe the assailants succeeded in shooting one Albanian, and the brig in once hitting the building it endeavoured to defend. I never heard of any other damage from its fire."

The journey to and from Baalbec was accomplished in safety, save that Lady Francis's horse was knocked up, and had to be abandoned in a dying state. Sickness, too, preyed upon his lordship. The people at Baalbec treated him with Christian kindness:—

"My kind entertainers, distressed at my adventures of the preceding night, had fitted up for me a bed in the open air under a shed on the roof, in which I slept as well as illness would allow. They had ransacked the pharmacies of Zaacai also for simples, which they hoped might be of service. Man could no more to relieve his brother, and many were their entreaties to me to prolong my stay, i.e. to turn them out of house and home, and live at free quarters on their resources during the pleasure of a stranger. Such was the conduct of the men,—conduct accompanied with all that delicacy of manner could do to recommend it. The women, I am sorry to say, presented a contrast to the politeness and exquisite good feeling of their masters. I mention this contrast, because it illustrates that abject condition of the sex in Syria, from which it must be gradually elevated before missionaries, or any body else, can effect any real improvement in the general condition of the country. Their curiosity was not only childish but brutish:

while their male relations were treading softly for fear of disturbing us, they were trying to beat down the door of Lady F.'s room, and encircling her whenever they could find an opportunity, with an idiot stare on their countenances; and these were the ladies of best condition in the place."

He subsequently states, simply and in excellent taste and feeling,—

"We regained the Convent of Mar Elias in good time the following day, and here I was obliged to remain, and despatch a messenger for our doctor, who arrived in time the next day, as I believe, to save my life. My situation only brought out in fresh lustre the virtues of my friends. The superior lost all sense of dignity in administering to my comforts.

"'Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,

Whate'er his journeys may have been,  
Must sigh to think that he has found  
His warmest welcome at an inn.'

"The author of these libellous lines had probably as much right from experience to publish them, as the road from London to the Leasowes could convey to an elderly twaddler ensconced in a post-chaise. He had no Druse visiting acquaintances, and assuredly never slept in the convent of Mar Elias. Travelling usually with my house on my back, I have myself had no further experience of Eastern hospitality than on the few occasions I have enumerated; but never, from the time of the angels in Scripture to that of Mungo Park, did wayworn travellers find reception more cordial and active in its hospitality, than I on those the only occasions on which I tried it. And let not any one cavil at the motive for its exercise. The offer of money remuneration would have been an affront. In the case of my Druse entertainers I found great difficulty in forcing on their acceptance a few articles of European manufacture, which I fortunately had the means of leaving behind me; and the younger had been so lectured by his brother, that I had to slip a knife as well as I could into one of his capacious pockets. With my Christian entertainers I was reduced to satisfy them and my own conscience by promises. Fortunately an Englishman's word passes as yet in Syria like a bank-note in London; and I hope the time may be distant when the value of such a currency shall be depreciated. With this wish I bid a traveller's adieu to this kind and interesting people. I fear that the long night of suffering, and ignorance, and oppression, has not yet passed away; that they have yet much to endure before a steady government, with education and

commerce in its train, can develop their better qualities, and call forth the rich resources of their soil. Still I trust that some streaks of the dawn are discernible in the efforts of American missionaries, and in the bent and direction of England's policy."

We most cordially concur in the wish breathed in the last passage.

In dealing with the honest, unpretending extracts from his lordship's journal, we have not for a moment attempted to play the critic. We have given passages of incident and information to our readers from his lordship's store, and we expect they will receive them as we did upon perusal—thankfully. The great respect which we always entertained for the character of Lord Francis Egerton has been increased from the mode in which he presents himself in his new capacity—personally so patient, so considerate, so kind, so manly—as an author; so candid, so unprejudiced, so well informed, and so thoroughly honest. You feel throughout that there is no false colouring, no exaggeration in what he states, and that you can rely upon his veracity most implicitly. Lord Francis Egerton is an honour not alone to the order to which he belongs, but he is a man of whom his country may be well proud. With almost boundless wealth—a lofty rank, which sanctions in men's eyes his possession of it, and, therefore, with no sneer from envious lips to blight his enjoyment of it—yielding all the luxuries and excitements of the world, he has chosen "to live laborious days," and earn distinction in the open arena, where all are free to struggle for fame. He has much distinguished himself as a speaker in the House of Commons,—the assemblage in the world which, to its ineffable honour, is the least respectful of the adventitious advantages of birth, rank, or wealth, but, on the contrary, weighs every man in his naked individuality for exactly what he is worth. There is scarcely a walk in literature in which he has not deserved more or less praise; and if we consider the variety of his enterprises, now in prose, now in verse, we shall see that this could only be achieved by extraordinary industry and no ordinary mind even among the highly-gifted. We repeat our

earnest desire that he would publish the whole of his journal. The extracts from which we have quoted are published as illustrations of a poem, "The Pilgrimage," to which we have not yet adverted. We do not think that he has, upon this occasion, been so felicitous in verse as in prose. Prose is the language for travels. The muse of Milton has alone sung sacred subjects with sustained grandeur. We do not, accordingly, concur in the sentiments expressed in the following stanzas :—

" And, Byron ! thou, whose eagle eye  
and wing  
No sun could dazzle and no flight could  
tire,  
Was it enough a careless hand to fling,  
In fancy's wayward mood o'er Judah's  
lyre ?  
To bid some transient gleam of light as-  
pire,  
In doubt and darkness only to subside,  
Which, kindled here at founts of living  
fire,  
Had spread perennial lustre far and wide,  
And made thy Christian song a Christian  
country's pride ?  
For thee the powers of evil and of good,  
Which o'er the Hebrew prophet's coise  
of old  
On Nebo's cliff in balanced conflict  
stood,  
Renewed their strife.—Enough !—Thy  
days are told :  
Greece shook to hear thy funeral thunders  
rolled  
From Missolonghi's rampart, when she  
paid  
Her warrior requiem to thy relics cold :  
The scales of heaven in which thy deeds  
are weigh'd  
Are not for us to poise :—peace to thy  
mighty shade !

We think Byron did well in choosing the lands of classic history and fable, though he did write the " Destruction of Sennacherib." Lord Francis's allusion to the hospitalities of the convent, and the parting address to his lady, are in the best of taste :—

" I speak who know them.—That the  
golden bowl  
For me remained unbroken at the well,  
The silver cord unloosed which links the  
soul  
To its frail mansion,—that I live to tell  
My wanderings o'er,—to charities which  
dwell  
In that sequester'd convent's rugged lair  
I own the debt. Long may their vesper  
bell

Pour privileged music on the mountain  
air,  
And call the faithful few to unmolested  
prayer !

Seas roll between us ; and the hope were  
vain  
That bark of mine her anchor o'er should  
heave,  
Or spread the sail, to plough those seas  
again.  
Yet, though we meet on earth no more,  
'twould grieve  
The guest they saved and shelter'd, to  
believe  
In those bright mansions that we ne'er  
might meet,  
Where angel hosts the expected guests  
receive,  
And nations of the earth with pilgrim  
feet  
Shall tread the glassy gold of Heaven's  
translucent street.

May Heaven forgive that hope !—If I  
too much  
And far have ventured ; if the cherub's  
wing,  
Which shades the ark, I have presumed  
to touch ;  
With voice profane if I have dared to  
sing  
Of themes too high ; and swept the sacred  
string  
To none but masters of the lyre al-  
lowed :—  
Then may this world's neglect or censure  
fling  
Its shadow o'er the faults it blames, and  
shroud  
The rhymers and the rhyme in one obli-  
vious cloud.

Yet, if the world reject the Pilgrim's  
muse,  
Wilt thou, the Erminia of his brief cru-  
sade,  
The tribute of the Wanderer's song re-  
fuse,  
Too feebly uttered and too long de-  
layed ?  
Whose voice could cheer him ; and whose  
accents made,  
Like sound of waters bubbling from the  
sand,  
The desert smile ; whose presence, un-  
dismay'd  
By toil or danger, o'er our fainting band  
Spread, like the prophet's rock, shade in  
a weary land.

O guide, companion, monitress, and  
friend !—  
And dearer words than these remain  
behind,—  
If, in the strain in which I fain would  
blend

Thy name, some charm to which the  
 world were blind,  
 Some dream of past enjoyment thou  
 canst find;  
 If, to thine ear addressed and only thine,  
 One note of music murmur on the wind;  
 If in this wreath one flower be found to  
 twine  
 And thou pronounce it sweet, all that I  
 ask is mine."

And now we close our extracts and notices of Lord Francis's little work; but to strengthen our theory touching the use of prose or verse as the better medium for the traveller to convey his impressions and emotions, we quote some passages from De Lamartine's travels now lying by our side:—

"About half a league from the town towards the west, the Emir Fakardin has planted a forest of pines upon a sandy plateau, which spreads itself between the sea and the plain of Baghdad, a handsome Arab village at the foot of the Lebanon. The emir, I was told, planted this magnificent forest as a rampart against the invasion of the immense hills of red sand which rise a little farther on, and which threatened to overwhelm Beyrout and its rich plantations. The forest has become superb. The trunks of the trees are from sixty to eighty feet high, and perfectly straight; and they touch one another with their wide-spreading heads, which cover an immense space with their shadow. Paths of sand wound along the trunks of the pines, and afford the softest surface for the horses' feet. The rest of the ground is a light downy greensward, interspersed with flowers of the brightest red. The bulbs of the hyacinths are so large as not to be crushed when trodden upon by the horses. Through the colonnades formed by the trunks of those pines you see, on the one hand, the white and reddish sand-hills which interrupt the view of the sea; and, on the other, the plain of Baghdad, and the course of the river in that plain, and a corner of the gulf resembling a small lake, so completely is it enclosed by the horizon of the land, and the twelve or fifteen Arab villages scattered over the last slopes of the Lebanon; and, lastly, the groups of the Lebanon itself, which form a curtain to that scene. The light is so bright, and the air so clear, that you distinguish, at the distance of several leagues, the forms of the cedars or the crab-trees on the mountains, or the huge eagles swimming without moving their limbs in that mountain of ether. This pine wood is certainly the most magnificent of all the scenes that ever I beheld in my life. The sky, the mountains, the

snow, the blue horizon of the sea, the red and funeral horizon of the desert of sand, the meanders of the river, the solitary heads of the cypresses, the bunches of palm-trees scattered over the country, the graceful appearance of the cottages covered with orange-trees, and with vines drooping from the roofs,—the austere look of the lofty Maronite monasteries, throwing broad patches of shade, or large jets of light on the perpendicular sides of the Lebanon,—the caravans of camels, laden with merchandise from Damascus, passing in silence between the trunks of the trees,—troops of indigent Jews mounted on asses, holding two children in each arm,—women shrouded in white veils on horseback, marching to the sound of the fife and tambourine, surrounded by a crowd of children dressed in red stuff bordered with gold, and dancing before their horses,—a few mounted Arabs running the djerid around us upon steeds whose manes literally sweep the ground,—groups of Turks seated before a coffee-house constructed of boughs, smoking their pipes, or saying their prayers; a little farther off the desert hills of endless sand, tinged with gold by the rays of the evening sun, and from which the wind raises clouds of scorching dust; lastly, the dull roaring of the sea mingling with the musical sound of the wind in the heads of the pines, and the notes of thousands of unknown birds,—all these together present to the eye and the mind of the spectator a combination the most sublime, the most delightful, and, at the same time, the most melancholy that ever intoxicated the soul. It is the scene of my dreams to which I shall not fail to revert every day."

This exquisite piece of poetry in prose had been quite spoiled by versification. One great charm is in its minuteness and accuracy, without the use of a redundant expression. This, in either way, must have been lost in verse.

The fair Lady Grosvenor now claims our attention. She has published a complete journal, adorned with sketches from her ladyship's own pencil, of divers places consecrated by classic history and fable. These are well executed in lithography, and form an elegant embellishment to the work. But he who has not seen the continent and isles of Greece, and wants to have a notion of what they really are, should visit the gallery of Mr. William Linton, the celebrated landscape-painter, and there, in his numerous sketches in



oils made during an adventurous pilgrimage, he will be able to see citics, and land, and sky, in their imaged reality. Certainly, a collection more deeply interesting to the lover of ancient Grecian literature, and of all modern literature relating to Greece, was never yet made than this, the result of one man's earnest labour, wide knowledge, and lofty enthusiasm. Every thing in the spirit, and in the details and accessories of each sketch, is most faithful. And this is a rare merit. It has been observed frequently by travellers, how bitter is the demolition in coming on an actual spot of earth of the vision you had formed of it from the work of some renowned artist. You are taught by the picture to look for trees where shrubs never grew, and for mountains where nature never threw up a molehill. But there is nothing of this kind to fear or to lament in Mr. Linton's sketches, or in the paintings he has made from some of them. You might at once recognise the spots you visit, having once seen these; and having once seen them, the actual scenes, these paintings cannot fail to revive your memories.

Lady Grosvenor's is, comparatively speaking, a large work—two thick volumes, royal 12mo. A good deal of the letterpress is made up of historical notices of the various places she visited—highly interesting, no doubt, to the general reader, and instructive especially to her own sex, but, truth to say, it falls rather flat upon the ears of us old Grecians. It is not necessary we should accompany her ladyship in these matters. There is metal more attractive. The journal is regularly kept from day to day. It commences thus:—

"On Friday, October 2, 1840, we left Plymouth in our yacht 'The Dolphin,' of 217 tons, with a captain, mate, and carpenter, a crew of ten sailors, a cook, cook's mate, and steward.

"The vessel was conveniently arranged, and contained our two selves, four children, a maid, and a servant; it had, moreover, the convenience of a bath, and was in all respects as agreeable in point of light, air, freshness, and comfort, as any mode of marine conveyance could be."

Lisbon has been sufficiently described. So, indeed, running our

eye along, have all the other places as plans, of which we read in the first volume. In Constantinople, however, something is to be gleaned from her personal observation:—

"Lady Walker paid us an early visit, and proposed to us to accompany her up the Golden Horn, to the mosque of Ayoub, as the sultan was to perform his devotions there, coming from the Sweet Waters of Europe, where he was staying. We were soon ready, and rowed under the long bridge, and passing the Admiralty, took up a good position at the end of the Golden Horn. After waiting some time, the procession arrived a little before twelve, consisting of six beautiful caïques, white and gold,—the oars gilded and painted blue and white; the sultan's boat was the third, the two former being filled with his officers, who precede him, to be ready for his reception; and the three last contained the chamberlain, and pashas of high rank. The sultan's barge was rowed by twenty-eight men, in the usual handsome dress of the boatmen; and the velocity with which they impelled these graceful boats—which, light, narrow, and of great length, flew along the surface of the water—made the whole thing appear like a fairy creation. The sultan's caïque, and the one which followed, had canopies of pink, and red, and white velvet, with gold fringe; he was dressed in the usual frock-coat and fez, and covered with a large military cloak, and seated on a sofa, in the guise of a throne, under the canopy. The prow of his caïque extends considerably in advance of the rowers, and not far from the point is a golden bird with extended wings, and a little behind it was placed a little boy dressed in white, on his knees, with his hands joined as in prayer, facing the sultan. The troops were stationed on the shore to receive him, with his officers and saddle-horses, one of which he mounted to proceed to the mosque which is close by; when he appeared, the band commenced playing, and when he landed, a salute was fired from the artillery ground opposite. The whole scene was very beautiful, nothing being equal to the gracefulness of the royal boats."

Again, we are fortunate enough to meet the imperial manslayer on the waters:—

"There are eighteen enormous men-of-war at anchor in the Bosphorus; among others, the 'Mahmoudieh,' one hundred and forty guns, stationed opposite the palaces of Dolmabatchè and Be-shiktash; and early this morning these ships and all the others were preparing

for the passing of the sultan and his harem, from the Sweet Waters of Europe to the Dolmabatché palace, their royal course being close by our vessel. At nine a.m. there came five boats, filled with the ladies, about seven in each, their eyes only visible, and one or two black slaves guarding them. About eleven, the sultan's procession passed, formed by the beautiful boats of white and gold, like enamel, which we saw at Ayoub. The sultan was on his throne in the third, and we had a very good view of him, as he made a sort of bow in acknowledgment of the cheers from our ship. The whole procession glided over the water with the greatest swiftness. His own men-of-war were decorated with flags from top to bottom, and the yards completely manned, including the bowsprits, and to the very tops of the highest masts, the men all in white dresses and fez caps. As the sultan approached, cannon were fired from all the batteries on shore, and from the ships; our Austrian neighbour, the 'Montecucculi,' and the artillery yard, thundered away at a great rate; and as soon as he had passed, each man-of-war commenced in its turn, and this was continued all up the Bosphorus, till his landing at the palace, when both the European and Asiatic shores commenced echoing to each other most magnificently: it was altogether a scene of indescribable effect, and one which cannot be seen elsewhere."

We now select her ladyship's account of a Turkish visit from a grandee:—

"June 8th.—We prepared this morning for a visit from Mehemet Ali Pasha, the governor of Tophana, by dressing up the ship with flags. Captain W. came a little before him; we also invited Captain K—— to meet him, and the pasha arrived in his caique at twelve o'clock, with Signor Pisani, who came to interpret. His pipe-bearer accompanied him, with some servants and two soldiers as his guard, who remained on deck all the time he was on board. He went all over the ship, the details of which amused him: and he was much interested by some books of prints, and a medallion portrait of our queen, which was given to him. We then sat down to luncheon in the main cabin; the pasha ate with a knife and fork in the most Christian-like manner, and drank two or three glasses of sherry, declining his own sherbet which was prepared for him, and with perfectly good manners, very gentle and quiet: he was dressed, as usual, in the military frock-coat and fez cap, which they never remove within doors or out; and one of his suite, who remained on

deck, carried his sword, which was magnificently set with rubies and diamonds. After luncheon we had some more conversation on deck, through the medium of Signor Pisani; he then smoked his pipe for a short time, after which he proposed a visit on Saturday to his harem, which he knew we wished to make; but as we intended to depart before that time, he very good-naturedly allowed us to come on Thursday, saying that on account of business he could not be there himself to receive us, but that his brother would be there in his place; and that of course he could only invite the ladies of our party: he then took his leave, under a salute of fifteen guns, due to his rank as a pasha of two tails."

Our fair readers would not forgive us if we did not solicit her ladyship to give us an account of her visit to Mehemet Ali's harem. Here it is:—

"June 10.—Early this morning the yacht was drawn up close to the Austrian brig, as some brass cannon of various sizes were to be tried in the artillery ground, immediately opposite to us, and only a few yards distant; they were to be proved at noon.

"At 10 a.m., Mme. Macrioniti, the wife of an Armenian merchant, came to be our interpreter at the harem of Mehemet Ali, and we made our way up the Bosphorus, to a little beyond the palace of the sultana mother, on the Asiatic side, and were received at the door (which opens with one or two steps into the sea, like the Venetian houses) by several servants, and by Achmet Bey, a large, heavy-looking man, a younger brother of Mehemet. He took us upstairs to a large, handsome room, very cool, though the day was hot, with large windows to the sea, which was the apartment for the men, where the ladies never come; and soon afterwards he led us by some passages to another room, on the same floor and exactly similar to it, furnished in the same way,—that is, very meagrely, with a large broad sofa below the windows, covered with flowered chali, a sofa and some chairs on one side, and a large sort of mattress and cushions, covered with chali, on the other, and one horse-hair arm-chair. Placed on the cushions by the window, appeared a large bundle dressed in white calico, with a blue cotton handkerchief on its head, which proved to be Mehemet Ali's mother. On nearer inspection, she had, though in bad health, evidently the remains of beauty, with fine eyes, and a gentle, amiable countenance, very like the pasha. Near her stood a small ugly effigy of twelve years old, her daughter; and beyond her an-

other lady, the pasha's principal wife, of whom he has three. The wife and sister were in shape very like the ladies on Chinese paper; they were dressed nearly alike, one description may therefore do for both. An enormous pair of trousers, so wide as to be like two petticoats, completely hid the feet; the wife's were of stiff black silk, the sister's of yellow satin, both tamboured in gold; a spencer, or vest, with long sleeves of green velvet, thickly embroidered with gold, made tight to the body, over which was a long, very narrow, and tight open gown, made of the thin Broussa silk, black, and embroidered in gold, and divided into three very long and narrow flaps, which trail all around on the floor. The wife had, moreover, round her throat a black silk handkerchief, fastened with diamonds; and both she and the young one had red fez caps on their heads, larger and broader than those of the men, with the long blue silk tassel falling like a shower all about.

\* \* \* \*

"To return to our visit: the hair of the younger lady was mingled with curls and ringlets of spun silk; the other had her hair cut short before, like a man's; what became of it behind, I know not; her eyebrows were painted, and she had a small sprig of black sticking-plaster in the middle of her forehead. The caps of both were strewed over with diamond stars, crescents, and sprigs, all in disorder, and without any kind of taste. But it is beyond all power of description to express how surpassingly hideous and absurd was the effect of these dresses when the wearers attempted to walk; the long straight backs gave them the appearance of a woman dressed in a man's coat, with the flaps trailing on the ground; the long trousers prevented their getting beyond an embarrassed waddle; and the stiff silk causing a loud rustling, made it really difficult to avoid laughing. This wife is promoted to the dignity of the superior one, by being the mother of the pasha's only child, a very handsome boy of six years old, who was brought in dressed in a little military frock-coat stiff with gold, and hooked-and-eyed very tight at his throat; his fez cap covered with diamond ornaments and strings of small pearls, with which his hair was also plaited down his back, in compliment to his first going to school, which took place, as his grandmother mentioned, three days ago: the boy was immovably grave all the time he remained. Madame Mehemet then gave us the usual refreshment of a spoonful of sweetmeats, a glass of water, and coffee,—the latter in beautiful little stands, enamelled, and set with diamonds, all of which, as is the custom,

she presented to us with her own hands, which, as is the custom also, were stained with henna at the tips of the fingers, a very ugly fashion, as the said fingers always look dirty."

There is a vast deal of amusing gossip of this sort in Lady Grosvenor's book mixed with the graver matter. From this lighter material many agreeable selections might be made; but we cannot afford space. We should be unwilling, however, and unjust at once to her ladyship, if we passed over her description of a storm. No two storms are ever alike; and the last that shall be told up to the day of judgment, if the narrative be simple, unaffected, and unexaggerated like her ladyship's, will fail not to have thrilling interest. This storm occurred on the departure of the vessel for Lisbon on the way home:—

"When we got out to sea we met a heavy northerly swell against us: we advanced, however, in our course, and gained a considerable offing from the coast of Portugal in the course of the night.

"Oct. 24. Sunday.—At two A.M., the gaff topsail, top-gallant sail, and foresail, were furled. At half-past seven the wind shifted in an instant from W.S.W. to the north, blowing hard with a heavy cross sea. No possibility of reading prayers to-day, the ship rolling and jerking incessantly; few of us were able to get up.

"Oct. 25.—The morning was thick and rainy after a very rough night; still able to hold a northerly course, but at eleven A.M., the wind increased to a violent gale, with a tremendous sea. The fore-topsail was furled, and we were obliged to lie to; and at five P.M., the mainsail was furled, and the boom lashed down.

"At six P.M., when we were riding head to wind, under the storm-trysail and the fore-staysail, the latter split, and it was shifted with the new one, which had not been many minutes in its place, when the new sheet which held it gave way, and the sail flew up, and was only gathered in with great difficulty; it was too dangerous to attempt to set it again; as the men would have had to carry the sheet over the point of the bowsprit, which was constantly dipping under water. We thus lay under our storm-sail alone, the sea raging violently, and the vessel making sternway rapidly.

"At half-past eight P.M., one of the tremendous seas which were constantly

striking the ship, broke against the stern, and carried away the rudder. The jerk was very perceptible below, and in my cabin the sound of the man at the helm running along the deck betrayed the event to my companion who was sitting with me, who immediately ran out, and met the captain at the top of the stairs, who told him 'the rudder was gone;' and one of the sailors, whom he met upon deck, with a face as white as a sheet, confirmed the intelligence. It was afterwards ascertained that the lowest brace in which the rudder hangs was carried away; the next brace held, but the pintle of the rudder which drops into the brace snapped off; the third brace was carried away, and the rudder, which was split at this point, hung by the upper one to the ship; the first operation was to get the wreck clear of the sternpost, which was successfully managed, but the rope which was attached to it gave way, and the rudder sank to the bottom.

"No words can do justice to the despair of a long, miserable, and stormy day, ending with so fatal an accident; we were now left in the sweep of the Atlantic, in tremendous weather, in this helpless condition, without the slightest probability of any human aid, the wind blowing with frightful violence, and the sea raging furiously. All sleep was out of the question, as, setting anxiety aside, the violent motion of the ship, and the noise of the waves, would alone have prevented it; nothing but the conviction that we were in the hands of an overruling Power could give comfort. Any change in the wind might have driven us right ashore, or completely out to sea; but, by the mercy of Providence, the wind continued N.E.; and the ship, although occasionally falling off considerably from the waves, still lay head to wind with wonderful steadiness under the storm main trysail alone, drifting slowly backwards all night, which was passed, according to the log-book, in 'a heavy gale, with a tremendous sea breaking, and driving the ship down on her side with violent blows.'

"Oct. 26.—

" 'There are spirits of the deep  
Who, when the warrant's given,  
Rise raging from their sleep,  
Or mid thunder-clouds that keep  
The wrath of Heaven.  
High their eddying mists are whirled  
As they rear their giant forms;'

and at two A.M., the ship gave, among many, one lurch so tremendous, that it felt as if it was irretrievably over; at the same moment two great waves broke in succession over the deck, and forced their way like a cataract into the after-

cabin, to the great inconvenience of its two inmates.

"The noises of all kinds through that tremendous night were quite overwhelming; the wind seemed to shake the vessel through and through, and to menace every instant carrying away the masts. The beating, banging, tearing, and rolling of the sea, below, around, and sometimes over us, with the creaking and moaning of the timbers, were altogether quite awful, and enough to shake the senses. It was a relief when daylight broke, though it brought little improvement with it.

"A brig we had seen, the preceding evening, lying to under a close-reefed topsail, was seen about the same distance from us this morning, two or three miles to the north, and there was a schooner about as far off to the south. They retained their relative positions all Tuesday, after which we saw them no more.

"A substitute for the rudder, consisting of the steam cable, after the plan which Captain Rous adopted to bring home the Pique frigate across the Atlantic, was tried this morning, but failed, from want of power to bring the ship round, the sea being still too violent for any expedient to have a chance of success; we were, therefore, obliged to rest on the chilling hope of 'better weather,' which did not appear very likely, the barometer being lower than it had been throughout our voyage.

"Oct. 27.—As I found sleep was impossible, though some of my companions were not equally wakeful, I passed the night in stumbling at intervals up the companion-stairs, clinging tightly to the railing, to look out at the weather upon deck, which I ascended nine times in the course of the night, and was always rewarded by the same prospect of a wild and stormy sky, with heavy squalls of hard white clouds sweeping rapidly and violently along, and bringing, every quarter of an hour, a furious blast of wind; the sea rising like black liquid mountains ready to engulf the ship, which was beating up and down, and seemed labouring to save itself, a pale bright moon gleaming at intervals with an awful magnificence over all. The wind howling and whistling through the shrouds seemed to promise any thing but a quiet sea to try the new expedient for a rudder. The night appeared endless, but the morning dawned at last, and the preparations were immediately begun for trying to fix another substitute for the rudder, which had been in preparation the day before. It consisted of a spare jib-boom, to steer upon the principle of an oar; the outer end was loaded with four pigs of iron ballast on one side, to sink and keep it down; two planks were well nailed and

lashed together on each side, thus forming the broad blade of the oar to act upon the water. It was calculated that we were now about fifty miles from Lisbon, having drifted back about the same distance from the place where the accident happened; and as our only chance of reaching it rested on the success of this experiment, the morning was a very nervous one; and at half-past seven the grand trial was made, as thus appears from the log-book, which gives a more technical description than mine would be of the proceeding:—

“At seven A.M. commenced getting out the spar through the middle stern port, but did not run it out to fix it till the ship was under way, for fear of its being broken by the seas. Loosed and set the head sails, and furled the after ones, and as she paid off, and gathered way, ran out the spar, lashed to the main horse piece, which runs across the stern, and also with a black rope nailed to the spar about twelve feet from the end, to prevent its slipping outwards. The distance from the outer point to the end of the planks, where the outer guys were attached, was seven feet. From thence to the nailed end of the back stay rope, seven feet. From thence to the ship's stern, thirteen feet; six feet to the guy tackles; and three feet to the end.—Total, thirty-six feet. The distance from the end of the spar in the water to the point where it rested on the stern of the ship was twenty-seven feet, where it was fastened loosely with a rope to prevent its flying up. From thence upwards to the guy tackles which steadied it, and assisted the steering ones, was six feet; from thence to the upper end, three feet; making the length thirty-six feet. Two guys had been lashed to each side of the outer end of the spar, and were brought round each quarter to the gangway ports, where two men were stationed on each side to steer her, receiving their directions from four men at the guy tackles, who were placed, as commonly, behind the compass in the binnacle, and who also assisted in the movement of the steering.”

“At the commencement of the operations, a sea struck our fabric, and a tremendous crash ensued, and, for a moment, it was supposed that all was gone; however, it proved to be only the upper end of the spar that was broken, which being sufficiently long, was found to answer as well as before, although curtailed in this abrupt manner.”

“The ship came round, and most providentially the wind continued in the same quarter, north, which aided the object of getting back to Lisbon, which it was of great importance to effect as soon as possible, before there was a change of wind.

“Our rudder answered admirably; but to keep the ship's head from running too much into the wind, the peak of the main storm trysail was set, and our course shaped east for Lisbon.

“The ship was now going at about five knots an hour, and rolling violently, with formidable squalls of wind and rain every ten minutes, some of which laid her completely down on her side.

“Passed the Braganza frigate and the tower of Belem as the clock was striking six P.M., and we were hailed both from the frigate and the tower, but in our crippled state it was impracticable for us to heave to, and we took the chance of being fired upon. A bright flash gleamed across us at the instant from behind the castle, which was supposed to be a shot, but it turned out to be only lightning; and a boat followed us from the Braganza to our old anchorage, where we were truly happy to find ourselves by seven o'clock in the evening.”

The vessel was refitted, and afterwards made a prosperous voyage to England, where her ladyship has had the high satisfaction of telling in her princely mansion of “the perils she had passed.”

One word at parting with respect to both books. There is a moral conveyed in them which we would much wish our *clever* Cockney travellers would avail themselves, and not make their readers sick with their lamentations about the lack of the ordinary “*comforts*” which every mechanic, or tradesman, or tinker, or other craftsman, whatever breadwinner he may wield, chisel or yard, or hammer or pen, *may* have in a British city, and which nobody *can* have out of it in any of the remote foreign parts, and not without great personal trouble and lavish expenditure, even in the best cities of the European continents. Lord and Lady Francis Egerton, Lord and Lady Grosvenor, persons who were nurtured and brought up even as the children of princes (for what was there wisely the world could give that their parents might not have expended on them?), never once repine at the inconveniences or hardships to which they were exposed, or have one remembrance to breathe as to the population of the divers rude places in which they sojourned, save of kindliness and gratitude for the assistance rendered.

## THE POTTER'S DAUGHTER OF CORINTH.

"Fair was her face as thine, her heart as warm,  
Whose antique story marks my simple page;  
Yet luckless youth was hers, and sorrowful old age."

BISHOP HEBER.

It was evening—an evening in one of the fairest cities of all Greece. With the blue sky shining down upon temples and towers whose very ruins breathed forth the poetry of architecture, and spoke dimly to after ages of the simple and classic grandeur of that ancient and time-hallowed spot, the stately Corinth! But it is with the history of the human hearts which beat, and struggled, and broke within its marble walls, that we have alone to do; and that is much the same in all countries and ages, a sad and sacred volume scarcely to be read without tears.

In a mean house in the suburbs of the city sat a young girl, apparently lost in thought, but how beautiful! No wonder those Greeks, with such living models before them, should excel, as they have done, every other nation in the world. But for the flashing eyes and quivering lip, she might have passed, with her lofty brow and delicate profile, for some highly finished statue—she was so cold and passionless to look upon, and so faultlessly classical in the unstudied arrangement of her dark hair and flowing garments, which one forgot to notice were somewhat of the coarsest, and denoted the low caste of the wearer. But woman, in her youthful beauty and pride, has an innate nobility which rises superior to the petty distinctions of rank and station. She was a splendid creature, that girl! and young, too. Why, then, that sad and thoughtful look? The beautiful are not always happy. She might have many worshippers, and yet the *one* be not among them. Alas for her, if it was so!

We have heard and read how by a strange process the master-pieces of Lysippus and Praxiteles actually wore upon their cheeks the warm and glowing tint of life; and in like manner a bright flush passed over the face of that statue-like girl at the sound of approaching footsteps, and its cold and rigid expression disappeared.

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"Father," said she, rising up to meet him, and her voice was very sweet and gentle, "you are tired?"

"Not more so than usual," replied the old man, gloomily.

"Nor yet ill?"

"No, no! why tease me with these idle questions, Corinthia?"

"Because I know by your countenance that something must have happened to vex you,—at least, if it is no worse. Why you have not smiled upon me yet, or called me your child! Father, it is not I who have grieved you, I hope?"

"That were impossible!" replied the old potter. "I ask only to see you happy. Corinthia, you are happy?"

"Why should I not be, my father?"

"I know not, indeed, but you are?"

"Yes, always with you! And now you will tell me what you were angry about just now?"

"Nay, it matters not. You have heard the news, I suppose?"

"I—I have been within doors all day."

"Then it has not reached you. I thought not by your manner;" and again the old man was silent.

"I wonder Myron has not been here to-night," said the girl at length.

"He is better engaged, doubtless, with his betrothed," replied the potter, bitterly.

"Ah! how beautiful she is!" exclaimed Corinthia.

The old man cast a long, eager, and searching look upon her as she said this; and so earnest and protracted was his scrutiny, that she smiled at length and asked playfully of what he could be thinking.

"I have been unjust," said Dibutades; "but it is all past now, and you must be very kind to Myron if he should come, to make up for my harshness. After all, there was no harm done."

"And why were you harsh to poor Myron, father?" asked the girl, coaxingly.

"Because—because I thought that you, and not this young Ione, should

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have been his betrothed; or why for years has he been like your very shadow? And I feared—pardon me, my child!—that you might have felt this, too.”

“What, love unasked!” replied the maiden, with a proud smile upon her quivering lips. “Methinks, if it were so, I had deserved to suffer. It is true Myron is very dear to me, as it is only natural he should be, when we have known each other so long, even from our very childhood; but our affection was ever that of brother and sister, nothing more. Father, I should be sorry if you and he were not friends.”

“Fear not; it is sufficient that I have wronged him without cause.”

“And so you really thought,” said Corinthia, hanging playfully over him, “that girls’ hearts were as brittle and easily broken as your pottery?” and her merry laugh rang pleasantly in the old man’s ears as she withdrew to her household duties.

That night, as he lay between sleeping and waking, the potter fancied he heard a strange wailing sound, as of one weeping and lamenting in bitterness of anguish. But after all it might have been a dream—we do dream strange things sometimes.

Perhaps Myron partly guessed from the manner of Dibutades what he thought, and resented it deeply, for some days passed away without his making his appearance at that house which had for years been like a second home to him; it may be, however, that his betrothed took up much of his time. When he did come at length he was strangely embarrassed and unlike himself. Corinthia looked up on his entrance with her usual calm smile, and held out her hand.

“You have been absent from us a long time, Myron,” said she; “but I will not chide you, since you have, doubtless, been much more pleasantly engaged. And yet I have a woman’s curiosity to know all about your beautiful Ione.”

The young Greek answered frankly, for he was relieved by her manner, while the girl listened with a smile upon her lips. Heaven only knows what wild and bitter thoughts might have been in her heart!

“And does she love you so very much?”

“I have dared to hope and believe so.”

“She has not confessed it, then. Ah! a maiden should never tell her love!”

“There was no need; it is a language the signs of which are easily interpreted without the aid of words.”

“When one loves again,” said Corinthia, half sadly, “but not else; and it is best so! But you have not told me all, Myron; come, confide in me as of old, and I may soothe, if I cannot help you.”

“Yes, it seems natural to tell you every thing. Although you were much younger than myself, I remember that, from a child, I always came to you in all my little trials and troubles, and your kind voice never failed to comfort, although it could not always relieve me.”

“Ah! those were happy times!” said the girl. “But you have not yet told me what it is that grieves you?”

“It is an old tale,” answered the Greek; “the father of my gentle Ione is rich, and will not give her to me until I have realised a certain sum which will require years of toil and industry to effect.”

“But you are young, and she will be faithful.”

“It may be so; and yet it is hard to think that, even if all be well in the end, the glorious sunshine of our youth will have passed away never to return! Or, worse still, that, in the interval, death or change may render vain the labour of half a lifetime.”

“Nay, I will have no doubts,” said Corinthia; “she will be yours, and sooner, perhaps, than you think for; or, if it be otherwise, hearts never grow old, or change, or, once loving, cease to love one another while life remains. I have no belief in the word faithlessness.”

That Greek girl’s was a sweet creed, although somewhat wild, and savouring slightly of idolatry; with few exceptions, it is that of the young to this day.

“But Ione is not like you,” replied her companion. “She is gentle and easily persuaded as a child.”

“But the child when she loves becomes a woman! Myron, she will make all the better wife for it, especially to you who do love your own way a

little. I had almost forgotten that I am keeping you from her now, but you will come again soon, and tell me how you prosper?"

The Greek promised, and, amidst all his fears for the future, left her with a light heart. Perhaps he had fancied to himself the stately beauty of the young Corinthia bowed down by anguish and disappointment, had been haunted by a dim recollection of words spoken years ago, which should have found no utterance had they meant nothing, and feared to meet the passionate reproach of eyes that had, or he merely imagined it, so long sought his in trustful love. Alas! for man's vanity, if it was thus, there is but one thing more powerful, and that is woman's pride!

It was a strange caprice, but that night, when she retired to her own apartment, the girl sought the rude casket which contained her little dowry, and smiled as she clasped the bracelets of massive gold upon her slender wrists, and braided her dark hair with gems of no mean value. It might have been at her own radiant beauty, and yet that needed no meretricious ornament to increase its lustre; or she was recalling to mind, perchance, the night when she wore them last, and how many had said that the potter's daughter of Corinth should have been a queen. And one—but no matter what his words were now, since he, too, has forgotten them. Presently, as though the whim had passed away, Corinthia unclasped the bracelets from her arms, kissed them passionately, for they were a dead mother's legacy, and, replacing them in the casket, retired to rest.

The following morning she quitted the house soon after daybreak, and was absent until the evening, when she returned weary and disappointed.

"Six months," murmured the girl, "it seems a long time to wait; but I cannot manage any better, or I could have wished the trial to be sooner over. It will pass quickly enough to them!"

Yes, half a year is soon over when we are happy; but it is weary work for the wretched to count its leaden-footed hours, and to say, in the morning, "Would to God it were night!" and, at night, "Would to God it were morning again!" No wonder

they should deem it an age. But it passed away at length, and, on the very day of its expiration, we return to our legend and its young heroine, the potter's daughter of Corinth, who sat, as usual, busy with her household tasks, looking a little tired, which might well be, for she had been out ever since the dawn, but with an expression of joy almost divine upon her brow and lip.

Presently the door opened quickly, and a fair, gentle-eyed girl stood lingeringly on the threshold, as if half afraid to enter. Corinthia turned pale and trembled too, but it was but for a moment, and then she came forward smilingly, and spoke to the young stranger in her kind, sweet voice:—

"We should know one another, I think," said she. "You are the beloved of Myron, and I the daughter of Dibutades, and his earliest friend."

"Yes, he often speaks of you; and many an hour have I sat and watched for you to go past, that I might see if you were really as beautiful as he described. But you looked kind and gentle too, and so forgive me if I sought you out in my troubles, having no one else in whom I dared confide."

"My poor Ione! what troubles can you have blessed with his affection?"

"Ah! that is the very thing. How I wish that he had loved you instead; he would have been much happier!" and the girl bowed down her head upon her hands and wept.

"This is a fearful jest!" said Corinthia, wildly; but the pale face of Ione rebuked her for the thought, and, flinging her arms caressingly around her, they mingled their tears together.

"How kind of you to feel thus for one who is almost a stranger to you," exclaimed the girl, at length; "but I knew, I was sure it would be so; he always said how good and compassionate you were."

"But you have not yet told me what brought you here?" interrupted her companion, somewhat impatiently.

"What but my fears for him—for Myron, who is lost, if you aid me not. You alone can save him!"

"I know it," replied Corinthia, "and have already done so."



"Ah! and he consents? He will yield me up? The gods be thanked! although I care not now how soon they take me to themselves!"

"What strange mystery is this?" asked her companion, with white and quivering lips. "You, so young, so loved, and yet wish for death?"

"Did I? It was a sinful thought. I knew not what I said. And yet it is better to die than live alone in the world!"

"Far better!" exclaimed Corinthia, eagerly. "But your mind wanders, my poor child! This great joy has been too much for you."

"Yes, it is joy to know that I have emancipated him from the weary bondage that was consuming his young life hour by hour. That after a time he may be happy—he may even love again. And yet the triumph, after all, was not wholly mine. Last night, when they thought I slept, I stole out of the house and went, guided by the lamp which may be seen of late burning, even until the dawn, to Myron's workshop. You think, perhaps, it was scarcely maidenly; but was it not for me he toiled thus early and late? And yet I trembled, and half feared to enter. But I took courage, at last, and, wondering that he never raised his head, crept up to him, and pressed my lips timidly to his faded brow. I had not dared to do this, but that I thought he slept, and how surprised and pleased he would feel to be awakened thus. Surely, Corinthia, his untiring devotion deserved this slight reward?"

"Go on," said her companion, in a low voice. "He did not chide thee, doubtless; neither will I."

"No, for he was pale and cold as marble, and never stirred; he had fainted away through exhaustion, and, as I hung frantically over him, the whole truth burst at once upon my mind—he was literally dying inch by inch for me! It was a vain hope to think that my father would abate one iota of his demands; ever since I can remember he has made it his proudest boast never to go back from his word. But one way remained by which he might be saved, and, though my own happiness was to be the sacrifice, I did not shrink from it. And yet I was but a bad pleader, for I clung to him, even while I suppli-

cated upon my knees that he would yield me up; and while my lips prayed him to renounce and forget me, my heart drank in with a wild and selfish joy every burning and passionate vow. Perhaps he saw the struggle, for he only smiled, called me a fond, foolish child, who knew not what I asked; and, after seeing me to my home, went back, with his thin, hollow cheeks, and feeble step, to toil again, as he had done for months, until dawn. And then, in my despair, I remembered you, and came hither to ask your aid, for I well knew the value he always set upon your advice."

"And now that all is over, and you have lost him for ever, can you still rejoice?"

"Ah, yes! for he will rest to-night for the first time for months, and soon be quite well again, for they tell me it is rest only that he wants."

"But yourself, Ione?"

"No matter for me," said the girl; "let us think only of him!" And this was woman's love in those ancient times. Is it less pure—less self-sacrificing, even to this day? We think not.

"May I come and see you sometimes?" asked Ione, caressingly, as they parted, at length. "It would be such happiness when we are quite alone if I might talk occasionally of him whom we both loved."

"Ah! who told you that, girl?" exclaimed her companion, wildly.

"Nay, is it not so? True, he was not your betrothed; but there are many kinds of affection."

"You are right, my sweet Ione!" said Corinthia, kissing her fondly. "My love for Myron is not like yours!"

The young girl turned away with a smile upon her white lips; but she was no heroine, and when she reached home she flung herself down upon the ground, and wept in passionate abandonment of grief, while the daughter of Dibutades returned quietly to her work.

"It is well," murmured she; "Ione is worthy of him!"

For the first time for many weeks, Myron came that night, as of old. But the potter was still busy in his workshop, and Corinthia from home; her return, however, being momentarily expected, he sat down to await

it, and, weary and exhausted, fell fast asleep. Although pale, and worn, and hollow-eyed with much toil, his features, even in slumber, had a bright and happy expression, and once or twice he smiled as if his dreams were pleasant ones. It was long since he had slept thus soundly; even Corinth's return failed to awaken him, or the burning tears which fell upon his brow as she bent over him. Was she weeping to see how changed he had become? Or did the vision of poor Ione, and her lover in his lonely workshop, come sadly back to her heart?

As the young Greek slumbered thus, his fine and strongly marked profile was distinctly reflected on the wall of the apartment, and Corinth, perceiving it, sketched the outline in charcoal with a rapid hand; and then, turning laughingly to her father who had just entered, asked him if it was not an excellent likeness. Myron awoke at the sound of her glad voice.

"One moment!" exclaimed she; "there—have I not caught the very curve of that proud lip?"

"It is admirable!" said Dibutades; and even Myron smiled at this rude sketch of himself, for he could smile now. Some unknown friend had sent him the very sum required by the iron-hearted father of his Ione, who had now no longer any excuse for delaying their nuptials, or the girl for concealing her deep and passionate tenderness. Perhaps they were all the happier for the brief cloud which had darkened over the sunshine of their lives, since it had taught them how dear they were to each other.

"And can you form no guess as to whom you are indebted for this great kindness?" asked Dibutades.

"None; I believe it to be the act of the gods themselves, in pity to the prayers and tears of my poor Ione!"

"Such things have been," replied the old potter with solemn earnestness. But his daughter seemed less superstitious, for she smiled with a sad scorn, and spoke on other topics.

But the young Ione, what pen can hope to do justice to her feelings when she found that the sacrifice would not be demanded of her? That she was free to love him again, and

more than all to let him see that she did, and had only to nurse him back to health. And yet, had need been, she would have died for him without a murmur, nor her fate been a singular one, for it is, with some few rare exceptions, the common doom of womanhood.

In the innocent joy of her heart she went early the following morning to tell the good news to her kind friend Corinth, and ask for an explanation of much that had puzzled her in their last interview; but the door was fastened, and, as her gentle request for admittance failed to elicit any reply, she concluded she must be out. Such, however, was not the case; the daughter of Dibutades was too busy to be disturbed, and would not, perhaps, that every one should see the nature of her occupation. She was moulding a figure in clay from the rude sketch before her, and it was wonderful the genius she displayed in this strange employment. She had sat thus ever since day-break; but she put it away when evening came, and the following morning worked at it again, until the statue was finished, when she carried it smilingly to her father, who praised her ingenuity, and put it in his furnace to harden.

The wedding passed away as most weddings do even to this day. The bride, in her love, half wondering what she could have done to merit so much happiness, and vowing, in the depths of her young heart, to repay it with a life's devotion; the bridegroom, proud less of himself than her; the maidens, half envious, half hopeful that their turn would come soon; and the aged, living as it were over again their own youthful days, with the loved and lost restored by the magic power of memory and association. But the fairest and brightest there—aye, even than the bride herself, in all the grace of her winning and child-like beauty,—was the potter's daughter of Corinth. And it was strange, too; for her night-black hair was unrelieved by a single ornament, and her white arms, rich only in their own faultless symmetry, while it was usual on such occasions to display those treasures which were the pride of the maidens of Greece. Dibutades spoke of it to his child.

"Nay, my father," replied Corintha gently, "have you not often said that you liked me best without them?"

"But at such a time as this you should have dressed yourself like the rest."

"Ah! I shall never be as other girls," returned Corintha, half sadly. And then she added in a gayer tone, "You know I was always wilful, and loved to have a way of my own."

The father's heart swelled with a fond pride as she turned away from him, and, with a light step and lighter laughter, went bounding down the dance. It might have been observed that she never wore her ornaments again.

That Greek bridal—it was a scene for young artists to dream of and muse upon, but which they may not hope to realise; a vision from the land of the beautiful that fades before the cold touch of mortal inspiration. What glorious faces there were among those children of toil! What flashing eyes and noble forms, such as we can but fancy now! What twinkling of white feet when they danced! And how sweet were the glad voices which rose up in blessings for that happy pair! The end, however, was much the same as it is to this day, for many, even among those who had *seemed* the merriest

there, went home very sad, and dreamt of "the might have been!"

Corintha sought her lonely chamber. The lofty character of her beauty had passed away—the proud head was bent—the spirit broken! She knelt down before the image she had moulded, and buried her white face in her hands. Heaven pity her! for she has played her part bravely, and kept her sad secret to the last. And yet the doom of the potter's daughter was no isolated one. How many there are who, like her, have formed unto themselves idols of clay, and wept over them! It is a common but a wild worship, which has lured away and broken thousands of youthful hearts.

Corintha is said to have been the first originator of the art of design among the Greeks; and in the dim revealings that have come down to us of that ancient and time-hallowed epoch from which sprung a gifted race of poet artists, as they have been justly called, who shall be certain that it is only a fable? The young are sure to believe us, for faith is the glorious privilege of youth. The old may sneer and philosophise if they will, and yet even they must confess that it might have been true. For ourselves we can only say, that the spirit of the past has been with us!

#### ILLUSTRATIONS OF DISCOUNT.

##### No. I.

To those of our readers whom fortune has placed in some quiet retreat far from the cares and exigencies of a metropolitan life, the meaning of the word "discount" may be unfamiliar, or they may regard the expression as implying some indistinct mark of depreciation in the abstract; and, when we say that exchequer-bills or whiggery are at a discount, they would thereby infer that neither of those commodities were, in the public estimation, so valuable as the professors of the one or holders of the other would have the world to believe,—in a word, that they were both very much below par.

The discount, however, to which

we purpose calling the attention of the reader bears a signification somewhat different from the last, but one, nevertheless, the practical illustration of which the great majority of the public will have witnessed of late years more frequently than formerly. Is there a respectable tradesman who lives in the street adjoining to us, and who has served us to our satisfaction and his profit for years? We see his name in a by-no-means honourable part of the *Gazette*! we pass his door on our way to the city; bills six feet long are placarded on the shop-windows announcing our friend's ruin and the considerate kindness of his nearest neighbour in

the same line, who, disclaiming all ideas of profit, and solely for the good of the bankrupt's customers, has purchased the stock at 50 per cent "discount," and is selling the same off, to oblige them, at "a horrid sacrifice" to himself. We inquire into the history of our friend's failure, and learn that his ruin has been produced by the system of usurious discounts, now so common in the monied world. We have on the same day occasion to do that which we always perform with a sense of misgiving and repugnance, namely, make a call upon our attorney in Gray's Inn. To our surprise, we again witness what, in our younger days, we have practised at Alma Mater, and which, by the by, we always found, when all other arguments had failed, the most conclusive reply to duns and bores of every denomination—namely, the "sporting the oak." The great black door of my legal friend's chambers was closed into the wall as flat as a halfpenny. Three hungry-looking clients, mayhap creditors! were gazing upon the closed portal with a sort of deprecating air, as if they would argue it into the civility of opening of its own accord, and thereby enable them to rummage every cupboard and corner for the Levanting solicitor, and now and again peeping on tiptoe down the slit of the letter-box, as if they half suspected the absentee was lying *perdu* within it. One of our fugitive friend's legal brethren, who resides on the same staircase, kindly informed us of our lawyer's misfortune, and in the same breath solicits a transfer of our business. It would appear that poor Fribble had latterly taken to tuft-hunting. Unable to resist the insinuating address of a ruined peer, who had lately honoured him with the barren appointment of his solicitor, he had been, in a luckless moment, cajoled into joining in the latter's bills, which were subsequently discounted by one of the children of Moses at 75 per cent. Of course, the bills were to be amply provided for by the noble lord out of the proceeds of certain coal-mines *in posse*, in Northamptonshire, and the draining of very extensive bogs, *in esse*, in Ireland. The bills falling due, the peer, strong in his poverty and privilege, made defiance to all

the tribe of Israel, and the lawyer was obliged to beat a retreat to Boulogne, in effecting which he displayed as much generalship as Moreau in his celebrated retreat from Germany, for, although surrounded by a *cordon* of bailiffs, he contrived to elude their vigilance and make good his landing on the hospitable shores of France.

Out of spirits with these multiplied evils resulting from bill transactions, and a little out of conceit with the condition of our own pecuniary affairs, and even beginning to entertain some slight doubts about the soundness of a bank post-bill at seven days, which we had received the day before, and wondering whether the Bank of England would remain solvent so long, we determined on an early and frugal dinner at the Grubwell, having resolved most religiously not to exceed an expenditure of 1s. 6d. on refreshing our inward man, for we have invariably found our economy much stimulated by the sudden ruin of two or three friends, the bursting of some cherished bubble in a city company, which was to have paid us 100 per cent, or the unexpected smash of two or three banking establishments, whose insolvency has taken every body by surprise but themselves.

The first person we met in the coffee-room was Bill Crackaway, one whom we have always looked upon as a bird of ill omen. His long ungainly person is crowned with a face which Dame Nature must have fashioned just after making a bad debt, and, therefore, in the worst of tempers. A countenance of preternatural longitude is imperfectly relieved by a nose on which the partial hand of Nature has lavished every bounty—length, breadth, thickness, all but a—bridge; a mouth that seemed suddenly arrested in the act of whistling, and, from its conformation, could only eliminate a sinister sneer, but was physically incapable of the candour of an honest laugh, which, with a most inhuman squint, gave a rare finish to the *os frontis* of this Corinthian capital of our club.

The first question this worthy lispingly asked of us was, "Have you heard the news?" To which, answering in the negative, he proceeded to inform us that Lord Edward Softhead had, to use our informant's

expression, "cut his stick and bolted."

"On what account?"

"Oh! the bums are making some kind inquiries after him."

"And how much does he owe?" we asked.

"Only 300,000*l.*" was the answer; "but, then, it is to the discounters, and I suppose, as he is rather green, he will not have touched more than 30 or 40,000*l.*"

Now, as Crackaway added to the occupation of editor of a pseudophilosophical magazine the business of a bill-broker in the City, we take it for granted he knew something about these matters, and that, therefore, the fact of a young nobleman obtaining 30,000*l.* at the cost of 270,000*l.* might be considered to be true, or very nearly true. Three cases of wholesale ruin in one day, arising from the same cause, namely, the avarice of the rich trading on the helpless improvidence of the needy, suggested to us some very grave reflections, and we determined to make some investigations into the subject of the "discount" of bills and promissory note, at the exorbitant rates of interest now so common among all classes, and, pledging ourselves that every statement herein contained is a naked and unadorned fact, we shall proceed to give our readers the fruits of some of our investigations into this curious yet important subject, and make them acquainted with some of the individuals who are generally known as discounters.

Although the enormous profits made by the London bankers are principally derived from the discount of bills of exchange, yet it is not to them, or to the other deservedly respected bankers of the great metropolis, that the multifarious evils arising from the usurious discount of bills is to be attributed. To one of these the offer by a customer to allow a larger rate of interest than 5 per cent would raise at once a *prima facie* case of suspicion against the goodness of the paper, and would cause its instant rejection; and it reflects the highest honour on the body of the London bankers generally that it is, *inter se*, considered disreputable to discount any paper at a higher rate than 5 per cent, unless, indeed, the great leviathan of Threadneedle

Street should, as it does occasionally, set them the example by demanding a higher rate of interest, when, in self-defence, they are obliged to advance with that establishment *pari passu*. But as we have been a good deal behind the scenes among the banking body of the capital, we, in justice to our readers, must admit that, although the foregoing practice of the London bankers as to the rate of interest on discounts may be the general rule, yet such rule has its exceptions; and we must own that some of the smaller houses "nibble" at a higher, in a word at an unjust rate of interest, when they think that the transaction will not be blown upon: but, in speaking of the London bankers generally, we do not include *joint-stock banks*. These latter institutions have, in one or two remarkable cases, obtained an amount of business and success that reflects great credit upon the talents of their managers; nevertheless, it is perfectly notorious that these establishments have not done their business so respectably as the private banking-houses; and it is pretty well understood that the shareholders in these banks reckon among their other advantages the important privilege of getting their own paper discounted in preference to bills of more respectable parties and of more substantial security. To cover the losses contingent on such an unhealthy mode of doing business, these banks will receive 7, 8, and 10 per cent; and although we have, *prima facie*, no right to complain of, or interfere with, the mode with which any establishment fills its coffers, as long as it does so honestly, yet, when the example set by such influential companies is taken into consideration, the subject is one which we are justified in reprobating, as it affords an occasional argument and excuse to the usurious adventurers who now infest the metropolis, and who plead the practice of the City bankers as an excuse for their own rascality.

Our object being to introduce our readers principally to some of those persons who deal largely in the discounts of bills at a highly usurious rate of interest, we shall leave the City banking establishments and shall pass over the large bill-broking firms of the City, which latter money-making concerns we may touch upon

future paper, and will now port our readers from Lombard to the stealthy retreats of some se usurious adventurers whose abouts and whose very existence almost unknown to the great ty of their fellow-citizens, until, ng under some desperate loss, ng by the sudden failure of pigeon, whose ruin their ex- is had precipitated, we see them ng in the bankruptcy court nds where they had only ad- l hundreds; or, stimulated by ity and revenge, we behold in the insolvent court vainly ng the discharge of some un- victim, who, but for their vil- would have never appeared

first on our list of bill-dis- is, by race and religion, a with whom we will shortly our readers an interview. ; twelve o'clock at noon a well- ited cab of the newest fashion, by a youthful aristocrat, may en rattling through the City. ashionable driver pulls up sud- at the end of King William , where it meets the foot of church Street. We presume eluctant to proceed further and he risk of exposing his well- bed cab as a pleasing target for les of the loitering omnibuses, rivers of which latter have ed a well-earned fame for their ity in this diverting and inno- lepartment of toxology; or, ps, the noble lord has no wish een in a neighbourhood where ocently enough fancies his un- appearance might excite re- ; and, on the whole, we are ed to think it is some such ; that induces him to press his ned *mouchoir* with so much y to his mouth and nose, as if re sorely afflicted with rheum, olfactories disturbed with the ess and conflicting odours that, g from Billingsgate and the es on the south, and from nhall Market and Bishopsgate e north and east, concentrate united perfumes on the crown ie causeway facing London e. Half-way between the bridge here we left the cab, our hero at the private door of a respect- hop. His unassuming knock

is answered by a pretty little slip of Jewish virginity, whose keen and sparkling eye and startled blush pronounce an unconscious but eloquent panegyric on the aristocratic graces of the well-dressed prodigal, who, in asking for her father, returns her admiring glance with a much greater amount of interest than he would willingly pay for a loan of some of her parent's bank-notes. Our titled adventurer is at once ushered into the apartments on the second floor of Moses Lawder, Esq., or, as he is called for brevity, Moss Lawder. Our friend Moss professes to be in the wine, ham, picture, diamond, silver, old clothes, and bill-broking trades. Moss received his youthful customer with an address oily and bland as the "sweet south breathing o'er a bed of violets;" for their last transaction had turned up trumps, in other words, Moss had netted 70 per cent by a "little bill" for 500*l.* discounted some three months before. To be brief, the young noble is in want of 1000*l.*, and candidly informed the salacious Jew that he had dropped a serious sum at Tattersall's the day before, and the money he must have at any price. The Jew, after protesting that he was suffering under the most abandoned poverty, and was then on the very penultimate step to the Union workhouse, agreed to discount the youth's acceptance at three months on certain terms, viz. that he should give him 500*l.* in cash, a real Claude (*credat Judæus*) of the value of 500*l.*, which he would generously put down at 250*l.*, and 250*l.* to be deducted from the discount. These terms being accepted with too great an appearance of haste, Moss became alive to the frightful fact that he had let his victim off too cheap, and contrived very ingeniously to introduce to his notice the dilapidated ruins of an ancient silver teapot, whose spout had been curiously compressed in a fit of lunacy under the convulsive grinders of the celebrated Israel Golsmith, a ninth cousin of the soft-spoken Moss, the very morning the said Israel made but one step between the Cross of St. Paul's and the statue of Queen Anne in the yard beneath, to the great astonishment of the Hampstead coachmen who formerly plied in the quiet and sequestered neighbourhood of the cathe-

dral. This interesting relic, which Moss declared he would not part with to his own mother at any price, he offered to hand over to the noble lord on being allowed the small sum of 50*l*. To this the borrower also agreed; and Moss proceeded to fill up the cheque, when he appeared suddenly to recollect that, in the last transaction with the youthful noble, he had been paid one shilling in the pound per month, and that, according to the present rate, he was enduring the intolerable hardship of taking 50*l*. less than in the last little business. To this last ingenious move the victim, with many a wry face, was obliged to submit, and the terms of the loan were then agreed to on the foregoing basis. It may not be unamusing to our readers to see the particulars of Moss's cash account, the original of which is now before us, and signed in duplicate by both parties, for Moss is always very particular in his transactions.

|                                                                                               | £.    | s. | d. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|----|----|
| To discount .....                                                                             | 300   | 0  | 0  |
| To a Claude, warranted by Woodburn, should that in the Grosvenor Gallery not be genuine ..... | 250   | 0  | 0  |
| To an ancient silver teapot, 19 oz. 12 dwt., with curious legend tied to the handle .....     | 50    | 0  | 0  |
| To bill-stamp, 12 <i>s</i> . 6 <i>d</i> .; paper, 3 <i>d</i> . .....                          | 12    | 9  |    |
| Glass of sherry and biscuit .....                                                             | 1     | 6  |    |
| Check .....                                                                                   | 399   | 5  | 9  |
|                                                                                               | £1000 | 0  | 0  |

Both parties then took their leave mutually dissatisfied. Something knocked at Moss's bosom, a warning voice, that his victim was almost too easy, that the bill could not be good, and could, in fact, never be paid; and that the young nobleman was scarcely out of the house before he would prefer undoing the whole transaction. The other more youthful and indiscreet party, in driving home, began to entertain some strong doubts whether he was not on the highroad to the devil or something very near it. We shall not fatigue our readers with the subsequent history of this transaction, our object being to shew them how these matters are accomplished. *Ex uno disce omnes.* We shall leave our friend

Moss, and proceed to the next usurer who figures on our list.

This individual is an Irish adventurer, of good figure, fair complexion, and handsome features, with eyes expressive of the most irrepressible roguery, and a most consummate address. Three times a bankrupt (the largest amount of his assets on any of these occasions being a table and three chairs), we have seen him, under the genial aid of three catastrophes that would have irremediably consigned ordinary men to the workhouse, migrating from an unfurnished office—a chamber in an obscure court in the city—to a magnificent mansion in juxtaposition with the stately palace of royalty itself. Dressed out in the extreme of fashion, his chin embedded in the glistening gloss of a black satin stock, whose rich texture thrown into strong relief the costly pins with which it is studded, we see him, on a Sunday, stepping into his chariot in a costume that would bespeak a man of rank but for its want of simplicity, and with the air and pretensions of a duke, but for his want of ease. He rolls along in his well-poised carriage to the Roman Catholic chapel in Moorfields, to relieve his conscience from the enormities of the week that is past or to come. A *magnus Apollo* among his own creed and clergy, who are content to participate in his well-calculated bounty without inquiring from what fetid source the means may have originally sprung. After leaving mass, and having enjoyed to his fill the mute admiration of the best portion of the company assembled there to witness that ceremony, we next observe our dashing adventurer rattling through the Drive in Hyde Park, his emblazoned panels, high-mettled horses, and well-appointed liveries, exciting the gaping wonder of the open-mouthed crowd. As the bold Hibernian rolls along, the keen eyes of any of the "knowing hands" on town may calculate to a nicety the duration of the metropolitan existence of the various sprigs of fashion whom he may happen to meet on his route. One young gentleman returns his forward and vulgar salutation with an uneasy, disconcerted air, his native politeness and youthful inexperience preventing him from giving the Hibernian the

cut direct. He is heir to 12,000*l.* a-year, and has lately applied for 500*l.*, and has paid handsomely for the loan, and intends, and will have the means of paying his bill when due. The next individual who crosses his path is the eldest son of a marquis, and, by courtesy, an earl. He holds an office about the court, and, on his father's death, will step into a substantial patrimony. He has been in the habit of driving hard bargains with our Irish friend, keeps a safe betting-book, is up to every thing in town, and is noted as "a safe card." His coolness, sagacity, and prudence, give promise of a long and prosperous career. Our adventurer, who had "done business" with the noble lord only the day before, eagerly thrusts his person out of his carriage-window, and, with his blandest smiles and most obsequious bows, invites a corresponding recognition from the noble *roué*. But, alas for human vanity! The Duke of Grandison and the premier happened to be riding by at the same time. A stare of cool contempt and indifference from the noble lord, "where cold obstruction's apathy" chilled the brazen-faced usurer to the soul, and obliged him to slink back into the recesses of his carriage, and seek what consolation he could from his own reflections. His mortified pride, however, shortly after received some solace from the friendly recognition of a metropolitan member of parliament, whose *bonhomie*, and frank, cheerful address, soon consoled the usurer for the wound so recently inflicted on his vanity, but, at the same time, from the unusual energy and fervour of the honourable member's grasp, the usurer anticipates a speedy application to his check-book. Richard O'Reilly, for that is the patronymic of the personage whom we have been endeavouring to give a faint description of, carries on the business of a bill-discounter on a large scale. Having agents at Cambridge and Oxford, who are well drilled to their business, hardly any youths entitled to large possessions, and given to dissipation and pleasure, escape his net. His general mode of doing business is one shilling in the pound per month, which, being equal to 60 per cent per annum, may fairly account for his having latterly taken

to dining off plate, which, he finds, greatly improves the flavour of his dishes and gives a more vigorous tone to his digestive organs. We will now give our readers a scene from the front parlour of the mansion of this illustrious worthy. The applicant for an advance on this occasion is not one of the patrician order. No less a person than Thomas Flaming Flurry, Esq. applies to O'Reilly for a loan for three months on the "most irrefragable security." We love to bring great men together, and really Flaming Flurry is one of a very peculiar order. Although boasting of possessing the most ancient blood of Scotland in his veins, the severe and impartial Muse of History must pronounce him to be of pure Hibernian descent. A picturesque cabin, situated at the side of a "wind-beaten hill" in a northern county of Ireland, was the real castle of his ancestors; and the sign of the Checquers, affixed by the hand of some village Wilkie to the exterior of his father's halls, relieved in some respect the dull uniformity of structure which, sacrificing architectural grace to luxury and convenience, preferred the simple and severe of the pure Doric to the vulgar additions of windows or shutters. The crumbs and fragments of his learning were picked up by him in the same manner as that patient quadruped the donkey does his food at the hedgeside; and congratulating him and manking upon his narrow escape from a prosecution for felony in another northern county in this country, we shall contemplate him, by the force of his effrontery and courage, pushing himself into the direction of six city companies, writing pamphlets on banking, and professing to teach bankers how to make the most of their capital, he being simple enough to believe that that respectable body could require any further enlightenment on such a subject. Flaming Flurry is the founder of the national bank of Garyowen, from which he has a salary of 1000*l.* a-year as managing director. He is also chairman of the National Blatherumskite Loan, Bubble-Fund, and Reversionary Oyster-Shell Society, a director of the Patent Metropolitan Slipping Pavement Company, and chairman of the Rocky Moun-



tains' Waste Land Improvement Society. Notwithstanding all these various official appointments, his indomitable activity enables him to be an extensive dealer in shares, particularly in those of the different companies with which he may be connected; and this brings us to his meeting with the usurer O'Reilly. To properly describe the greeting of these two individuals, each a great man in his way, would be impossible; and we shall, therefore, pass it over with merely remarking that, although both these adventurers hated each other from the bottom of their souls, yet their apparent cordiality was so great as to render them almost speechless with joy at the meeting. Flurry then stated that he wanted 1500*l.* immediately, and was ready to bleed handsomely for it, as he had to pay out a pudding-headed director of the National Blatherumskite, who actually had the hardihood to impeach the honesty of the said Flaming Flurry, and even went so far as to call him a rogue; and that, therefore, it was, in his opinion and in that of his brother directors, high time to get rid of the unreasonable individual who had formed so improper an estimate of even the great Flaming Flurry himself. O'Reilly, after severely condemning such rampant folly on the part of the obnoxious director of the Blatherumskite, quietly asked the nature of the proposed security, at the same time intimating that the personal security of the said Flaming Flurry was not quite so good as Rothschild's.

"Don't say another word, my dear friend," cried Flurry; "I have the nicest little plan in the world. There are 1000 shares in the National Bank of Garryowen which are unappropriated. They are up 10*s.* a share in the market. Do you write to me that you want to buy them. I will hand you over the scrip. Do you go at once into the market, sell the scrip, put the 500*l.* difference in your pocket, and the purchaser will have to pay the piper."

The meaning of which was, that

this Flaming Flurry, as managing director, would hand over an acknowledgment that O'Reilly was the owner of one thousand pound shares in the said bank, and, overlooking his duty as manager and director, would enable this O'Reilly to pocket the premium without having paid one shilling deposit on the shares.

"But that is only 500*l.* after all," replied O'Reilly. "Where is the rest and my profit to come from?"

"And is not 500*l.* enough profit for three months, you unconscionable bone-picker?" cried Flurry. "As to the remainder, you know I can turn the illustrious Daniel O'Gammon round my little finger, and he will join me in a bill at three months for that sum, so that you will net your 500*l.* clear by the business."

"There is a great risk still," replied O'Reilly. "The 1500*l.* bill is but paper after all;" to which, after musing awhile, the fertile Flurry cried out,—

"O'Gammon is sure to pay, for the potato-crop in Garryowen has been a failure, and there have been three massacres since Easter, and there are two fresh grievances in *petto*, so that the great O'Gammon fund will be trebled this year." To all this O'Reilly replied by a particular shake of the head, on which Flurry, determined to clench the business, exclaimed, "I have it! Is there any friend of yours, O'Reilly, that wants a baronetcy? We'll get him one, if you will do the bill."

"Why," said O'Reilly, "if my eldest son, Adolphus Frederick Chesterfield Belfast O'Reilly, were of age, it would be just the thing. It wouldn't suit me, as I am rather afraid the papers might think that the honour came too soon after my bankruptcy. However, you shall have the cash, and O'Gammon must get the dignity for my friend, Ahasuerus Snob, the great Catholic millionaire;" and so the friends departed, and, presuming our readers have had enough of them, we shall take our leave of them, too, and change the scene.

## No. II.

In an old dingy square, situate within that *terra incognita* lying to the east of Tottenham Court Road,

stands a large roomy house, which has been now erected for the best part of a century. Its fresh-painted

area, railing, and doorway, and white-washed walls, somewhat relieve that look of quiet professional antiquity which hangs about the building. The careless passer-by would scarcely observe the iron bars which are fixed to the parlour-windows, and which appear to have been placed there more for ornament than use. A large brass plate on the street-door, which latter is generally thrown hospitably open, announces that one Belthazar Grab, wine-merchant, &c., resides within. About the centre of the passage or hall stands a large glass door, generally firmly closed, with divers perpendicular bars also affixed thereto, as well as various other ponderous fastenings, which, to those who are curious in the art of the locksmith and other mechanical contrivances for the practical illustration of the old proverb of "safe bind, safe find," would present a wide field of very interesting inquiry. Strong as this door is, we will take the liberty of passing it, and, ascending to the first floor, will enter a large meagrely furnished apartment that looks out on the smoke-dried trees of the square: seated uneasily on the edge of a chair near the fire is a youth of some twenty-three summers, well-dressed, but with his costume slightly discomposed, his hair unbrushed and standing on end, like a barley-stack bewitched, and one of his shirt-collars obstinately refusing to stand in its position, and bent slovenly back over the stock. This young gentleman is, at the time we are speaking of, a captive in the best room of the best sponging-house in the metropolis; for which honour he has to pay the small trifle of two guineas a-day, and about a pound sterling a meal. He had only that morning been "bagged" by Balthazar Grab himself. At the moment our scene opens, the prisoner is listlessly smoking a cigar, and ever and anon sipping from a tumbler some wine and water. Opposite to him with his back to the fire, his coat-tails tucked over his arms and his hands in his breeches' pocket, stands a short, fat, oily-faced cunning-looking Jew, of some fifty-five years, with as many seals, rings, chains, and jewels upon his person as would make him an excellent ambulatory advertisement for Storr and Mortimer's *boutique*. This latter per-

sonage is Belthazar Grab, wine-merchant, bill-broker, picture-dealer, and officer to the sheriffs of London and Middlesex. The young gentleman before him is the noted Orlando Templeton, Esq., the eldest son of Sir Orlando Templeton, a baronet of extensive estates and large revenues. The son, when at Oxford, was, by the mean parsimony of his father, obliged to live upon an annual stipend barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Under such circumstances young Templeton naturally fell into debt at the university; and his father, with a very bad grace, discharged just so much of his son's debts as would enable him to take his degree. The youth was then sent to the Temple and read for the bar, his father being desirous of making him a lawyer, solely to learn him how to take care of his money! A generous temper, chambers in the Temple, 300*l.* a-year and troops of pleasant friends, produced their natural result. Templeton got into debt. A long outstanding account of his tailor's, commencing at Oxford, now amounted to 400*l.* He was served with a writ. Not yet up to the mode of raising the wind already touched upon in this paper, ashamed to ask any of his youthful friends — and if he did he was sure to apply to the most good-natured of the number, who was as sure to be the poorest of the lot — he was unable to settle the action, and a judgment by default was obtained against him by his unrelenting creditor; and the inexperienced young man found all his difficulties suddenly solved by receiving an invitation of so pressing a nature to Grab's hotel as would admit of no delay. At the time of our introducing the reader behind the scenes at Grab's sponging-house, the following conversation was going on between the two occupants of the apartment:—

"That ere tailor has done you brown, Mr. Templeton," quoth Grab. "He has charged you 40 per cent more than my friend, Moses, of Aldgate. I should advise you to resist such sinful wickedness."

"No, hang it, Grab! the account was an old one, and I ought to have paid it before, only the governor is so crusty I didn't dare ask for the cash."

"Howsomever," quoth Grab, "I think you may cut the account down one half. I have a son an attorney; and if you will put the business in his hands, I doesn't mind if I let you out on my own 'sponsibility, for I really feels for a young gentleman sitivated as you be."

"Give us your hand, Grab; you're a regular good fellow, and no mistake! Send for the lawyer—for the devil—any body, rather than stay in this hole, or let my governor know of this scrape!"

Now Grab is not only blessed with a goodly store of worldly goods, but he hath also three sons, each worthy of so illustrious a sire. The eldest is an attorney at law, and solicits in chancery; the second is an auctioneer, appraiser, and sheriff's broker, and the third is a sheriff's officer; thus presenting in their persons and occupations a beautiful illustration of that refined and delicate mechanism of our laws, by which we are become "the envy of surrounding nations, and the wonder of the world;" for whereas it would not be consistent with the principles of our common law that A and B should have any pecuniary disagreement unsettled without benevolently handing over an equal, perhaps a greater amount, than the sum in dispute to some third or fourth party strangers to the disputants (which divine principle is no doubt adopted for the purpose of giving the best practical lesson to mankind on the propriety of unanimity and concord on all questions relating to *meum* and *tuum*), so in its infinite wisdom our glorious constitution has selected certain praiseworthy and disinterested individuals to carry these grand objects out. An attorney first steps in, whom the eloquent language of a writ intimates to B that our young and lovely queen will be happy to see him in a particular part of her dominions called Westminster, in order that he may have some friendly chat with A about the value of some tallow-candles, or the due fulfilment of some promises to pay. B, who is not a proud man, out of sheer modesty, neglects such a polite invitation, and, in due process of time, finds that another person in the shape of the sheriff of the county is taking a profound interest in his concerns by a visit from two

amiable-looking individuals, whose aim is to effect a "levy." Now supposing that the levy be insufficient, or that there are no goods, a *walla law*, which, strange as it may appear, is not uncommon, forthwith a mysterious instrument, called a *Ca. Sa.*, transfers the person of B. to a distant part of the kingdom of Surrey, in order that six weeks of the Southwark air, and four days attendance at Portugal Street in the Insolvent Court, may send him forth pale and undefiled, and utterly unwashed from his former transgressions. Now Grab's son is the attorney who sues B; another son, the auctioneer, makes a levy on his goods and sells the same under the sheriff; and, supposing such goods to be insufficient to cover the debt, in step *filius* the third, Grab's youngest son, who, by virtue of a *Ca. Sa.*, transfers the *corpus* of the delinquent to the Queen's Bench; or if the case is difficult and worthy of his genius, the great Grab himself, in the plenitude of his magnificence, captures the defendant, and transfers him, if he have any sovereigns of which he can be drained, to the house in the square aforesaid; and, after having suckled the unfortunate of his last shilling, he consigns him to Whitecross Street in a hackney-coach, taking especial care to retain his victim's great-coat to pay the 5s. coach hire.

To return from this long digression to our immediate subject, we will briefly add that Grab is well aware that young Templeton is the infeasible heir to all his father's estate. He sends for the lawyer, his son, who, out of the most unaffected compassion for Templeton's situation, generously offers to give his father an undertaking for his appearance; but the father, not to be outdone in magnanimity, declares he will sweep the whole 400*l.* with the sheriff, and that he will only require for the advance "a little bill" from Templeton, at five months, for 600*l.* The latter, joyful and grateful for his speedy escape, subscribes to any thing he is asked. Instructions for a bill in equity are given against the tailor's orders, and also for fifty dozen of some ales; half-a-dozen bills in blank are accepted, and Templeton flies to his home to consult his fortune at his

llen into the hands of the very of bumbailiffs. The result s might be expected, that, from from 400*l.* to 500*l.*, Templeton himself in debt, twelve months to the tune of 15,000*l.* or 20,000*l.*; rocess by which he had arrived h a curious consummation was stery to all but the initiated. ther was eventually obliged to forward to save the reversion : estates from going to the ham- and his son from disgrace and our.

: will now introduce to the r a class of dealers in loans who hitherto had very little atten- estowed upon them. However ral and unjust the mode of ig money we have been just ing may be, the men engaged se transactions rarely affect any sty in extorting large interest air advances, and, therefore, do hance the vice of extortion by ypocritical nicety on the sub- f their terms. There is a class rsons, however, who set up in career of money-lending upon rinciple of accommodating the le tradesman, the laborious art- and hard-working clerk, at ex- ly low and moderate rates of st, but who, at the same time, such specious pretences, per- te a greater amount of villanous tions than nearly all the other s of usurers put together. In

we mean the *Loan Societies*. origin and history of these ies, and of the persons who com- hem, would be a most valuable ibration to our statistical litera-

Their mode of business, being he most part uniform, may be niently touched upon here. The of such an establishment gene- originates in the teeming brain ne scheming attorney. Under uspices, three or four wealthy men, who, mayhap, are his a, contribute a stock-purse of 1000*l.* or 1500*l.* The loans advance are to a small amount, reat majority being about ten ls. Their transactions are cond in the following manner:—adsome gin-palace, or well ap- ad public-house, is selected as one of their operations. On ist-floor of such a house, two a-week, are seated at a table

three persons, whose respectable attire barely redeems them from the indig- enous vulgarity Nature originally stamped upon their persons. These individuals attend to all the business connected with the society, viz. the application for loans, the receipt of the instalments, the imposition of fines, and the advancement of monies. A small tradesman, being in want of ten pounds, attends "the Board" on one of its stated days of business. He gives his name and address, and also the names and ad- dresses of two housekeepers of re- pute, who may be willing to join him as securities for the money. "The board," having received all the particulars, direct the applicant to call on the next "board day." In the meantime, one of the "gen- tlemen" (!) who is probably a retired tradesman, makes inquiries touching the respectability, that is, the sol- vency, of the borrower and his sure- ties. At a subsequent "board-day," the inquiries proving satisfactory, the party attends, and the loan is agreed to. A joint and several promissory note is drawn for ten pounds, con- ditioned to be paid within twelve months by certain weekly instal- ments. And a further condition is, that if such instalment be neglected, the lenders should be entitled to sue for the whole, or inflict such fine as they may think proper. They, "the board," then deduct twelve months' interest in advance, as also the amount of the bill-stamp, together with five or ten shillings for the expense of making the inquiries, and sixpence for the benefit of the public-house, which sixpence is composed of two- pence for the use of the apartment, and a ticket for four-pennyworth of gin or other refreshment upon the bar below.

By the foregoing statement it will be seen that, on a loan of a sum pre- sumed to be ten pounds, the borrower really receives, after the deductions above mentioned, only eight pounds eighteen shillings, or thereabouts. But, the condition being that he must pay the ten pounds by certain weekly instalments, he will have, of course, to attend every week on a stated day with the instalment, and on its receipt the payer gets credit on the back of the bill for the amount of such instalment, less sixpence, the

same being deducted as before, viz. twopence for the room and fourpence for a gin ticket, and, this ceremony being repeated fifty-two times in the course of the year, the amount which will be deducted in this shape from the borrower is one pound six shillings, which, being added to one pound two shillings already deducted, makes the sum two pounds eight shillings, and such is really the amount the London artisan and mechanic has to pay for a twelve months' loan of ten pounds, or within a shade of 25 per cent, and if to this be added the waste of time and shoe leather in going to and fro every week, generally a great distance, at least ten shillings per annum more might be further added; for be it known that the small tradesman and respectable mechanic, with a weakness common to us all, will not, in general, apply to the loan society nearest to him, but to the one farthest from his own abode, for fear of exposing his circumstances to his own neighbourhood. Thus the small stationer or chandler of Paddington will apply to a loan society which holds out at the Goose and Bootjack in the Borough; and the black-muzzled son of Crispin, who hammers away at Rotherhithe, will seek assistance from his accommodating friends at the Cat and Coffin, not 100 miles from the Fever Hospital at Battle Bridge. But, gentle reader, do not for an instant dream that 25 or 30 per cent paid by the regular and straightforward religious and teetotaling artisan is sufficient to satisfy the craving of these pestiferous and usurious sureties; their real milch-cows are the defaulters, or those who cannot or will not keep up their weekly instalments. Then the real fun begins; every week that passes with a default of payment a fine, arbitrary in its amount and its exaction, is imposed, which must be either submitted to or the consequence is obvious. An attorney and the fear of three separate writs against the three parties—the principal and his three sureties on the bill—at a cost of two pounds two shillings for each writ, will soon bring the most contumacious to reason, or, should any be so obstinate as to hold out, a judgment obtained against the three at an expense of ten pound each man, or thirty pounds,

supposing the actions undefended will soon reconcile the most impracticable to the easier alternative paying sixty pound per cent to the loan company, that percentage being the average amount which, from vast number of data, we have ascertained irregular borrowers ordinarily pay to these societies. It may be supposed that the very great run by loan societies justifies them in receiving a large amount of interest. But there is no such thing as risk in the case, or, if any, it is small indeed; and this arises from following very remarkable facts:

The number of these societies in the metropolis may amount to 150. A community of pursuits, a community of interests has created among them, for particular objects, unity of purpose, and that purpose to guard against loss. To accomplish this important object a meeting held by the managers of these societies at certain periods of the year. The names of all parties who have been defaulters and their sureties entered in a list, and their appearance on that list absolutely shuts them out from any assistance from any other society. But this species of intercommunication does not end here. Among a great many societies there regularly interchange lists of all persons making application for loans, and they, of course, frequently find the names of parties who have ready loans floating with another loan society. Thus an applicant to a society in Marylebone will frequently find that all the defaults had previously made with a society in Whitechapel are as well known to the former as to himself. By this means, therefore, these societies have organised a system of *espionage* which frequently baffles the most adroit and most knavish applicants, and secures them almost as far as human means can do (in the absence of tangible security) from any chance of loss.

It will thus be seen that, if the aristocracy and higher orders are, their vices or their follies, exposed to the extortion of the numerous usurers who drain their resources, and who like parasitical plants round the vigorous forest tree, in appearing for support, eventually only strangle its vitality, so the middle classes, and even that class which is lower at

are equally subject to this omnipotent evil. The nobleman who, with his eyes open, suffers his hereditary estate to slip from between his fingers to enrich the coffers of an avaricious Jew, or swell the purse of an hungry attorney, deserves no compassion, and is but scarcely entitled to the protection of the laws. But the humble tradesman, mechanic, and artisan, who works hard for all that he receives, and wants that all for the support of his family, is an object so peculiarly entitled to the benevolent protection of the laws, that we think it a crying sin in the jurisprudence of this country that such men, the very thews and sinews of the state, should be thus disgracefully abandoned, helpless and unprotected, to the tender mercies of the rapacious harpies who batten upon their sweat and blood.

A great writer has declared that Roman greatness owed its decline and ultimate prostration to the influence of the money-lenders. Might we not apply this sentiment to ourselves? the evil is as universal here as it is oppressive and degrading. To our certain knowledge the precincts of royalty and the gilded chambers of the palace acknowledge its humiliating presence, and smart under its influence with as much soreness as the humble parlour of the attorney's clerk or ill-paid assistant in the banker's or merchant's counting-house. In a word, the evil is now riding roughshod over the broad surface of society, and the legislature will have much to answer for unless it speedily apply the knife, in the shape of some stringent law, to the eradication of a disease so vast.

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DOMESTIC SONNET.

TO OUR LITTLE DOG, AFTER AN ABSENCE OF THREE MONTHS.

Thou look'st, thou little dog! so very arch  
 Up in my face with bright, inquiring eye,  
 Thine ears prick'd up and funny head awry;  
 Sure thou hast join'd the intellectual march  
 I hear so much of. When we parted last,  
 Thou wert a puppy like a maggot round,  
 Tumbling as awkwardly about the ground;  
 And scarce three weeks have since our parting past,—  
 Yet now thou dost precociously begin  
 To feel thine own importance, and to deem  
 The house is thine, and all that dwell therein  
 Bound to befriend thee. 'Tis a pleasant dream!  
 I once had such. Vain dreams they were of youth!  
 But thine, if well thou act'st, no dream shall prove, but truth.

## WE MET—'T WAS IN A CROWD, &amp;c.

Ἦλθον εἰς ἓνα χῶρον, ὅχλος δ' ἀμφό-  
τατο πούλος,  
Οὐδ' ἄρ' ἴφην πλάσαι Δάμον' ἔμει-  
βλυν.

Ἄλλ' ὁ μὲν ἔλθε πύλας, πνῦσαι δ'  
ἐγὼ οἷα ἰδυσθην,  
Δάμονος ὀφθαλμῶν εἰς ἐμὲ πηγυμέ-  
νων.

Εἶπε δ' ἴσος, μάλα τι ψυχρὸν, χεῖλι  
δὲ τις ἀκρῶ  
Κούφος ἱπῶν, ὅσσον δ' οἷα ἱλάμψε,  
γίλω.

Ἔγνων δ' ὅσσον ἄχος πρᾶπιθαι ἵστασθαι  
πίττει,

Ὡς ἀφίει τρεμερῶς τὴν βαρύνουσι ὄπα.  
Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν' ἰφάρουσι περὶ σώματι  
νυμφικῶν ἑμα,  
Οὐ μάλα δυσποσύντης λιυπέτεροι  
χροῖτες.

Ἦσαν δ' ἐν πλακάμοισι λίθοι, περικαλ-  
λὲς ἄγαλμα,

Λαμπρὸν ἰδυῖν, κραδίη δ' οὐ μάλ'  
ἀριστὸν ἔμψ,

Καὶ μὲν ὀνόμασθαι ἀνὴρ, γαμήτην δὲ  
κάλλιστον γυναικα,

Ἐκ σίτου, δ' ἄμυγρε, πᾶν τίδ' ἔρωρε  
κακόν.

Δεύτεροι ἀλλήλοισι συνικύρεσθαι, ἵστα-  
το δ' ἐγγύς.

Ἠϊθέου καλὴν ἔψιν ἔχουσα κόρη.

Τὴν βλέπει μαιδίαν, ψίθυριζε δὲ μεί-  
λιχ' ἐν ὤσιν,

Ὅσα ποτὶ γλυκερῶς ἐψιθύριζεν ἑμοί.

Ἀνδρὲς δ' οὐκ αἰκουσα βραχίονας  
ἐχοντο κούρη,

Φεῦ, φεῦ· περὶ ἑμὸς ἦν οὗτος, ἑμὸς  
γὰρ μόνος.

Καὶ τότε' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν δάκρυ μοι ρέειν·  
ἦν γὰρ ἔρημος,

Ἦν ἀθλίη, λυγρῆς εἶναι' ἀτασθαλίας.

Τὰ ζεύξει μακάριστος ἄνθρωπος; ὁ δὲ τὴν  
ἐπὶ βῶμον

Χειρὸς ἄγων, φίλης ὄρεκα πιστὰ  
τιμῶ,

Αἰδίου φίλης, τῆς οὐ θέμις ἵστ' ἀπο-  
λᾶυσαι

Ψυδορκοῦ νύμφην, ἣ φίλοι ἀνδρα  
προδῶ.

Εἰμὶ δ' ἐγὼ φαιδρωπὸς ἰδυῖν τὰ γὰρ  
ἀλγία κρύπτω,

Μῆτιρ ἐμὴ κάκορος, σὴ μ' ἀπό-  
λισσι τέχνη.

WE        -'t        a crowd,  
And I thought he would shut me  
: came—I could not breathe,  
For his eye was upon me.

He spoke—his words were cold,  
And his smile was unalter'd.  
I knew how much he felt,  
For his deep-toned voice falter'd.

I wore my bridal robe,  
And I rivalled its whiteness;  
Bright gems were in my hair,  
How I hated their brightness!

He called me by my name  
As the bride of another,—  
Oh! thou hast been the cause  
Of this anguish, my mother!

And once again we met;  
And a fair girl was near him;  
He smiled, and whisper'd low,  
As I once used to hear him.

She leant upon his arm, and  
Once 'twas mine, and mine only  
I wept, for I deserved  
To feel wretched and lonely.

And she shall be his bride,—  
At the altar he'll give her  
The love that is too true  
For a heartless deceiver.

The world may think me gay,  
For my feelings I another.  
Oh! thou hast been the cause  
Of this anguish, my mother.

## VICTOR HUGO'S LETTERS.\*

## CHAMPAGNE, FLANDERS, AND THE RHINE.

" Ce siècle avait deux ans : Rome remplaçait Sparte ;  
 Déjà Napoléon perçait sous Bonaparte,  
 Et du premier consul, trop gêné par le droit,  
 Le front de l'empereur brisait le masque étroit.  
 Alors dans Besançon, vieille ville Espagnole,  
 Jeté comme la graine au gré de l'air qui vole,  
 Naquit d'un sang Breton et Lorrain à la fois  
 Un enfant sans couleur, sans regard, et sans voix ;  
 Si débile, qu'il lut, ainsi qu'une chimère,  
 Abandonné de tous, excepté de sa mère,  
 Et que son cou, ployé comme un frele roseau,  
 Fit faire en même temps sa bière et son berceau.  
 Cet enfant que la vie effaçait de son livre,  
 Et qui n'avait pas même un lendemain à vivre,  
 C'est moi ! "

Such is Victor Hugo's description of his own birth, which took place in the old Spanish city of Besançon, " d'un père soldat et d'une mère Vendéenne." His father, at the period of his birth, was colonel of a regiment then forming part of the garrison in that city ; his mother, Sophia Trébuchet, was the daughter of an owner of privateers at Nantes. His father afterwards became one of the generals of the empire, and, like many of the soldiers of fortune whom the lavish favours of Napoleon fostered and raised to station and power, he was brave, bold, cruel, and unscrupulous. In 1807 Madame Hugo proceeded to Italy to join her husband, who had been appointed governor of the province of Avelino, where he was engaged in extirpating the bands of robbers then swarming throughout the country, and amongst others the band of the celebrated *Fra Diavolo*. The scenery of Italy made a deep and lasting impression on the already susceptible mind of the young Victor. In 1809 he returned with his mother to Paris. Madame Hugo, with her three sons, of whom Victor

was the youngest, resided until 1811 at the bottom of the *cul-de-sac des Feuillantines*, in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and her whole thoughts were bestowed upon the education of her children. She was in every respect a strong-minded and most worthy and excellent woman, commanding the deepest respect, and eliciting the warmest attachment of a large circle of acquaintances. An incident which occurred at this period evinces the energy and strength of her character ; and this incident is still more worthy of mention because it had a decided influence upon the political opinions of Victor Hugo. In 1804 General La Horie had been compromised in the transactions of Moreau. It became necessary for him to find a secure place of concealment. He sought refuge at the house of a friend, and while there became alarmingly ill. Perceiving that this friend was very uneasy from the apprehension of a discovery which would certainly ruin him, La Horie, though then labouring under the crisis of a fever, allowed himself to be conveyed on a litter to the abode of Madame Hugo, who then resided in the *Rue de Clichy*. He was met by the lady with every demonstration of a hearty welcome, attended with every care, and enjoyed every comfort in a retreat secure against every investigation. It was sufficient for her that he was the friend and companion-in-arms of her husband. The crisis of the fever passed, and La Horie was soon out of danger. He was speedily enabled to seek a safer asylum. In 1809, after encountering the most alarming risks, and having long baffled the inquiries of his pursuers, he once more sought the house of Madame Hugo. She had then returned from Italy to her retreat in the *cul-de-sac des Feuillantines*. In this retreat he was safe from the pursuit of his enemies, and here he remained for a space of two years, receiving at the hands of his hostess all the attentions which the untiring

\* Le Rhin. Lettres à un Ami. 2 vol. Bruxelles, 1842.



solicitude of friendship could bestow. During the whole of this time the philosophic soldier watched the development of young Victor's mind, strengthened it by daily lectures on Polybius, and with the love of a scholar explained to him the events detailed by the nervous pen of Tacitus. At length the retreat of La Horie was discovered by the grossest treachery, and in 1811 that unfortunate man was cast into prison, whence he was taken to execution with Malet. This circumstance shocked the mind of the young poet. His feelings became embittered against the empire; they had been wrought up to a pitch of excitement and disappointment by the discourses of La Horie, and horrified by the fate which had befallen his friend.

In the spring of 1811 he accompanied his mother and brothers to Spain to rejoin his father, who in 1809 had been advanced to the grade of general, and then held the situation of principal major-domo to the palace, besides being governor of two provinces. Young Victor resided with his family in the palace Maccarrano, at Madrid, attended the seminary of the nobles, and speedily attracted the attention of King Joseph, who promised him the appointment of a page. The pressure of events rendered a longer abode at Madrid dangerous, and Madame Hugo returned with her two younger sons to Paris, and again took possession of her old abode in the *Feuillantines*. Here she bestowed on them solid classical reading, under the superintendence of Monsieur de la Rivière, and Tacitus, Juvenal, and subsequently Virgil, became lasting favourites with Victor Hugo. But in this system of education there was one woeful want—no portion of the daily lessons bore upon religion! The mother was, in heart and soul, a true disciple of Voltaire, and, professing to live only for that which was positive and material in the world, she left each of her sons to the caprices of chance for the realisation of future systems of belief. The climate and manners of the peninsula had exercised considerable effect over Victor's expanding poetical faculties; he could speak the language perfectly, and, while his imagination loved to revel amid the charming romances with

which that sonorous and lofty language is replete, he had unconsciously adopted somewhat of the stately Castilian gait, which he has preserved to the present time, and which, sitting very awkwardly upon a Frenchman, has made Victor Hugo obnoxious to much ridicule, even among his own countrymen. At thirteen he commenced composition, his first poetical efforts being dedicated to the exploits of Roland and Christian chivalry. Domestic jars had compelled a separation between his father and mother—the mother's inveterate feeling of dislike to the empire, now expressed without restraint, confirmed the sentiments entertained by young Victor, and while incipient love for a young lady, whom he subsequently married, added force to his poetic ardour, deep meditation over the lessons imparted by his friend and instructor La Horie hastened the mental transition as to political opinions, and found Victor Hugo a warm partisan of the first restoration. During the hundred days the father reclaimed the custody of his two younger sons, and this circumstance added fuel to their already strong dislike to the imperial government. They were, however, destined for the Polytechnic School, and sent for preparation to a private establishment, where they remained, until 1818, attending courses of philosophy, physics, and mathematics at the college Louis le Grand. In the last they became very proficient, and attracted the attention of the professors. In 1816, after the second restoration, Victor Hugo wrote a classical tragedy adapted to the circumstances of Louis XVIII.'s return to France. Its title was *Irtamène*. In 1817 he commenced another, entitled *Athélie*; or, *the Scandinavians*, and in the same year he sent from his school a poetical composition "On the advantages of study," for the competition at the French Academy. This contest was remarkable for the first appearance of Lebrun, Casimir, Delavigne, Saintine, and Loyson. At this period Victor Hugo was only fifteen years of age:—

"Moi, qui, toujours fuyant les cités et les cours,  
De trois lustres à peine ai vu finir le cours."

In 1819 two efforts of the young poet were crowned with success by the Academy of Floral Games at Toulouse. Their titles were *Les Vierges de Verdun* and *La Statue de Henri IV.* The last of these was composed hurriedly one night while he sat by the bedside of his sick mother, and undertaken in obedience to her wishes. It is needless to enter into further or minuter detail as to his several subsequent compositions; one has followed another in rapid succession, until public approval has placed him at the head of the literature of his country, by the side of Lamartine and Béranger.

He lost his mother in 1821, and the following year was dedicated to close and severe study. His heart was buoyed up by the hope that he should, ere long, gain the hand of the object of his affections. Still poverty surrounded him, though the Royalist party were then in power, and life wore any thing but a satisfactory aspect, when, most unexpectedly, he became an object of the royal bounty and obtained a pension.

The facts connected with this circumstance are equally honourable to Louis XVIII. and to Victor Hugo, and we have very great pleasure in mentioning them. The friend of his infancy, M. Delon (who subsequently became the comrade-in-arms of Lord Byron in Greece, where he served as commandant of the artillery, and was killed), had been compromised in the affair of Saumur, and condemned to death. The police were most anxious to effect his capture. Victor Hugo was informed of his friend's perilous situation, and immediately wrote to the mother, offering her son an asylum in his apartments. "Je suis trop Royaliste, madame," said he, "pour qu'on s'avise de le venir chercher dans ma chambre." This letter was put into the post, addressed to "*Madame Delon, femme du lieutenant-de-roi, à Saint Denis.*" He never received an answer, and most fortunately Delon effected his escape. Some time afterwards Victor Hugo learned that his letter had been opened by the secret police, and, as was usual with all documents of importance, laid before Louis XVIII. The king merely observed, "I know this young man; he shews himself

in this matter a man of perfect honour, and I will bestow upon him the very next vacant pension." The pension was accordingly bestowed on the poet at the time of publishing his first volume of odes, and he naturally attributed the concession of royal favour to the circumstance of that publication. The poet married when he had attained his twentieth year.

But a change soon came over the spirit of his political belief. His fever of royalism gradually passed away; he became acquainted with La Mennais and other hardy and innovating spirits of the age, men sprung from the body of the people, nurtured among them, and who knew in what the wants of society consisted. The courtiers of Louis XVIII. were essentially children of the ancient, long-exploded order of things, who in their old age attempted to resuscitate the routine of existence to which they had become familiarised in their youth, and which they had never forgotten. But the public mind in France had gained strength by constant exercise and consequent aptitude for thought. It had cast off a portion of its ancient frivolity, because it had acquired freedom, and with freedom came a corresponding staidness of manner and severity of purpose. The mentally antiquated councillors of Louis and Charles could not comprehend this novel position of affairs; every man of capacity and thought saw that a change was inevitable. Hugo, like others, became aware of the necessity for this change, and, as the star of the expiring dynasty paled before his contemplative gaze, that of Napoleon arose surrounded with fresh, unknown, yet welcome lustre. Immediately after the retirement of Chateaubriand in 1824, he had enrolled himself in the ranks of the opposition, and the first proof of his proselytism was his *Ode à la Colonne*. In August 1829, he refused the pension offered by M. de la Bourdonnaye as a slight reparation for the ministerial objections to the production of *Marion de l'Orme* upon the stage. He celebrated the "glories of the three days," and since the Revolution of 1830 has been one of the warmest supporters of Louis Philippe.

It is impossible to deny Victor

Hugo the possession of great power and originality of mind. His imagination is vivid, his conception brilliant, and he undoubtedly exercises a masterly control over his native language, second only to that which Byron exercised over the English; and this is, indeed, supreme praise, when we consider the stubborn and unpoetical nature of the French. But the profuse and indiscriminate praises of his friends have for ever spoiled Victor Hugo. Fortuitous circumstances, such as we have detailed, effected his political conversion. The headstrong vehemence of a youthful temperament cast him among the ranks of the Royalists; but they, with the exception of the enthusiastic, upright, and chivalrous Chateaubriand, could not boast a single writer of distinction. And this was nothing wonderful. The restoration exhibited an order of things sapless, lifeless, evanescent. It was like the dead body of the once beautiful object of his undying affections, which the Portuguese monarch transposed from the tomb to the throne, bedecked in all the gaudy pageantry of majesty, as a mark for the deep homage of his subjects. His subjects obeyed and gratified the unquenchable love of their prince, but they, although no signs of corruption had been visible in those lustreless orbs and that pallid countenance, would nevertheless have been conscious that the object of their apparent respect had been dragged from its sepulchre for the purposes of unmeaning parade! Even so with the reorganisation of the old monarchy of France,—no man of soul could do it homage. It was something exciting then to see a youth of undoubted talent actually and earnestly entering the lists as a champion in its defence. He was accordingly celebrated by the Royalists as one possessed of marvellous powers—as an undoubted genius. The mark for extravagant panegyric, he leaped into precocious celebrity. This lasted for about three years; but his powers of thought were soon exhausted. What novelty could the old monarchy present? He perceived the errors of his ways. The companions of his youth were glorying in the certainty of a new advent. In no very distant per-

spect, we be-  
 a b les-  
 l lly-  
 y, a  
 i per of this exulting band, and  
 was received with loudest acclama-  
 tions. His factitious celebrity, of  
 course, followed him. In order to  
 ence the value of their acqui-  
 sition, and that it should have its full  
 influence over vacillating Royalists,  
 the movement party readily admitted  
 l claim to every portion of that cele-  
 brity. And then all the writers of that  
 party were linked together by the  
 close ties of interest. They are still  
 c inced of the necessity of closest  
 union and co-operation; that old  
 bigotry, on the one hand, should not  
 again struggle into an existence, how-  
 ever ephemeral; that, on the other  
 hand, the turbulence of men's passions  
 should not heave upward, upon the  
 waters of political regeneration and  
 the course of human action, the foul  
 dregs of an aimless counter-revolu-  
 tion, which must only end in fearful  
 havoc and bloodshed. And the  
 writers who upheld the new dynas-  
 ty were, so to speak, the elements  
 of tranquillity and repose for the  
 country, which, with the wand of an  
 able magician, Louis Philippe knew  
 well how to keep in regular motion  
 —in subservient ministration. Places  
 high and low, employments abroad  
 : at home, were then, and have  
 in since, lavished among them.  
 The Belgian revolution made the  
 fortunes of bankrupt booksellers and  
 ruined attorneys. The men of the  
 French Revolution of 1830 were  
 certainly of much more creditable  
 stamp, but many of them had been  
 wandering in exile, and many more  
 pining in what appeared endless, ir-  
 redeemable poverty at home, and all  
 were eagerly looking forward for  
 innovation. These were the men  
 who upheld each other's reputations;  
 and by their voices the fame of Vic-  
 tor Hugo was immeasurably in-  
 creased, until he has been declared  
 by some of his admirers to be the  
 brightest jewel in the constitutional  
 crown of Louis Philippe. What-  
 ever the world at large may think  
 about this point, Victor Hugo him-  
 self is undoubtedly of that opinion.

As the artists of Germany affect  
 to look with contempt on all the pro-  
 ductions of the English school of

painting, with the exception of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hogarth, and Wilkie; so, with the exception of the works of Shakspeare, Victor Hugo affects to treat with disdain the whole body of English literature. He is sometimes ready to patronise some portions of it with his praise, but that praise is always faint and feeble. In his estimation, every author, with the solitary exception we have mentioned, is infinitely beneath him. The works of Scott are second to his *Notre Dame*; the poetry of Byron is in no way comparable to his own effusions. The literature of France, in his conviction, transcends, by much, the combined literature of the whole world, and he has the self-complacency to place his own works as the culminating and crowning glory of the literature of France. "Every period," he has been heard to say, "has its particular and presiding genius: Goethe was the dominant power over his period; Byron of his; and I am the genius of the period actually existing."\*

He lives quite secluded from the world; only his intimate friends and some few of his admirers are admitted to his presence. The exclusiveness increases the curiosity of the public. This is a common trick with all men puffed up with extravagant notions of their own superiority and apprehensive of any decline in the worship which the blind credulity of their followers have offered at their shrines. He is totally inaccessible to foreigners, especially to the English. A most intimate friend of ours, some few years since, wished for an introduction to Victor Hugo. Our friend was already pretty well acquainted with many whom Lady Morgan would call French "celebrities." He had been cordially received by Berryer, Béranger, Lamartine, Mérimée, and very many others. He mentioned his desire to the kind-hearted Lafayette, who instantly gave him a letter couched in terms which should certainly have commanded the attention of most gentlemen. Our friend left it at Victor Hugo's apartments, with

his card, and called three or four times subsequently for an answer. The grand lama of modern French literature never returned the visit, never condescended in any way to acknowledge the letter of the venerable Lafayette or the visits of our friend. Our friend met, in society, some well-known and justly celebrated Frenchmen, among whom was one of undoubted genius, enjoying what may justly be termed an European reputation; and in their presence our friend detailed the circumstances of Victor Hugo's want of those common courtesies usually manifested by gentlemen even towards persons not in a grade equal to themselves. His countryman, the illustrious individual in question, acknowledged that such was likely to be Victor Hugo's mode of conduct; and the solution given for this conduct was that the letter of introduction was not given by an individual of sufficient consequence to command the poet's attention!

Victor Hugo's style, especially in prose, is vivid; his appreciation of the beauties of nature quick and correct; and his power in describing scenery of a first-rate order. He is, undoubtedly, less polished than Lamartine, less epigrammatic and tender than Béranger, less dramatic than Dumas, but he is very nervous and forcible, very clear in his ideas, very imaginative, and has the wonderful power of describing a whole scene vividly by a few, hardy, effective, rapid touches of his pencil. He has, moreover, learning and great diligence. He seems to possess a most tenacious memory, and has gone through a vast variety of reading, which he applies with dexterity to the subject under discussion. The only drawback is the frequent attempt at clap-trap and empty display; but this, in our opinion, and in the opinion of most sober Englishmen, has been, from time immemorial, part and parcel of the French character. Of course, we speak generally. Within our own knowledge there are a few exceptions. We take pleasure

\* These are his words in the work before us:—" *La France a eu, et la France a encore la première littérature du monde! Aujourd'hui même, nous ne nous lassons pas de le répéter notre littérature n'est pas seulement la première, elle est seule!! Toute pensée qui n'est pas la sienne s'est éteinte; elle est plus vivante et plus vivace que jamais!!!*"

to mention within this exception Berryer, Lamartine, Mérimée, and, though last not least, the philosophic and glorious Béranger. The last is, indeed, Simplicity's most simple child. And this we are forced to admit respecting Béranger, notwithstanding his political opinions.

It could never for one moment have been supposed that the fierce workers of the first French Revolution would have had any regard for religion or her ceremonies. Professor Weishaupt had established in 1770 the society of the Illuminati at Ingoldstadt. The sect ramified throughout Germany, and Nicolai of Berlin initiated Mirabeau into its mysteries. Mirabeau introduced it into France, where the public mind was ripe for its reception. The earliest proselytes were Philippe Egalité, and Holbach, the author of the "System of Nature." The worship of the Goddess of Reason was then very easily established. After the Restoration, the people were in much too turbulent a condition to be made the forced observers of religion. The governments attempted, precisely as Austria, Bavaria, and Belgium, have done within the last ten years, to give every indulgence to priestcraft, and to allow it an undue domination. In the years 1828 and 1829 one general cry, wide and loud, against priests and against religion pervaded France. The churches were deserted save by women and children, and ecclesiastics were insulted and assaulted if they appeared in the streets in the habiliments of their order.\* Then followed the Revolution, which placed the present dynasty upon the throne. The powers at Rome have, by every species of flattery, endeavoured to induce Louis Philippe to guide the public mind into religious tendencies, but in vain. Religion is most repugnant to the feelings, the hopes, and the aspirations of "*La Jeune France*." The foremost men and the best writers, with few and solitary exceptions, such as Guizot, Chateaubriand, and Lamartine, became remarkable for their scepticism. In this order of things La Mennais became the high-priest, and Madame

Dudevant the fitting priestess; and Victor Hugo, followed by a host of powerful, yet meaner spirits, became the poet and prophet. With feelings proper to his position, no wonder, then, that he should often give utterance to sentiments similar to the following:—

"Oublions, oublions ! Quand la jeunesse  
est morte,  
Laissons-nous emporter par le vent qui  
l'emporte  
A l'horizon obscur.  
Rien ne reste de nous ; notre œuvre est  
une problème ;  
L'homme, fantôme errant, passe sans  
laisser même  
Son ombre sur le mar !"

The strength of the party of which Victor Hugo may justly be considered one of the chiefs is very formidable, and is daily increasing. The Protestantism of M. Guizot and those of his class is much too weak to contend against Romanism, were that to be resuscitated, and is utterly powerless before the progress of the general infidelity pervading the nation. As an instance, the eloquent and accomplished Mons. De Lamartine, the spiritualist, has actually, within the last few weeks, given publicly his adhesion to the *progress party* in the Chamber of Deputies, and the restless friends of agitation and change are shouting forth "*Io pœas*" at the unexpected acquisition.

Victor Hugo, like Bulwer, has attempted every style of composition. His dramatic skill is not equal to his poetical vigour; his dramas, therefore, have not taken fast possession of the stage. M. De Lamartine, having apparently abandoned of late years poetry for politics, has shone conspicuous in the Chamber of Deputies as one of the most eloquent of French debaters. Elegant, refined, accomplished, he rivets public attention by the brilliancy of his orations; although, from the peculiarity of his position to the moment of his late adhesion, he most unfortunately exercised but little influence over the votes of the House. Still he became justly remarkable for the ample and masterly manner in which he grappled with the most

\* We recorded our opinions on this very subject in one of the earliest numbers of REGINA.

copious political subjects. Victor Hugo has, also, been led into the field of political disquisition, and he has manifested powers of a very high order in the chapter entitled the "Conclusion," and which fills up the last half of the second volume of his observations on the Rhine.

The Rhine has been described by a hundred travellers; yet a description by such a traveller as Victor Hugo must necessarily command attention. Nevertheless, we do not think we should have presented any notice of the work to REGINA's reading public, beautiful and highly poetical as many of the descriptions are, had it not been for the political chapter to which we have just alluded. This chapter contains a most remarkable exposition of the views and wishes of France upon the old subject of the left bank of the Rhine. The subject is, indeed, as antiquated as the times of Charlemagne; but the manner in which it has been handled by the poet is novel, and, but for the sophistry dexterously thrown in to eke out an otherwise halting argument, very startling. As a whole it is a masterpiece of ingenuity, and might have been considered, had it been published in a separate form, the ablest political pamphlet of the nineteenth century. Its style is admirably adapted for captivating his own countrymen, its language being bold, nervous, eloquent, artful, replete with historical allusions,—nationally speaking, most egotistical,—precisely adapted for pampering the ever active, ever rampant vanity of the people of France. It may, in short, be compared to the very best of those brilliant articles which, from time to time, Macaulay has written for the *Edinburgh Review*. But before we dwell on its arguments we will notice that portion of the volume bearing upon his journey to the Rhine.

This journey occupies the period between the end of July 1839 and the beginning of October of the same year. The concluding political chapter bears the date of July 1841; the time between these dates seems to have been employed in elaborating his ideas upon the justice and policy of continental Europe allowing the French to take quiet possession of the left bank of the Rhine!

He leaves Paris for La Ferté sous Jouarre, Epernay, Varennes, Givet, the banks of the Meuse, Dinant, Namur, Huy, Liège, the banks of the Vesdre, Verviers, and Aix la Chapelle. Thence he proceeds to Cologne, and up the Rhine to Mayence, and from Mayence to Frankfort, where he abruptly terminates his observations. In his descriptions one thing is particularly observable, his great skill in handling all matters connected with architecture. With the history of architecture, especially that appertaining to the period of the Middle Ages, he is deeply and minutely conversant, as may have been perceived by all who have read the *Notre Dame*. We allude for specimens to the descriptions of the cathedrals at Meaux and Châlons sur Marne, to the abbey of Notre Dame de l'Epine, to the ancient episcopal palace at Liège (the scene of the most stirring passage in *Quentin Durward*), to the cathedrals at Aix and Cologne, and the various old castles and towns which throng the banks of the "majestic Rhine."

He arrives at Varennes from St. Menehould, which enjoys the distinguished honour of being mentioned in the gastronomic map attached to the *Almanach des Gourmands*. It was at Varennes that Louis XVI. was arrested by Drouet, post-master at St. Menehould;—for there was at that time no post at Varennes:

"The king," says Victor Hugo, repeating what he heard in the *placé*, "stoutly denied that he was the king (which, by the way, let it be said Charles I. never would have done). As there was no decided recognition, they were about to release him, when there came up a M. d'Ethé, who had I know not what cause of hatred to the court. This M. d'Ethé (I know not if this be the true orthography of the name, but one always writes sufficiently distinctly the name of a traitor)—this man then accosted the king after the manner of Judas by saying, 'Good day, sire.' This was sufficient. They detained the king. There were five royal personages in the carriages; the pitiful wretch, with this one word, struck a fatal blow against the whole five. This 'good day, sire,' was for Louis XVI., for Marie Antoinette, and for Madame Elizabeth, the guillotined; for the Dauphin the agonies of the Temple; for the Madame Royal.

(Duchess of Angoulême), the extinction of her race and exile.

"For those who do not cast a thought on the event, the small town of Varennes has a cold, for those who think of it, a forbidding aspect. I have already more than once had occasion to remark how material nature sometimes presents most singular symbolisms. Five days since I fancied that the battle-field of Montmirail was a monstrous chess-board; to-day I am traversing the small, fatal, triangular 'place' of Varennes, which resembles the knife of the guillotine!"

"I demanded accommodation at a very ancient inn, the sign of which was the 'Grand Monarque,' with the portrait of Louis Philippe. Probably within the last hundred years the house has by turns displayed the faces of Louis XV., Buonaparte, and Charles X. It is now forty-eight years since the town barred the passage of the royal carriage; and there hung, no doubt, from the old frame of iron the portrait of Louis XVI. himself!

"This melancholy adventure has left some traces here, which is a rare circumstance in France. The people still speak of it. The landlord told me that an inhabitant of the town had written a comedy upon it (*en avait rédigé une comédie!*) This recalls to my mind that, on the night of the flight, they had so completely attired the Dauphin as a girl, that he asked Madame Royale if it was for a comedy."†

His description of "Champagne la Pouillieuse" is very graphic, and a vindication of its claims to honour and distinction. It produced Amyot, the translator of Plutarch, Lafontaine, and Bossuet, and Racine, and St. Simon. It can boast of Thibaut IV., the poet; and Robert of Sorbonne, the founder of the Sorbonne; Charlier de Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris; and Villeagnon, who, in the sixteenth century, nearly added Algiers to the territories of France; Amadis Jamyn, Colbert, and Diderot; the two painters, Lantara and Le Valentin; and

the two sculptors, Girardon and Bouchardon; the two historians, Flodoard and Mabillon; and the two celebrated cardinals, Henri of Lorraine and Paul de Goudi; the two popes, Martin IV. and Urban IV., and the glorious King Philip Augustus. It also gave birth to Richelet, the author of the *Dictionnaire des Rimes*, and Poinssinet, the most mystified individual of the age in which Voltaire mystified the world. Danton was altogether, and Mirabeau almost, a native of Champagne; and so was the old doughty Fabert, Marshal of France and son of a bookseller, who indignantly refused Mazarin to enact the spy upon the young Louis XIV. even though offered the high distinction of the "cordon bleu:"—who replied bluntly to Louis XIV., "*Je suis un soldat, je ne suis pas gentilhomme;*" who replied haughtily to the vulpine minister, "*Je suis un bras, et non un œil!*"

"Champagne was a powerful and robust province. The Count of Champagne was the lord of the viscompté of Brie; which same Brie, properly speaking, is a little Champagne, *even as Belgium is a little France*. The Count of Champagne was a peer of France, and, at the coronation, carried the *fleur-de-lisé* banner; and he, in his turn, royally convoked his own estates by means of seven counts, qualified *peers of Champagne*, who were the Counts of Joigny, of Rethel, of Braine, of Roucy, of Brienne, of Grand-Pré, and of Bar sur Seine.

"There is not a city or town in Champagne that does not possess marks of originality. The great *communes* are mixed up with our history; the smallest can boast of some adventure. Rheims, which possesses the cathedral of cathedrals, has baptised Clovis after Tolbiac; Troyes was saved from Attila by St. Loup, and beheld in 878, what Paris did not witness until 1804, a pope crowning in France an emperor. John VIII. crowned Louis the Stammerer. It was

\* It would appear that Victor Hugo, like most of his countrymen, are no believers in the identity of the young Dauphin with the self-styled Duc of Normandy.

† And this reminds us of a circumstance which we witnessed in Paris. On the first night of the *Petites Barricades* (the French make a joke of every thing) in 1834, while the frightened inhabitants were flying in all directions along the Boulevards, and the military were ransacking houses, and fourteen persons had been killed, a little way down the Rue St. Martin the theatres were blazing with lights and the performances were going on as if it were a gala day. We, with a friend, were standing before one of the smaller theatres, not far from the street in question, when a French gentleman, observing our surprise and disgust, accosted us with, "*Ma foi, messieurs, il faut avouer que nous sommes un peuple bien singulier, bien drôle — nous autres Français, n'est-ce pas, messieurs?*"

at Attigny that Pepin, mayor of the palace, held his plenary court, and made Gaifre, duke of Aquitaine, tremble; it was at Andelot that the meeting took place between Gontran, king of Burgundy, and Childeburt, king of Austrasia, in the presence of the Leudes; Hincmar sought refuge at Epernay; Abeilard at Provins; Heloise at the Paraclete; a council was held at Fismes; Langres, in the times of the Lower Empire, beheld the triumphs of the two Gordians; and during the Middle Ages its people destroyed the seven neighbouring and formidable *châteaux* of Changey, of St. Broing, of Neuilly Coton, of Cobons, of Bourg, of Humes, and of Pailly; Joinville concluded the League in 1584; Châlons defended Henri IV. in 1591; St. Dizier slew the Prince of Orange; Doulevant sheltered the Count of Moret; Bourmont was the stronghold of the Lingones; Sézanne, the ancient fortified quarters of the Burgundian dukes; Ligny l'Abbaye was founded by St. Bernard within the domains of the Lord of Châtillon, to whom the saint, by an authentic act, promised *as many acres in heaven as the sire had bestowed upon him on earth*; Monzon is the fief of the Abbey of St. Hubert, which sent every year to the King of France *'six chiens de chasse courants et six oiseaux de proie pour le roi'*; Château Porcien is the city presented by the constable of Châtillon to the Duke of Orleans; Bar sur Aube is the town which *'the king could neither sell nor alienate'*; Clairvaux had its tun like Heidelberg; Villenauxe possessed the statue of the *'reine pedagogue'*; Arconville still has its heap of stones of the Huguenot, increased by the contribution of every passing peasant; the signals from Mont Aigu answered from a distance of twenty leagues those of Mont Aimé; Vassy has been twice burnt to the ground;—by the Romans in 211, by the Imperial troops in 1544, even as Langres was destroyed by the Huns in 351, and by the Vandals in 407; and as Vitry was by Louis VII. in the twelfth century, and by Charles V. in the sixteenth; St. Menchould is that noble capital of the Argonne, which, sold by a traitor to the Duke of Lorraine, Charles II. refused to deliver itself; Carignan is the ancient Ivoi; Attila raised an altar at Pont-le-Roi; Voltaire had a tomb at Romilly."

To this list may be added the following facts:—the kings of France were always crowned at Rheims; at Attigny Charles the Simple granted the rights of "*Sirerie*" to the lands of Bourbon; Champagne saw the first essay in arms of St. Louis and Louis

the Great,—the former came to the rescue of Troyes in 1228, the latter appeared before St. Menchould, which he entered by a breach in the walls. Each had only attained his fourteenth year. The province still bears many traces of the Emperor Napoleon. Arcis sur Aube, Châlons, Rheims, Champaubert, Sézanne, Vertus, Méry, La Fère, Montmirail,—these places beheld the conqueror in his career of glory. Fismes, Vitry, and Doulevant, were in turns honoured as his head-quarters. Peney-Luxembourg was thus twice honoured, and Troyes three times. On the banks of the Marne were displayed all the prodigal resources of that wonderful mind. Nogent sur Seine and St. Dizier were scenes of his extraordinary exploits. And at Brienne, where he was reared by a Benedictine, he was all but cut down by a Cossack. In 1813 the population of the department of the Marne was 311,000, in 1830 it only amounted to 309,000; fifteen years of peace had not suffered to repair the fearful ravages of war!

The descriptions of Flanders, the banks of the Meuse and the Vesdre, are stirring and replete with poetical allusions. He entered Liège in the dusk of the evening, and his account of this Birmingham of Belgium is correct to the very letter, although couched in most fanciful terms. Taken as a whole, the picture of the country between St. Menchould and Aix la Chapelle, as presented by Victor Hugo, is the most correct, most truthful, and most lively of all those which, within the last few years, have either in this country or in France been presented to the public. Nor is there the slightest effort at that *book-making* which is so constantly the case with Alexander Dumas in his numberless *Voyages*, and others who shall be nameless among ourselves. The whole account seems to have come from a highly poetical, pregnant, ever-teeming fancy, without much effort on the part of the author. For ourselves our resolution is, the very next time we revisit these provinces, to look once more on that mighty and glorious river, the Rhine, which we have over and over again journeyed by every possible route to gaze upon, to carry with us one only book, and



that shall be the work under review by Victor Hugo.

For the valetudinarian Aix la Chapelle is a fountain,—warm, ferrugineous, sulphureous; for the *dolce far niente* tourist, it is a place of redoutes and concerts; for the pilgrim, the consecrated spot containing the most precious of relics, which, on account of their ineffable sanctity, can only be seen once in seven years. It is famous for its abbey, established by St. Gregory, son of the Eastern emperor, Nicephorus; famous for its ancient valley, teeming with wild boars (whence come *Porcetum*, *Borcetto*, *Burtscheid*); famous for its manufactures in cloth, in iron, in steel;—and, for the whole civilised world, famous for being the city of Charlemagne. The glorious emperor was born, in fact, and died at Aix la Chapelle. He drew breath in the old half-Roman palace of the Frankish kings, of which the sole remnant is the Tower of Granus, now forming a portion of the town-house. He was buried in the church, the building of which was commenced in 796, two years after the death of Fastrada, which the pope, Leo III., blessed in 804, and for the consecration of which, according to tradition, two bishops of Tongres, long since dead and buried at Maestricht, left their places of sepulture, for the express purpose of completing the number of 365 archbishops and bishops who were to officiate at the ceremony.

The traveller, even at Aix, has entered into the world of traditional lore. There is a wild and fanciful story attached to the cathedral. The burghers were most anxious for a magnificent cathedral, for the chapel of Charlemagne was, it seems, too small for their lofty ideas; but the funds failed, and the works were stopped. All means were adopted to raise money, and all means were unavailing. The senate assembled and deliberated, but their discussions were unprofitable. They were in despair, when a stranger, tall and handsome, but with an arch leer in his eye, made his appearance. He asked the wondering citizens if the works of the cathedral had not been stopped for want of funds. They told him that such was the fact; they required a million pieces of gold.

"Here they are!" said the strange

gentleman, with the politest of bows. He opened a window of the town-hall, and pointed out to the burgomaster an immense wagon, which was standing before the building. The wagon had attached to it ten yoke of oxen, and was guarded by twenty stout Africans armed to the very teeth. The burgomaster descended with the good-natured stranger, and, being served with a sack, mounted again to his companions, before whom he opened it and found it chuck full of gold pieces. The senate were wild with amazement.

"Most gracious sir," said the burgomaster, "be so obliging as to inform us who and what you are?"

"My good fellows," answered the stranger, "I am a monied man, that ought to be sufficient for you. However, I reside in the Black Forest, not far from the Lake of Wildsee, and in the neighbourhood of Heidenstadt, the city of Pagans. I have the luck to possess mines of gold and mines of silver, besides a trifle of a store of carbuncles, diamonds, and other precious stones. My wealth is a vexation to me: I want to employ my capital. There is the million of gold. Will you have it, or not?"

"Most certainly, most worthy and honoured sir! We are exceedingly obliged to you. We shall now be able to finish our church," replied unanimously the whole senate.

"There is the cash," said the stranger; "take it, much good may it do you; take it, I say, but upon one small condition."

"Name the condition, noble sir!" said the burgomaster.

"Finish your church," said the stranger, "my worthy fellows, and expend the million pieces; but you must promise me the very first soul, no matter whose it may be, which shall cross the threshold on the morning when the joyous bells shall sound the hour of consecration!"

"You surely must be the devil!" said the burghers, in deepest consternation.

"You surely are a parcel of fools!" said the strange gentleman, with a broad grin.

The scene of confusion which ensued, it is impossible to describe. Some recited their *aves* and some their *paternosters*. Some crept under the council-table, and some attempted to

escape; but this was impossible, for there stood the strange gentleman with his back to the door, and laughing in the way that the devil himself can only laugh. At length, seeing that the devil, if devil it were, neither displayed his hoofs, horns, nor saucer eyes, nor went off in a clap of thunder, they began to pluck up courage, and thinking that, at all events, he was a good-natured merry personage, especially as he kept chinking his pieces of gold, the worthy gentlemen of the city reseated themselves for the purpose of completing their bargain.

"Gentlemen," said the devil, for it was useless to keep up the *incognito* any longer, "you certainly are mighty great sticklers at trifles. Here is the money, and your church will be completed. All that I shall have in return will be one miserable, solitary soul; perchance that of some wretched hypocrite, who, anxious to play the devotee, will rush with simulated eagerness that he may be the first to enter the sacred building. And what a pity it is that an edifice so beautifully commenced should remain unfinished! Where is your honest pride, gentlemen? Come, bear stout hearts! here is the million for you, mine be the first soul that enters the building!"

"Well," thought the burghers, "he is really after all a very respectable and moderate devil to be satisfied with one solitary soul, when he might have driven a harder bargain."

So the bargain was concluded, the million pieces were expended, and two years afterwards the grand and massive building was completed. But the terms of the treaty had become known to every man, woman, and child in the city of Aix; for though the worthy senators had promised to keep the matter a profound secret, yet each one, being a most domestic character, and well drilled in the great law of obedience at home, of course told it to his wife, and the wives would not have been women had they not mentioned it to the whole world. So that no one would enter the edifice, though it was most imposing to the sight. The senate were at their wits' ends, and asked the advice of the Bishop of Tongres; the bishop was puzzled, and applied to the canons of the chapter; the canons

were nonplussed, and called to their aid the monks of the convent. At length a sly old monk spoke as follows:—

"Illustrious, noble, and worthy gentlemen, you are making a sad boggle about a very trifling matter. The amount of your obligation to the gentleman *millionaire* is the giving quiet possession of the first soul that enters the church; but there was no stipulation as to the kind, quality, or nature of that soul. This bargain was a foolish bargain, and proves the devil to be no better than an ass! Most honoured sirs, this morning, after a smart chase and great sport, a wolf was taken alive in the woods of Borcette. Drive that wolf into the building. To be sure it will only be the soul of a wolf; but, as the bargain was in general terms, why the devil, though he may grumble, must nevertheless rest satisfied."

The monk's advice was taken, and the devil was fairly outwitted. The figure of the unfortunate animal in bronze is still to be seen on the top of a pillar at "the Gate of the Wolf," so named in commemoration of the event.

The following are Victor Hugo's observations on seeing the chapel wherein once reposed the body of the mighty monarch:—

"Cependant, il faut le dire, prise dans l'ensemble, et, telle quelle est, la chapelle d'Aix a de la masse et de la grandeur. Après quelques instants de contemplation, une majesté singulière se dégage de cet édifice extraordinaire, resté inachevé comme l'œuvre de Charlemagne lui-même, et composé d'architectures qui parlent tous les styles, comme son empire était composé de nations qui parlaient toutes les langues.

"A tout prendre, pour le penseur qui la considère du dehors, il y a une harmonie étrange et profonde entre cet grand homme et cette grande tombe.

"J'étais impatient d'entrer.

"Après avoir franchi la voûte du portique, et laissé derrière moi les antiques portes de bronze, ornées à leur milieu d'une tête de lion, et coupées carrément pour s'adapter à des architraves, ce qui a d'abord frappé mon égard c'est une rotonde blanche à deux étages, éclairée par le haut, dans laquelle s'épanouissent de tous côtés toutes les fantaisies coquettes de l'architecture rocaille et chicorée. Puis, en abaissant mes yeux vers la terre, j'ai aperçu au milieu du pavé de cette

rotonde, sous le jour blafard qui laissant tomber les vitres blanches, une grande lame de marbre noir usée par les pieds des passants, avec cette inscription,—

"CAROLO MAGNO.

"Rien de plus choquant et de plus effronté que cette chapelle rococo étalant ses grâces de courtisane autour de ce grand nom Carlovingien. Des anges qui ressemblent à des Amours, des palmes qui ressemblent à des panaches, des guirlandes de fleurs, et des nœuds de rubans, voilà ce qui le goût Poinpadour a mis sous le dôme d'Othon III. et sur la tombe de Charlemagne."

We perfectly agree in this sweeping condemnation. All the tawdry decorations are not only in the worst possible taste, but an insult to the sanctity of the spot, and desecrate the memory of that glorious potentate who created the mightiest empire of modern times, and blended what would in other hands have been heterogeneous and repulsive materials into one well-regulated and harmonious whole.\* The only thing in the chapel worthy of the man and the place in this chapel, which, by its indecorous ornaments, shocks all the feelings of veneration that the name of the emperor is calculated to evoke, is the immense circular brazen lamp for forty-eight lights, the gift of Frederick Barbarossa, suspended immediately over the slab of black marble by an iron chain ninety feet in length. The slab is by no means ancient, the letters upon it may have been carved some hundred years ago, the whole is a miserable substitute for the old imperial monument.† No portion of the body of the mighty ruler remains underneath the marble, the sacrilegious hand of Barbarossa disturbed it from its place of repose. The skeleton was pulled to pieces, and the bones, scattered abroad, became holy relics.

"Dans la sacristie voisine," says the author, "un vicaire montre aux passants, et j'ai vu, pour trois francs soixante et quinze centimes, prix fixe, le bras de Charlemagne, ce bras qui a tenu la boule du monde, vénérable ossement, qui porte sur ces téguments desséchés cette inscription écrite pour quelques liards par un scribe du douzième siècle, *Brachium Sancti Caroli Magni*. Après le bras, j'ai vu le crâne, ce crâne qui a été le monde de toute une Europe nouvelle, et sur lequel un bedeau frappe avec l'ongle!"

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away!  
Oh, that the earth that kept the world in awe  
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!"

And again:—

"Une chose qui étonne c'est la grandeur matérielle de ce crâne et de ce bras, *grandia ossa*. Charlemagne, en effet, était un de ces très rares grands hommes qui sont aussi des hommes grands. Le fils de Pepin le Bref était colosse par le corps comme par l'intelligence."

Tallness of stature has been, by barbarous nations, always esteemed as something akin to divinity. The chiefs of Homer exceed in height of person the ordinary soldiers, and the gods exceed in height the chiefs. The majestic forms of their first rulers overcame the ancient Peruvians, who thought that they must be the offspring of the sun. The superstitious veneration of the Mexicans for the person of their monarchs made them describe their rulers, to the followers of Cortes, as bearing limbs of gigantic proportions. The same regard for majestic stature and manly beauty has ever pervaded the East. When the son of Kiah was pointed out by Samuel as the

\* This want of taste reminds us of a fact which may be relied on. Charles I., previously to his last agony on the scaffold, presented his watch and handkerchief to one of the truest and faithfulest of his followers, who, during the last moments of his existence, stood steadfastly by his side. When the bloody deed had been accomplished, the gallant and noble follower claimed the shirt then reeking with the life-stream of the royal martyr. The shirt, watch, and handkerchief, have been, through many generations, preserved in the family of that follower as holy relics. A few years since, one of the ladies of that family, thinking that the shirt looked very dirty on account of the large blood-stains upon it, directed that it should be washed, and it is now to be seen all white and neatly folded up as it came from the hands of the laundress!

† The original piece of white marble which covered the tomb of Charlemagne is attached to the wall on the left side of the church.

King of Israel, an allusion is at once made by the prophet to his personal appearance, and the people immediately forgot the meanness of his origin. "When he stood among the people," says the sacred historian, "he was higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward. And Samuel said unto all the people, See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen, that there is none like him among all the people. And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king!" The eyes of the Persian of the present day are dazzled by tallness of stature, and it is well known that one of our late envoys to the court of Persia did more by his personal appearance than by his diplomatic skill, great and undoubted as that was. For the self-same reason the Russians reverence their Emperor Nicholas. The manly and majestic proportions of his figure charm them into silent veneration. Napoleon said at St. Helena, "*Grattez le Russe, vous trouvez le Tartare.*" What he said of the Russian may also be said of the Turk. They both regard extraordinary stature as something superhuman.

The sarcophagus of Charlemagne, of Parian marble, illustrating in bas-relief the rape of Proserpine, which had once contained the body of Augustus Cæsar, and in which the feet of Charlemagne were placed, is still to be seen in the side chapel of St. Nicholas. The chair of state, on which the body was seated in the tomb, is to be seen in the octagon gallery facing the choir. And thus, encloded in imperial robes, crowned, with the globe in one hand and the sceptre in the other, with the sword Joyeuse by its side, with the open gospels on its knees, and the pilgrims' pouch attached to the girdle, reposed what remained of the wearer of the triple crown for the space of 352

years—from 814 to 1166. In the last-named year Barbarossa, himself a mighty prince and worthy knight, entered the tomb, disturbed the long and holy repose, possessed himself of the chair of state and converted it into the Germanic throne, which, during four centuries, served for the coronation of thirty-six emperors. After this period the emperors of Germany were crowned at Frankfurt.

"I could not tear myself," says the author, "from the side of this chair, at once so simple and so grand. My mind reverted to the four steps of marble trodden by the feet of the thirty-six Cæsars, who severally beheld on that spot the dawn of their future glory, destined, in turn, to set in darkness. Innumerable thoughts and recollections disturbed my spirit. It occurred to me that the violator of the sepulchre, Frederic Barbarossa, well stricken in years, eager for his second or third crusade, repaired to the East. He came to the banks of a beautiful river, this river was the Cydnus. The weather was sultry, and he wished to bathe in the stream. The profaner of Charlemagne cast not a thought on Alexander. He entered the stream, and his limbs were seized by the icy chilliness of the water. Alexander, in the full vigour of youth, narrowly escaped death. Barbarossa, in the weakness of old age, fell a victim.\*

"The hour will, I am confident, yet arrive, when some king or some emperor will be seized with a holy and pious thought. He will have the remains of Charlemagne removed from the spot where the hands of the sacristans have placed them, and will be reconverted to their ancient tomb. He will collect, with most religious care, all that yet exists of that glorious body. The emperor will once more abide in his Byzantine cavern, which will again possess its gates of of bronze, its Roman sarcophagus, its marble chair of state raised on its stone estrade, glittering with its fourteen plates, of gold. They will once more encircle that eyeless brow with the Carlovingian

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\* Ancient chroniclers gave another version of the warlike old emperor's death. These say that in his passage across the Cydnus he was wounded by an arrow from a Saracen hand, and was drowned. Others again assert he was snatched by genii and miraculously transported from Syria to Germany, where he became a penitent in the famous grotto of Kaiserslautern, according to the legend of the Rhine; or in the cavern of Kiffhäuser, according to the traditions of Wirtemberg. Many believed in his magically prolonged existence, in the same way as many Spaniards believed in the prolonged existence of Roderic the Goth, and as some Portuguese even still believe in the second and glorious advent of Dou Sebastian from Africa.

crown, and put the ball of empire within his grasp, and the mantle of cloth of gold upon those whitened bones. The brazen eagle shall again proudly take its place at the feet of this mighty lord of the civilised world. The rich treasures, in works of gold and precious stones, shall once more furnish forth this last abode of royalty; and then, as the Church desires that her saints should be contemplated, even as they have been vanquished by the last agonies of death, through some narrow loophole cut through the massive wall, and guarded by bars of iron, and by the light of a lamp suspended from the ceiling of the sepulchre, the kneeling pilgrim will see on the elevated position of the four marble steps, which no human foot shall thenceforth profane, on a marble throne scaled with sheets of gold, with crown on forehead and globe in hand, in the misty gloom of the tomb, the imperial phantom which once was Charlemagne.

"Worshippers shall come from the extremities of the earth, and shall possess every quality of mind. Charles, the son of Pepin, is, in truth, one of those perfect exhibitions of humanity, possessing four distinct phases. For the pages of history he is as mighty as Augustus or Sesostris; for the fancy of tradition he is a Paladin, like Roland; and like Merlin a magician; he is, like Jerome or Peter, a saint for the Church; and, for philosophy, he is civilisation itself, which he personifies, and which every

1000 years traverses some profound abyss, civil wars, barbarism, revolutions: and which is sometimes denominated Cæsar, sometimes Charlemagne, sometimes Napoleon.

"In 1804, at the very time when Buonaparte became Napoleon, he visited Aix la Chapelle. Josephine, who accompanied him, had the fancy to seat herself on the throne of marble. The emperor, who, out of respect, had put on his full uniform, allowed this Creole to indulge the fancy, while he stood immovable, silent, and uncovered, before the chair of Charlemagne.

"A remarkable fact occurs to me, *en passant*, that Charlemagne died in 814. A thousand years afterwards, measured, as it would seem, hour by hour, in 1814, Napoleon fell.\*

"In this last-mentioned fatal year, 1814, the allied sovereigns paid a visit to the shade of the mighty Charles. Alexander of Russia, like Napoleon, was arrayed in full uniform; Frederic William of Prussia wore a simple, unpretending cloak and travelling cap; Francis of Austria had on a plain frock coat and round hat. The King of Prussia mounted two of the steps, and desired the provost of the chapter † to detail the ceremonies attendant on the coronations of the emperors of Germany. The two emperors stood by in deep silence.

"And now Napoleon, Josephine, Alexander, Frederic William, and Francis, are all dead!"

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\* By the side of the "beautiful door-way" leading to the cloisters of the cathedral at Mayence is to be seen the monument of Fastrada, wife of Charlemagne. In 794 her remains were placed under this monument in the church of St. Alban. In 1794, a thousand years afterwards, Mayence was besieged and bombarded by the armies of France, the church destroyed, and the monument removed to the cathedral. What became of the remains of Fastrada is not known.

The following account is given by William of Hague, registrar of Mayence, in 1270. During the reign of Siegfried, the archbishop, whose monument still graces the cathedral, an old astrologer, named Mabusius, was capitally condemned for sorcery. He was conducted to the gibbet at the Stone of Lorchhausen, which marked the archiepiscopal frontier, facing another gibbet, which marked the frontier of the palatinate. Along the whole way the culprit was still asserting his powers in prophecy, when the monk, who was in attendance as his ghostly comforter, asked him to name the year which should witness the extinction of the archbishops of Mayence, upon which the old man marked with a nail on the front of the gibbet the following figures:—

(IV.)

(XX.)

(XIII.)

The mystery was subsequently solved by the formidable figures, *quatre, vingt, trois*.

† Aix la Chapelle, like Mayence, never possessed but a single bishop during the time of Napoleon. The first Archbishop of Mayence was Boniface, an Englishman, who, accompanied by eleven other monks, preached the gospel in Germany, and is said to have converted more than 100,000 heathens. The cathedral, like St. Gudule at Brussels, has now dwindled to the diminished consideration of a parish church. At present, as formerly, the chapel of Charlemagne is governed by a dean (denominated the provost) and a chapter.

Every one who has visited the cathedral must recollect the tall, old, gaunt-looking, *Suisse*, half French, half German, a regular old trooper, nevertheless, of the times of Napoleon, who, in the midst of his discourse about Charlemagne, will slip in a word about Jena and Austerlitz; who, notwithstanding his broad band and halberd, cannot cast off the bold bearing of the soldier; and who, amid the solemnities of his daily functions, cannot help, with a genuine look of *à-devant* French *galliardise*, repeating to every visitor, "Vous pourrez dire, monsieur, que vous avez vu à Aix la Chapelle un sapeur du trente sixième régiment Suisse de la cathédrale;" and, also, "Tel que vous me voyez, monsieur, j'appartiens à trois nations; je suis Prussien de hasard, Suisse de métier, Français de cœur."

We lately mentioned the name of the imperial knight, and dauntless troubadour, Barbarossa. His name and his songs are still current among the population of the Rhine. From the platform of the Klopp, otherwise Drusus' castle, above the town of Bingen, and now metamorphosed into the plain abode of a notary, the following lines of the crowned poet, in the pure Roman dialect, were heard by the author from the German lips of the notary's daughter:—

"Plas mi cavalier frances,  
E la dona Catalana,  
E l'ouraz del ginoes,  
E la court Castelana,  
Lou cantaz provençales,  
E la danza trevisana,  
E lou corps Aragones,  
La mans à Kara d'angles,  
E lou donzel di Toscana."

But this recollection of old songs and old traditions is by no means uncommon in Germany; there is not a spot in which the *bourgeoisie* is not well informed as to the history of their own neighbourhood.

By ascending the Schweitzerthal, which is not far from the walled village of Goarhausen and the old castle of the Katzenellenbogen, the traveller will reach the ruins of the castle of Reichenberg. These ruins still bear traces of Moorish architecture, and were once the abode of the fiercest of the baron-bandits of the Rhine. It fell, at length, before the assault of Tilly during the thirty-years' war.

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Behind Reichenberg are still to be seen some few remains of a place once denominated the "Village of the Barbers." And hereby hangs a tale connected with the devil.

The devil (celebrated for his adventures at many places on the Rhine), being dreadfully enraged against Frederic Barbarossa on account of his crusading expeditions, determined to wreak his vengeance by cutting off the Crusader's beard. To execute his malicious purpose all his cunning was brought into play, and he accordingly entered into a solemn compact with the fairest damsel of Bacharach, and stipulated that, by certain contrivances, she should obtain an interview with the prince, and endeavour, by every possible allurement, to gain the favour of a nocturnal visit. During his sleep he was to be shaved by one of the numerous fraternity of barbers of Bacharach. Barbarossa was, at this period, only simple Duke of Swabia. During the time of his amours with the beautiful Gela, he had made friends with an old fairy of the Wisper, and she, discovering the devil's schemes, determined to thwart them. She immediately hied off to a very particular friend of hers, a giant, who, though of more than the usual gigantic proportions, was somewhat dull of brains. After the customary salutations at meeting, the fairy asked the giant for the loan of his sack, to which he consented; but seeing that the sack was of the size of a castle tower, and the fairy no bigger than a grasshopper, he most kindly offered to carry the sack for her. Away then the two trudged together, and entered Bacharach during the night preceding Barbarossa's arrival; and while the giant, like a true German, betook himself to his pipe and his cup, or rather his cask of wine, the little fairy brought out from his warm and snug abode every barber of the town, and stowed all away in this tremendous sack. She then hastily called the giant, told him to hoist the sack on his shoulders and carry it to a very great distance, it mattered little in what direction. But she forgot in her hurry to mention to him the nature of the contents. Away then sped the giant, with immense strides, over houses and even hamlets, the inhabitants of which were

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silent in their unconscious repose. The barbers, however, being huddled together pell-mell, and very much jolted, soon became aware of their uncomfortable position, and roared forth in lusty chorus, while the giant, frightened at this unexpected hubbub, redoubled his pace, and while in the act of striding over the Reichenberg, one of the barbers, who happened to have his tools of trade by him, made a cut in the sack, and down they all tumbled, screaming and bawling as though they were falling into the very jaws of eternity. The giant, fancying that the sack had contained a parcel of devils, galloped away without once looking behind him. On the morrow, when the redoubted warrior and poet arrived at Bacharach, the conspiracy to denude his chin of its *blushing* honours en-

tirely failed, for not a barber could be found in the whole place to play the executioner. Old Beelzebub hid his head for very shame in the deepest cavern of despair, and the duke continued to wear that formidable beard whence he derived his famous surname. Since this adventure no more barbers were to be seen at Bacharach. Most certain it is that there is not, at this moment, a single shop of that fraternity to be met with in the town. As for those carried away in the sack, they took up their abode in the spot where they fell, which was called, after them, "The Village of the Barbers."

Want of space obliges us to come to an abrupt termination. In the next Number we will bring our observations to a conclusion.

## JACK MORIARTY AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES T. C. D.

## No. IV.

JACK AND HIS HISTORIAN PATRONISE THE READER TO DONNYBROOK FAIR—HOW THEY GOT THERE—WHAT THEY DID THERE—AND WHAT WERE THE CONSEQUENCES OF DOING WHAT THEY DID THERE.

THE long vacation, during which, as the term indicates, there is a general cessation of business, commences on the 9th of July each year, and terminates on the 1st of the ensuing October. The day which brings to a pause so extended the current of academic life, is one of considerable bustle, as being devoted to the conferring of the several degrees, though less than that which marks a similar ceremony on Shrove Tuesday, when the great body of the *outgoing class* of senior sophisters, who, for a period of four years, have, under a stated process of cultivation, been ripening for the distinction, receive the final mark of her approbation from kind old *Alma Mater*. Each candidate for a degree was, in my time, although I understand the conditions are now slightly altered, obliged to go through the ordeal of, at least, eleven examinations, although the great majority attend a larger number, the candidates for honours appearing in general at each of the sixteen, which complete the full undergraduate circle of study. It is well known how severe the test of merit imposed by our Irish university appears to the members of the two sister institutions of England, it being by no means a matter of rare occurrence that students, who have endeavoured to undergo her literary discipline, have in despair passed over to the banks of the Isis or Cam. These observations, which really are made in no invidious spirit, apply chiefly to the standard of literary attainments proposed to men of moderate pretensions, and which form, of course, the vast majority every where; for justice requires us to acknowledge the rigid scrutiny which gives, as is well known, such an enduring value to academic honours in England, and forming, as they do, a most efficient, as they certainly are a highly just matter of recommendation through after-life. The degree examination, as it is called in Ireland, and which concludes the series, is

held at the beginning of each Michaelmas term, although the distinction it aims at is not conferred, as I have intimated, until the Shrove Tuesday immediately following. As soon as the clock strikes, to announce the moment that marks their final liberation—four o'clock in the afternoon of the second day of examination—all the members of the senior sophister class who, to the amount of some hundreds, attend in the hall, and who have observed a perfectly decorous behaviour up to this point, rise up, and in the very presence of the heads of the university, let out such a wild shout of joy to mark the crisis for which, during a long period of four years, so many had languished, that a spectator, to whom the scene was novel, would attribute it to an insane ecstasy—as possibly it may be. They then separate, rarely to meet again. That portion of the general body denominated fellow-commoners enjoy a slight privilege, which enables them to take their degree at an earlier period than others, and which they generally avail themselves of on the day preceding that on which the long vacation commences. The honour itself is conferred by the vice-chancellor, who is not, as in England, generally in immediate connexion with the university, but is appointed by the chancellor himself (who is, for the most part, a member of the royal family), from some of the dignitaries either of the church or law. For some days previous a degree of bustle is observable in the courts, and marked with somewhat characteristic traits. The candidates for degrees resolve themselves into sets, and proceed forthwith, in presence of the proctor, to discuss, from written pages, a series of scientific questions, wherein the old method of syllogistic wrangling is formally and fully observed. This has degenerated into a mere ceremony, whatever efficacy the process may have had in its original institution. The statutes, however, require that the old forms,



which were at one time really significant, should be strictly observed; and accordingly to this day a porter is seen to rush out, at intervals, of the hall wherein the disputants are engaged, as if to invite all comers to enter the lists against the doughty champions within, shakes a small hand-bell in the face of the whole world, and then darts in again. It is understood that when the Reform-bill had conferred for the first time the elective suffrage on all who should proceed to the degree of master of arts, and when the constituency was swelled to an extent equal to that of either of the two English universities, a large proportion of persons who had ceased to be members of the university years ago, availing themselves of the privilege, some circumstances, sufficiently attendant on the act of incorporation, presented themselves. Many old country squires, who had had, even in their most classical days, as was said of Shakspeare, but "little Latin and less Greek," were sorely puzzled on being called on to renew their studies for this occasion, and the air of helplessness with which they looked at the Greek themes they were required to read, the characters of which were utterly forgotten, when placed in their hands, holding it in all possible lights and positions, as if to assist their faded memory, and then looking into each others' faces with such a disconsolate expression, formed a richly humorous picture. It must, too, have been a scene of curious interest which passed between the present most able member of the university, the Right Hon. Fred. Shaw, and his old father Sir Robert, the banker, who, probably, some half century before, might have understood something about the matter, although he had since that devoted his energies to the more substantial pursuit of *banking*, but who in order to gratify himself and support his son, feared not, papers in hand, to confront him in learned warfare as a candidate master, firing off syllogisms about the orbits of comets, and not permitting his private feelings to interfere with his public ideas, whatever they might be, as to the nature of light.

When the last graduate is admitted, and the vice-chancellor has with-

drawn, the college is closed for the summer season. Previous to this, however, a large proportion of the students, who are yet undergraduates, have gone home, as not being interested in the final ceremony, and the whole place assumes an air of desertion strange enough to one who has been accustomed to its usual animation. Along every range of buildings there are whole rows of windows closely fastened up, the white panels gleaming through the dust which is now permitted to gather on the glass on the outside. All the fellows, both senior and junior, with the exception of one or two of advanced years, whose love of wandering is all ated, take wing, and are liable to be caught in almost every quarter of the globe, sailing up the Rhine, climbing and perspiring through the Grampians, or indulging, after the quick working of the brain, enjoined for so many months by their peculiar profession, a grateful stagnation of ideas at some listless English watering-place. A few of the scholars remain still behind—the fellowship candidates, for whom there is no peace—and the great body of sizars, who, being of humble origin, can expect none of the comforts elsewhere for which they have now formed a taste, and so are fain to make the university their home the year round. The few figures that are then to be seen are exerting themselves to get the day over—a difficult enough problem in an institution where amateur lathes, that last refuge of the idle, are not permitted—by loitering at the steps of the several buildings, hanging out of the few unclosed windows, working away at the last new novel, and looking across the sun-light at the clock, whose ticking is now audible amid the dead silence, and wondering if dinner-time does really ever intend to come at all. Yet even then may you hear M'Allister, the head-porter, that paragon of vigilance, who has just come out of his little official nest behind the outer gate, blazing away in full ardour, and scolding the under porters for doing nothing, under the pretext that there was nothing to do, just as if that was any reason, and was not refuted in his own person, to whom it equally applied. The porter on duty at the gate plants his stool on the outside

to command a view of Dame Street, as he is sure not to be interrupted by any of the Fellows passing, whom he would be obliged to salute, dressing up, as it were, by the door of the lodge. He, therefore, nods quietly in the sunshine (although disposed to talk with any one, though sometimes not a human being for hours crosses the little postern-gate beside which he sits guard), and between each nod gazes hazily at the news-vender over the way, who is leaning against the lamp-post with his whole body, and muttering round it—oppressed as he is with heat—something about “Most alarming news in this morning’s Saunders.” The officer whose duty it is to work the huge bell for night-roll—a practice observed even during the vacation, when there is no one to toll in—feeling it impossible, under the warm twilight, to make head against the drowsy tones he creates, lets the rope drop from his hands. The bell itself then takes that opportunity of falling over for a moment, until alarmed—at least, its ringer—it breaks out again with renewed vigour, and at an accelerated pace, as if to make up for lost time;—then slackens, and ceases for a moment once more, again to brighten up, and break out afresh. This is the season of the year for the broiling citizens to rush out and overwhelm the Black Rock and Kingstown, whose natives are therefore forced, in self-defence, to fly into town for sake of a little peace and solitude. The whole metropolis, in short, goes to sleep, with the national university at its head.

Jack Moriarty and myself had been detained in town by some accident, which I now forget, and although our chambers were separate, we determined to live together formally for the sake of company. We proposed to ourselves to get through as much of the day as was physically possible in bed. We might even have thought of breakfasting in that state, with Mrs. Smout as ministering angel, but breakfast itself would occupy and exhaust a good portion of time, and therefore to sleep and cat simultaneously would, in our circumstances, have been an improvident condensation of enjoyment. We, therefore, never rose until mid-day, contriving wonderfully to keep up attention to our sleeping until that

hour, and which we were enabled to do by successively trying all possible positions, coiling ourselves up at all possible angles, and making a thousand experiments as to soft places. When breakfast was over, and which we protracted long after the natural powers of the teapot were exhausted, and even the kettle had failed, we had then to look out into Dame Street, each occupying, for coolness’ sake, a whole window, and talking across. Our dress was of the simplest order, and suited to the season, when a coat and waistcoat are a decided incumbrance, and the rest of what portion of costume there actually was, hung on with an easy air, as if a pitchfork had been the principal appendage of our toilette table. There are, perhaps, few points of view wherein our Irish metropolis is seen so much to advantage as from the upper windows of that portion of the College Buildings which confronts the Bank of Ireland. This edifice is considered to be one of the most finished specimens of its peculiar order of architecture in Europe, and so perfect in all its proportions, as to arrest more or less the eye of even the oldest inhabitants of Dublin, when they chance to pass by. Immediately in the foreground is the equestrian statue of King William III., looking up towards the Castle, which is the seat of government, and whose towers, by the by, still exhibit a flag on the anniversary of his victory at the Boyne, although such an exhibition of party triumph, as it is called, is strictly forbidden elsewhere. The vista closes on each side of this massive memorial, the long line of Dame Street reaching to the Royal Exchange, and the whole prospect crowned by the hoary towers of Christ Church cathedral, rising out of a black mass of buildings, and gleaming against the sky, like sheeted spectres, in the pallid sunshine.

It was now advancing towards three o’clock, and yet Mr. Moriarty and his historian, who had for the last hour been seen lying as far as they could possibly do with safety out of an upper range of the college windows, giving to the spectators below an idea of so many store-house cranes projecting from the wall—those two young gentlemen, I say, gave as yet no symptoms of an intention to alter so picturesque an attitude.

"Don't you think," said Jack, breaking the silence of the mid-air, wherein we were suspended, "that there is rather an unusual degree of stir in the street to-day?"

"I can't say I do," said I, who was half asleep; an irritating circumstance, considering I could not take it out in bed, as I would gladly have done, an hour before. "Let me look. Why, I think, there are more hack jaunting-cars moving about than ordinary. Aye, and what's more, too, they are all crowded, and yet the unfortunate jades, I positively do declare, are proposing — Oh! just look, man alive—are actually proposing to themselves to trot."

"There's a party of pleasure, surely, somewhere," said Jack, brightening up at the idea. "It can't be an execution at Newgate, do you think?"

"No," said I, "for none of the cars are moving in that direction. What month are we in?"

"The deuce take me, if I know!" said Jack, confessing an equal degree of ignorance with my own.

"Let me see," said I, trying to get it out by a calculation. "The last month must have been July. You know that you got a remittance in July from the governor, and as it is not all gone yet, I'm sure it is not more than a month, so that this is August. August," said I, trying to recall some particular idea which I was conscious had once been impressed, somehow or other,—"August! No; it can't be. Yes! but it is, and nothing else—it is," said I, rising into a scream,—"*it is DONNYBROOK FAIR!*"

At this most welcome declaration Moriarty, being raised to a pitch of ecstasy, shot over every piece of furniture, beginning with the chairs, finally throwing a somerset over the table, followed hard and close in every movement by his historian. Mrs. Smout, who had been dozing in the pantry, put in her old face, but seeing that we were only mad (she was used to that), and the furniture not being worth saving, she thoughtfully went to sleep again. Having by this ingenious device reduced her excitement to a comparatively moderate degree, to which both of us, alighting on our heads in the concluding evolution, contributed something, we forthwith began to

dress for the fair. Moriarty donned a seaman's costume, which he had prepared for a regatta at Kingstown, a period during which every one—no matter whether he has any thing to do with marine affairs or not, but wishing to be thought to have a vast deal to do with them (it is a way we have in Ireland, and bespeaks the ambitious character of its natives), mounts a jacket and check-shirt, rolls about with his hands in his pockets, and in the very presence of the ladies of his acquaintance is seen to revolve an imaginary quid through the proper cheek. For my own part, I committed myself to a canvass pair of trousers, and being roofed with a straw-hat, out we sallied. We contrived, by affecting an easy air of impudence—it was scarce affectation, to do us justice, but rather nature—to push our way through the opposing streams which met each other in Grafton Street, for it was now the hour of full fashionable tide. The top of that street, where it opens on Stephen's Green, was all one roar. From this spot the several vehicles, which ply for hire to the fair, are supposed to start—I use this expression designedly, for it only means that when you have been induced to get up on one of them which is not over-crowded, encouraged by the violent promises of the driver, and which, if you require it, he will confirm with his word of honour, and even his oath in extreme sceptical cases, that "he'll be aff with yer the moment you mount," he will discharge his obligation by putting on his animal just two steps, and then formally pulling up to wait for an additional fare. The villainous shrewdness of these varleta, the result of natural genius highly cultivated—there is no place like Dublin for a sound street-blackguard education—is matter of proverbial notoriety. Their dress is peculiar, and in keeping with their character. They are generally furnished with a brimless hat,—a small portion in front, however, being usually retained, which they touch with the utmost show of respect when about to *pulaver* you—and they are just the gentlemen to do it—out of another sixpence. The order of this piece of a man's personal building is unique, of course, and is for the most part straw-roofed. They wear a long

flowing dark outside coat, with a single cape, and which they profess is suited to all seasons—so we collect from its being never laid aside, keeping out the heat in summer fully as well as the cold in winter. Touching their honesty, I would not have you offer them ten shillings beyond their fare, under the impression that they would decline it, for you might happen to be disappointed in the result of your experiment. The animals over whose movements they preside are, like themselves, of a peculiar nature, and built for a peculiar purpose—that is, of being driven to death each day and coming to life the next morning. Their heads, which are all formed on the model of a hammer, bob up and down, to mark time, as it were, for their feet, their motions, in general, being of a nervous kind, such as may be expected in an animal who is principally fed upon the whip. During the week of Donnybrook fair, however, when rest, even for a moment, is out of the question, the owners refresh slightly their ideas of corn; but, to save time, the nosebag dangles before them as they gallop on—a plan full of ingenuity when aided by the lash, their use being pleasure before them to allure, and pain behind to avoid.

“Who’s for the Brook?—room for six, and no delay.”—“Up wid yer, your honours, here’s the lad ’ll take you along like sticks a-breakin’.”—“Jim Doolan, ye thief, don’t be afther your delusions on thim gintlemen, they’s be all mine; sure, I giv them the wink first, an’ they answered it like gentlemen.”—“Oh, the playful cratur! for it’s he that’s so full of life, and gets the *hoighth* of good livin’” (This is an apostrophe to the horse who was wincing under a well-established *raw*).—“Stand by his head two or three of yez, and tell him a story; it’s off he wants to be, for it’s the good drop that’s in him, any how,” &c. &c. Such were the mingled sounds which met our ear as we wheeled into Stephen’s Green. Although this had been our first excursion to Donnybrook fair, our experience in the ways of carmen, purchased at the expense of several sixpences, prevented us from accepting the pressing offers which were made by the rival Jehus, until we, at last, espied a car which was completely filled already, and, there-

fore, held out some hope of moving off. “Have you room for two?” shouted Jack, well knowing that the response would be in the affirmative, although if a pin had taken into its head to go to Donnybrook, its diminutive brains would have been sorely puzzled to know where that room was. A general protestation from the six passengers, uttered in a concert of shouts, was formally emitted, a circumstance which in no way daunted either the gentleman who was the charioteer to the establishment, or those against whose intrusion it was directed. We took opposite sides of the car, and forthwith threw ourselves into a system of speechifying calculated to melt the remonstrant party into a state of milky softness. “Sir,” said I, respectfully addressing an elderly gentleman, from whose costume, especially a leather apron, I collected his rank in society to be that of a cobbler,—“sir,” said I, “I am like yourself, a gentleman desirous of witnessing the pleasures of the fair;” the cobbler did not offer as yet to condense himself, but remained as obdurate as a lap-stone. “Nay, I must say it, I speak to you, sir, confidentially, sir, as one gentleman does to another” (we are a nation of gentlemen in Ireland), “in short, my dear sir, I have a little tender appointment.” This was enough—quite enough: the cobbler melted into the man, the dreams of early youth came fast over him, and, sending a cascade of tobacco-juice over my person, as, in his enthusiasm, he put out his hand,—the clinging hand of real friendship truly, for it was all over with wax; forthwith I felt myself face to face—sitting side to side was impossible—with the excellent artisan on whose softer feelings I had thus practised. At the same moment my friend Jack took his seat on the opposite side between two fair spinsters, having previously taken the usual oath, that it was their beauty had attracted him to the car and nothing else. Matters being thus far settled, we set off once more, Moriarty requesting the driver, should he dare to stop until he reached his journey’s end, “to consider himself as smificated.”

Whoever is determined to go to Donnybrook fair must make up his mind, or rather his mouth, for one thing—dust. This grievance is so

severely felt, that an Irish member, not many years ago, thought it his duty, as a patriot, to throw it in among the other wrongs of his country, and took occasion to rise into a highly inflamed style of oratory, probably through an instinctive sympathy with his subject, describing the whole road to Donnybrook as "*one mass of red-hot dust*." From the moment we passed the bricks at the end of Leeson Street our miseries began. It was dust before, dust behind, dust all around. The road was crowded with vehicles, as far as we could judge by the soft grinding of the wheels along the pulverised surface. Visions of cars would whirl past us, so we believed them to be, distinguished by an atmosphere of peculiar thickness travelling along with the little world it enshrouded, and stifling us as it passed. Immediately before us was a line of cars, booming occasionally through some opening before us, and then hid from sight. There was a car behind us, the driver whereof, with his face all over grin, which broad grin occasionally gleamed upon us, and whose steed, taking advantage of the obscurity, kept poking his head into our vehicle, and abstracting from the *well* several choice morsels of gritty hay. The path-way on each side was one moving mass of powder, and even the particles reached the neat villas, which give to that part of the suburbs of Dublin an elegance that, even in the cities of the Continent, I have rarely seen. Still, however, great as was the annoyance, it seemed to affect no one. Every one came for enjoyment, and that spirit does far more, to be sure, than the clearest of air or the purest of skies.

As we were obliged to trust entirely to the geographical knowledge of our conductor, the usual landmarks being invisible, we had no means of determining how far we had proceeded, or how near we were to the destined goal. A tremendous uproar of cracked trumpets and drums, hoarse through long service, gave token, however, of our approach to the scene of action. At last we came to a dead stop, and forthwith found ourselves in the very middle of a combat of whips. There might be, I dare say, a great deal of fun in all this, but one does not think so just at the time he is receiving a

cut in every quarter, and has nothing in his hand to cut with in turn. Accordingly we all leaped off, and on emerging a little into daylight, we found the disturbance to have been caused by the presence of a squadron of horse police, who are in Ireland armed indeed to the teeth, but who, on the present occasion, administered the laws of order by means of a long coach-whip, although a drawn sword rested on the left arm ready for action. We are used to things of this sort in Ireland, but the strange impression such a military spectacle, in what should be a land of orderly freemen, leaves on strangers is sufficiently visible in an anecdote occurring in Sir Walter Scott's Tour. It would appear that, with a view to the general convenience, the cars were not allowed to approach within a certain distance of the crowd; an arrangement which those official guardians of the peace were stationed to enforce, and which they did by the application of such strong measures as we had lately witnessed and felt withal. It would have been quite out of keeping with the character of any Dublin *Liberty-boy*, as was our Automedon, not to have shewn fight against the law, even although those under his charge might be involved in the penalties attached to such a display of spirit. However, as we felt that this was a case wherein the glory of the action was likely to prove its sole reward, we ignominiously, as might be said, declined the proffered laurels, and escaped into the general crowd.

And such a crowd! This celebrated meeting is held on a green of considerable dimensions, through which there runs a large stream, called, if I recollect aright, the Dodder, and in the case of a bloody nose received in combat, furnishing a grateful styptic in its cool waters, flowing down from the Dublin mountains. The principal traffic among the grown population is limited, I believe, to horses; whilst with a view to the custom of children, there are large transactions in the article of gingerbread. On both sides of the road there is a goodly display of tents, streaming with all sorts of gaudy flags, most of which have suspended on a pole at the entrance the emphatic symbol of a black bottle. Dancing is the favourite amusement within

canvass walls, there being also a piper on the establishment. The institution is on an extensive scale, two or three musicians are on as many parties, and as each is paid by his own party, each is away within the same apartment at his own tune; so that by this means the dancer has a choice of means to regulate his motions, provided, to be sure, he should purpose, to avoid such a conflict of sound, to delay his motions at all. But this part of the festivities we shall defer to a later period of the day, when Mr. Moriarty and his brother will proceed to give, inside the tent, a taste of their quality. The principal points of attraction are the show-booths, whose number and splendour rivalled in no faint degree Bartholomew fair, even in the days of its glory. There were on the occasion I am now referring to one or two caravans of wild beasts, which, if I recollect aright, formed a travelling company, if I may so call it, of the great menagerie at the Crystal Palace. Next to these was a booth of strolling players, and with its accompaniments, it would seem, of no mean order. A scroll was suspended above the principal entrance, which formed, as it were, a flag of defiance, being couched in these words:—"The whole world challenged to equal this establishment 1000 guineas—the money posted in!" The necessity for having such capital sunk accounted, possibly, for the general appearance of the whole concern, which was certainly shabby to a degree. There was a whole range of puppet-shows of all orders, and innumerable exhibitions of dancing-dogs, giants, and strong men, and little women, learned and fat girls, and all the other orders of nature and art appropriate to the scene. To each exhibition there was attached a band of music, whose instruments were directed with a view to their loudness penetrating to the most distant parts of the crowd, and attracting attention. There could not have been less than twenty drums going on in a compass of some five hundred yards, each performer holding the whole force of a whisky-bottle in his hand, and his arm into the ends of his instrument, while his mouth was seen

to wander over the surface of a Pandean pipe, although the sounds it emitted were totally inaudible. Moriarty and myself, after a general perusal of the scene, at last took up a position opposite to our friends of the thousand-guinea wager, to study at our leisure the groups who adorned the *parade*; for such is the sounding name applied to the couple of deal boards in front, on which, with a view of attracting spectators, the performers, arrayed in their fantastic finery, display themselves. It is curious to think how far the spirit of distinction extends even to societies of this sort, where one would naturally suppose no criterion could exist, as all being blackguards alike. The regulations which prevail in the green-rooms of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and which serve to mark the grade of each performer in the theatrical world, are mimicked, ludicrously enough to be sure, and after their own way, in the travelling-booths which animate, if they do not infest, our rural fairs. It is well known, for instance, that those who aspire to "first business," and thunder as kings and tyrants, stipulate formally for riding when on circuit in the caravans up hills, those who sustain inferior parts meanwhile pushing behind. The *prima donna*, again, would scorn to drink out of the same pot with a lady who was a mere parader in front—unless she was more than moderately thirsty. At the moment when we entered upon our observations, the whole establishment having brought their performance to an end inside,—the whole process of play and farce, with a variety of incidental singing and dancing too great to mention, occupying some ten minutes,—made their appearance on the exterior platform in full force. It should be observed, that during the whole day there was a peculiar class of ladies and gentlemen whose professional services were limited to speech-making on the outside, and whose duty was to assure the public, up to the moment of closing, that "the performances were just commencing, and that they were exactly all in time." As the costumes of the several characters were adopted chiefly with a view to cheapness, and were, therefore, of no one particular

age or country, it is to be presumed that the dramas wherein they figured did not affect the unities of time and place, on which Aristotle so much insists. These dramas were all of the right blood-thirsty sort, containing an infinite number of terrific combats with old swords of the colour of barrel-hoops. The wretches, moreover, who strided to and fro, frowning under sun-burnt Spanish beavers with drooping feathers, their cheeks burnished with a composition of brick-dust, and which gleamed dully against the open day, had contrived to pick up a variety of the most approved gestures of the regular stage. When a couple of cavaliers, for instance, reached the extremity of the plank, turning, as they paced along, to each other, arm in arm, as if engaged in some high theme, one, as they wheeled round, would throw out his right arm with a high air of the first-rate theatrical courtesy, yielding by that gesture the *pas* to his companion, the whole according to the most approved stage directions. The ladies, who were in general, and speaking of them as a body, considerably intoxicated, smiled benignly on the gay gallants in nankeen buskins, who escorted them along the terrace, that is the plank aforesaid. The manager, who was in a lay costume—his business being chiefly to watch his treasurer, who took the money at the door—moved among the motley crowd, driving away little boys with light purses, and who prevented *bona fide* pennies from pressing forward. At proper intervals the band struck up a lively tune, when the several parties arranged themselves for dancing, but the moment this evolution, which was ever truly elegant, was completed, every soul-tyrant sultana, *prima donna*, baron, knight, clown, manager, duenna, trumpeter, every possible member of the corps, as if calculating on the fascinations just played off on the mob, lined the front of the platform, shouting at the very top of their voices,—“Now’s your time;—recollect, only one penny!—this is given up to be the first troop in Ireland! only one penny—for this time only one penny! Now’s your time to secure seats! we expect immediately a large select company of the nobility and gentry from Mer-

riion Square, who have commanded the performances this time, so make haste!” &c. Then would they betake themselves to a general dance once more, again to come forward and declare that they were on the “point of commencing, and so all in time to begin,” and so on for the next half hour. Even when, to all appearance, the performers had withdrawn from the platform with a view to realise these promises, out they would probably rush again, much to the discomfiture of the expectant audience within, headed by the manager, who had discovered that it was possible to squeeze in half-a-dozen more.

“Come,” said Moriarty, “it is quite plain that the best of these shows is on the outside. Let us move about until they reappear.” Accordingly we proceeded to the rear, and continued to wander about there without any definite object, until our attention was attracted to the booth we had just left by a sound proceeding, as it seemed, from two pieces of iron struck violently against each other, appertaining, doubtless, to one of the terrific combats above-mentioned, and which was evidently then at its height. Jack forthwith dragged me forward, and applied his ear to the thin partition of wood which separated him from the green-room of the establishment, but through which the sounds from the stage penetrated with perfect distinctness. The scene that was then proceeding represented, as far as we could make out, some Eastern seraglio, the lord of which had just discovered a conspiracy against his wedded honour, and having prostrated, in personal combat, the destroyer of his domestic peace, was boring him, with a savage fury, through a hole in his victim’s jacket, and which is used for death-scenes. Having so far satiated his vengeance, he was heard to stamp off, probably to vent his fury still further on his faithless sultana, and who was at that moment tying her garter, as a slit in the partition shewed us, very unconcernedly in the green-room. There was but one step into the green-room from the stage, and the tyrant had not yet time to get out of his professional frown, when, advancing to the table, and seizing on a pewter pot, a fresh

suspicion, far more touching than mere infidelity, flashed across his mind as he inspected its contents; the actor was lost in the man, and that a thirsty one, and prefixing an awful imprecation, he exclaimed,—“Why, who the deuce has been at my portner!” This one touch of nature was far too much for my friend Jack, and, indeed, myself. Forthwith we became insane, and thundered with our sticks against the boards. The second stroke was directed with such force that the thin partition gave way, and we could catch a glimpse of the inmates within, who were petrified by such unexpected and boisterous tokens of applause. The feeling of surprise, however, lasted but for a moment. We could just see the Eastern monarch, followed by his sultana, brushing his way through the rotten drapery which screened him from the stage, and heard the scream with which he was saluted by the audience as he leaped from the stage over the orchestra, evidently making a furious progress towards the entrance-door. Luckily this circumstance did not escape our attention, and we had just time to wheel round the corner and get out of sight, as the whole company, man, woman, and child, emerged in front, leaping in among the crowd, and tearing round to the rear. Moriarty and myself crept under the hangings of a tent, attaining the interior just as the whirlwind swept by. And a whirlwind indeed it was! Stalls, booths, baskets, were overturned in a moment; hats tossed in the air, and sticks brandished, some of them already in full play. Every thing foreboded an awful row, which certainly would have taken place had not the police actively interfered, a large body of which, under the command of a magistrate, were stationed on the ground. It was, I recollected, on a very recent occasion that a body of the peasantry, who live on the Dublin mountains, had come down to “clear the fair;” and the conflict rose to such a height that several lives were sacrificed before order could in any degree be restored. I am, therefore, not ashamed to say, that when I saw the mounted police riding in among the crowd, and even using the flat sides of their swords vigorously enough, too,

before they could effect a moderate state of peace, I felt most sincerely rejoiced. Moriarty, too, although, I must say, of a more energetic temperament than myself—for the reader must bear in mind that he was a Connaught man, and who relished the luxury of a moderate fight well enough—seemed quite contented when the storm had at last fairly blown over.

Matters, then, being thus far settled, we joined what appeared a small family party at another table, consisting of a policeman and his lady, as we conjectured, and who was accompanied by two young ladies, who were, probably, as indeed we found them to be, their daughters. Our introduction, wherein Moriarty took the lead, was of the easiest order. My friend Jack's appearance, even under his fantastic costume, was very prepossessing, and the air of high breeding, which could not be so well suppressed, and which the female eye in Ireland is so peculiarly quick to detect and appreciate, had its favourable effect on all the parties. How far my own contributed to improve the impression, it is not for me to say: I am an Irishman, and modest. Our acquaintance was conducted after the usual way, and in the most approved fashion. I drank to Mrs. Policeman; to which Mr. Policeman responded, on behalf of his lady, and pushed his pewter pot into my hand. Jack bowed successively to each of the two Misses Policemen, who received the salutation by a grin of gratified pride, and acknowledged his courtesy by a persevering libation. After this reciprocation of civilities and pewter pots, our conversation took a general turn. The policeman himself was quite a gentleman. He was not so much a policeman as a sergeant of police—the horse-police too; and, in fact, rarely spoke to the foot-police, except officially, and in discharge of his duty. He took every opportunity of enhancing his personal dignity, and was apt to refer to himself as “a military man.” His dress—for he was in full military costume, although he only attended the fair to escort his interesting family—consisted of a blue jacket with white facings, all dotted over with that sort of small spherical buttons of a white colour which are known by the



name of "Nelson pellets." He wore a white buff belt, from which hung a straight sword of indefinite length, and which he permitted to jangle along the ground,—a sound that announced his presence, and comported with his impressive character. On his head was planted a leathern cap, broadening towards the top after the manner of an inverted frustrum of a cone, and surmounted, instead of a plume, by a small leathern knob. This cap served also as his pocket, as it ever is with "a military man." Every one in Ireland, you know, wishes to appear something greater than what he actually is; and if our friend chose to play as "a military man" before our eyes, we were sufficiently disposed, from our knowledge of the national character, to humour the idea. Besides, we thought it as well to cultivate his acquaintance, calculating on the chance of our being some night in the watch-house. His lady was a good, motherly sort of woman, and had all a mother's pride in seeing the alacrity with which we paid our *devoirs* to her fair daughters. I am not sure that this epithet was applicable with any singular propriety in the present case, both being snub-nosed, and adorned with the small-pox. A connoisseur who had formed his ideas of female beauty from the Venus de Medicis would not have had them much refreshed, I am bound to say, as both the sister figures were unquestionably very solid—modelled, in fact, much after an apple-dumpling. It could not have escaped a fond mother's eye that the eldest, Miss Lauretta Policeman, was bent on conquest, and if any thing could be judged from looks—and a great deal is to be known from looks—our Jack bade decidedly fair to stand towards her in a tender relation. Indeed, it is but justice to the good lady's sagacity to refer to the air of admiration, and of the most respectful order too, which evidently pervaded that young gentleman's features, while listening to the dulcet tones of his charmer; and if at times there was a slight protuberance in that cheek, as though his tongue was in it, which was turned away, it was visible but to such of the public as were on that side of his face, and to whose candid interpreta-

tion it should be left. Indeed, matters were proceeding so far, that it attracted the attention of the younger lady, who requested to know whom my friend was,—for that he was really charming.

"I'm sure he is a gentleman," continued the lady, "and is making Laury to burst with the laughing like any thing."

This observation I forthwith saw was of the angling order of sentiment, and I very good-naturedly suffered myself to be hooked.

"Who he is? Oh! yes, very true; but then ——"

"Oh! now," she persevered, "you can't think—Laury will be so glad." Here the sylph assumed a most fascinating smile, which caused for a moment a deep chasm across her whole face.

"Why, then," said I, first taking a long look at the loving couple, and affecting to be decided thereby, as if matters had gone far enough, and it was high time for a mutual friend to explain,—“Why, then, to be sure now; but it is of course to be understood that it is as yet a family matter quite.”

"Oh! quite," said my delighted companion; "it would be vastly improper, and out of all sorts."

"Then," said I, lowering my voice to a confidential whisper, "his name is—I may say at once—the Count Soup of Soup Gotha. I am an attendant in Dr. Duncan's Lunatic Establishment, at Finglas, and this young gentleman is recovering there at present,—that is his profession."

A slight disappointment affected the lady's features, but her natural good sense soon resumed its influence. To be the sister of Countess de Soup was in itself a sounding thing, and would shake the whole police-office when the affair came off and was published in the papers. Moreover, husbands were, she knew by experience, in these hard times somewhat scarce, and much inquired after, as they say of oats in Mark Lane; and a mad husband was assuredly better than no husband at all.

"Count Soup," I continued, "is one of the first scholars of the day, and is supposed to have overloaded his knowledge-box."

"Oh! that is so delightful; for

Laury does so dote upon learning, and she and I subscribe one half-penny a night to a fashionable book-stall along the quay, for the sake of all the new novels as soon as published. Laury has got a most conspicuous education, for she was maid to—I mean,” said she, recovering herself, “she was intimately acquainted with a young lady in Merrion Square, and so knows heaps of things.”

“Ah!” said I, “she must indeed be a charming companion. We must try and stir her up. Count,” continued I, pinching Jack, and assuming significantly, as he turned round, a singularly wry face,—“Come, let us have a little criticism, if you please, sir; belles lettres, you know, sir.”

“Ah!” said Jack, comprehending me, and sporting a French phrase, “just as you say, *Vive la bagatelle!*”

Here the two young ladies exchanged looks, as if to say, “Listen to that!”

“May I ask you, Miss Lauretta, if you cultivate the Muses?” inquired Jack, with a tender air.

“When *da* (this is a fond paternal appellation, and quite genteel, too,) had an estate in the country, he used to cultivate them, but found the weather against them; and so *da* gave them up.”

“Ah, true,” said the German prince. “You don’t love poetry, then, do you?”

“Love!” said the elder Miss Policeman; “I do so love it—oh! so passionately! Oh! there’s that sweet *Childe Harold*, and the little child so delightful! Oh! it’s splendid—does so shine like any thing, oh!”

This ardent piece of criticism put the Count Soup on his metal.

“Just my opinion,—better expressed certainly, but just mine. Then there’s that sweet novel—you must read it—of *The Mysterious Whisker*; or, *the Hole in the Castle Wall*,” he continued, and forthwith composed a quotation. “‘Beloved and gentle one!’ said the blood-red stranger, ‘let me but embrace once more thy lake-like aspect—thy sunny tendrils!’”

“Oh! delicious!” chimed in the two ladies policemen in one key; “that’s so soft—oh!”

“‘Let me but hear once more,’”

recited Jack—I mean Count Soup—as if he had a book in his hand, “continued our sanguine-tinted hero—‘but once more, lady fair, the dulcet tones of that voice gurgling with sweet passionate emotions, the rich sympathies of soul—the deep thrillings, and what-do-you-callem of existence!’”

Here De Soup’s feelings became so excited, that he was forced to give nature its way, abandoning himself to a pot of porter. The two Misses Policemen turned weepingly away—Mrs. Policeman blew her nose audibly—and even the male head of the establishment was moved, as far as was consistent with his sternness as a “military man.”

“Laury—child!” said the fond mother, “don’t be ashamed of yourself, my darlin’, for sure them tears are so purty.”

“I don’t give way to tears, mind you,” struck in her husband, thinking his opinion was wanted, addressing himself in a complimentary tone to Jack, “as a military man, but it’s worse pronouncification than what I have heard you use, come out of a newspaper in print.”

“The tale is a sad one, I confess,” resumed he of the grave appellation, “and would require a large tablecloth for the weeping part; but I perceive your two lovely girls,” addressing Mrs. Policeman, “are too much affected for me to think of proceeding. Suppose we have a dance on the door, to recover ourselves.”

At this proposal the two lovely girls brightened up wonderfully, and forthwith we hoisted our partners over the deal boards which served as seats, and led them, simpering along, to that portion of the tent which was set apart for the votaries of Terpsichore, as they say in the London suburban tea-gardens. The space so appropriated was, I must confess, very limited, being a platform formed by a door laid upon turf-sods. Hence, whatever evolutions were to be performed, their scale was very narrow. At one side of the arena sat upon a stool a blind old gentleman, who comprised in his person the whole orchestra. As this was the third day of the fair, he had sawed away the tenor strings of his violin completely, and was now confined to the bass. For the benefit of the public, I would wish to mention, that the price of a

single dance is one penny. When the coin is deposited, the fiddle proceeds to test its metal by his teeth, your word of honour not being considered a valid security at Donnybrook. He is good enough to dispense with the vain ceremony of rosining and tuning, and thereby saves a vast deal of annoyance to the audience. As, moreover, it is utterly impossible to catch the tune from his performance, he remedies that difficulty by stamping and bowing all the while. It is understood, that, in addition to the fee of one penny, he is open, or, rather, his mouth is open, to receive any sort of refreshment you may order him—and should the waiter not hear your commands, he obligingly enough repeats them,—“Jim, avick; an sure it's deaf yer are. Isn't the gentleman that's biddin' me to take a drop of somethin'? Never mind the water, Jim; we can think of that at our *laisure*. It's mysilf has but little experience in that same. Whew! but that's strong!” Then, recalling himself to his professional duties, although drinking is a natural episode in, if not the main action of, a wandering fiddler's life in Ireland, “Whose on the flure now? Hurrooh! here goes then, and welt the boards, ye sows!” Forthwith there rises a sound of clattering feet, mixed with notes extracted by main force from the collision of horse-hair and catgut, and a Donnybrook door-dance is the order of the day.

“Come, you sows, who's on for another tumble?” exclaimed the blind artist,—there are no such things as fiddlers nowadays,—as my worthy friend and myself led out our grinning partners, and handed them on to the door. It is part of the etiquette of the place, for the gentleman to place the tune at the lady's disposal; and the selection in the present instance fell upon “Jack's Alive.” As the ball-room could only contain four persons, quadrilles were out of the question, and a Scotch reel was, therefore, our sole resource. The signal for action was given,—away went the music, and away went we. None of your sliding steps—none of your languid graces, but good, solid, and substantial pounding! Jack was never seen to such advantage,—tearing back and forward, up and down,—now here, now there, now every where! and

introducing, as he did, a most original *ballet divertissement*, composed for and upon the occasion. One while he would leap up, and strike the top of the tent, with a view to upset a splendid osier chandelier supporting two candle-ends; and again would he be seen kicking away far from the door, in among the benches.

“That's it, you darlin' divils!” exclaimed the orchestra, to assist the animation of the music. The crowd gathered round, and were lost in admiration, among which was the police sergeant and his lady—the father-in-law and mother-in-law expectant. Several times, to be sure, the son-in-law contrived, unintentionally, I am convinced, to come in full bump against his worthy relative, and which sent them headlong in among the forms—but this was decidedly in the thoughtless excitement of the moment, and not at all through any want of filial respect. At last, a particular part of the movement I suppose—not that we danced according to any exact plan—obliged us all to meet, as it were, in the centre of the ball-room. That we did meet was quite plain, and to a good purpose, too,—for immediately after I found myself flying through the air, and alighted upon my face in some unknown country beyond the tables. On recovering, I found Moriarty reposing upon his corpulent father-in-law, the two young ladies tenderly hauling him off, although he seemed rather to relish his soft and comfortable position. When we had recovered from this collision, and collected the fragments of our persons together, we once more proposed to renew the dance. But here an unexpected obstacle intervened.

“'Tis another dance, childer, you wud have! Why not?” said our fiddler, encouraging trade.

Mr. Moriarty intimated that such was his idea.

“Thin it's about right you are, my jewel; but down with a fresh penny. Ha! ha! ha!”

“What!” said Jack, confronting him; “do you mean, old villain, to charge a fresh sum, as if for a new dance, before the old one is done?”

“It's a way I have, darlin'!” said the old villain, scratching his elbows to enhance the humour.

"Why, then," insisted Jack, "did you stop, and not play to the tumble? that's your engagement, sir, and I will oblige you to fulfil it."

"Well, then, fill me up a crapper of whisky, as you say, and we'll go to sleep, and think about it."

"No, you delinquent," said my friend, advancing his one leg and arm, and going off into a speech; "certainly not. I will not encourage such an utter abandonment of principle. I will appeal to my country, and you shall be crushed by the weight of public opinion—on the wings of the press."

"Your granny's press!" was the insolent reply, and which argued a sad, depraved indifference to the great censor of our public men. "Your granny's press!" Those were his words. "To the devil I pitch all the presses and cupboards, and yourself after them!"

With a character of this sort it was a degradation, of course, to argue; and accordingly we led our panting partners, and who were indeed blowing heavily, once more to their seats. As the tent was becoming intolerably warm, we determined on returning, and the sad moment of parting came to us, as it will ever come to scenes of happiness the most tender. Again and again did the military head of the house curse and swear to his delight in our company; again and again did the old lady hope "she'll be after seeing us again;" again and again did the two young ladies look most witchingly; and again and again did Jack Moriarty and his biographer curse and swear that the delight was mutual; again and again did we protest our determination to wait on the old lady; and again and again did we shed the most unmistakable looks on our fair partners of the evening. We then rushed out of the tent, overpowered by soft emotions.

Am I right in referring to the fact of our having stolen round the tent, and having for a moment listened to the exulting congratulations of the family party we had just left, and which we could do through the drapery, stealthily introducing, by means of a stick, a strong corker pin, and which Jack directed against an appropriate portion of his father-in-law's magnificent person with such

force, as to extract a roar of agony, and then absconding precisely as fast as ever we could?

Having reached a place of safety, we prepared to bid adieu to Donnybrook for this year. I do not know whether much of the celebrity that attaches to this place does not arise from the song of the same name, and which is set to one of our most beautiful melodies. It has been my lot, ever since a child, to hear of the glories of "Donnybrook fair," and equally to hear lamentations over its faded honours,—old people being apt to speak of "Donnybrook fair being no longer as it was when they were young!" This, I doubt, is, after all, the old story that they themselves are no longer young. From the few Irish papers that visit my solitude, I perceive the determination of the magistrates to abolish what it appears has proved a nuisance. That it was always so—now that we can for a moment speak in sober earnestness—is, I am afraid, too true,—the discovery only intimating the advanced morality of the times. At one period, it is said, the assembly was sanctioned by the presence of many of the leading citizens of Dublin,—the lord-mayor himself, in those days of boisterous jollity, dining in a tent, and getting as drunk as any other lord. The members of the Irish parliament were often seen to mix with the festive throng; as gravity of demeanour could scarcely be expected from any of our native legislators, when even at the seat of government, scenes of extravagant riot were matters of daily occurrence, and headed—which is the strangest thing of all—not by our native aristocracy—though they played their part, such as it was—but by some of the highest members of the English peerage—one lord-lieutenant from the sister country having been actually confined, in ignorance of his quality to be sure, in the guard-house of the castle for assaulting his own guard;—and another, when recalled, embarking at the Pigeon House in mid-day seated on a barrel of whisky, and pledging the crowd upon the shore in a goblet of hot Irish punch. There is a tavern to this day in Dublin, which the Duke of Rutland used frequently to visit to enjoy, under the shelter of

its genial license, the celebrated dish of cow-heel and tripe in the common room, from which he used to sally forth, surrounded by his vice-regal suite, breaking lamps, knighting publicans, and committing every other sort of outrage. Upon one occasion — although, by the by, it is rather a digression to introduce the anecdote — he is said to have conferred the honour just specified upon a travelling tinker, who was the only survivor of a large party of boon companions, and who having fairly seen his excellency under the tap-room table, called in a party of his usual compeers and then set himself in for a serious night of drinking. When the duke came to his senses he seemed most anxious to recall the act of knight-hood, being a little apprehensive of the consequences; but the worthy knight himself, whose name was Johnson, had a taste for rank which his usual calling among kettles and pans seemed little to indicate, and sturdily refused after a domestic consultation, when waited on by one of the castle suite to compromise the business, alleging, as he emerged upon the occasion from his cellar under ground and addressing the gentleman in question upon the steps, "That, to be sure, for himself he cared but little about the name of the thing, and would give it up, but *Lady Johnson wouldn't be afther hearin' of it!*"

To resume. Our return home was for some time marked by no uncommon incidents, dust being the prevailing sentiment as before. We preferred walking upon this occasion, although impeded by the crowds, who were hastening to the scene of festivity, consisting in a great degree of persons of both sexes whose avocations employed them during the day, but who were resolved to make amends by enjoying what Falstaff calls "the sweet o' the night" in one of the tents. Many of these groups we saluted in the easiest manner, and urged them on by the intelligence, especially the younger part, that the shows were "just going to begin," and to be "in time to secure seats," an announcement which never missed its purposed effects of setting them running. The sun, which was now advancing towards the horizon, as far as we could judge through the loaded

atmosphere, flamed with a heat almost intolerable, so that we were fain to throw open our waistcoats, at the certain risk of encountering bare-breasted whole legions of dust. Every villa had poured forth its contents of domestics, both male and female, bent upon seeing company pass, at least, even if internal arrangements prevented a nearer access to the seat of pleasure. There would be a constant succession of parties returning home, and whose actions betrayed the nature of their occupations when at the fair, fondling and fighting and fighting and fondling, swearing eternal hatred and eternal friendship in one and the same breath, and loudly indulging, for the benefit of the world, in private family anecdotes. There was no end to performances among the children upon penny trumpets, and nothing was heard but a perpetual going of rattles among young watchmen. It was now the period of the day for all the car-drivers to be completely drunk, and they were completely drunk. The unfortunate animals, though in the last stage of exhaustion, some of which had been on foot from four o'clock in the morning, were forced by the incessant application of the whip, into the most rapid motion, every effort costing a hollow groan. A spirit of rivalry urged their masters, into which the temporary passengers, who were quite ready for any thing, fully entered, and loudly cheered, each party their own charioteer, shouting being in their case any thing but an act of self-denial. As we proceeded we met a captain's guard from the barracks, which was to be stationed in the immediate vicinity of the fair during the entire night, as the riotous proceedings which had frequently marked this period called for interference beyond the usual strength of the civil power. But Donnybrook fair is, I have reason to know, fast hastening into decay, its characteristic scenes ceasing in a great degree to be relished even by that class of persons whom it once attracted, and will probably only live before long in the popular ballad alluded to, and to which it has given name. I could only wish to observe on this particular head, and the full force of the observation can only be understood by one who has long resided like myself on the Con-

tinent, the extent to which the mere amusements of any people are connected with their political condition, although hitherto reckoned in some degree below the scope of legislation, the principle implied in old Fletcher of Saltoun's declaration extending far beyond the instance in which it is involved, and quite adequate to test equally the firm hand and delicate touch of even a master-spirit. Ireland is changing rapidly, but in nothing is the alteration so marked as in the lighter tastes of the people; from which a sound speculator may conclude in some measure as to the general destiny of a nation that feels and thinks so strongly in all matters as does my own.

When Jack and myself had reached the bridge over the canal at the top of Leeson Street in our progress homewards, we were arrested by a scene between two sailors and a Newfoundland dog. The two sailors, it afterwards appeared, had just landed at the quay after a foreign voyage, and were thus far on their way to the place we had quitted. Both were, as they themselves would say, "more than three sheets in the wind," and were seeking to give vent in every way to the spirits which a long confinement on ship-board had restrained. It would appear that they had met among their first acquaintances a large Newfoundland dog, and whom they were in the very act of recognising, and in the heartiest manner, at the very moment we ourselves came up. The affectionate animal was standing on his hind-legs wagging his tremendous tail in very delight, while each of the sailors was busy shaking hands or paws with him, and smothering him alternately with the heartiest kisses.

"Oh, man!" said one of them, addressing the dog, when he found composure enough to speak,—"oh, man, but I'm glad to see you! Come along, my hearty, and you shall have the best glass of punch in the fair!" This was uttered in the most earnest tone, and the three boon companions, the two sailors and the mastiff, were resuming their pace, the Newfoundland in the centre, and leaping in his fondness first on one and then another, whilst they returned his caresses. As this process, however, interfered with their direct motions

in some degree, they stumbled against Moriarty and myself. "Avast there!" they exclaimed, bringing themselves to an anchor as steadily as was in their power. "Ship ahoy!" spoke Jack; "and where for now, my hearties?" This friendly salutation was received by the tars in the very best manner, each projecting his hand and seizing therein our own, with a grip rather more calculated for a handspike! They then proposed that we should share in the dog's invitation to punch, insisting on our return to the fair for that purpose. As this did not exactly comport with our ideas; and a crowd, attracted by the vociferous hoarseness of our marine friends, began to gather unpleasantly round in such hot weather, we endeavoured to compromise the matter by promising to meet again on some more fitting occasion. The two gentlemen were, however, apparently too much attached to our society to be thus put off; and, therefore, with many sea oaths and exclamations, insisted on time and place being specified, seeing that their own hospitable intentions had been frustrated. Here Moriarty's genius awoke in full vigour, "Why, then, I would like to know you, certainly, but there's a difficulty. My name is Barrett," this was his second *alias*, the reader will remember, "and my father is familiarly called Jacky Barrett, a queer old codger!"

"Never fear, my lads, we'll splice him!" said our two friends.

"Well, then, you see, he lives in college with his wife, my respected *mamma*, who answers to Katty. Don't take any denial, mind you. You'll know the old gentleman at once by his wearing a dirty shirt, except when he wishes to be *incog*, and puts on a clean one. Now, mind, I'll expect you at ten o'clock to-morrow."

Having declared, in the most boisterous accents, their determination to wait upon us at that hour, they took their leaves, slapping our hands repeatedly, but previously spitting in their own to evince their sincerity.

"Well, Jack," said I, "if these fellows keep their word and we should be found out, we will assuredly be rusticated."

"Never fear," he responded, by way of comfort; "suppose we are,

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what matter? We can get the old medical certificate from the governor that we were ordered down for our health after our hard winter's study."

"That's true, too, but we need not get ill unless we cannot do better. However, they are so drunk that they will be unable to recollect their engagement; so we, probably, need not be alarmed."

Our exertions the preceding day kept us in bed until after the clock struck nine; and, having finished our breakfast, we strolled for a few minutes in the Park to aid digestion and gather whatever little news could live through such a hot season. The day, however, was becoming so insupportably warm that we turned back to our rooms with some faint resolution of getting once more into bed, and sleeping it out. Every college man will recollect the narrow archway which leads from the Brick Square to the Park, and which commands a view of the entrance-gate. Just as we entered this, Jack pulled me by the breast with a gesture of surprise, exclaiming, "May I be smothered if there are not the two sailors!" and sure enough there they were, lounging on with their hands in their pockets and looking in every direction as if ascertaining the locality of the feast which they supposed was awaiting them. Moriarty and myself stole cautiously round under the Library Colonnade, and ensconced ourselves in the window of a set of chambers directly confronting Jacky Barrett's house, and which gave us a full opportunity of hearing and seeing the odd events of the scene that we were confident would soon ensue. The two naval gentlemen, whose toilette was at least of some forty-eight hours' standing, and who had in all appearance just returned from Donnybrook, at last after much rolling attained the hall-door of their proposed host—for they had as yet got but their own consent, as the Irish gentleman said when informing his friend of a capital scheme he had of running away with an heiress—when one of them lifting up the knocker to its highest point of elevation, brought it down with such force, that the most distant chamber of the building could not but have echoed the alarm. They then joined in a duet of ship cries, as if hailing some sail at a dis-

tance, and which they rounded off with a closing note from the knocker once more. At last we could perceive a very old pale face peering cautiously through the lobby windows pertaining to the first flight of stairs, and endeavouring to ascertain what could be the cause of this fearful uproar. Jacky's first fears, as we gathered from a conversation between him and old Katty, and which was quite audible in the position we occupied, referred the disturbance to an open invasion of all his poor relatives in a body who had broken out at last, and would listen to sixpenny terms of peace no longer. He had, therefore, determined to call up his utmost courage for one decisive blow, and for that purpose had armed himself with a sweeping-brush, which he levelled cautiously over the window-sole, prepared to give the assailants a warm reception, and fire if driven to extremity.

"I can't see them," we could hear the old gentleman cautiously whispering, and endeavouring to reach over the projecting flag of the window, while the two gentlemen whom this reference regarded were ensconced in the deep embrasure of the door below, waiting patiently for a reply to their summons, evidently preparing, in order to carry out that idea, to go to sleep, as we could judge from their heads drooping on their breasts, as they lay up against the door which was blistered with the extreme heat. "Do you see them now, Katty? I can't see them," said old Jacky, "for this reason, that they're not in sight."

"It's thim from the ould house at Glassnevin, masther, be sure of it! they're here to ate us up; but whin it's come to the worst, you can give them the bad half-crown you got about twenty years ago come next Michaelmas."

This was touching a fine nerve.

"Oh, don't be after talkin' about it! I got it from M——, the Fellow, at twenty minutes past two of the day, and the wretch an' liar said it wasn't he that giv it me in change. But I've put it down in my book" (this refers to a diary he kept recording, it is said, some most extraordinary incidents, at least commentaries upon them. If he happened to take offence at any one, he

forthwith trotted home, and vented in this way his wrath in the most opprobrious language, although he carefully concealed the documents that contained it. It is understood to be in existence still, though very properly allowed to remain in its primitive state of obscurity). Here a kick at the door below recalled the old couple from this fruitful theme of discussion, over which, although they had condoled for years, it was as mournfully attractive as ever.

"Why, thin, masthur," said Katty, "may be it's ould lame Peg, your aunt; and the cratur's may be starvin', all out!"

"Now, Katty, then, do you see them, now? sure what the devil else has she to do but to starve? and can't she moreover go and hang herself, if she hasn't any other way to get a livin'?"

Here the two volunteer guests, who were getting considerably awakened, sent up a volley of sounds from below.

"Hallo, you up there! come, open the hatchway, or we'll drive it in, do you hear?"

"Oh, the Lord be good to me!" exclaimed the poor old man, starting, "an' who's that? It's my sins have found me out, and here's the ould sarpent that is mentioned in the book of Genesis, on the third page, second line from the top, in my copy of the Septuagint, that I ped one and sixpence for when I was a sizar, and would not part with it even when T——, the Fellow, offered me one and sixpence farden for my bargain—it's himsilf, the enemy, that's come! Och, Katty, try and spake, for I'm past it!"

Mrs. Katty then stretched her head courageously over the window-sole, and at last detected the two gentlemen below, who seemed to repent of their patience, and were thinking of climbing in through the windows.

"An' who are yez that's gulravagin' at the vice-provost's door, you vagabonds? Sure it's rusticated you deserve to be, you thieves ov the world that you are!"

"Hallo, mistress! are you up at last? Come, stir about, for we want our breakfast. Turn out the old gentleman, will you?"

The vice-provost, who overheard this announcement of their diabolical intentions of breakfasting with him,—an idea to which there was not one analogous instance through the course of his long life,—became perfectly desperate, and thrusting out his head in his excitement with the sweeping-brush prepared, as it were, for action, and already on full cock, gave an opportunity for recognition to his unexpected visitors.

"I say, Jim, it's him—the old'un—I know the shirt that the young gentleman spoke of. Well, master, we're ready for the breakfast that your son asked us to last night; so look out, you and his mother there, and let us in."

This twofold imputation, paternal and maternal, and which conveyed a high charge against the parties to whom it referred, was met by a scream of indignant surprise from the aged couple.

"Oh, the calumniators and the liars! as if I had ever a son, I that —" Here old Katty struck in to vindicate her own maiden state,—

"Oh, yez infernal vagabonds! let me but down at you."

But at this moment some of the porters whom the noise had attracted came up and found means to relieve the vice-provost of the terrible visitation with which he was threatened. Moriarty, who had contrived to be acquainted with him, condoled with him next day on his misfortunes, and again and again pledged himself to strain every nerve to discover the original authors of a proceeding so outrageous. His success was not, however, very remarkable, although he formally for several days reported progress to Jacky, and, as a proof of his unabated zeal, asked leave to sit again. "He, to be sure, had been able to do nothing that day," would be his speech on each occasion, "but he could vouch for to-morrow."



TRIAL OF DANIEL M'NAUGHTEN, THE BAR OF THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, AND THE PLEA OF INSANITY.

It is no easy matter to handle a topic on which every man, every woman, and every child in England has already formed an opinion. It is the fate of a magazine — an incident, so to speak, of its very nature to partake of the *paulo post*, and to be thirty days in arrear of the intelligence which has been disseminated with railroad speed through the columns of *The Times* and the *Chronicle*. But the magazine is withal less liable than the daily press to sudden impulses. The magazine does not reflect the popular passions, whims, caprices, and delusions; but in the periodical interval of rest, in the monthly incubation wherein articles are hatched, has or ought to have leisure to weigh, compare, and balance testimony. Much has been said by the daily press on the subject of the trial which took place at the Central Criminal Court in the early part of the last month; but little has been written on the case of M'Naughten in a calm, a collected, or a judicial spirit. We purpose, regarding the importance of the subject, to make a few observations on the trial, on the prisoner and his defence and defender, on the bar of the Central Criminal Court, and, lastly, on the plea of insanity in criminal cases. Not within our memory has the area of the Old Bailey Court been so crowded as on this occasion, and the proportion of barristers attending was unusually great. Nor was this the only peculiar feature. The bench and the body of the court were filled with persons of rank and distinction, with ambassadors, members of both houses of parliament, and men more distinguished than either ambassadors or peers (though M. St. Aulaire, an author and a peer, was among the number), in all the walks of science and literature. This vast assemblage seemed to be pervaded with but one common feeling, — namely, abhorrence of what each individual pronounced to be a foul and cruel murder. There was apparent no maudlin sympathy, no sickly sentimentality. On the contrary, as far as we could

judge, a strong desire prevailed to strain the law to the utmost to meet what every body considered (till the defence was entered on) the atrocity of the case. At ten o'clock on the morning of Friday the 3d March, the prisoner was placed at the bar. M'Naughten walked to the dock with a firm step, and bowed respectfully to the court. There was nothing very striking in the personal appearance of the man. He is a decently-dressed, fair-haired, fair-skinned, smooth-faced Scotchman, above the middle height, with a mournful expression of countenance. His air was sad, subdued, and somewhat listless. Though pensive and pallid, there appeared a strange and vacant glare about his eyes as he alternately surveyed the judges and the eager, anxious auditory. In all this wandering look and floating gaze of the prisoner, there was not the slightest attempt at, or appearance of, acting. He firmly yet mildly pleaded not guilty to the indictment, which was (*mirabile dictu*) simple and plainly drawn. At five minutes past eleven o'clock the solicitor-general, Sir William Follett, rose to state the case in behalf of the crown. There appeared at first an anxious restlessness about his manner; and, as he spoke of the amiable character of Mr. Drummond and his untimely and unlooked-for fate, his lip quivered, his eye moistened, and he gave free scope and vent to his feelings; but soon he passed to the facts and circumstances of the case, which he narrated in that lucid order, and in those deep, full, rich-toned sentences, so often bringing conviction to the minds of judges as well as juries. As a clear statement and exposition of facts, calm, dispassionate, and accurate, the pleading of Sir W. Follett had undoubtedly great merit. There was no unseemly anxiety to press against the prisoner. The law was fairly, clearly, and candidly stated; and even in those passages in which allusion was made to Sir Robert Peel, the advocate of the crown did not suffer one expression to escape him in reference to the

honourable baronet which could not be the feelings or the fears of any man. In contending that from the facts used by the prisoner before he committed his crime, and his actions afterwards that it was the life of Mr. Drummond but for the prime minister he sought, and that he was taking, there was only a temptation afforded to any man to advocate to declaim and to appeal to the better feelings of our nature; but Sir William Follett, to his credit be it spoken, in his difficult passage exercised a graceful and generous forbearance, and declined from urging a topic which would scrupulous or a more sycophantic public servant might have urged with effect. He stated that the nature of the crime remained unchanged by the circumstances of the prisoner being to the life of the premier; but nevertheless, this intention affords in itself a motive for the act. The motive, however, was not sufficiently to convince the jury.

In no portion of the case adduced on behalf of the crown did the learned solicitor-general shew any like an adequate motive lurking in the mind of the prisoner for the order of Sir Robert Peel. The ground for the decision of the jury was a question of fact and of belief, and was fairly put to them by Sir William Follett.

But the learned solicitor-general limited himself to merely stating what he believed to be the law, he fully fulfilled his duty to the court and the public; but, in accordance with the practice of the profession, he was obliged to resort to precedent and authority, and to travel two centuries to a text-writer for a definition of insanity, framed

to please the fools, and puzzle all the wise."

Why should we be to write a word in disparagement of that man who gave to the age in which he lived and to all posterity the most brilliant example of sincere

and fervent piety, exact justice, and profound jurisprudence;\* but with all his merits and all his integrity, we are constrained to admit that the disquisitions of Hale are too frequently disfigured by professional narrowness, while they exhibit on the subject of insanity all the barbarism and ignorance of the rudest times, a coarse but not a plain expression, an indigested method and a species of reasoning the very refuse of the pedantic and purblind schoolmen whose fantastic whimsicalities passed in benighted times for absolute wisdom. It is a plain and unhappy indication of the unimprovable nature of legal studies, of the dreary go-round sort of drudgery which a Follett must undergo, of the slavish submission to precedent which even a master-mind must acquiesce in,—that in the year of our Lord 1843, a high legal officer of the crown was obliged to resort, or at least did resort, for a definition of insanity, to an authority who, in 1665, on the trial of two wretched women for witchcraft,† declared that there were such creatures as witches he made no doubt at all; for, first, the Scripture had affirmed so much; secondly, the wisdom of all nations had provided laws against such persons, which is an argument of their confidence of such a crime.

That a man entertaining even in that age such absurd and extravagant sentiments should not be happy in his own family is not wonderful;‡ and it is no marvel that he should, in the decline of life, have forgotten himself so far as to have married one of his own female servants. But this trait in the domestic history of Hale is somewhat beside the question before us.

The circumstances attending the attempt on the life of Mr. Drummond, the mode and manner of the wounding, the death, and the cause of that event having been fully explained, the powder-flask, pistols, and the fatal ball having been identified in the usual minute and tedious fashion, witnesses were called to identify the prisoner. Silver, the police-constable of the A division,

See Burnett's Life of Hale. Burke's Works, vol. vi. 15, 16.

State Trials, vol. vi. p. 698.

Hargrave's Law Tracts. North's Life of Lord Keeper Guilford. Burnett's Life of Hale.

gave his evidence with remarkable fairness and candour:—

"He struggled very violently," says he, "when I seized him, but I overpowered him. When I seized the prisoner's arm, he was pointing the pistol at the gentleman who was staggering; and when I knocked his arm up, the pistol went off. I then took the pistols from him; one from his hand, and the other from his breast; and having done so, conveyed him as speedily as possible to the station-house. On our road there the prisoner said either, 'He,' or 'she,' I do not know which, 'shall not break my peace of mind any longer.'"

The most remarkable evidence, however, was that of John Matthew Tierney, inspector of the A division of police, who stated,—

"In the conversation I asked him whether Drummond was a Scotch name. He answered that it was; that it was the family name of the Earl of Perth, but the title had become extinct. I do not recollect any thing further took place that night. On the following morning I again saw the prisoner, between eight and nine o'clock. On entering his cell, I asked him whether he had had his breakfast. He replied in the affirmative, and asked to have some water to wash himself with. I then sent the constable who had been sitting up with him for some water, and when he had left the cell, I said to the prisoner, 'I suppose you will assign some reason to the magistrate this morning for the crime you have committed?' He said, 'I shall give a reason—a short one.' I then said, 'You might have stated anything you thought proper to me last night, after the caution I gave you.' He then told me that he was an object of persecution by the Tories, that they followed him from place to place with their persecution. He seemed inclined to go on with his statement when I said, 'I suppose you are aware who the gentleman is you shot at?' he said, 'It is Sir Robert Peel, is it not?' I at first said, 'No,' but in a moment recollecting myself, said, 'We don't exactly know who the gentleman is yet.' Then turning round, I said, 'Recollect the caution I gave you last night, not to say any thing to criminate yourself, as it may be used in evidence against you;' to which he immediately replied, 'But you won't use this against me?' I said, 'I make you no promise; I gave you the caution.' I then left the cell, and, in the course of the same day, took him to the police-court, Bow Street."

This certainly was a specimen of "entangling a man in his talk," for which Mr. John Matthew Tierney

deserves, and we hope will receive, a severe reprimand.

The witness in cross-examination stated, that he had no intention to disclose the conversation he had with the prisoner till he mentioned the name of Sir Robert Peel; that a constable of the name of Edwards was present at the conversations, *who, however, was not then in court.* It was proved by several witnesses that M'Naughten was an industrious reader, that he attended lectures, that he was frugal and laborious, and keen and shrewd in the management of his pecuniary and business affairs; but one of the witnesses on the part of the crown admitted that when he saw him in August 1842, he was paler than usual, and his eyes more prominent; and that he had further observed that, before he had left off business, he had acquired a habit of knitting his brow and rolling his eyes about.

This was the case which the prisoner's counsel had to grapple with; and though it was not very formidable from the nature of the evidence, yet it was a most delicate and difficult case to treat, considering that the sympathies of the whole public, justly and naturally, ran breast-high against the prisoner. A very onerous responsibility, therefore, weighed on the shoulders of Mr. Cockburn of the Western Circuit, who had appeared at the Central Criminal Court for the first time, having come up specially from New Sarum to defend M'Naughten. In the better days of the profession, when the bar was altogether composed of scholars and gentlemen, and not, as now, of forensic tradesmen, there was nothing unusual in counsel of the first eminence appearing at the Old Bailey. Many of the ablest lawyers of the past generation had been schooled there—among others, Sergeants Glynn and Davy; Wallace, afterwards attorney-general; Adair, afterwards recorder; Graham, afterwards a baron of the Exchequer; together with Howarth, Bearcroft, and many others. Almost in our times the Old Bailey has rung with the forensic triumphs of Erskine, bringing to the aid of the oppressed or the guilty the most varied and popular talents, the most comprehensive command of language, and all the resources of genius, in-

and knowledge. There, within a space of a few years, has Garrow exhibited his inimitable shrewdness, wonderful quickness and cunning, that quiet, fascinating, wheedling-persuasiveness, which enabled him to put the very testimony vital to his case into the mouth of an adverse witness. There has been the ingenious and subtle; the cautious, adroit, and perous Gurney; the manly and noble Brodrick; and the industrious and zealous Platt. Nor have there been or men of genius been wanting.

There practised Henry Clifford of Oxford Circuit, a man accomplished in every kind of literature, afterwards famous as the leader of the O. P. row. There has more than once pleaded Henry Fielding, the immortal author of *Tom Jones*; last, though not least, there has been for two-and-twenty years, Charles Phillips, who, endowed by nature with richer and fairer natural talents than almost any man of his age, has, instead of commanding the attention by the use of listening senates, contented himself to settle down into the tranquillity of a provincial judge in bankruptcy. But, notwithstanding the presence of some very able counsel—we would particularly name Messrs. Adolphus, Price, and Preshost, whose respective merits, however, appear to be but ill appreciated—it has been an admitted fact that the bar of the Old Bailey has for some years fast sinking into a thing more odious than contentment. Much of this, no doubt, may be ascribed to the hybrid race of attorney who practise there; but a great deal of it is also owing to certain members of the bar, who, by no very honourable means, having obtained a monopoly of the practice, are determined to maintain such monopoly by the hateful arts which a lust of gain can supply to reptile and sordid desires.\*

Coarse and vulgar vituperation, coarse and empty retorts, sly sarcasm, empty insolence, and arrogant, overbearing assumption, have been in great resort to (according to the reports of the men and the parties

to be affected) by some of the principal practitioners in this the first criminal court of the kingdom, against their opponents, whom they considered intruders, and not “to the manner born.” These tactics have hitherto had pre-eminent success. The Court has been to all intents and purposes a closed court excepting to the chosen few. But as Adolphus has grown old and feeble in body (though his mind, be it said in passing, is as vigorous and elastic as ever), as Charles Phillips is gone never to return, the public have begun to think that, in all cases of moment, extrinsic aid was not only desirable but indispensable. Accordingly, Mr. Thesiger was specially retained for Suisse; Mr. Humphrey of the Midland Circuit was imported into Bailey’s case; and, in the last session of the Court, Mr. Cockburn appeared for M’Naughten in the case under review. But counsel even of this eminence are regarded by the monopolisers as interlopers, and are looked on with a cold, a malignant, and a jealous eye. It is said, on the other hand, by the confederated clique, that *they* confine themselves exclusively to this jurisdiction. That, however, is not in effect true. There is not one of them who does not, and who would not if he were fed to-morrow, go into any court in Westminster Hall. But even supposing the statements were veracious, these men surely cannot mean to urge that they alone should have an estate in fee simple absolute, in the lives and liberties of Her Majesty’s subjects.

Mr. Cockburn was not the man to be terrified by interested clamour such as this. We rejoiced, on many accounts, when we learned he had undertaken the defence of this prisoner.

He had long been known to his friends as an agreeable and accomplished gentleman; to his circuit, as an eloquent advocate and scientific lawyer; and to parliamentary committees, as by far the most astute and learned, and one of the most successful practitioners of the day; but we are not aware that, though his character stood very high,

Two or three gentlemen, one of them of the greatest provincial repute, have lately appeared at the Old Bailey, but as yet they have had no opportunities for the display of ability.

he had obtained credit for those large and comprehensive faculties, and that eloquent spirit of exposition and generalisation which he exhibited in a high degree on the trial of M'Naughten.

Shortly after nine o'clock on Saturday, March 4th, he commenced his speech for the defence, but, though labouring under a severe cold and hoarseness, he soon, nevertheless, by the admirable manner in which he managed his voice, won and retained till the close of a four hours' oration the undivided and willing attention of his auditory.

Mr. Cockburn differs both in style, manner, and personal appearance, from the eminent and accomplished lawyer to whom he was opposed. He is below the middle size, but strong and square-built. His complexion is of an exceedingly ruddy hue; his countenance is frank and open; and there is about his air and manner a gay, enjoyable, and laughing look, which sufficiently indicates that he has occasionally and not profitlessly heard the chimes at midnight, when unbending in revels as inspiring and pleasant as those of Justice Shallow. An advocate, in our mind, is none the worse because he occasionally indulges in these pleasant practices; on the contrary, we are quite persuaded that there never was a great advocate, and that there never can be a great advocate who does not enter into social pleasures with intense relish. The muddy-headed and phlegmatic plodder who elaborately evolves his propositions with the laborious dulness of a Dutch commentator, may sneer at this remark; but these handicraftsmen of the law are answered by simply pointing to the greatest living examples, both masters in the highest departments of their art—need we say we refer to Copley and Brougham?

Mr. Cockburn stated at the commencement of his address, that it was no part of his duty to question the facts of the case, but that the defence he would put forward was insanity, which, according to the law of England, as well as the law of every other civilised community on the face of the earth, absolved the prisoner from all responsibility which he owed to man.

"The evidence which would be adduced upon that subject would not, he said, be such as his friend the Solicitor-General had stated. It would not be of the same naked, vague, and indefinite character, but it would be testimony positive and precise; and he believed that it would be testimony which would carry conviction to the minds and hearts of every being who heard it. It would consist of the statements of parties who had known the prisoner from his infancy, of parties who had been brought into close and immediate connexion with him in all the relations of life; and, as the evidence of near relations and friends was always open to suspicion and distrust, it would also consist of the statements of persons whose evidence would be beyond the reach of altercation or dispute. It would consist of the evidence of the authorities of his native place, to one and all of whom the calamity with which it had pleased Providence to visit the prisoner at the bar had been distinctly known; to all of whom he had, from time to time, again and again appealed for protection from the fancied miseries which his disordered imagination had produced; to all of whom he had made repeated applications to that effect; and their evidence would leave no doubt on the minds of the jury that this man had been the victim of fierce and ungovernable delusions, which, after self-control had been destroyed, the moral sense broken down, and the intellect diseased, had resulted in the crime with which he was then charged."

In addition to this evidence he said:—

"He should call before the jury gentlemen connected with the medical profession, men of intelligence, experience, skill, and high authority, who would tell them, upon their oaths, that it was their belief, deliberate opinion, and conviction, that this man was the creature of delusion and uncontrollable impulses, which took away from him the character of a responsible being."

The first witness who proved any thing important was John Hughes, with whom the prisoner lodged. He stated, "That the prisoner would sometimes throw his legs about in all directions, then he would kick; at other times he wrapped the bed-clothes round his legs, and kicked about in that manner; he was very restless; his replies were quick and hurried, as if he wished to avoid conversation." One Carlow stated, "That he would often keep his hand to his head, as if in pain, the greater

f the evening." Mr. A. John-L.P., proved that he had written to the prisoner, in reply to a communication received from him,

he was labouring under an action of mind." And the Professor Glasgow, the Rev. A. Turner, Mr. H. Wilson, commissioner of, detailed to the court and the delusions under which the prisoner laboured. To Wilson he said, that as soon as he landed at Glasgow "he saw one of the spies, peep from the sentry-box." To Dr. E. Monro he stated:—

that he was persecuted by a system, first, at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, London, and Boulogne. That this preceded or followed him wherever it was; that he had no peace of mind, was sure it would kill him; that a grinding of the mind. I asked him he had availed himself of medical help. He replied that physicians could do no service to him, for if he took a drug it would be of no service to him. That in Glasgow he observed people in the streets pointing at him, and saying of him. They said, 'That is the murderer and the worst of the town.' That every thing was done to incite his name with the direst of results. He was tossed like a cork on the sea, that wherever he went, in town or country, on sea or shore, he was persecuted, watched and followed. At Edinburgh he saw a man on horseback watching him. That another person there pointed to him, and exclaimed, 'That's the man who had applied to the authorities at Glasgow for protection and relief. His complaints had been sneered at and laughed at by Sheriff Bell, who had it in his power to put a stop to the persecution and liked. If he had had a pistol in his possession he would have shot Sheriff Bell dead as he sat in the court; that Mr. Salmond, the procurator-general, Mr. Sheriff Bell, Sheriff Alison, and Mr. R. Peel, might have put a stop to the system of persecution if they had; that on coming out of the court he had seen a man frowning at him with a bundle of straw under his arm, which he knew well enough what was meant."

That the doctor, on his solemn sworn testimony to his belief that the delusions were real; and,—

that the act with which he was charged, coupled with the history of his life, left not the remotest doubt on the mind of the presence of insanity, and that to deprive the prisoner of all

self-control. He considered the act of the prisoner in killing Mr. Drummond to have been committed whilst under a delusion; that the act itself he looked upon as the crowning act of the whole matter—as the climax—as a carrying out of the pre-existing idea which had haunted him for years."

Dr. Monro further expressed an opinion that monomania may exist with general insanity; and in these, as, indeed, nearly all his statements on the subject of the disease, he was borne out by Sir Alexander Morrison, Mr. McClure, Dr. W. Hutchinson, Dr. J. Crauford, Mr. M'Murdo, Mr. Aston Key, and Mr. Winslow. The result of the medical evidence was, then, briefly this, that the prisoner laboured under a morbid delusion, which consisted in his fancying that he was subject to a system of persecution, that this delusion deprived him of all restraint and control over his actions, that the actions were the result of the delusion, and that the delusion itself was, to use the words of Dr. Hutchinson, irresistible.

Dr. B. Phillips, surgeon and lecturer at the Westminster Hospital, was about to be called to strengthen this case, when the Chief Justice Tindal interposed, and, addressing the solicitor-general, said, that he and his learned brethren felt the evidence, "and especially that of the two last medical gentlemen, who were strangers to both sides, so very strong, that unless medical evidence were called on the part of the crown to combat it he would stop the case."

After a few brief words from the solicitor-general, the lord chief justice shortly summed up the material parts of the evidence, when the jury, in less than two minutes, returned a verdict of NOT GUILTY on the ground of insanity.

It were idle to affect to conceal that this verdict excited surprise, and, we fear—to the disgrace of human nature, we must add—disappointment. The "general public, pioneers, and all," appear to have rushed, in their usual headlong way, to the conclusion, that because an amiable and unoffending gentleman suffered, and because "an inquisitor and a spy," as Mr. Cockburn truly and happily called Tierney, stated that the prisoner really thought he had

shot Sir Robert Peel, that, therefore, without regard to the man's state of mind or the medical evidence, the culprit should have been at once immolated. Fortunately, however, upright and learned judges, and conscientious jurymen, are still left to us, who, disregarding the ignorant and senseless gabble of the correspondents of the daily press, will, nevertheless, discharge fearlessly their duty.

There is no country, perhaps, on the face of the earth where a greater amount of insanity exists than in Great Britain, or where a greater general ignorance, at the same time, prevails as to the forms and features of the disease. It is a humiliating fact that, notwithstanding the vast amount of property affected by the legal regulations and decisions respecting insanity, no Englishman has produced a work in which the various forms and degrees of mental derangement are treated in reference to their effect on the rights and duties of man. Until very lately it was viewed as a disease over which medicine could exert but little control, and the asylums to which its wretched victims were consigned were established as receptacles, where without fear of offending the public eye, they might drag on, as Mr. Cockburn stated, a few years of miserable existence. Esquirol was the first among modern authors who divided into classes the subjects of homicidal monomania. If we are to judge by his book, he would have placed M'Naughten in the third group, in which individuals are hurried on by a blind impulse stronger than the will. All these individuals are characterised by a nervous constitution, and are very susceptible of impressions. All before manifesting a desire to kill were observed to be mild and kind. The prisoner whose case we are now reviewing came within all the categories. He was nervous, susceptible, mild, and kind, watching the children at play, and carrying in his pockets crumbs to feed the birds. Such men are also pronounced by the French writer to be isolated in the world, and without accomplices, while criminals generally have immoral ac-

complices aiding and assisting them. M'Naughten had neither friends nor intimates; he was shy, isolated, and reserved; and in the only passage of his life questioned before a jury stood alone and without confederates. We do not affect to conceal that these doctrines, which we are propounding, touching moral insanity, have been unfavourably received by a great portion of the public, and a considerable portion of the bar also; but in the latter profession the indisposition to admit a newer and more rational theory arises from the invincible repugnance which all old, ay, and almost all middle-aged barristers feel to what is called innovation. The improvements of modern science have shed a light on the pathology of insanity unknown to our ancestors. It will not do now to rest satisfied with the musty pedantry or the diffuse definitions of a Coke or a Hale. The learning of the age in which these men lived was unfit for improving the reasoning powers of man, or for enlarging the boundaries of human science. Knowledge on the subject of the brain is not now at a standstill;\* our acquaintance with the pathology of the disease is daily advancing, and it is but reasonable, therefore, to expect that the legislative enactments regarding it, which should be made to conform to the nature of the disease, should also undergo those modifications suggested by the improvements in our knowledge of it.† Since the acquittal of M'Naughten, a loud and ignorant outcry has been raised by the scribbling correspondents, from A to Z, of a great daily journal against medical testimony in cases of insanity. But is there any weight or any sense in this? It is well known that there is no single trait by which insanity can be characterised. It is a disease which is never established by a single diagnostic symptom, but by the whole body of symptoms; and if physicians have the faculty of distinguishing the manifestations of health from those of disease with reference to the lungs, heart, liver, and stomach, why should they not also have the same faculty, and testify unto it, in reference to the brain? We resort to

\* See Dr. Spellan's *Essay*. Pritchard, *Art. Insanity*, in *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*.

† Vide Ray, *passim*.

high medical reputation in the pathology of the liver; why should we not, also, in the pathology of the brain? "*Cuilibet in sua arte credendum est*;" and surely the majesty and dignity of truth are better upheld by yielding, as a medical author says, "to the improvements of the times from whatever quarter, than by turning away with blind obstinacy from every thing that conflicts with long-established maxims and decisions." The doctrines dogmatically laid down by Lord Hale have exercised too much influence on his successors. His opinion has been always urged against the plea of insanity. But in his day insanity was a much less frequent disease than it now is; and, as Mr. Cockburn remarked, quoting the eloquent words of the American Dr. Ray, "the popular notions concerning the disease were then derived from the observation of those wretched inmates of the mad-houses whom chains and stripes, cold and filth, had reduced to the stupidity of the idiot, or exasperated to the fury of a demon."

The species of madness displayed by M'Naughten is the offspring of the highest state of civilisation; Lord Hale could have little or no knowledge of such a form of the disease. Had that able man had the advantage of the ordinary experience now possessed by the humblest keeper in any great lunatic asylum, he had modified his views and propounded widely different doctrines from those which are quoted with the imposing sanction of his name. Apart, however, from all authority, it is strange, as a matter of consistency and common-sense, that a person whom the English law prevents from managing his own property by reason of his mental incapacity should, in respect to criminal acts, be considered as possessing all the elements of responsibility. De Peyronnet, afterwards one of the ministers of Charles X., had, when at the bar, quoted, on the trial of Papavoine, the passage from Hale's *Pleas of the Crown*, p. 30, cited on the present trial by Sir W. Follett. Georget, an able French writer on insanity, in subsequently commenting on the trial, expresses his indignation that

such statements should have been quoted with approbation in a French court of justice. The sentiments of Lord Hale, says he,\* make more account of property than of life. There is no excuse for a criminal offence, while civil acts are to be annulled.

A distinction is also made in the English law between civil and criminal cases in regard to evidence respecting the state of the party's mind. In the former, proof drawn from the nature of the act in question is paramount to all others, and in the absence of others, admitted to be alone conclusive; while in the latter, to seek to prove the existence of insanity from the character of the act, would, as Dr. Ray well puts it, be viewed as nothing else but a begging of the question.

Why are testamentary dispositions, that conflict with the natural distribution of property, to be held as evidence of unsound mind, and a motiveless and unnatural murder, unfollowed by any consciousness of guilt, to be taken as any thing else than as a proof of equal unsoundness?

The case of Hadfield,† quoted by the solicitor-general, was the first case in which there occurred an able and enlightened discussion of the question of insanity. The result was that a fatal blow was given to the doctrines of Lord Hale by Mr. Erskine, counsel for the prisoner, who shed upon the question all the light of his genius and eloquence. The indictment in Hadfield's case was for high treason, and counsel was, of course, assigned by the crown to the prisoner; but can any one doubt that had those insane criminals who have been condemned within the last half century been also allowed the privilege of counsel, which, by the state of the law, they were not—can any one doubt, we say, that many of them would have been acquitted, and such an advance made in the law relating to insanity as would have spared Lord Lyndhurst the trouble of bringing in a bill on the subject? It is well, however, that the subject has been taken in hand by a noble lord who is in advance of the intelligence of his own age on this, as on most other subjects, and who, in the

\* *Discussion Médico-légale sur la Folie*, p. 8.

† *Howell's State Trials*, 27 vol. p. 1282.



case of the *King v. Offord*\* so long as he shewed a disposition to turn away the unprepared notices of the jurors. Some considerable stress was laid by the solicitor-general on the systematic design of the prisoner, but it was well answered that the humblest mental in the service of a lunatic asylum could speak of the ingenuity of contrivance and adroitness of execution that pre-eminently characterise the plans of the insane.

Into the pathology of mania we will not enter: suffice it to say, that it is a disease of the brain, of which irritation is the initial stage.

In what is called the homicidal form the maniac falls on the object of his fury oftentimes without the most proper means for accomplishing his purpose, and, perhaps, in the presence of a multitude, as if expressly to court observation. In nearly all the cases which have been collected on the subject, the criminal act has been perpetrated by irritable, gloomy, or dejected men. Here again M'Naughten came within the definitions. He was irritable, gloomy, and reserved. Night after night he was visited with perturbed slumbers. He was subject to a racking pain in his head. For hours together he would rest his aching head upon his hand, and would then rush out, to use the happy language of his counsel, and bathe his burning brow in the waters of the running Clyde.

In medical science it is more especially dangerous to reason against facts. It is impossible to open any of the foreign works of Georget, Marc, Esquirol, Andral, Orfila, and Broussais; of Piatner, Erhnmüller, Henke, and Otto; of the American authors Ray, Rush, and Beck; or of our own Conolly, Combe, and Pritchard, without finding an immense mass of cases related by men of science and veracity, where people have been irresistibly impelled to the commission of criminal acts by a motiveless impulse.

But it is said M'Naughten displayed no indications of a disordered mind. Neither did Hadfield pending his trial: and during the thirty years he subsequently spent in Bedlam Hospital, he scarcely shewed any signs of mental alienation, except

once, when suddenly, and without any cause, he became so furious that they were obliged to chain him in his cell. It ought, also, to be stated that there was antecedent to and during the trial, no attempt at simulation, no feigning on the part of M'Naughten. This, in conjunction with other facts, affords negative testimony that the disease was real. There was no attempt to produce a powerful impression, there was no loud proclaiming of the presence of a crazed condition, no soliciting of the attention of the beholder. On the contrary, there was the reserve, the indifference, the taciturnity of the real disorder—the dull, vacant, and listless look, and muddy cast of countenance. The question now arises, Is the verdict of the jury obnoxious to the censures which have been passed upon it? We decidedly think not. The jury were bound to give a verdict according to the evidence, and the evidence clearly established a case of insanity. Independently, however, of this or any other verdict, why, on general principles, should we not treat irregularities of the mind in the same way as we treat all other physical disorders, by confining ourselves solely to an attempt to cure the patient? Why do we talk of punishment when we are considering a case of morbid action of the brain, any more than when we are considering a case of morbid action of the heart, the lungs, or any other organ?

When, says Mr. Sampson (in his remarkable book on criminal jurisprudence, just published), we speak of persons being in ill health in cases where any other organ of the body than the brain is affected, we never think of expressing a desire to punish them for their misfortune, because we consider that the pain they must necessarily suffer, and the restraint and confinement to which they must submit, are circumstances that should awaken our pity rather than our anger.

Sir William Follett alluded, in his opening speech, to the frequent attempts made on the life of Louis Philippe. In the earlier of these attempts a revengeful trial and a sanguinary death were resorted to by the

\* Carrington and Payne's Reports, vol. v. p. 168.

authorities; but it was not till that course was abandoned and one of the offenders was consigned to the obscurity of a private madhouse that the regicidal epidemic was in any degree stayed.

It is abundantly clear that more certain and better defined principles must be speedily laid down on the subject of criminal insanity. It is absurd that we should be bound down by the limited and circumscribed knowledge of our predecessors. Inquiry, however, and more especially medical inquiry, should precede legislation. Let us first ascertain whether the sparing of human life be an incentive to crime in madmen, and whether persons who now commit crimes under the influence of morbid delusions, would be deterred by the consideration that the plea of insanity would be unavailing.

The public are certainly entitled to preventive measures, and in *McNaughten's* case such measures might have been taken if his father had attended, as he ought to have done, to the warning of the provost of Glasgow; but, if we are to believe Sir William Ellis, there are cases in which no preventive measures can be taken — cases in which the diseased action of the brain may have existed without being suspected until diseased organisation, the incurable stage of insanity, has actually taken place. These cases, however, we believe to be exceedingly few in number, and we know not that any medical writer has alluded to them, with the exception of Sir Wm. Ellis, who certainly had considerable experience, not only as keeper of an asylum for the insane in Yorkshire, but also as physician of the Hanwell establishment.

We do not deny that the decision in the case which we have been reviewing may embarrass the administration of the criminal law, if that law be allowed to remain unaltered; but the remedy for this inconvenience will not be difficult if the law shall adapt itself to the improved state of medical science.

We had written thus far, removed

from the bustle and smoke of London, when the result of the discussion in the Lords on Monday, March the 13th, reached us. It appears, from the lucid statement of the lord-chancellor, that *at present* no alteration of the law is deemed practicable, and that the general law, as it relates to cases where insanity is pleaded in defence of criminal acts, is to remain for a time at least unchanged. We cannot but regret this determination of the government, for although no such doctrine was propounded by the judges on *McNaughten's* trial, yet it would be affectation to conceal that the verdict of "not guilty" goes very far to establish the doctrine of Mr. Sampson, and many of the more recent writers on medical jurisprudence, namely, that the exhibition of a tendency to commit crime without those producing and inciting causes, which to ordinary men appear remarkable causes, is to be taken as evidence of partial insanity. Now no Greek doctrine forms any portion of the common or statute law, and hence the rule of law, and the rule of medical science, as is very properly remarked by a late writer in the *Jurist*,\* are not in harmony. The test of insanity, says law, is the incapacity to judge at the time of an act whether it is right or wrong according to law. The test of insanity, says forensic medicine, is the absence of any sane motive for the commission of crime; and in effect the medical witness lays down the law by giving a scientific opinion as to what constitutes insanity.

On the whole, therefore, the law on insanity in criminal cases appears to us to be in any thing but a satisfactory state. It is oscillating between the old doctrines and the new (as is apparent not alone by the result of this trial, but also by the result of the more recent case of Grove at the present Staffordshire assizes),† between the theories of lawyers who lived three centuries ago and the theories and experience of learned physicians and physiologists who have lived in our own day. Why should not the subject be investigated by the wisest and ablest men in both pro-

\* *Jurist*, vol. vii. no. 323.

† See *The Times'* Oxford Circuit Report of Mr. J. A. Alexander's Speech of Counsel for the Prisoner.

fessions, and the result of their deliberations be stated in a report to parliament? If the subject were referred to Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, and Cottenham, with Sir William Follett, Messrs. Pemberton, Leigh, and Cockburn, on the part of the lawyers, and to Sir Benjamin Brodie, Sir Charles Clark, Dr. Chambers, Dr. Bright, Dr. Latham, Dr. Southey, and Dr. Pritchard of Bristol, on the part of the medical profession, we have no doubt that a new stream of light must flow from the collision of such minds.

Meanwhile, a bill is promised to be prepared by the lord-chancellor

with a view to see whether any measures of precaution stronger than those at present existing can be adopted for preventing the recurrence; and thus, at least, public attention will be kept alive on the subject.

For the rest we have only to say, in conclusion, that physiologists of the newer school, and medical jurists generally, have found the ablest, the most eloquent, and the most lucid exponent of their theories since the days of Erskine in Mr. Cockburn, whose reputation as the most eloquent advocate of the day is now fairly and incontestably established.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS,

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

No. V.

DE LAMARTINE.

WHEN first I saw the kind-hearted and gentlemanly De Lamartine, he had returned from his travels in the East, oppressed by grief, and weighed down with domestic calamity. He had lost his *only* daughter. Far, far away from the scenes of her infancy and childhood, from her father's own beautiful dwelling, from the trees and the moss, the vineyards and the fields, she loved so well; beneath another sky, and surrounded with many faces unfamiliar to her heart, she breathed her last sigh in the arms of her parents in the Holy Land, and her soul winged its happy flight to the heaven of her Saviour and her God. At the Château de St. Point, near Macon, in the centre of France, she had received her earliest and dearest impressions; and its solitary and romantic scenery was not forgotten by her, even when her light foot pressed the sward of holier and lovelier lands. "*La terre natale*" was beautifully sung by her father, in one of his delicious "harmonies;" and her young heart expanded under the genial influence of the kindly and noble sentiments which he possessed. With a passion for all that was beautiful, good, just, and wise, that father had impregnated her character: and she was the reflected image of himself. But Julia died! She had tra-

versed with him the regions of the East. She had beheld his fine heart bound with joy at the pious traditions of the scenes of our salvation. She had visited the shores of Malta, the coasts of Greece, the ruins of Athens, the plains and the mountains of Syria, and that Palestine so dear to the heart of every Christian. But Gethsemane was doubly hallowed to his soul,—for death snatched from him the being in whose existence and happiness the dearest hopes of himself and his wife were centered; so that he sang in pathetic and mournful strains the following deep and precious thoughts, descriptive of the state of his mind:—

"Maintenant tout est mort dans ma  
maison aride,  
Deux yeux toujours pleurant sont toujours  
devant moi:  
Je vais sans savoir ou, j'attends sans  
savoir quoi,  
Mes bras s'ouvrent à rien, et se ferment  
à vide,  
Tous mes jours and mes nuits sont de  
même couleur,  
La prière en mon sein avec l'espoir est  
morte,  
Mais c'est Dieu qui t'écrase, ô mon  
âme soit forte,  
Baise sa main sous la douleur!"

Nothing could better describe the feelings of De Lamartine when I first

in those stanzas of his  
 one who knew him best  
 and that the occupations  
 of life would be simply  
 "prier, et chanter!"

He had returned to Paris,  
 his friends had preceded him.  
 He had excited the love and  
 admiration of multitudes of beings  
 of the globe. His tale  
 was told, if not in every  
 part in many a dwelling  
 as well as of the rich;  
 that he was a royalist,  
 to the new order of  
 things in France, was  
 right of, and he was re-  
 ceived as a Thane and  
 a poet. His fine active  
 mind was subdued by the loss  
 of love, to a degree of hu-  
 man submission which was  
 rare; and those who are  
 acquainted with the power  
 of grief, and to gird itself  
 with firmness and decision, would  
 have said that De Lamartine  
 again sing of beauty, of  
 love, but would be-  
 come a recluse. His  
 English lady of good family,  
 with a gentle disposition,  
 well-informed and highly  
 intelligent, had shared with him  
 all his sorrows, as well as  
 his pleasures, and had returned  
 the object of the idol of their  
 life. To them the world  
 was a dream. Tears and sighs,  
 were clad in mourning, and  
 he knew of no mitigation,  
 constant companions; and  
 he looked on them as we  
 do on objects blasted  
 by fire, and on trees riven by  
 lightning.

The sun appeared to  
 shine for them,—for she who  
 first golden rays of the  
 sun slept in her grave.  
 Her remains had been brought  
 back, but they were *only* the  
 body without the spi-  
 rit, that fairest com-  
 pany, disclosed in vain  
 for them; since she who  
 wandered in sylvan scenery,  
 by the side of cold mountain,  
 was her guide and her  
 aid no longer ask his aid,  
 and no longer ap-

plaud with her smiles or her tears  
 the sweetest efforts of his muse. The  
 landscape, with its varied scenery and  
 multiplied attractions; society, with  
 its excitement and its distractions; so-  
 litude, with its pensive thoughts and  
 its self-examination; all appeared  
 before them monotonous and sad,—  
 for she was no longer the admirer of  
 the landscape, the charm of society,  
 or the companion of the lonely hour.  
 Books had no delights for them.  
 Pictures, the representations of the  
 past, the present, and the future, were  
 without beauty in their eyes; statues  
 and marbles were but dull and life-  
 less blocks to them, since she who  
 admired and appreciated them all, was  
 now silent and cold as the marbles  
 themselves. Public affairs they would  
 not or could not converse about.  
 They had scarcely a tear to spare  
 for others—they had so many to  
 shed for themselves; and though  
 dynasties had been changed, old in-  
 stitutions of the first revolution re-  
 vived, and a new state of things both  
 moral, political, and religious, had  
 come to life, De Lamartine and his  
 admirable wife were evidently unaf-  
 fected by the changes, and viewed  
 them all as events with which they  
 had nothing to do—and to which they  
 were indeed bound to remain stran-  
 gers. He had still in his absence  
 been elected a deputy, and he hoped  
 to perform the duties of his office,  
 but with sorrow and with tears.

How unearthly is the human mind,  
 how pure its breathings, and how  
 bright, or, rather, spiritual, are its soar-  
 ings, when thus brought by calamity,  
 disappointment, and the ravages which  
 death has made on those the soul  
 loves, to view this world as a mere  
 sojourn, life as a rapid journey, a fit-  
 ful dream, and a day of sunshine  
 and of cloud too speedy in its flight  
 to be remembered; and when God  
 alone seems capable of filling the  
 vast desires of the soul, and the de-  
 mands of a care-worn, a bereaved,  
 and an empty heart! Then it is that  
 life's chequered day is viewed in its  
 true colouring; that the cavils and  
 the reproaches, the calumnies and  
 the misrepresentations of the world,  
 excite only pity and commiseration  
 —not amounting to scorn or to anger;  
 and the pursuits of life are estimated  
 by their real, not by their imagined  
 worth. Then it is that the high

destinies of our future being pressed themselves upon us in all their vastness and grandeur; and that we feel all the truthfulness of the declaration, "So God created man in his *own image*, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them." This is not the period of false sensibility, of affected sentiment, of artificial or of feigned emotion. But such moments as those I have thus referred to in the life of De Lamartine are, when not indulged in to such an extent as to become prejudicial to our mind's vigour, usefulness, and future efforts for the good of society, the great halting places in our lives; the summits from which we take a large and expansive view of the world about and around us; and they are the epochs most favourable to our moral, intellectual, and religious improvement. It is undoubtedly true that some thought the grief of De Lamartine excessive, whilst the vulgar and the worldly-minded stigmatised it as affected. But his friends only feared that its sincerity and intensity might have such an effect on his future efforts, as to render his poetry morbid or fretful, his character repining and discontented, and thus to withdraw him from those busy scenes of daily life where the force of his eloquence, the strength of his judgment, and the excellence of his example, might improve and bless mankind.

The publication of the *Travels of De Lamartine* in the East was a sort of epoch in French modern literature. It seemed like the restoration of Christianity after years of reproach, calumny, and persecution. For the Revolution of 1830 proclaimed "war against the priests;" and that, also, meant "war against the altar," at which they ministered. The palace of the archbishop had been pillaged; the literature of centuries was thrown into the waters of the Seine as too bad to be preserved, because it was the literature of the church; multitudes of priests had been attacked, insulted, and beaten. The remnant of the old republican party of the last century now hoped to wreak its vengeance on the men and the clergy of the restoration. And, in one word, the goddess of Reason was again spoken of by the followers of Vol-

taire and Rousseau. But the book of De Lamartine came as a voice from the tomb; like fresh waters rushing to an arid desert; like the overflowing of the Nile; like flowers on graves; and beauty, fertility, and verdure, where rankness, poison, and death had prevailed. Some read his book from a love for the wonderful, some for its poetry, others for its apparent romance, and multitudes became enamoured once more with a religion, with which were connected the glowing recollections of the Holy Land.

I know it will be replied that these were not the stern and strong characteristics of a truly religious state of public mind and feeling, and that there was much of poetry and imagination bound up with these emotions. This I grant very readily; but it was surely something to give a new direction to minds which were unoccupied with good, and which were busily set on doing evil. It was surely something to assist in checking the blind and mad fury of many for attacking churches, for destroying the ornaments and paintings of the cathedrals, and for rasing to the ground all that remained of pious recollections of past ages. I feel certain that all the dragons of Louis Philippe, and all the national guards of Lafayette, and all the active police force of Casimir Perier or M. Thiers, and all the reproaches of enlightened foreigners against the rioting and pillaging propensities of the modern plunderers of the Romish churches in France, would never even combinedly have effected so much of restraining and beneficial influence as did the work of De Lamartine on the East. The clergy once more shewed themselves in the streets. The churches were reopened, many of which had been closed; the Christian temples were, as it were, readorned and re-consecrated; and every one said, "Why we, also, are believers in this same Jesus, and we know and love these scenes of Bethany and Jerusalem."

The success of the work of De Lamartine in France may be partly ascribed to his previous reputation as a poet, to his noble and generous nature, to his ardent and imaginative spirit, and to the depth and intensity of his sorrows. All this I am pre-

pared to admit; but it was an act of courage as well as of virtue, and of patriotism as well as of religion, to come forth with a book full of prayer and praise, of Christianity and of piety, when those to whom he addressed it, were either joining the Abbé de la Mennais in his republican Romanist system; or the Père Enfantin and Michel Chevalier in their restoration of St. Simonianism; or were rushing to the "*Eglise Française*," where French was substituted for Latin, and where orations were delivered on all descriptions of subjects similar to those which which now form the matter of debate at Fox's Finsbury chapel, London. The voice of the poet, the traveller, the historian, was at this time apparently too musical, too soft, too gentle to be heard. Oh, no! it penetrated the hearts of the obdurate; it descended like gentle dew; it fructified, vivified, subdued; and a better state of mind followed, which ended not, indeed, in such a religious movement as we who are of the Church of England could have desired, but in one of freedom from hostility to Christianity, of respect for its authorised teachers, and of toleration to all who professed it.

It has been objected to these travels of De Lamartine that they entered into the minute details of an individual life, which could only be interesting to the immediate circle of the author's friends and acquaintances. But in this I do not concur. It was not his friends and acquaintances only who, day by day, and week after week, carried off edition after edition, until almost every library in Europe as well as every cottage library in France, was supplied with a copy. I was present at the period. I witnessed the effect it produced,—pure, calming, holy; and how it, at least for a time, changed the politically hostile character of all private society, and gave a wholly new topic for conversation and reflection. The mass of mankind take a deeper interest in the personal adventures of an individual, in his private thoughts, feelings, and attachments, in his diet, his walks, his thoughts, his family, his associations, than some men are willing to concede. And the reason for this is obvious. There are but few minds capable of comprehending

the vast, the mysterious, the awful, whilst all can sympathise with the every-day scenery of ordinary being. This is the great secret of the success of Miss Mitford in her delineations of the veriest every-day occupations and doings of a work-a-day world. And, indeed, the happiest efforts of our greatest writers are not those which describe a tyrant, a despot, a slave, a conqueror, or a reformer, but those which depict man as he is in his mingled character of good and evil, as we meet him at our own doors and by our own firesides.

That which is personal, individual, and minute, is always more interesting to the mass of mankind than ideal personages, heroes, and goddesses; and the rapid sale of some of the earlier efforts of Charles Dickens also confirms the accuracy of my statement.

But De Lamartine was a DEPUTY! A small though fortified town, named BERGUES, quite in the north of France, had, during his absence in the Holy Land, elected him their representative. It was at the period that all men were mad in France respecting what was quaintly called "ELECTORAL CAPACITIES." Talent, not property; mind, not wealth, rank, or influence, were to take the lead in the new Chamber of Deputies; and actors, physicians, poets, historians, newspaper editors, and "*Feuilletonists*," too, were to contribute of their intellectual riches, to the repository of national talent, and of popular declamation. The electors of Bergues were determined not to be outdone; and, ignorant that though De Lamartine was a poet and an author, he was also a landed proprietor and a wine-grower, they determined that they would not be outstripped on the score of "intellectual capacity" in their representative.

The next time I saw De Lamartine he was pleading for the abolition of the punishment of death at the tribune of the Chamber. "I am aware," he said, "that you are not prepared to abolish the punishment of death by a prompt and decisive resolution; but this supplies no argument against my pleading for its abrogation. It is the duty of those who plead for great principles to originate, as well as to conduct, a

discussion. The real philosophical legislator is patient. He neither deceives himself nor others. He does not expect, that because he sees with clearness a principle, which all mankind have hitherto rejected, that his convictions are to be followed by the instantaneous conversion of others to his views. He knows, also, that although a principle may be good in itself, its application to large masses of society will not always be equally desirable. A nation might be sacrificed by the enforcement of abstract principles. In bringing forward, then, this question of the abolition of capital punishment, I am not about to set at nought the usages, customs, or even prejudices of a great nation. Society itself is a traditional work, and we must not touch the edifice with other feelings than those of respect and deference. We must think of the millions of lives, of properties, of rights, which repose in the shade of this vast and this secular edifice; and we must remember that even one stone rashly and inopportunely removed may crush whole generations by the fall which will ensue. Our duty is not to curse, but to enlighten society. He who curses what he does not approve, does not feel what is his real duty, and shews that he does not comprehend society. The sublimest of all social theories which should teach insubordination, or revolt against the laws, would be, in the end, far less beneficial to the world than that respect and obedience which the citizen owes even to that which the philosopher condemns." These were hard and difficult sayings for a chamber of deputies principally composed of the men of the Revolution. Those men were for deciding the excellence of a system, and the morality of a theory, by the test of how many white and how many black balls were placed for it in the balloting-box! and would test truth, not by truth, but by numbers!

The next time I saw De Lamartine he had received from his own native town an invitation to represent it in the new parliament. This was indeed flattering; not that the electors of Macon were more enlightened, or royalist, or patriotic than those of Bergues, but as it is true that, generally speaking, a prophet hath no

honour amongst his own people, it was complimentary to him, that those who knew him best were most anxious to be represented by him. The family of De Lamartine, indeed, is one of noble and honourable antiquity. In the *memorial* of the states of Burgundy his family was registered. The old château and estate of Monceaux have descended from generation to generation. At that very Macon which now De Lamartine represents, his relations were imprisoned for their faithful adherence to the cause of Louis XVI.; and the mother of the subject of this sketch hired a house near the prison that she might, from a window which looked over its gate, shew daily to his father their beloved child Alphonso through the bars of the gaol. Faithful to the old Bourbon race, the De Lamartines would have all suffered for that fidelity at the close of the last century had not Robespierre expired. How true it is that *time* is the great revealer of mysteries, the mighty magician which reconciles all contradictions, clears up all doubts, and removes all obstacles; for here is De Lamartine, once the pining infant smiling at its imprisoned father through the prison gates of Macon gaol, now representing, in the French Chamber of Deputies, the very same principles for which his father was incarcerated, and returned by the electors of that self-same Macon!

When, for the second time, the little old town of Bergues, so cold and so uninteresting, entreated De Lamartine to represent it in the Chamber of Deputies, he caused not only its electors, but the whole of France to resound with his political profession of faith; and to this document I invite attention, because the very same line of conduct he therein condemned with so much of truth and eloquence, he has unhappily pursued himself; and has, of late, attacked with vehemence the government of M. Guizot, not with distinct and precise charges, but with vague and most uncertain inuendoes. Such creatures we are, the very best of us, of momentary influences and of transient impressions; so exposed, by our passions or our follies, to do that to-day, which our reason has beforehand condemned!

"I am no party man. I am nei-

ther an out-and-out ministerialist on the one hand, nor a systematic oppositionist on the other hand. Parties rise, have their little day of life, vehemence, and strife, and then expire. Cabinets are called into being, perpetuate vast errors, and are systematically opposed. The opposition ceases to be regarded with respect because it is systematic, and it dies with the ministry it opposes."

How singular it is that this self-same De Lamartine has declared, within the last month, against the ministry of M. Guizot, a systematic and untiring opposition, and in terms so precisely opposite to those which he formerly made use of, that it would be easy to believe that he had taken the speech which I am now referring to, as a model, not to imitate, but to deny and oppose. When he addressed the electors of Bergues, he said,—

"I endeavour to act on higher principles, I seek to rise to the elevation of truth, of impartiality, of political morality. I look above and beyond party, to the social good of my fellow-citizens. I know that the party men who care for themselves and their faction, and not for the whole commonwealth, will inquire, 'And pray what is a social man?' Is he a man of the *droit*, or is he one of the *gauche*? What is his journal? What his coterie? Does he vote with one of the four great parties in the Chamber; and if so, with what party does he act? And what is the answer to these, and to like inquiries?—It is this:—A man of the Social party knows political parties too well to serve them; refuses to degrade himself to their trivial personalities, leaves to egotistical men the rivalry of name, and will not consent to become the mere partisan of the hour, but seeks to be the man of his age."

This was noble language, and its philosophy was high and attractive. But this same De Lamartine, whose eloquent and patriotic language I love to transcribe, and whose bright example at the time it was uttered produced so beneficial an effect on the whole of France, has recently joined the ranks of a democratic faction against M. Guizot; and, forgetting all his previous declarations, has become a party man to the extent

of entirely setting aside the rules he had himself so well defined, for the conduct of an honest and well-principled opposition. Alas! from such facts as these we learn to distrust all men, and finally to distrust ourselves. How is it, we ask, that the De Lamartine of January 1832 to 1842, should renounce his oft-repeated declarations, and join the general yell against M. Guizot, for his "Protestantism," for "his English prejudices," and for his attachment to the cause "of peace without dishonour," and of "liberty without licentiousness?"

"A man of the Social party," exclaimed De Lamartine, "is one who takes for the basis of his policy, not a shifting and changeable sort of passion, of hate, of prejudice, of affection for dynasties and for princes, but the prominent soil of justice, of truth, and of the real and solid interests of the country. This man does not attach undue importance to forms of government. He values them for their true merit; he looks upon the race of man not by isolated examples, but as a race, and he sees every where improvement and progression. The real Social man believes that true liberty can be enjoyed under opposing forms of government; that all governments may fall; and that we should regard them as instruments of civilisation, of which it is necessary to make use, that the happiness of society may be forwarded. Such a man seeks to bend, not to break governments; and whilst he loves liberty, it is the liberty of the law, and social power, because that power is the mighty lever which God hath given man to enable human associations to act upon themselves, and to raise them eventually to Him."

How happens it, then, that this self-same De Lamartine, within the last month, has seceded not only from the royalist party, for that he did long ago, but now from the conservative party of the present dynasty, and has vowed perpetual hostility to all ministries and parties which shall have for their policy that system of peace, order, and rational liberty, which Louis Philippe has so long sought to found, and to perpetuate in France? This is one of those enigmas which the biography of otherwise great men sometimes presents



for the consideration of philosophers, statesmen, and sages; but generally so presents in vain. There is something not merely contradictory, but almost chaotic, in these opposing systems in the same character and man; and we shall seek in vain, in secondary causes, for their explanation.

De Lamartine is one of the most zealous supporters of *La Société de la Morale Chrétienne* at Paris. It professes to amend the condition of the human species by the influence of Christian morals; and to reduce the number and character of the evils which spring out of the present condition of human society. This institution is one of the glories of France, and it has contributed more to her moral regeneration than all other associations combined. To its energetic and patriotic efforts France is indebted for the *abolition of lotteries*. The evils which lotteries engendered were as countless as they were demoralising. The smallness of the sums which could be deposited, and the large and tempting bribes which were held out by the government to the working classes as temptations to gambling, were of the most enticing character. In England, lotteries were bad enough, and the cause of public morals demanded their abrogation; but in France the evils were quite of another class. In England the price of sixteenth was not low enough to be reached by the lowest of the working classes. There must have been some saving up, and no small portion of care and providence, even in war times, on the part of the working man in England, to spare the sum necessary for one-sixteenth in a lottery prize at Cornhill or in Lombard Street. But at Paris, so great were the temptations offered to the working classes to put into the government lotteries, that they might purchase a "*simple extrait*" on four out of ninety numbers for as low a sum as twopence-halfpenny; and the ticket for two francs, an "*extrait*," yielding (if only one number came up) fifteen times the sum deposited. Then if an *ambe*, or two of the numbers, came up, on which they staked their money, they received several thousand times more than their little investment. A "*terne*," or three

lucky numbers, offered them \$7,500 times more than the sum they risked; and if the whole four numbers made their appearance, 75,000 times more than the amount paid in, was given to the fortunate winner. But how rare was such an occurrence when contrasted with the millions of failures? Persons might deposit on one, two, three, four, five, or any number from one to ninety, and small sums of one penny or twopence on each; and the lotteries at Bordeaux, Lyons, Lille, Strasbourg, Paris, followed with such rapidity, that the working classes had no sooner got over the excitement, success, or defeat of one lottery, than others in the very same week attracted new attention, and raised new curiosity, anxiety, and sorrow, or joy. It was at once curious and painful to watch the physiognomies of the parties surrounding the almost innumerable small lottery-offices at Paris, on the days of the various drawings of the provincial lotteries. When the weather was clear, and the telegraphs could work with effect and rapidity, the gamblers in lotteries knew full well within a few minutes when the news would arrive, and they waited round the offices in question in the respective districts of the metropolis in which they might happen to be for the moment, watching with the most breathless anxiety for the arrival of the messenger from the central office, with the numbers which had been just drawn. There they would stand with their tickets in their hands, and as the numbers appeared, their countenances would become dejected and mournful, or lighted up and joyous. When it is remembered that these lotteries were a source of the most positive and certain revenue to the government, it may well be imagined how seldom were the features of the wretched and uncertain watchers for good luck to be seen beaming with joy. But how many tens of thousands of disappointed, dejected, wretched countenances were to be beheld on the mornings of these lottery drawings, calculating one moment how they would expend their anticipated prizes; and a few seconds afterwards wholly ignorant where they should procure even their next meal of bread!

This is no ideal case, or one of but

rare occurrence. Hundreds—nay, thousands—of such occurred every week, and so great was the infatuation of the provincial as well as the Parisian working classes for this species of excitement, that they would pawn all their smaller articles of finery and jewellery in order “to try their luck once more” in the Strasbourg, or some other lottery. The dearest heir-loom of a poor man’s family, the jewel round which were centred a thousand dear and interesting associations; the new dress, or the new coat, which was purchased out of the savings arising from hour after hour of extra work and bondage; all—all would be taken to some *commissionnaire* of the “*mont de piété*,” or great national pawning-bank, in order to raise money enough to purchase “*one more ticket*,” which could be effected at as low a price as one shilling and eight pence!! Oh! the families that were ruined, and the hearts that were broken, and the peace that was disturbed, by these wretched lotteries! They led to family quarrels, to domestic misery, to separation of man and wife, to want of providence in family expenditure, to inattention to the comforts of husband, wife, and children; to intoxication, desertion of family, and very often, indeed, to assassination and suicide. It would be impossible to record the number of suicides to which the fatal loss of the last two or three francs by lotteries led to in France! The working classes in that country, easily and cheaply excited by the “*vin ordinaire*,” deteriorated by intoxicating drugs, having no principles to guide or to restrain them, and soon affected by the loss of their idol—money, had no object to pursue, no real and rational hope to sustain them, and having no religion to influence them, they resorted to suicide as to their *only* resource, and terminated (as they thought) with a pistol, or in the *Seine*, their sorrows and forebodings. I have witnessed some of these scenes of cheap gambling, of cruel disappointment, and of heartless and wretched suicide, or I should not dwell upon them.

When considering abroad, and when reflecting at home, on these evils and their causes, men like De Lamartine turned their attention to the best means of putting a stop to

the vices which were generally admitted and deplored. Was it to be endured that a positive and regular portion of the revenue of the French government should be dependent on the success of such lotteries as these? Was the government of France to be allowed to be permanently dependent, even for one centime (the fifth part of a halfpenny) for its stated income on such sources of revenue as these? Then what was to be done? Some said, “Tax the gambling-houses to a greater amount.” Others said, “Make the amount to be deposited for each separate lottery-ticket higher!” And, finally, the mass of those who loved gambling, urged that this “innocent game of the people” should not be taken away from them. Not so reasoned De Lamartine, and it is not because I blame his recent conduct with regard to M. Guizot, that, therefore, I am to refuse to the great Christian poet and legislator of France, the merit of having most powerfully contributed to put an end to the gambling lotteries of his native land.

But De Lamartine addressed the powers of his mind and the energies of his heart to the removal of another evil;—it was to the overthrow of Parisian GAMBLING-HOUSES! It is quite impossible for any one who has not witnessed in all the length and the breadth of its hideousness the demoralising character of this national evil, to judge of the immense—nay, even incomprehensible good effected by De Lamartine and his friends, when they likewise procured the closing of the Paris gambling-houses. They were the scenes of such awful woes, of such certain and extensive ruin, of such excitement to the display of the very worst passions, and of so many and such awful deaths, that the closing of the Paris gambling-houses was an immense national good. I have visited expressly those receptacles of needy and unprincipled gamblers, that I might watch the effects of the lowest and most degrading of passions upon them, viz. that of the love of wealth. I have seen the boy, sent on his errand of business, enter with the five franc-piece of his master, risk two francs of the same; double, treble, and more than decuple the amount; but, not satisfied with his successes, he

has remained behind in the hope of further multiplying his gains. What has been the result? All his first gains have been lost, all his hopes extinguished, his small and stolen capital has vanished, and he has rushed from the Palais Royal so incompetent to decide what should be his fate, that very—very often the next few minutes have found such an one a wretched and a miserable suicide. I have always watched, when I have entered these dungeons of misery for that purpose, with the most intense interest, alarm, and concern, my own countrymen, and especially those whose youth and inexperience rendered them doubly the objects of vigilance and anxiety. Many of them were medical students. They were sent to Paris with limited means to complete their anatomical studies. With prudence and good conduct those means were ample; but extravagance or gambling was quite out of the question. The first time they entered these establishments of "*rouge et noir*," they themselves often became "*rouge*" enough as they placed their first five-franc piece on the fatal board. But as success attended their exploits, they became flushed with victory, and looked bold and daring. If, perchance, good luck crowned their efforts during the first portion of the sitting, they sometimes retired with their booty, in order to convince others as well as themselves "that *they* knew when to leave off." But the first visit was soon followed by the second, and the second by the third, until not only all their money had been consumed, but until all their books, anatomical instruments, watches, and every disposable article, had been sacrificed to gratify that appetite, which grows on what it feeds. Then anxiety, misery, debt, disgrace, have followed, and arrest for rent or board and lodging has ensued. It is useless to follow up the subject. Thank God, these GAMBLING-HOUSES have been for ever closed, and the municipality of Paris, and the government, no longer derive a portion of their revenues from the vices and disorders of society! But it must not be forgotten that it was greatly to the untiring efforts of De Lamartine, and his noble coadjutors, that this result is to be ascribed.

The position which De Lamartine first took on his entrance into public life he has *not* been able to maintain. He set out with a resolution not to become a party man, *i. e.*, in the ordinary acceptation of the word party; and to be the chief of those who looked to the social evils of France, and sought to remedy them. Education, the condition of the poor, "agiotage" and its influence on society, the foundling asylums, illegitimate children, the condition of unfortunate females; these, and a variety of other subjects, together with the penal code, slavery, and the slave-trade, were to engross his time, and absorb his energies. But this is the case no longer. I do not find fault with the change which has taken place, because in France it is really very difficult, if not impossible, to steer clear of party politics and of political partisanship. But yet the fact is the same. De Lamartine has become in his turn a colleague of Berryer, a supporter of Guizot, an approver of Count Molé politics, and, finally ("tell it not in Gath, and publish it not in the streets of Askalon"), the most forward, bold, decisive opponent of that Conservative policy which himself and his party often pronounced to be the only one compatible with peace on the one hand, and with the honour and happiness of France on the other. Is De Lamartine no longer satisfied that England and France may be good allies, and yet honourable and enlightened rivals? Or has *he* also joined the "Anglo-phobia" faction, which sees in Great Britain an immense obstacle to French aggrandisement, and to French power? I fear the latter is the case; and that he is now pledged to oppose all governments which are not constructed on the basis of "ultra French politics and views." Now what is meant by this expression is this:—that France shall refuse the right of search; that France shall claim to take precedence in regulating, at all times, the affairs of the East; that France shall exercise authority in the affairs of Spain; that France shall extend her frontiers to the limits claimed by the republican party of the last century; that France shall be permitted to dictate to the rest of Europe on the fate of smaller

states; that France shall become the most formidable military and naval power in the west of Europe; that France shall extend her conquests in the north of Africa, establish settlements in the continent of America, especially of South America, and form colonies and governments in the Pacific Ocean. And, I regret to state, that the Legitimist party in France will lend itself to these demands, not because it regards them as politically sound or wise, but in order to extend the influence of the Romish church throughout the nations of the earth. This is the policy of Abbé de Genoude, the able and eloquent proprietor and editor of the *Gazette de France*. This is the policy of all who are under the influence of the court of Rome, and none are more so than De Lamartine. It is Protestantism they oppose. It is Protestantism they abhor. I have watched with attention their proceedings with reference to Polynesia; and I know that they are more anxious to expel from those islands the Protestant missionaries of Great Britain, Germany, and America, than they are to convert the heathen to the Christian faith. Alas! alas! they believe, and they act on that belief, that it would be better, spiritually speaking, for the pagans to remain so, than to be converted to Christianity by Protestant missionaries, and to remain Protestants.

De Lamartine, as a poet, is the boast and admiration of his country; and he most unquestionably merits all the fame and popularity he enjoys. But his poetical attributes render him a fluctuating and indifferent statesman. To-day, he pleads the cause of Poland with fire and energy. To-morrow, he proclaims at the tribune the advantages of a close alliance between France and Russia. To-day, he pleads for the abolition of slavery, and, as the magical words drop from his lips, he rivets the attention and secures the suffrages of even an unwilling audience. To-morrow, he indignantly rejects the right of search, and tells the best and most honest minister France has known for a century, "You are unfit to govern. You are repugnant to the glory, interests, and nationality of France!" And

why? Because that minister, M. Guizot, will not violate the treaties which were deliberately signed with Great Britain for putting an end to that very slavery, of which he complains. He would arrive at the end without making use of the means. He would put down the slave-trade by visiting other vessels, and by seizing the lawless pirates; but he would not allow of similar searches being made on board French vessels.

Again: to-day he pleads with incomparable eloquence on the subject of the affairs of the East, and places before you "Turkey," a mere corpse, a body without a soul, a form without animation. He tells you that this is as it ought to be, that prophecy requires it, that the march of events will have itso, that Mahomedanism must be supplanted by the Christianity, and the Crescent by the Cross; and then, in his own poetic strain, he presents before you that cross, triumphing over all prejudices, and subduing eventually all things to itself. But, to-morrow, he pleads for French influence in Turkey, for French influence at Constantinople; and talks of the advantages of the Turkish alliance and the revival of olden times; and is angry with Sir Stratford Canning because he does not consent to be outwitted by the French ambassador; and the corpse of yesterday has been suddenly transformed into a valuable, living, acting, formidable ally.

Louis Philippe said, some few months ago, when De Lamartine still remained faithful to the moderate Conservative party of the new dynasty, and when threatened by the chiefs of the Anglo-phobia factions with a union against his government, "I suppose, then, I shall be compelled to apply to M. De Lamartine to become my minister; and I may reckon myself very fortunate to have so honest and able a man to apply to." But Louis Philippe can say this no longer. After the late harangue of the poet in the Chamber of Deputies, he can no longer be regarded as a Conservative, but as one of the chiefs of a systematic opposition. Louis Philippe cannot confide in such a man. He might do well enough to run in the same political vehicle, neck by neck, alongside of M. Thiers, and they might

together hurl the national car with themselves over some fearful precipice ; but De Lamartine has demonstrated that he is no statesman, and that he is without a clear, distinct, and accomplishable political system. He either knows not, or does not feel, that politics cannot be made a matter of imagination and feeling, but that the *great* interest of a *great* nation must be treated without passion, prejudice, or poetry. Louis Philippe has very naturally some sentiments of affection for De Lamartine. Mademoiselle des Roys was the mother of the poet, and she was as good as she was charming. Her mother was governess to the royal princes, and brought up her daughter with the now King of the French, and with Madame Adelaide, his sister. The King of the French never forgets the associates of his earlier years, and the family of De Lamartine, at least on the maternal side, is regarded by him with respect and interest. Yet De Lamartine can never now become his minister.

Whoever desires to see this extraordinary man to advantage, should make a journey to Macon with a letter of introduction. There, in the

neighbouring *Château de St. Point*, the author of the *Harmonies*, the *Meditations*, and the *Souvenirs*, will be seen as the man who has never made a personal enemy and never lost a friend. Gentle, noble, pure, serene, generous, kind, he will welcome the stranger to his interesting and antique dwelling, and amuse, delight, and improve him. His visitor will find him a glorious host, and an inimitable companion. His large heart admits within it all who are entitled to esteem and admiration, and he is ever ready to sympathise with human suffering, and to seek to provide a remedy for every woe. As a man and a friend he cannot be surpassed ; as a poet he is unrivalled in France ; as a statesman and politician he is most defective. Some would style him a "*girouette*."

And thus it is with the best of men ! They mistake so often their own qualifications, and are in favour of their weaker points. For myself I can only admire and love De Lamartine, and wish him years of happiness and a life of delight, for his happiness is virtue, and his delight is to do good, and render others joyful.

## CONFESSIONS OF GEORGE FITZ-BOODLE.

## MEN'S WIVES.

## No. II.

## THE RAVENSWING.

## CHAPTER I.

WHICH IS ENTIRELY INTRODUCTORY — CONTAINS AN ACCOUNT OF MISS CRUMP,  
HER SUITORS, AND HER FAMILY CIRCLE.

In a certain quiet and sequestered nook of the retired village of London — perhaps in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, or at any rate somewhere near Burlington Gardens — there was once a house of entertainment called the Bootjack Hotel. Mr. Crump, the landlord, had, in the outset of life, performed the duties of boots in some inn even more frequented than his own, and, far from being ashamed of his origin, like many persons are in the days of their prosperity, had thus solemnly recorded it over the hospitable gate of his hotel.

Crump married Miss Budge, so well known to the admirers of the festive dance on the other side of the water as Miss Delancy; and they had one daughter, named Morgiana after that celebrated part in the *Forty Thieves* which Miss Budge performed with unbounded applause both at the Surrey and the Wells. Mrs. Crump sat in a little bar, profusely ornamented with pictures of the dancers of all ages, from Hillisberg, Rose, Parisot, who employed the light fantastic toe in 1805, down to the Sylphides of our own day. There was in the collection a charming portrait of herself, done by De Wilde; she was in the dress of Morgiana, and in the act of pouring, to very slow music, a quantity of boiling oil into one of the forty jars. In this sanctuary she sat, with black eyes, black hair, a purple face and a turban, and, morning, noon, or night, as you went into the parlour of the hotel, there was Mrs. Crump taking tea (with a little something in it), looking at the fashions, or reading Cumberland's *British Theatre*. The *Sunday Times* was her paper, for she voted the *Dispatch*, that journal which is taken in by most ladies of her profession, to be vulgar and Radical, and loved

the theatrical gossip in which the other mentioned journal abounds.

The fact is that the Royal Bootjack, though a humble, was a very genteel house; and a very little persuasion would induce Mr. Crump, as he looked at his own door in the sun, to tell you that he had himself once drawn off with that very bootjack the top-boots of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and the first gentleman in Europe. While, then, the houses of entertainment in the neighbourhood were loud in their pretended liberal politics, the Bootjack stuck to the good old Conservative line, and was only frequented by such persons as were of that way of thinking. There were two parlours, much accustomed, one for the gentlemen of the shoulder-knot, who came from the houses of their employers hard by; another for some "gents who used the 'ouse," as Mrs. Crump would say (Heaven bless her!) in her simple Cockniac dialect, and who formed a little club there.

I forgot to say that while Mrs. C. was sipping her eternal tea or washing up her endless blue china, you might often hear Miss Morgiana, employed at the little red silk cottage piano, singing, "Come where the haspens quiver," or "Bonny lad march over hill and furrow," or "My art and lute," or any other popular piece of the day. And the dear girl sung with very considerable skill too, for she had a fine loud voice, which, if not always in tune, made up for that defect by its great energy and activity; and Morgiana was not content with singing the mere tune, but gave every one of the roulades, flourishes, and ornaments as she heard them at the theatres by Mrs. Humby, Mrs. Waylett, or Madame Vestris. The girl had a fine black eye like her mamma, a

grand enthusiasm for the stage, as every actor's child will have, and if the truth must be known, had appeared many and many a time at the theatre in Catherine Street in minor parts first, and then in *Little Fickle*, in *Desdemona*, in *Rosina*, and in Miss Foote's part where she used to die: I have not the name to my hand, but think it is Davidson. Four times in the week, at least, her mother and she used to sail off at night to some place of public amusement, for Mrs. Crump had a mysterious acquaintance with all sorts of theatrical personages; and the gates of her old haunt, — the Wells, of the Coburg (by the kind permission of Mrs. Davidson), nay, of the Lane and the Market themselves, flew open before her — "Open sesame," as the robber's door did to her colleague, Ali Baba (Hornbuckle), in the operatic piece in which she was so famous.

Beer was Mr. Crump's beverage, variegated by a little gin, in the evenings; and little need be said of this gentleman except that he discharged his duties honourably, and filled the president's chair at the club as completely as it could possibly be filled; for he could not even sit in it in his great-coat, so accurately was the seat adapted to him. His wife and daughter, perhaps, thought somewhat slightly of him, for he had no literary tastes, and had never been at a theatre since he took his bride from one. He was valet to Lord Slapper at the time, and certain it is that his lordship set him up in the Bootjack, and that stories *had* been told. But what are such to you or me? Let bygones be bygones, Mrs. Crump was quite as honest as her neighbours, and Miss had 500*l.* to be paid down on the day of her wedding.

Those who know the habits of the British tradesman are aware that he has gregarious propensities like any lord in the land; that he loves a joke, that he is not averse to a glass; that after the day's toil he is happy to consort with men of his degree; and that his society is not so far advanced among us as to allow him to enjoy the comforts of splendid club-houses, which are open to many persons with not a tenth part of his pecuniary means, he meets his friends in the cosy tavern parlour, where a

neat sanded floor, a large Windsor chair, and a glass of hot something and water, makes him as happy as any of the dukes in their magnificent saloons.

At the Bootjack was, as we have said, a very genteel and select society, called the Kidney Club, from the fact that on Saturday evenings a little graceful supper of broiled kidneys was usually discussed by the members of the club. Saturday was their grand night; not but that they met on all other nights in the week when inclined for festivity; and indeed some of them could not come on Saturdays in the summer, having elegant villas in the suburbs, where they passed the six-and-thirty hours of recreation that are happily to be found at the end of every week.

There was Mr. Balls, the great grocer of South Audley Street, a warm man, who, they say, had his 20,000*l.*; Jack Snaffle, of the mews hard by, a capital fellow for a song; Clinker, the ironmonger, all married gentlemen and in the best line of business; Trestle, the undertaker, &c. No liveries were admitted into the room, as may be imagined, but one or two select butlers and majordomos formed the circle, for the persons composing it knew very well how important it was to be on good terms with these gentlemen; and many a time my lord's account would never have been paid, and my lady's large order never have been given, but for the conversation which took place at the Bootjack, and the friendly intercourse subsisting between all the members of the society.

The tiptop men of the society were two bachelors, and two as fashionable tradesmen as any in the town. Mr. Woolsey, from Stultz's, of the famous houses of Linsey, Woolsey, and Co., of Conduit Street, tailors; and Mr. Egiantine, the celebrated perruquier and perfumer of Bond Street, whose soaps, razors, and patent ventilating scutaps are known throughout Europe. Linsey, the senior partner of the tailors' firm, had his magnificent mansion in Regent's Park, drove his buggy, and did little more than lend his name to the house. Woolsey lived in it, was the working man of the firm, and it was said that his cut was as magnificent as that of any man in the profession. Woolsey and

Eglantine were rivals in many ways,—rivals in fashion, rivals in wit, and, above all, rivals for the hand of an amiable young lady whom we have already mentioned, the dark-eyed songstress Morgiana Crump. They were both desperately in love with her, that was the truth; and each, in the absence of the other, abused his rival heartily. Of the hair-dresser, Woolsey said, that as for Eglantine being his real name, it was all his (Mr. Woolsey's) eye; that he was in the hands of the Jews, and his stock and grand shop eaten up by usury. And with regard to Woolsey, Eglantine remarked, that his pretence of being descended from the cardinal was all nonsense; that he was a partner, certainly, in the firm, but had only a sixteenth share; and that the firm could never get their monies in, and had an immense number of bad debts in their books. As is usual, there was a great deal of truth and a great deal of malice in these tales; however, the gentlemen were, take them all in all, in a very fashionable way of business, and had their claims to Miss Morgiana's hand backed by the parents. Mr. Crump was a partisan of the tailor: while Mrs. C. was a strong advocate for the claims of the enticing perfumer.

Now, it was a curious fact, that these two gentlemen were each in need of the other's services,—Woolsey being afflicted with premature baldness, or some other necessity for a wig still more fatal,—Eglantine being a very fat man, who required much art to make his figure at all decent. He wore a brown frock coat and frogs, and attempted by all sorts of contrivances to hide his obesity; but Woolsey's remark, that, dress as he would, he would always look like a snob, and that there was only one man in England who could make a gentleman of him, went to the perfumer's soul; and if there was one thing on earth he longed for (not including the hand of Miss Crump), it was to have a coat from Linsey's, in which costume he was sure that Morgiana would not resist him.

If Eglantine was uneasy about the coat, on the other hand he attacked Woolsey atrociously on the score of his wig; for though the latter went to the best makers, he never could

get a peruke to sit naturally upon him; and the unhappy epithet of Mr. Wiggins, applied to him on one occasion by the barber, stuck to him ever after in the club, and made him writhe when it was uttered. Each man would have quitted the Kidneys in disgust long since, but for the other,—for each had an attraction in the place, and dared not leave the field in possession of his rival.

To do Miss Morgiana justice, it must be said, that she did not encourage one more than another; but as far as accepting eau de Cologne and hair-combs from the perfumer,—some opera tickets, a treat to Greenwich, and a piece of real Genoa velvet for a bonnet (it had originally been intended for a waistcoat), from the admiring tailor, she had been equally kind to each, and in return had made each a present of a lock of her beautiful glossy hair. It was all she had to give, poor girl! and what could she do but gratify her admirers by this cheap and artless testimony of her regard? A pretty scene and quarrel took place between the rivals on the day when they discovered that each was in possession of one of Morgiana's ringlets!

Such, then, were the owners and inmates of the little Bootjack, from whom and which, as this chapter is exceedingly discursive and descriptive, we must separate the reader for a while, and carry him—it is only into Bond Street, so no gentleman need be afraid—carry him into Bond Street, where some other personages are awaiting his consideration.

Not far from Mr. Eglantine's shop in Bond Street stand, as is very well known, the Winds, or chambers. The West Diddlesex Association (western branch), the British and Foreign Soap Company, the celebrated attorneys Kite and Levison, have their respective offices here; and as the names of the other inhabitants of the chambers are not only painted on the walls, but also registered in Mrs. Boyle's *Court Guide*, it is quite unnecessary that they should be repeated here. Among them, on the entresol (between the splendid saloons of the Soap Company on the first floor, with their statue of Britannia presenting a packet of the soap to Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; and the West Diddlesex (western



branch on the basement) — on the entresol — lives a gentleman by the name of Mr. Howard Walker. The brass plate on the door of that gentleman's chambers had the word "Agency" inscribed beneath his name; and we are therefore at liberty to imagine that he followed that mysterious occupation. In person Mr. Walker was very genteel; he had large whiskers, dark eyes (with a slight cast in them), a cane, and a velvet waistcoat. He was a member of a club; had an admission to the opera, and knew every face behind the scenes; and was in the habit of using a number of French phrases in his conversation, having picked up a smattering of that language during a residence "on the Continent:" in fact, he had found it very convenient at various times of his life to dwell in the city of Boulogne, where he acquired a knowledge of smoking, *écarté*, and billiards, which were afterwards of great service to him. He knew all the best tables in town, and the marker at Hunt's could only give him ten. He had some fashionable acquaintances too, and you might see him walking arm-in-arm with such gentleman as my Lord Vauxhall, the Marquess of Billingsgate, or Captain Buff; and at the same time nodding to young Moses, the dandy bailiff; or Loder, the gambling-house keeper; or Aminadah, the cigar-seller in the Quadrant. Sometimes he wore a pair of moustachios, and was called Captain Walker, grounding his claim to that title upon the fact of having once held a commission in the service of her majesty the Queen of Portugal. It scarcely need be said that he had been through the Insolvent Court many times. But to those who did not know his history intimately there was some difficulty in identifying him with the individual who had so taken the benefit of the law, inasmuch as in his schedule his name appeared as Hooker Walker, wine-merchant, commission-agent, music-seller, or what not. The fact is, that though he preferred to call himself Howard, Hooker was his Christian name, and it had been bestowed on him by his worthy old father, who was a clergyman, and had intended his son for that profession. But as the old gentleman died in York gaol, where he was a

prisoner for debt, he was never able to put his pious intentions with regard to his son into execution; and the young fellow (as he was wont with many oaths to assert) was thrown on his own resources, and became a man of the world, at a very early age.

What Mr. Howard Walker's age was at the time of the commencement of this history, and, indeed, for an indefinite period before or afterwards, it is impossible to determine. If he were eight-and-twenty, as he asserted himself, Time had dealt hardly with him; his hair was thin, there were many crows' feet about his eyes, and other signs in his countenance of the progress of decay. If, on the contrary, he were forty, as Sam Snaffle asserted, who himself had misfortunes in early life, and vowed he knew Mr. Walker in Whitecross Street prison in 1820, he was a very young-looking person considering his age. His figure was active and slim, his leg neat, and he had not in his whiskers a single white hair.

It must, however, be owned that he used Mr. Eglantine's Regenerative Uction (which will make your whiskers as black as your boot), and, in fact, he was a pretty constant visitor at that gentleman's emporium; dealing with him largely for soaps and articles of perfumery, which he had at an exceedingly low rate. Indeed, he was never known to pay Mr. Eglantine one single shilling for those objects of luxury, and, having them on such moderate terms, was enabled to indulge in them pretty copiously. Thus Mr. Walker was almost as great a nosegay as Mr. Eglantine himself. His handkerchief was scented with verbena, his hair with jessamine, and his coat had usually a fine perfume of cigars, which rendered his presence in a small room almost instantaneously remarkable. I have described Mr. Walker thus accurately, because, in truth, it is more with characters than with astounding events, that this little history deals, and Mr. Walker is one of the principal of our *dramatis personæ*.

And so, having introduced Mr. W., we will walk over with him to Mr. Eglantine's emporium, where that gentleman is in waiting, too, to have his likeness taken.

There is about an acre of plate glass under the royal arms on Mr. Eglantine's shop window; and at night, when the gas is lighted, and the washballs are illuminated, and the lambent flame plays fitfully over numberless bottles of vari-coloured perfumes—now flashes on a case of razors, and now lightens up a crystal vase, containing a hundred thousand of his patent toothbrushes—the effect of the sight may be imagined. You don't suppose that he is a creature who has those odious, simpering, wax figures in his window, that are called by the vulgar dummies? He is above such a wretched artifice; and it is my belief that he would as soon have his own head chopped off, and placed as a trunkless decoration to his shop-window, as allow a dummy to figure there. On one pane you read in elegant gold letters "Eglantina"—'tis his essence for the handkerchief; on the other is written "Regenerative Uncction"—'tis his invaluable pomatum for the hair.

There is no doubt about it: Eglantine's knowledge of his profession amounts to genius. He sells a cake of soap for seven shillings, for which another man would not get a shilling, and his toothbrushes go off like wildfire at half-a-guinea a-piece. If he has to administer rouge or pearl-powder to ladies, he does it with a mystery and fascination which there is no resisting, and the ladies believe there are no cosmetics like his. He gives his wares unheard-of names, and obtains for them sums equally prodigious. He *can* dress hair—that is a fact—as few men in this age can; and has been known to take twenty pounds in a single night from as many of the first ladies of England when ringlets were in fashion. The introduction of bands, he says, made a difference of 2000*l.* a-year in his income; and if there is one thing in the world he hates and despises, it is a Madonna. "I'm not," says he, "a tradesman—I'm a *hartist* (Mr. Eglantine was born in London). I'm a *hartist*; and shew me a fine 'ead of air, and I'll dress it for nothink." He vows that it was his way of dressing Mademoiselle Sontag's hair, that caused the count her husband to fall in love with her; and he has a lock of it in a brooch, and says it was the finest head he

ever saw, except one, and that one was Morgiana Crump's.

With his genius and his position in the profession, how comes it, then, that Mr. Eglantine was not a man of fortune, as many a less clever has been? If the truth must be told, he loved pleasure, and was in the hands of the Jews. He had been in business twenty years: he had borrowed a thousand pounds to purchase his stock and shop; and he calculated that he had paid upwards of twenty thousand pounds for the use of the one thousand, which was still as much due as on the first day when he entered business. He could shew that he had received a thousand dozen of champagne from the disinterested money-dealers with whom he usually negotiated his paper. He had pictures all over his "studios," which had been purchased in the same bargains. If he sold his goods at an enormous price, he paid for them at a rate almost equally exorbitant. There was not an article in his shop but came to him through his Israelite providers; and in the very front shop itself sat a gentleman who was the nominee of one of them, and who was called Mr. Mossrose. He was there to superintend the cash account, and to see that certain instalments were paid to his principals, according to certain agreements entered into between Mr. Eglantine and them.

Having that sort of opinion of Mr. Mossrose which Damocles may have had of the sword which hung over his head, of course Mr. Eglantine hated his foreman profoundly. "*He* an artist," would the former gentleman exclaim, "why he's only a disguised bailiff! Mossrose, indeed! the chap's name's Amos, and he sold oranges before he came here." Mr. Mossrose, on his side, utterly despised Mr. Eglantine, and looked forward to the day when he would become the proprietor of the shop, and take Eglantine for a foreman, and then it would be *his* turn to sneer and bully, and ride the high horse.

Thus it will be seen that there was a skeleton in the great perfumer's house, as the saying is, a worm in his heart's core, and though, to all appearance prosperous, that his position was really an awkward one.

What Mr. Eglantine's relations were with Mr. Walker may be imagined from the following dialogue, which took place between the two gentlemen at five o'clock one summer's afternoon, when Mr. Walker, issuing from his chambers, came across to the perfumer's shop.

"Is Eglantine at home, Mr. Mossrose?" said Walker to the foreman, who sat in the front shop.

"Don't know—go and look" (meaning go and be hanged); for Mossrose also hated Mr. Walker.

"If you're uncivil I'll break your bones, Mr. Amos," says Mr. Walker, sternly.

"I should like to see you try, Mr. Hooker Walker," replies the undaunted shopman, on which the captain, looking several tremendous canings at him, walked into the back room or "studio."

"How are you, Tiny, my buck?" says the captain. "Much doing?"

"Not a soul in town. I 'aven't touched the hirsns all day," replied Mr. Eglantine, in rather a desponding way.

"Well, just get them ready now, and give my whiskers a turn. I'm going to dine with Billingsgate and some out-and-out fellows at the Regent, and so, my lad, just do your best."

"I can't," says Mr. Eglantine. "I expect ladies, captain, every minute."

"Very good; I don't want to trouble such a great man, I'm sure. Good-by, and let me hear from you *this day week*, Mr. Eglantine." "This day week" meant that at seven days from that time a certain bill endorsed by Mr. Eglantine would be due, and presented for payment.

"Don't be in such a hurry, captain—do sit down. I'll curl you in one minute. And, I say, won't the party renew?"

"Impossible—it's the third renewal."

"But I'll make the thing handsome to you;—indeed I will."

"How much?"

"Will ten pounds do the business?"

"What! offer my principal ten pounds? Are you mad, Eglantine?—A little more of the iron to the left whisker."

"No, I meant for commission."

"Well, I'll see if that will do.

The party I deal with, Eglantine, has power, I know, and can defer the matter, no doubt. As for me, you know, *I've* nothing to do in the affair, and only act as a friend between you and him. I give you my honour and soul, I do."

"I know you do, my dear sir."

The two last speeches were lies. The perfumer knew perfectly well that Mr. Walker would pocket the 10*l.*; but he was too easy to care for paying it, and too timid to quarrel with such a powerful friend. And he had on three different occasions already payed 10*l.* fine for the renewal of the bill in question, all of which bonuses he knew went to his friend Mr. Walker.

Here, too, the reader will perceive what was, in part, the meaning of the word "agency" on Mr. Walker's door. He was a go-between between money-lenders and borrowers in this world, and certain small sums always remained with him in the course of the transaction. He was an agent for wine, too; an agent for places to be had through the influence of great men; he was an agent for half-a-dozen theatrical people, male and female, and had the interests of the latter, especially, it was said, at heart. Such were a few of the means by which this worthy gentleman contrived to support himself, and if, as he was fond of high living, gambling, and pleasures of all kinds, his revenue was not large enough for his expenditure—why, he got into debt, and settled his bills that way. He was as much at home in the Fleet as in Pall Mall, and quite as happy in the one place as in the other, "That's the way I take things," would this philosopher say. "If I've money, I spend; if I've credit, I borrow; if I'm dunned, I whitewash; and so you can't beat me down." Happy elasticity of temperament! I do believe that in spite of his misfortunes and precarious position, there was no man in England whose conscience was more calm, and whose slumbers were more tranquil, than those of Captain Howard Walker.

As he was sitting under the hands of Mr. Eglantine, he reverted to "the ladies," whom the latter gentleman professed to expect; and he was a sly dog, a lucky ditto, and asked him if the ladies were handsome.

Eglantine thought there could be no harm in telling a bouncer to a gentleman with whom he was engaged in money transactions; and so, to give the captain an idea of his solvency and the brilliancy of his future prospects, "Captain," said he, "I've got hundred and eighty pound out with you, which you were obliging enough to negotiate for me. Have I, or have I not, two bills out to that amount?"

"Well, my good fellow, you certainly have; and what then?"

"What then? Why I bet you five pounds to one that in three months those bills are paid."

"Done; five pounds to one. I take it."

This sudden closing with him made the perfumer rather uneasy, but he was not to pay for three months, and so he said "done" too, and went on, "What would you say if your bills were paid?"

"Not mine, Pike's."

"Well, if Pike's were paid, and the Minorities' man paid, and every single liability I have cleared off; and that Mossrose flung out of winder, and me and my emporium as free as air?"

"You don't say so? Is Queen Anne dead? and has she left you a fortune? or what's the luck in the wind now?"

"It's better than Queen Anne, or any body dying. What should you say to seeing in that very place where Mossrose now sits (hang him!)—in seeing the *finest head of 'air now in Europe?* A woman tell you—a slap-up lovely woman, who, I'm proud to say, will soon be called Mrs. Heglantine, and will bring me five thousand pounds to her fortune."

"Well, Tiny, this *is* good luck, indeed. I say, you'll be able to do a bill or two for me then, hay? You won't forget an old friend?"

"That I won't. I shall have a place at my board for you, capting; and many's the time I shall ope to see you under that ma'ogany."

"What will the French milliner say? She'll hang herself for despair, Eglantine."

"Hush! not a word about 'er. I've sown all my wild oats, I tell you. Eglantine is no longer the gay young bachelor, but the sober married man. I want a heart to share the feel-

ings of mine. I want repose. I'm not so young as I was, I feel it."

"Pooh, pooh! you are—you are —"

"Well, but I sigh for an 'appy fireside; and I'll have it."

"And give up that club which you belong to, hay?"

"The Kidneys? Oh! of course, no married man should belong to such places, at least, I'll not; and I'll have my kidneys broiled at home. But be quiet, captain; if you please the ladies appinted to—"

"And is it *the* lady you expect? eh, you rogue!"

"Well, get along. It's her and her ma."

But Mr. Walker determined he wouldn't get along, and would see these lovely ladies before he stirred.

The operation on Mr. Walker's whiskers being concluded, he was arranging his toilet before the glass in an agreeable attitude, his neck out; his enormous pin settled in his stock to his satisfaction, his eyes complacently directed towards the reflection of his left and favourite whisker, and Eglantine was laid on a litter in an easy, though melancholy posture. He was twiddling the tongs with which he had just operated on Walker with one hand, and his right-hand ringlet with the other, and he was thinking—thinking of Morgiana; and then of the bill which was to become due on the 16th; and then of a light blue velvet waistcoat with gold sprigs, in which he looked very killing, and so was trudging round in his little circle of loves, fears, and vanities. "Hang it!" Mr. Walker was thinking, "I *am* a handsome man. A pair of whiskers like mine are not met with every day. If any body can see that my tuft is dyed, may I be —" When the door was flung open, and a large lady with a curl on her forehead, yellow shawl, a green velvet bonnet with feathers, half-boots, and a drab gown with tulips and other large exotics painted on it—when, in a word, Mrs. Crump and her daughter bounced into the room.

"Here we are, Mr. E.," cries Mrs. Crump, in a gay, *folâtre*, confidential air. "But, law! there's a gent in the room!"

"Don't mind me, ladies," said the gent alluded to, with his fascinating

way. "I'm a friend of Eglantine's: an't I, Eggy? a chip of the old block, hey?"

"That you are," said the perfumer, starting up.

"An 'air-dresser?" asked Mrs. Crump. "Well, I thought he was: there's something, Mr. Eg, in gentlemen of your profession so exceeding, so uncommon *distingy*."

"Madam, you do me proud," replied the gentleman so complimented, with great presence of mind. "Will you allow me to try my skill upon you, or upon miss, your lovely daughter? I'm not so clever as Eglantine, but no bad hand, I assure you."

"Nonsense, captain," interrupted the perfumer, who was uncomfortable somehow at the rencontre between the captain and the object of his affection. "He's not in the profession, Mrs. C. This is my friend Captain Walker, and proud I am to call him my friend." And then aside to Mrs. C., "One of the first swells on town, ma'am—a regular tip-topper."

Humouring the mistake which Mrs. Crump had just made, Mr. Walker thrust the curling-irons into the fire in a minute, and looked round at the ladies with such a fascinating grace, that both, now made acquainted with his quality, blushed, and giggled, and were quite pleased. Mamma looked at 'Gina, and 'Gina looked at mamma; and then mamma gave 'Gina a little blow in the region of her little waist, and then both burst out laughing, as ladies will laugh, and as, let us trust, they *may* laugh for ever and ever. Why need there be a reason for laughing? Let us laugh when we are laughy, as we sleep when we are sleepy. And so Mrs. Crump and her demoiselle laughed to their heart's content, and both fixed their large shining black eyes repeatedly on Mr. Walker.

"I won't leave the room," said he, coming forward with the heated iron in his hand, and smoothing it on the brown paper with all the dexterity of a professor (for the fact is Mr. W. every morning curled his own immense whiskers with the greatest skill and care). "I won't leave the room, Eglantine, my boy. My lady here took me for a hairdresser, and

so, you know, I've a right to stay."

"He can't stay," said Mrs. Crump, all of a sudden, blushing as red as a peony.

"I shall have on my peignoir, mamma," said miss, looking at the gentleman, and then dropping down her eyes and blushing too.

"But he can't stay. 'Gina, I tell you: do you think that I would, before a gentleman, take off my —"

"Mamma means her *front*!" said miss, jumping up, and beginning to laugh with all her might; at which the honest landlady of the Bootjack, who loved a joke, although at her own expense, laughed too, and said that no one, except Mr. Crump and Mr. Eglantine, had ever seen her without the ornament in question.

"Do go now, you provoking thing, you!" continued Miss C. to Mr. Walker; "I wish to hear the overture, and it's six o'clock now, and we shall never be done against then!" but the way in which Morgiana said "do go," clearly indicated "don't," to the perspicuous mind of Mr. Walker.

"Perhaps you 'ad better go," continued Mr. Eglantine, joining in this sentiment, and being, in truth, somewhat uneasy at the admiration which his "swell friend" excited.

"I'll see you hanged first, Eggy, my boy! Go I won't, until these ladies have had their hair dressed: didn't you yourself tell me that Miss Crump's was the most beautiful hair in Europe? And do you think that I'll go away without seeing it? No, here I stay."

"You naughty, wicked, odious, provoking man!" said Miss Crump. But, at the same time, she took off her bonnet, and placed it on one of the side candlesticks of Mr. Eglantine's glass (it was a black velvet bonnet, trimmed with sham lace, and with a wreath of nasturtiums, convolvuluses, and wallflowers within); and then said, "Give me the peignoir, Mr. Archibald, if you please;" and Eglantine, who would do any thing for her when she called him Archibald, immediately produced that garment, and wrapped round the delicate shoulders of the lady, who removing a sham gold chain which she wore on her forehead, two brass hair-combs set with glass rubies, and the comb which kept her back hair toge-

ther, removing them, I say, and turning her great eyes towards the stranger, and giving her head a shake, down let tumble such a flood of shining, waving, heavy, glossy, jetty hair, as would have done Mr. Rowland's heart good to see. It tumbled down Miss Morgiana's back, and it tumbled over her shoulders, it tumbled over the chair on which she sat, and from the midst of it her jolly, bright-eyed, rosy face beamed out with a triumphant smile, which said, "A'nt I now the most angelic being you ever saw?"

"By Heavens! it's the most beautiful thing I ever saw!" cried Mr. Walker, with undisguised admiration.

"Isn't it?" said Mrs. Crump, who made her daughter's triumph her own. "Heigho! when I acted at the Wells in 1820, before that dear girl was born, I had such a head of hair as that, to a shade, sir, to a shade. They called me Ravenswing on account of it. I lost my head of hair when that dear child was born, and I often say to her, 'Morgiana, you came into the world to rob your mother of her 'air.' Were you ever at the Wells, sir, in 1820? Perhaps you recollect Miss Delancy? I am that Miss Delancy. Perhaps you recollect,—"

"Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink :

By the light of the star,  
On the blue river's brink,  
I heard a guitar.

I heard a guitar

On the blue waters clear,  
And knew by its mu-u-sic,  
That Selim was near ! "

You remember that in the *Bagdad Bells*? Fatima, Delancy; Selim, Benlomond (his real name was Bun-ion); and he failed, poor fellow, in the public line afterwards. It was done to the tambourine, and dancing between each verse,—

" 'Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink,  
How the soft music swells,  
And I hear the soft clink  
Of the minaret bells !  
Tink-a- " —

"Oh!" here cried Miss Crump, as if in exceeding pain (and whether Mr. Eglantine had twitched, pulled, or hurt any one individual hair of that lovely head I don't know),—

"Oh, you are killing me, Mr. Eglantine!"

And with this mamma, who was in her attitude, holding up the end of her boa as a visionary tambourine, and Mr. Walker, who was looking at her, and in his amusement at the mother's performances had almost forgotten the charms of the daughter,—both turned round at once, and looked at her with many expressions of sympathy, while Eglantine, in a voice of reproach, said, "Killed you, Morgiana! I kill you?"

"I'm better now," said the young lady, with a smile,— "I'm better, Mr. Archibald, now." And if the truth must be told, no greater coquette than Miss Morgiana existed in all Mayfair,—no, not among the most fashionable mistresses of the fashionable valets who frequented the Bootjack. She believed herself to be the most fascinating creature that the world ever produced; she never saw a stranger but she tried these fascinations upon him; and her charms of manner and person were of that showy sort which is most popular in this world, where people are wont to admire most that which gives them the least trouble to see: and so you will find a tulip of a woman to be in fashion, when a little humble violet or daisy of creation is passed over without remark. Morgiana was a tulip among women, and the tulip-fanciers all came flocking round her.

Well, she said "Oh!" and "I'm better now, Mr. Archibald," thereby succeeded in drawing every body's attention to her lovely self. By the latter words Mr. Eglantine was specially inflamed; he glanced at Mr. Walker, and said, "Capt'ing! didn't I tell you she was a creecher? See her hair, sir, it's as black and as glossy as satting. It weighs fifteen pound that hair, sir; and I wouldn't let my apprentice—that blundering Mossrose, for instance (hang him!)—I wouldn't let any one but myself dress that hair for 500 guineas! Ah, Miss Morgiana, remember that you *may always* have Eglantine to dress your hair!—remember that, that's all." And with this the worthy gentleman began rubbing delicately a little of the Eglantina into those ambrosial locks, which he loved with all the love of a man and an artist.

And as for Morgiana shewing her hair, I hope none of my readers will entertain a bad opinion of the poor girl for doing so. Her locks were her pride; she acted at the private theatre hair-parts, where she could appear on purpose to shew them in a dishevelled state; and that her modesty was real, and not affected, may be proved by the fact that when Mr. Walker, stepping up in the midst of Eglantine's last speech, took hold of a lock of her hair very gently with his hand, she cried, "Oh!" and started with all her might. And Mr. Eglantine observed, very gravely, "Capt'ing! Miss Crump's hair is to be seen, and not to be touched, if you please."

"No more it is, Mr. Eglantine," said her mamma; "and now, as it's come to my turn, I beg the gentleman will be so obliging as to go."

"Must I?" cried Mr. Walker; and as it was half-past six, and he was engaged to dinner at the Regent Club, and as he did not wish to make Eglantine jealous, who evidently was annoyed by his staying, he took his hat just as Miss Crump's coiffure was completed, and, saluting her and her mamma, left the room.

"A tip-top swell, I can assure you," said Eglantine, nodding after him; "a regular bang-up chap, and no mistake. Intimate with the Marquess of Billingsgate, and Lord Vauxhall, and that set."

"He's very genteel," said Mrs. Crump.

"Law! I'm sure I think nothing of him," said Morgiana.

And Captain Walker walked towards his club, meditating on the beauties of Morgiana. "What hair," said he; "what eyes the gal has! they're as big as billiard-balls; and 5000*l.* Eglantine's in luck: 5000*l.*—she can't have it, it's impossible!"

No sooner was Mrs. Crump's front arranged, during the time of which operation Morgiana sat in perfect contentment looking at the last French fashions in the *Courrier des Dames*, and thinking how her pink satin slip would die, and make just such a mantilla as that represented in the engraving,—no sooner was Mrs. Crump's front arranged, than both ladies, taking leave of Mr. Eglantine, tripped back to the Boot-jack Hotel, in the neighbourhood;

where a very neat green fly was already in waiting, the gentleman on the box of which (from a livery-stable in the neighbourhood) gave a knowing touch to his hat, and a salute with his whip, to the two ladies, as they entered the tavern.

"Mr. W.'s inside," said the man, a driver from Mr. Snaffle's establishment; "he's been in and out this score of times, and looking down the street for you." And in the house, in fact, was Mr. Woolsey, the tailor, who had hired the fly, and was engaged to conduct the ladies that evening to the play.

It was really rather too bad to think that Miss Morgiana, after going to one lover to have her hair dressed, should go with another to the play; but such is the way with lovely woman! Let her have a dozen admirers, and the dear coquette will exercise her power upon them all; and as a lady, when she has a large wardrobe, and a taste for variety in dress, will appear every day in a different costume; so will the young and giddy beauty wear her lovers, encouraging now the black whiskers, now smiling on the brown, now thinking that the gay smiling rattle of an admirer becomes her very well, and now adopting the sad sentimental melancholy one, according as her changeful fancy prompts her. Let us not be too angry with these uncertainties and caprices of beauty, and depend on it that, for the most part, those females who cry out loudest against the flightiness of their sisters, and rebuke their undue encouragement of this man or that, would do as much themselves if they had the chance, and are constant, as I am to my coat just now, because I have no other.

"Did you see Doubleyon, 'Gina dear?" said her mamma, addressing that young lady. "He's in the bar with your pa, and has his military coat with the king's button, and looks like an officer."

This was Mr. Woolsey's style, his great aim being to look like an army gent, for many of whom he in his capacity of tailor made those splendid red and blue coats which characterise our military. As for the royal button, had not he made a set of coats for his late majesty George IV.? and he would add, when he narrated this

circumstance, "Sir, Prince Blucher and Prince Swatzenberg's measure's in the house now; and what's more, I've cut for Wellington." I believe he would have gone to St. Helena to make a coat for Napoleon, so great was his ardour. He wore a blue-black wig, and his whiskers were of the same hue. He was brief and stern in conversation, and he always went to masquerades and balls in a field-marshal's uniform.

"He looks really quite the thing to-night," continued Mrs. Crump.

"Yes," said 'Gina; "but he's such an odious wig, and the dye of his whiskers always comes off on his white gloves."

"Every body has not their own hair, love," continued Mrs. Crump with a sigh; "but Eglantine's is beautiful."

"Every hairdresser's is," answered Morgiana, rather contemptuously; "but what I can't bear is that their fingers is always so very fat and pudgy."

In fact, something had gone wrong with the fair Morgiana. Was it that she had but little liking for the one pretender or the other? Was it that young Glauber, who acted Romeo in the private theatricals, was far younger and more agreeable than either? Or was it, that seeing a *real gentleman*, such as Mr. Walker, with whom she had had her first interview, she felt more and more the want of refinement in her other declared admirers? Certain, however, it is, that she was very reserved all the evening, in spite of the attentions of Mr. Woolsey; that she repeatedly looked round at the box-door, as if she expected some one to enter; and that she partook of only a very few oysters, indeed, out of the barrel which the gallant tailor had sent down to the Bootjack, and off which the party supped.

"What is it?" said Mr. Woolsey, to his ally, Crump, as they sat together after the retirement of the ladies. "She was dumb all night. She never once laughed at the farce, nor cried at the tragedy, and you

know she laughs and cries uncommon. She only took half her negus, and not above a quarter of her beer."

"No more she did!" replied Mr. Crump, very calmly. "I think it must be the barber as has been captivating her: he dressed her hair for the play."

"Hang him, I'll shoot him!" said Mr. Woolsey. "A fat, foolish, effeminate beast like that marry Miss Morgiana? Never! I *will* shoot him! I'll provoke him next Saturday—I'll tread on his toe—I'll pull his nose!"

"No quarrelling at the Kidneys!" answered Crump, sternly; "there shall be no quarrelling in that room as long as I'm in the chair!"

"Well, at any rate you'll stand my friend?"

"You know I will," answered the other. "You are honourable, and I like you better than Eglantine. I trust you more than Eglantine, sir. You're more of a man than Eglantine, though you *are* a tailor; and I wish with all my heart you may get Morgiana. Mrs. C. goes the other way, I know: but I tell you what, women will go their own ways, sir, and Morgy's like her mother in this point, and, depend on it, Morgy will decide for herself."

Mr. Woolsey presently went home, still persisting in his plan for the assassination of Eglantine. Mr. Crump went to bed very quietly, and snored through the night at his usual tone. Mr. Eglantine passed some feverish moments of jealousy, for he had come down to the club in the evening, and had heard that Morgiana was gone to the play with his rival. And Miss Morgiana dreamed of a man, who was,—must we say it?—exceedingly like Captain Howard Walker. "Mrs. Captain So and So!" thought she. "O, I do love a gentleman dearly!"

And about this time, too, Mr. Walker himself came rolling home from the Regent, hiccupping, "Such hair!—such eyebrows!—such eyes! like b-b-billiard-balls, by Jove!"



## LIFE OF SIR MURRAY MAXWELL.

## CHAPTER XIV.

ANCHORS AT LINTIN.—COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE FACTORY AND THE CHINESE—  
FORCES HIS WAY TO CANTON.

It had been an object with Captain Maxwell, upon his first arrival at the Great Loo Choo, to obtain a personal interview with the king of the group, and he had managed matters with such excellent skill and temper, that the reluctance of the government to break through its own customs appeared on the eve of being set aside, when an unlucky accident, a fall from his horse, put a total stop to the negotiation. By many chiefs and men of rank both he and Captain Hall were visited, among whom, indeed, so close an intimacy sprang up, that they became frequent guests one with another. But the palace our navigators were not allowed to approach. As if, however, to convince them, and the sovereign whose majesty they represented, that this reluctance to meet them face to face proceeded from no unkindly feeling, one of the king's sons was deputed to wait upon Captain Maxwell, and to bid him farewell. The prince was well received, and, like all the other *gentlemen* of his nation, conducted himself with marked propriety. He undertook, likewise, to procure from his father an autograph letter to the King of England, making no secret, all the while, of the hazard which the writer would incur, of whose intercourse with strangers the Emperor of China, his feudal superior, was especially jealous, and from whom, were intelligence of the proceeding to reach Peking, no mercy was to be expected. We need scarcely add that Captain Maxwell assured the prince that by him no imprudent disclosures would be made. Accordingly, the letter was forwarded, and with that in their keeping, amid sincere regrets on both sides, the *Alceste* and the *Lyra*, on the 27th of October, once more gave the canvass to the breeze and sailed away.

Canton river was now the point for them, and nowhere else. It had been arranged between Lord Amherst and Captain Maxwell, that at Canton the embassy should re-embark. Moreover, as it was felt that

there was not time at their disposal for any minute or protracted investigations elsewhere, the commodore determined to steer at once for the place of meeting. Accordingly, all the remaining islands in the Loo Choo group were passed without halting. They next made the southern port of Formosa, from which, to the distance of two miles, a reef of rocks projects, and on which the sea breaks over, in calm weather, with frightful violence. "I never," says Captain Maxwell, "saw or heard any break like that upon the reef of Formosa. Each wave, as it rose, resembled, in the distance, a small island rolling with irresistible force towards the larger one; and the noise we could distinctly hear, like thunder, several miles off." Thus, not without running some risk from the strong current that flows in that quarter, the two ships rounded Formosa outside the *Tela Rita* rocks amid a gale of wind; and on the 2d of November reached the anchorage off Lintin, about thirty miles from the *Bocca Tigris* or mouth of the Canton river.

We have now arrived at a stage in our narrative which requires that of the unpublished journal of him whose career we are tracing ample use should be made; because, without appealing to that document, though there would be little difficulty in giving a correct detail of events, to the motives and feelings out of which such events arose, no clue could be obtained. At the same time, it is necessary that the reader should be fully aware of the exact position, as regarded both himself and others, in which Captain Maxwell on his arrival at Lintin was placed. Let it then be borne in mind that Lord Amherst's mission had not only failed in accomplishing the object which it was designed to accomplish, but that the ambassador and his suite had suffered at the hands of the Chinese treatment which, to say the least of it, was the reverse of respectful. Of this leading fact,

letters from the Company's supercargoes informed Captain Maxwell almost as soon as he brought up; and it was further added, that the authorities at Canton, as if rejoicing over the issue, were become more insolent and overbearing towards the Factory than ever. For example, the ordinary channels of communication between them and the local government were cut off. It was, indeed, by stealth alone that they found an opportunity of sending a common message to their correspondents; and one of their servants, a Chinese, who was caught while thus employed, had been recently seized, imprisoned, and beaten. In a word, great uneasiness prevailed at the Factory, which was further increased by the unpleasant rumours which, from various sources, reached them, that the embassy, understood to be on its way towards the coast, would certainly not be permitted to rejoin the squadron any where along the banks of the Canton river, or under any other protection than that of a Chinese war-junk.

While the members of the Factory sustained these wrongs, and were subjected to these insults at the hands of the natives, the commanders of the squadron, more immediately attendant on the representative of the British crown, were made to feel, in a variety of ways, that the temper encouraged towards them and the national flag was not very friendly. Up to this period ships of war from all nations had been accustomed to anchor, and refit, or refresh, at Chuan-pee, a well-sheltered roadstead, nearer to the river's mouth by full five-and-twenty miles than Lintin. To Lintin Captain Maxwell was peremptorily directed to confine himself; and the better to ensure attention to these orders, ten junks took up their stations as if to blockade the Alceste. Moreover, he was forbidden to hold any communication with the land, and the strictest vigilance was exercised in order to prevent fresh provisions, or any other article of which the crew might stand in need, being sent off to them in store-boats. Now Captain Maxwell had the best reason to suspect that these outrages were offered, not only without orders from the imperial government, but without the knowledge of the emperor.

He bore them, therefore, with much impatience; and soon began to consider of the steps which it might be necessary to take for the purpose of vindicating the honour of the sovereign whom he served, and of the embassy which he had been appointed to protect.

Absurd as the proceedings of the viceroy were, they did not go so far as to interrupt the correspondence of the British naval commander with the chiefs of the British Factory at Canton. Captain Maxwell accordingly learned that not now for the first time was the ambassador's escort subjected to insult. The General Hewitt, it appeared, which had been directed, after landing the presents, to proceed to Whampoa, and there take in a cargo of tea, was stopped twenty miles below that port at the second bar, and there placed in a state of blockade. But the patience of the gentlemen of the Factory, which had been well tried in other ways, ceased to hold out against this additional wrong. The General Hewitt was directed to force her way, if necessary, through the guard-boats; and the mandarins, not relishing the preparations which were undisguisedly made on board, opened a way for her of their own accord, and permitted her to pass. The result was that, in the teeth of a viceregal proclamation, the ship reached the station which was appointed for her, and that the Chinese did in her case, as they had not long previously done in the case of a deputation from the Company's commanders, which had forced its way into the city, they made a virtue of necessity, and stated that to be their own act and deed which was accomplished in defiance of their best efforts to prevent it.

There can be little doubt that the circumstance just referred to, namely, the advance of the Hewitt, and the effect produced by it upon the Chinese authorities, was not without its weight in determining Captain Maxwell as to the course which it would be expedient for him to pursue. The instructions from the Admiralty required that Lord Amherst should be received on board with the same marks of outward respect which had attended the embarkation of Lord Macartney; and he was given to understand that an imperial edict had

appointed the same place of re-embarkation for both. The viceroy, on the other hand, forbade the *Alceste* to advance beyond the roadstead where she then lay; and informed her commander that the ambassador should be sent down to him, or left to be taken on board at Macao. Now should he pay attention to the mandate of the viceroy, he would disgrace the British flag, and, in some sort, come short of his own duty; should he act in opposition to such mandate, the consequences might, and probably would, be ruinous, both to himself and others. The banks of the river were powerfully armed. The forts were manned, and prepared to oppose her progress; and, above all, the ambassador, with the whole of his suite, would be, in the event of hostilities ensuing, at the mercy of a semi-barbarous people and government. Captain Maxwell's situation, in short, was one of very great delicacy; for in addition to the contingent dangers of which we have spoken, there was the almost certain stoppage of the trade, a movement which, when last put into practice, had cost the Company not less than half a million of money. We regret extremely, under these circumstances, that his correspondence with Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, the chief of the Factory, should not have been preserved; but this much we are able to state with authority, that though Sir Theophilus declined to express an official opinion, as to the necessity of entering the river at all hazards, he undertook to support Captain Maxwell, should matters come to an extremity, by every practicable means, and at all risk of loss.

Meanwhile there was much speculation in various quarters as to the decision at which the commodore might be expected to come. It is probable that the wishes of almost all pointed to the bolder policy; it is certain that the opinions of most, and these the better judges, were against it. Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, for example, when speculating as to what might be done, writes thus:—

“It would, perhaps, place you clear of the annoyance of boats, or at least prove an annoyance to them, if you occasionally moved the *Alceste* from Lintin to Chuanpee and back again, or even into Macao roads. If the warriors fol-

lowed, an occasional tack when a boat was close in your wake, would give you a just idea of Chinese courage, bustle, and noise; and if a few men were compelled to cling to your rigging, it would afford them an opportunity of judging of British hospitality, and the Christian principle of returning good for evil.”

In like manner Captain Hall, on the 11th of November, writes from Macao, whither with the *Lyra* he had been sent to refit:—

“It has occurred to me that if you remain where you are, or even go to Chuanpee, you will find it difficult to communicate unless I am here. The higher you go, the more your campadore will be impeded, unless you go smack up, which Ross and every one thinks you will find it a difficult job to accomplish.”

Again:—

“As to getting to Canton, it is by no means easy: getting down is nothing. The Factory cannot assist you; for if a boat were sent, the river is lined with mandarins in such a way that you could never get past. The Factory schooner will not be allowed to return, and your only chance is to go up in some ship that is passing, or else be smuggled up in a campadore's boat,—which, of course, would not do.”

Having premised all this, and carried our readers' attention back to the date of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe's letter, in which he handsomely offered to incur all risks, and submit to every conceivable inconvenience should Captain Maxwell come to the determination of forcing his way up the river; we conceive that the object of this narrative will best be served if we permit the chief actors in the play to tell their own story. The following is from Captain Maxwell's report of his proceedings addressed to the secretary of the Admiralty, and drawn up for their lordships' information:—

“My reply to the chief of the Factory stated that we had suffered much from bad weather, and urged the necessity of an immediate application being made to the Chinese authorities for permission to enter the river and refit the ship, that she might be in readiness to receive the ambassador on his return. Beyond this I declined all interference on the part of the chief and his committee, because I was extremely desirous that no question of trade should be agitated on a point which exclusively concerned the great name and character of the British nation,

which might be seriously injured in the estimation of this extensive empire, were any stand made in behalf of its unsullied dignity except by the immediate servants of his majesty, to whom the honour of his flag had been intrusted.

"On the morning of the 4th of November, a mandarin of rank had come on board, sent, as he said, by the viceroy to welcome my arrival, and to tell me that he was directed to furnish the ship with a pilot, and to see that she was properly supplied with refreshments after her voyage. He behaved with great civility, which, their lordships may be assured, I took care to equal him in; and he was saluted, on leaving the ship, with the customary number of guns.

"I certainly did not then in the least suspect the object of this mandarin's visit, who, doubtless, had been selected for the occasion as an adept in Chinese diplomacy; for (as was clearly proved by subsequent occurrences) his actual mission from Canton was to see that we got no pilot, and that all chance of fresh provisions, or refreshments of any kind, reaching us, was completely cut off; which, by the vigilance of their armed junks, they perfectly effected during the day; and one or two boatmen who brought us any thing in the night did so at the risk of their lives."

From this date up to the 7th, Captain Maxwell saw no more of the Chinese or their mandarins. On the 7th, however, his communications with the former were renewed; of the manner and results of which the following brief extract from his diary gives a lucid account:—

"On the 7th, five war-junks anchored near us, and a Chinese linguist from one of them came on board to say that a mandarin of high rank intended waiting upon me, when the necessary respect had been paid of previously sending an officer to wait upon him,—this arrogant exaction of deference was, to say the least, very unusual; but as disputing upon trifles might retard, but could not forward my wishes, the jolly-boat was despatched with a midshipman, who was instructed to shew himself on the junk's deck and return. This mark of our respect and humility immediately brought forth the great man, who, when seated in my cabin, opened the conference, by inquiring what ship it was, and where we came from? This pretended ignorance quite confirmed all I had heard or read of Chinese chicanery, and put me on my guard to meet and repel it. After informing him, the interpreter was desired to express my great astonishment

at this pretended ignorance, as the mandarin who had the guard came alongside, and was answered all these questions in a regular form on the 2d of November, within one hour after we anchored. And the viceroy so well knew, from the coast-guard report, what ship it was, that he had sent a mandarin on board three days before to congratulate me on her arrival. All knowledge of this circumstance was disclaimed, and even doubts expressed of my veracity. He had the effrontery to say that if it was true the officer of the guard boarded us, he had neglected his duty in not reporting our arrival to the viceroy; and that if any other mandarin had come on board previous to himself he was unauthorised, and must have done so either from curiosity, or to make a fool of me. This last observation was repeated two or three times, and thought a good joke by the linguist, until he was gravely desired to inquire what proof the present mandarin was prepared to give that his visit was not of a similar description? as any attempt on the part of a Chinese mandarin to turn the captain of an English ship of war into ridicule might be attended with very unpleasant consequences to himself. The tenor and manner of this query entirely disconcerted all mirth, and produced the strongest assurances from the mandarin of his having been sent by the viceroy, and intending immediately to return to him. However, this attempt to disown the former intrigant was carrying refinement in policy a little too far, as it gave me vantage ground I was determined nothing should dispossess me of. It was now my turn to be incredulous; so, after a strong animadversion upon the viceroy's extraordinary conduct in withholding pilots, and actually attempting to starve the crews of ships employed upon the duty of carrying an ambassador to his emperor, who had been graciously pleased to issue edicts for their being kindly received and hospitably entertained in every port of his empire they might touch at; and after observing that the precedent of the Lion going to Whampoa to receive the former ambassador established a right for the Alceste to proceed there upon the present occasion, which was still more necessary from the ship being in want of repairs, which could only be effectually given in the smooth water of the river; I concluded by telling him, that as he was probably imposing upon me and the viceroy, by coming in his name when unauthorised, as the other mandarin had done, the only proof I would admit to the contrary was his returning on board with an answer from the local Chinese authorities, granting or refusing my request

to go into the port of Canton, as the edict of the emperor had specified; and that if he did not return in three days (or if within that period I did not receive any communication on the subject), I should presume the viceroy had acceded to my demand, and proceed up the river accordingly. I added, that I was anxious to preserve the best possible understanding with his excellency, but it was rather difficult at such a distance, and when liable to be imposed on by pretended messengers from him.

"The mandarin made several fruitless efforts to divert me from this purpose; and amongst other things roundly asserted that the Lion never went higher than Chuanpee, where Lord Macartney embarked, who, as the linguist observed in his Canton jargon, with an insolent sneer, 'Hab see emperor! this ambassador no hab see; viceroy he sendee in one chop-boat Lintin.' Conceiving this to be an impertinence of his own, I desired him to ask the mandarin where he supposed the ambassador would embark; the answer was, 'Macao,' upon which he was reminded that the imperial edict directed the ships should go to Canton, and there receive the embassy; from whence, unjustly attempting to exclude them might involve the viceroy in great disgrace at Peking. This remark was accompanied by some further comments on the inhospitable treatment we had experienced since our arrival, in no boats with refreshment being permitted to come near us, and the whole wound up with a repetition of my promised movement, should no intervening communication from the viceroy induce me to alter my plan.

"The mandarin, finding I was quite inflexible on this point, notwithstanding several allusions he made to the formidable batteries that no ship could possibly pass without a chop, requested I would wait four days, which was consented to on condition that if no message was received from the viceroy, I was to take it for granted that his excellency had no objection to the ship entering the river. This weighty matter being adjusted, the mandarin, after partaking of some refreshment, took leave, and was saluted upon going away with three guns.

"The *Lyra* was this day sent down to the *Typa*,\* with part of our carpenter's crew, to assist in repairing her damages, and the *Alceste* was moved nearer to the island of Lintin, for greater facility in watering, which the inhabitants shewed a malevolent disposition to obstruct, until

a guard of marines was placed over the reservoir. The people of Lintin were, doubtless, led into this act of incivility by the vaunting crews of a division of war-junks the viceroy had sent, as a squadron of observation, to hover round and watch our proceedings. The ridiculous gasconade of this Lilliputian navy would have been very amusing, had we not suffered from their mischievous power of cutting off all communication with Canton and Macao by Chinese boats, and the distance was too great from either place, to send our own for the necessary supplies of fresh meat and vegetables. Any Chinese boatmen that did succeed in escaping their vigilance to bring us those supplies did it under the cloak of night, and it was really painful to witness the trepidation those poor people were in during the few minutes they remained on board, for they declared that death was the punishment enacted by the viceroy for holding any intercourse with us without his permission; and, judging from appearances, that was not likely to be obtained whilst he could hold us in surveillance at Lintin.

"In my last communication to Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, I had informed him of the interview with the mandarin on the 7th, and of the understanding then agreed upon, that should no further communication be received within a limited time, it would be considered I had the viceroy's sanction to enter the river; and, as Sir Theophilus had cautioned me against putting too much faith in the sometimes cajoling promises of the Chinese mandarins, my letters to him concluded with a solemn assurance that my part of the engagement entered into would be fulfilled, and at all hazards; but strict secrecy was enjoined him, because I also intended that the time and manner of executing a service involving such important considerations should be governed by all the judgment and discretion I was master of; and I do not believe that egotism will be imputed to me, if I here take leave to declare that, coming to this decision in the teeth of so many appalling difficulties was a proof of intrepidity, I shall to the latest hour of my existence feel pride in having possessed. Not that, in considering the matter, any probable contest with the Chinese batteries weighed with me for a moment. Had the *Bocca Tigris* been stronger than the *Dardanelles*, the attempt to pass would have been of trivial import when placed in competition with the great objects at stake. Of these the

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\* A secure and good harbour near Macao for vessels whose draft of water is under thirteen feet.

one most keenly felt was the circumstance that the king's representative was actually in the hands of this arrogant and ignoble people, whose despicable atrocity in retaliating upon the innocent, where an offending party is beyond their reach, did not fail to make its due impression on my mind. I also considered that the commerce, from which my country derived an annual revenue of four millions, might either be altogether stopped, or experience a temporary suspension, to the incalculable loss of that Company who had just incurred the expense of an embassy to avert the chance of any such evil befalling them.

"This was the dark and discouraging side of the picture, by looking steadily at which I might at least exculpate myself in remaining quiescent, and tamely submitting to every indignity that had been or might be offered by the provincial authorities of Canton.

"There was, however, another view to be taken of these momentous and totally unexpected circumstances, which, after a careful and anxious perusal of my orders, I could not discover had been in the slightest degree anticipated by His Majesty's government; nor had any conference I had ever held with the ambassador looked to the probability of resistance being made to that precedent for embarkation established by the former embassy. It was, therefore, incumbent on me to consider what their instructions and wishes would have been, had they contemplated the necessity which now arose of discussing this point with the Canton government. I remembered that my country had mounted to her present distinguished eminence in the eye of the world by manfully asserting in all times and places her fair and just claims for reciprocal consideration, and that she had never condescended to sacrifice her sovereign's dignity or national honour for either political or commercial advantages. I also remembered, that could my noble friend, Lord Amherst, have dictated the line of conduct on this trying occasion, he would have distinctly said, 'Think not a moment about personal hazard to me, but act according to the principles which have hitherto guided the transactions of Great Britain with all nations.' This was the feeling, those were the sentiments, under the influence of which my resolution was formed, and whatever further merit that may possess, Lord Anson's spirited example of negotiation with an insolent viceroy is entitled to a large share in it.

"On the evening of the 11th, no communication from the viceroy having been received, I acquainted the Chinese pilot (who had been smuggled on board with

the last dispatch from the Factory) with my intention of moving towards Chuanpee next morning. His alarm at this intelligence was so great, that I am persuaded that, had not a boat been granted that night to put him on shore, he would have risked his life in the attempt to swim there, but it was impossible to withstand the poor creature's entreaties to be liberated. No bribe, however high, would have induced him, he said, to come near the ship, had he understood she was going any where but to Macao. As to passing the Bocca Tigris without a chop from the viceroy, that was what no ship in the world, however large, could possibly do; and even venturing near the war-junks at Chuanpee was an enterprise so hazardous, that he could not bear the thoughts of being engaged in it. All this strongly marked the inflated notions of their military power imbibed by all classes of the Chinese population.

"About noon on the 12th November, we weighed with the flood-tide, an excellent chart of Canton river by Lieut. D. Moss, surveyor in the service of the Honourable East India Company, and the master of the *Alceste*, Mr. Mayne's, considerable local knowledge, being our guides; and before the ebb made, we had worked against the northerly wind to the upper end of 'Lang Leet Flat,' where we anchored for the night, and communicated with the Honourable Company's ship *Cornwall* from Whampoa, the captain of which ship, although two hours on board the *Alceste*, sailed for England next morning without the slightest idea we were going a step beyond Chuanpee. Had the intention of doing so been even guessed at by any one on board, letters would have conveyed home intelligence of an event calculated to excite much uneasiness until the result was known. This proved the utility of having now, as at other times, strictly kept my own counsel. Consultation with, or the opinion of others, may be useful and necessary in private concerns; but an officer in command, who only acts under the vacillating influence of advisers, however friendly, has little chance of ever performing conspicuous services.

"Next day, the 13th, the tide not serving until one p.m., the forenoon was employed in examining and exercising the guns, which seemed to diffuse a cheerfulness and animation throughout all classes in the ship. As a specimen of the general feeling on board, I was amused by observing what had been written in chalk on one of the thirty-two-pound shot, 'Tribute from the King of England to the Chinese;' and probably

this shot was amongst those demanded from us that evening by the principal fort of the empire.

"With the first of the flood-tide we weighed, and about half-past three P.M., having worked within a short distance of Chuanpee, the same linguist who had accompanied the mandarin at the interview on the 7th came on board from the line of junks drawn up on the usual anchoring ground for ships of war, and immediately said, with much agitation of manner and voice, 'Admiral sendee me, makee you let go anchor;' to which I replied in his own style of English, 'Supposee no let go anchor, what admiral do then?' 'Oh! he soon sinkee you,' was the answer, given with a strut along the deck, which made all the after-guard, then prepared for tacking, lose their gravity. The admiral, however, was quite in earnest as to our anchoring short of Chuanpee; for whilst the linguist was yet on his stilts, he commenced firing guns of attention to his commands. Instead of anchoring, I stood directly up to him; and finding, when I got sufficiently near for him to have made any communication he pleased, by an officer, in the regular form and manner, due from one civilised nation to another, that he had no intention of doing so, I affected to take the firing as complimentary, and ordered three guns to be returned in saluting time.

"We had not yet trespassed one step beyond the limits prescribed by Chinese usage for ships of all nations to sail or anchor in, and were still several miles on the outside of them, when the Chinese flotilla, composed of seventeen large-armed junks, commenced firing shot upon his majesty's ship. This act of hostility entirely relieved me from any doubts touching the propriety of our movement, as all that might follow would be the necessary consequence of such a wanton aggression.

"The outward battery of the 'Bocca Tigris' also joined in the attack, as we were drawing near it about sunset, at which time, the wind coming directly through this narrow passage against us, I decided upon anchoring in Anson's Bay, because it would have been imprudent to attempt turning through in the dark, and likewise, because I was not sorry at an opportunity the Chinese admiral would thus have of explaining, if he wished it, the cause of this attack; and just to shew him that I had remarked the insult offered to the British flag, a thirty-two pound shot was returned, carefully aimed so as not to touch, but to pass close over his head. It was a sound they had not been much accustomed to, for all on the deck of the admiral's junk

fell prostrate on hearing it. This was the only shot we had fired, and all firing on their part immediately ceased. Having recollected that a British subject had once been sacrificed for firing an accidental shot in China, I deemed it right that this intentional one should be fired by the captain's own hand, who also commenced in a similar manner when it was necessary to repel the serious attack subsequently made upon the ship.

"The Chinese flotilla anchored soon after we did at about musket-shot distance from us, but still sent no boat nor held any communication whatever, which served to confirm me in my opinion that the viceroy was acting without any authority from the emperor, because it was next to impossible that the tenor of an imperial edict should have been changed, and not even a mandarin sent to communicate the information, in a country where so much attention is paid to ceremony and form.

"At half-past eight the same evening, the wind having drawn sufficiently to the eastward to enable us to steer through the Bocca Tigris, I weighed and made sail for it, but had not cast the ship, when a gun, and a flight of rockets, thrown up from the admiral's junk, shewed them to be on the alert, and determined to dispute our passage.

"The three batteries at the Bocca instantly answered the signal and manned their guns, which we could distinctly perceive, by the numerous lights displayed in every embrasure. The fleet were speedily under way and recommenced the attack, which I took no other notice of than by going to quarters; but when, on approaching the batteries, they all three opened their fire, which was as well directed that they hulled the ship twice, and cut away some of the shrouds and running rigging, I felt I should be risking the honour of his majesty's colours too far if I permitted this insult upon them to be persevered in much longer with impunity. I, therefore, made the master run the ship within less than two cables' length of the two batteries on the eastern side of the passage, when, giving the signal by firing the first shot myself, we threw in such a broadside, accompanied by three hearty cheers, as the Chinamen will not forget for years to come. The intended effect of shaking their nerves was completely produced; all lights were extinguished, and their guns deserted instantly, and, although the battery on the western side continued to fire some time longer, from the scant wind not permitting us to close with it, we passed through this formidable passage, under the fire of at least one hundred guns, without sustaining

any material injury, and not a man hurt.

"When we opened our fire upon the batteries, the admiral, till then in close pursuit, brought his fleet to, and we did not see him again for six hours."

The report which Captain Maxwell made of this affair to the Admiralty was, in every respect, characteristic, because filled with the praises of others. He speaks highly of the good conduct of all, but is especially mindful of the skill with which Mr. Mayne, the master, had navigated the ship through so narrow a channel. He then adds:—

"As the viceroy had trusted much, in keeping us out of the river, to the fact that we had no pilot on board, it became necessary to prove to him how erroneous was the view which he had taken of the British character, by shewing him that an English man-of-war, by her own resources, could pass through the Bocca Tigris, not only without his assistance, but even in spite of the fire of all his batteries opposed to her.

"The immediate effect of this decided conduct was that the viceroy issued an edict, declaring that the *Alceste* had been invited into the river by him, to receive the ambassador in the same manner as upon the former occasion, and that the firing which took place was only the customary salutes. This elicitation of Chinese political baseness and effrontery needs no comment. When the *Alceste* had proceeded up the river as far as the second bar, a mandarin of high rank was sent by the viceroy to compliment me on my arrival there, and to say all manner of civil things, such as, that the campadore might supply us with every thing we stood in need of; that our bonts might pass in and out of the Bocca Tigris whenever I chose; and that the *Lyra* might come into the river whenever I thought proper. And when a few days afterwards she was ordered up from Macao, Capt. Hall informed me that he met with nothing but compliments, and the most obsequious respect from the war-junks, who turned their guards out, and presented arms as the *Lyra* passed. The batteries saluted, and a mandarin came on board from the principal one, saying he was sent by the viceroy to welcome his arrival, and to wish him good weather and all success.

"The beneficial effect of this great alteration and amendment in the behaviour of the Chinese authorities was not confined to the ships of war, but extended to those of the East India Company then in the river, the commanders of which, I

am told, had all cause of complaint previous to this affair; as the rumours so industriously spread by the local government of the total failure of the embassy at Pekin had so increased the arrogance and insolence of all classes of the Chinese, that their conduct to Europeans, particularly to the English, had become almost insufferable."

Captain Maxwell then takes a political view of the measure which he had adopted. He assumes the possibility of the embassy having failed, and argued thus:—

"Should the ambassador have left Pekin, as is asserted, without seeing the emperor, his majesty's ship being in Canton river to receive him will be a circumstance of the utmost importance to his own dignity and the honour of the sovereign he represents; who may, perhaps see in this attack upon his ship a combination of insult and injury, that will give him hereafter so just a claim for redress from the Chinese government as might establish points of great national benefit, which have hitherto been sought for in vain. On the other hand, should the ambassador have been received at the court of Pekin, this violent, and doubtless unauthorised, conduct of the viceroy will clearly establish the essential point of proving to the Pekin government how much their national honour may be compromised by the enormities committed on the part of the imperial representative at Canton; and that our complaints of such grievances have been but too well founded.

"The viceroy having by his edict waved all pretensions to the honour of a contest with us, will be placed in an awkward predicament when the shot now sticking in our bows are produced.

"Immediately after anchoring at the second bar, I deemed it proper to write a letter to the viceroy, strongly protesting against the violence and outrage that had been offered to his majesty's ship: I did so, because, although the attack had been successfully repelled, still the national insult was the same, which would, I knew, be sought redress for in the manner and at the time his majesty's government might think proper; therefore my object was simply to let the viceroy know, that however much he might be ashamed of and regret the precipitancy of his conduct (as the putting forth the false and abject edicts clearly demonstrated), I had no such feeling with regard to mine, and though to hush up the affair and hide it from the government might serve his purposes, from me he should receive no assistance in managing that matter."



## THE NORTH-WEST (AMERICAN) BOUNDARY QUESTION.

THE famous strife and debate which arose betwixt the cake-bakers of Lerne and the men of Grangousier's country will be remembered by the reader of Rabelais. The negotiations arising thereupon were conducted on either side after this fashion and in this spirit. Grangousier was most anxious for the preservation of peace, and to this end was willing to make divers concessions and large sacrifices. To this end he despatched Ulrich Gallet, properly attended, on a special mission to Picrochole. The historian goes on to say:—

"Being come to the gate, they required to speak with Picrochole from Grangousier. Picrochole would not as much as let them in, nor go to speak with them, but sent them word that he was busie, and that they should deliver their mind to Captain Touquedillon, who was then planting a piece of ordnance on the wall. Then said the good man unto him, 'My lord, to ease you of all this labour, and to take away all excuses why you may not return unto our former alliance, we do here presently restore unto you the cakes upon which the quarrel arose. Five dozen did our people take away: they were well paid for. We love peace so well, that we restore unto you five cart-loads, of which this cart shall be for Marquet, who doth most complain. Beside, to content him entirely, here are seven hundred thousand and three phillips, which I deliver to him; and for the losses he may pretend to have sustained I resigne for ever the farm of the Pomandiere, to be possessed in fee-simple by him and his for ever, without payment of any duty or acknowledgment of homage, fealtie, fine, or service whatsoever, and here is the tenor of the deed. And, for God's sake, let us live henceforward in peace, and withdraw yourselves merrily unto your own country from within this place, unto which you have no right at all, as yourselves must needs confesse; and let us be good friendes as be'ore.'

"Touquedillon related all this to Picrochole, and more and more exasperated his courage, saying to him, 'These clowns are affraid to some purp. se. T'y G —, Grangousier couckites himself for feare—the poor drinker! He is not

skilled in warfare, nor hath he any stomach for it. He knows better how to empty the flaggons—that is his art. I am of opinion that it is fit we send back the carts and the money, and, for the rest, that very speedily we fortify ourselves here, then prosecute our fortune. But what? Do they think they have to deal with a ninnie-whoop to feed you thus with cakes? You may see what it is. The good usage and great familiarity which you have had with them heretofore hath made you contemptible in their eyes. Anoint a villain, he will prick you: prick a villain, and he will anoint you.'

"'Sa, sa, sa,' said Picrochole. 'by St. James you have given a true character of them.' 'One thing I would advise you,' said Touquedillon. 'We are here but badly victualled, and furnished with mouth-harnesse very slenderly. If Grangousier should come to besiege us, I would go presently and pluck out of all of your soldiers' heads and mine own all the teeth except three to each of us, and with them alone we should make an end of our provision but too soon.' 'We shall have,' said Picrochole, 'but too much sustenance and feeding-stuffe. Came we hither to eat or fight?' 'To fight, indeed,' said Touquedillon; 'yet from the paunch comes the dance, and where famine rules force is exiled.' 'Leave off your prating,' said Picrochole, 'and forthwith seize upon what they have brought.' Then took they money and cakes, oxen and carts, and sent them away without speaking one word, only that they should come no more so near, for a reason they would give them the morrow after.

"Thus, without doing any thing, returned they to Grangousier, and related the whole matter unto him, subjoining, that there was no hope left to draw them to peace but by sharp and fierce warres."

If in this narrative of the old Pantagruellist we change the names, and call Grangousier John Bull, Picrochole Jonathan, Ulrich Gallet by the style of our plenipotentiary for the time being, and Touquedillon the Baylis, Benton, or Linn of the day,—in a word, the fierce and foolish democrat, we have a tolerably accurate account of the relative spirit and opposite views in which, since 1803-4, negotiations have been carried on

\* Uquhart's *Rabelais*, book i. c. 32.

between Great Britain and the United States of America. In all councils, on the one side, the mildness, the magnanimity of Grangousier, the anxiety to avert the necessity of war, by every concession short of actual dishonour, have prevailed. In all councils, on the other side, there has been the presumption and dishonesty of Picrochole, and the blind misapprehension of his opponent's motives. No loftier dictate has ever been attributed to Great Britain in yielding any disputed point than chill fear. Universally, too, we have found that, if any American step in with any thing like precautionary advice to the Picrocholian democracy, it is with no higher or more reputable feeling than that which animated Touquedillon. It always, as in the case of the "mouth-harnesse," turns upon what is expedient, and not what is right. It amounts to this, are we in a condition to attempt at this present moment, by the high hand, this, that, or the other robbery, with a probability of success? Or, rather, had we not better wait a little until we can contrive some means of supplying the deficiencies or evading the obstacles under which we labour, and to which we must be exposed? But vain is it for the Yankee Touquedillon to recommend that all the teeth excepting three should be plucked out of the soldiers' heads, and to suggest that with them alone they should make an end of their provisions *too soon*. The American democracy, however ludicrously inadequate its means to carry on a war with Great Britain or any other first-rate power, is as little to be daunted as the Rabelaisian Picrochole. Ha! ha! Leave off your prating, and seize upon the money and cakes, the oxen and carts! That is the text of the free and enlightened democracy: and the sermon they preach thereon might be divided into several heads—shewing, for example, the pleasure and advantage of "repudiating" on the grandest scale all debts and obligations, public and private; of confiscating the five- and -fifty millions of British capital invested in American securities; of completing the "natural boundaries" of the United States by, in the first instance, driving the British tyrants into the sea, and possessing themselves of our North American pro-

vinces with the port of Halifax and the mouths of the St. Lawrence; and, in the second instance, by driving those same British on the north-west side beyond the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, and seizing upon the whole of the Oregon territory and the mouths and sources of the Columbia, with all its tributary streams, and thus having the greatest and the finest internal navigation in the world and the free egress for all their commerce and productions to the Gulf of Mexico by the vast Mississippi, to the Atlantic by the St. Lawrence, and the Pacific by the Columbia or great river of the West; and, lastly, proving, that after having "whipped" the British, who are afraid of them (the poor drinkers!), it will be a trifle to them to "whip" the whole of the rest of the world.

Certainly, in all this *outré* conduct of Picrocholian vanity, the British government for a series of years—indeed we might say from pretty nearly the first—from, say 1783, has over much encouraged the Americans by proceedings *à la* Grangousier. If we have been of late years more complaisant and complying, it must be borne in mind that the Americans have become every day more and more peremptory and exacting. We have always been too ready to make concessions to people who look in the same light, upon every thing they get, that the beggar in *Gil Blas* did on the contributions to his hat from charitable travellers within the range of his voice—and musket. We have been too anxious to conciliate a populace whose rational and cordial goodwill we never can propitiate, by any amount of gifts or sacrifices, while they are in a state of busy, stirring, stormy transition, and while they are governed by, or, perhaps, more correctly to speak, govern under, their present institutions. When there shall come to be nations on the American continent, nations civilised and well governed, generosity and magnanimity, and unselfishness on our part in international dealings, diplomatic and commercial, will, we may hope, be appreciated, but at present they are as much thrown away upon the American government and populace as they would be upon a horse-dealer or a grizzly bear. Our attempts, however, have con-

tinued to be as vigorous as if there was the least chance they could prove successful. Lately on the north-east boundary question our Ulrich Gallet went a little further than the veriest Grangousier (if it were convenient to tell the whole truth) would approve. He gave away the farm of the Pomandiere in fee-simple, without homage, fealty, or duty, with a vengeance, to appease Marquet (for which we may read Maine), and sundry other donatives to Marquet's companions in the shape of strips of land, islands, strong positions, rights of navigating rivers, &c. &c., which were never expected by them, and for the which it had never occurred even to them in their brazen-facedness to ask. But enough has been already said by us upon this great national subject; and probably before the ink upon this sheet of paper is dry the consideration of the question will have been referred to, and definitively decided upon by public opinion, on the full information which we trust will be elicited in the debate upon Lord Palmerston's motion. Two things, however, we sincerely hope will be effected by the bitter and humiliating lesson Great Britain has been taught in the winding up and conclusion of the long negotiations about the settlement of the north-east boundary with America. First, that the people will themselves look narrowly to the mode in which the diplomatic concerns of the British empire are carried on by the ministers of the crown and the individuals whom they employ, and in whose zeal, prudence, information, ability, and patriotism, they confide; and secondly, that, in all future negotiations with the United States of America, greater caution and less of misplaced confidence upon our part will prevail, greater care in the selection of the negotiators' agents and plenipotentiaries commissioned, and a fuller assurance, when diplomatic transactions have been brought to a close, that the interests of the country have not been sacrificed through the negligence, the ignorance, or the incompetency of those to whom the management of foreign affairs, or of those

to whom the conduct of our negotiations have been committed. We are no advocate for the publicity of proceedings while negotiations are pending. This would be always attended with inconvenience and embarrassment, and often with danger and injury, to the national interest. But we do hold the opinion that, when negotiations have been brought to a conclusion either successful or otherwise, when points of dispute have been settled by a treaty, or when it has, after sincere and arduous trials, been found impossible to adjust the differences that prevail, the people's representatives in the House of Commons have a right to know *how* the national business has been conducted, and *why* the treaty, with the provisions it contains, was concluded; or, on the other hand, how and why the negotiations failed to arrive at a practical and satisfactory termination. It is the business of the House of Commons to look narrowly to the proceedings of the public servants, under whatsoever title, or in whatsoever capacity, they may discharge their functions, whether as ministers of the crown, judges of the land, envoys, ambassadors, or plenipotentiaries. True it is, as Mr. Sergeant Stephen says in his *Commentaries on the Laws of England*,—

“It is the sovereign's prerogative to make treaties, leagues, and alliances, with foreign states and princes. For it is, by the law of nations, essential to the goodness of a league that it be made by the sovereign power, and then it is binding on the whole community; and in England the sovereign power, *quoad hoc*, is vested in the person of the king or queen. Whatever compacts, therefore, they engage in, no other power in the kingdom can legally delay, resist, or annul. And yet, lest this plenitude of authority should be abused to the detriment of the public, the constitution hath here interposed a check by the means of parliamentary impeachment for the punishment of such ministers as, from criminal motives, advise or conclude any treaty which shall afterwards be judged to derogate from the honour and interest of the nation.”\*

But experience shews, and many circumstances prove, that a necessity for a peculiar vigilance is required in

\* Stephen, vol. ii. p. 515.

watching and investigating the negotiations, and critically considering all treaties and conventions with the United States of America. The nature and character of the federal government and of the public men of America, and the peculiar mode in which they carry on negotiations, and the peculiar manner in which they ratify treaties, demand all this circumspection and vigilance. In the first place, the federal government is a weak government, and has not, therefore, the power, if it had the will, to act on all occasions upon those principles of justice and honour which direct the conduct of a strong, stable, and upright government. The federal government is impotent against popular violence, and is unable to give constant and potential protection to life and property.

This is made evident, not simply by the exercise of Lynch-law, by the murders constantly committed in the southern and western states, sometimes even in the very houses of Assembly, and by the impunity of the murderers, but by the riots in their highest seats of civilisation, New York, Boston, Baltimore, where all manner of outrages and murders are committed, without the government's daring to punish the perpetrators.

Next, the federal government is impotent to control upon any point the firm, persevering, and uncompromising will of any one of the states. M. de Tocqueville — who, although he made a silly speech the other day about the right of visit, yet wrote a very able work on America, a far better book than his antagonist Lord Brougham ever did, or ever will, write upon any subject—M. de Tocqueville observes:—

“As often as a steady resistance is offered to the federal government, it will be found to yield. Experience has hitherto shewn that whenever a state has demanded any thing with perseverance and resolution it has invariably succeeded, and that if a separate government has distinctly refused to act it was left to do as it thought fit.”

In a conflict with the federal union, South Carolina, the smallest of all the states, came off victorious. This was upon the question of a tariff upon British goods, to support the manufacturers of the eastern states.

Captain Marryat relates, in his work on America, another instance in which the federal government betrayed its weakness:—

“It had entered into a solemn and what ought to have been an inviolable treaty with the Cherokee Indians, securing to them the remnant of their lands in the state of Georgia. The seventh article of the treaty says, ‘The United States solemnly guarantee to the Cherokee nation all their lands not hitherto ceded.’ The state of Georgia, when its population increased, did not like the Indians to remain, and insisted upon their removal. What was the result? That the federal government, in violation of a solemn treaty and the national honour, submitted to the dictation of Georgia, and the Indians were removed to the other side of the Mississippi.”

What, in the next place, could be more pitiable than the weakness displayed by the federal government during the late rebellion in Canada, when the “sympathisers” crossed the borders to levy war in the territories of a friendly state?—when free and enlightened citizens broke open the state magazines, and carried off fire-arms and field pieces?—when the militia of Detroit, called out to suppress the disturbances, assisted the insurgents, and when all the exertions of General Scott, and the other American officers despatched by the federal government to preserve the peace, were unavailing? We now pass on to remark that this federal government, though young in years, is old in iniquity, and that in its treaties it has never yet, that we are aware of, kept faith with those who were not powerful enough to punish them for the breach of it.

The villany, the treachery, the execrable inhumanity of the Americans towards the Indians, are such that the heart of no European man can conceive without well-nigh bursting with indignation, and no tongue can adequately tell. A portion of the felon-heart of the American is laid bare in “A Report for the protection of the western frontier, submitted to Congress by the Secretary at War.” It is there shewn, that while the American government pretends to advocate peace and the maintenance of harmony amongst the tribes, their real object is to foster dissension, and to urge them on un-

derhand to their mutual destruction. A remarkable passage in this Report is quoted by Marryat :—

"The United States will, whenever they choose, be able to bring the whole of the Sioux force (the hereditary and irreclaimable enemy to every other Indian) to bear against the *hostiles*; or *vice versa*, should our difficulty be with the Sioux nation. And the suggestion is made, whether prudence does not require that those *hereditary feelings* should not rather be *maintained*, than destroyed by efforts to cultivate a closer reunion between them?"

The "smart man," parenthetically be it observed, is quite wrong in thinking any American minstrel could play upon the Sioux; but a British whistle, recognised as genuine, would launch the whole of that noblest tribe of the remaining Indian race across their frontier, and this, if not to "the immortal Smash," at all events to the perilous convulsion of the Union. But the political feeling stands recorded. It is, "divide and rule." But this is not the worst. They are not only cheating, but they are poisoning, mentally, aye, and bodily, all the Indian tribes to whom they have access. Infection of small-pox, and of other contagious diseases, has been deliberately introduced amongst them, and a peculiar manufacture of whisky, which is, in point of fact, poisonous, has been spread amongst them. It is not, therefore, in their dealings with the Indians, the simple maxim of the tyrant (divide and rule), but it is also in cumulative addition demoralise and destroy.

Florida was ceded by the Spaniard to the United States. The Americans, after failing by fraud, and treachery, and audacious falsehood, to seduce the Indians, the true owners of the soil, to abandon their country, tried open-handed violence, and, notwithstanding their immense superiority in arms, discipline, and numbers, they were beaten. To what had they then recourse?—History would blush to record it of a band of buccaneers. They sent out a flag of truce, and invited the leading chiefs to meet them in council, and especially entreated the presence of Osceola, their most gallant and formidable opponent. The Indian chiefs came upon the assurance of that faith, that never

yet was violated by the most barbarous tribe of the American Indians. The flag of truce was violated. The chiefs were cast into prison. Osceola, the dreaded champion of his race, soon died—perhaps from the effects of rage, grief, and confinement; it is said, and not improbably, by poison.

Men have been in the habit of exclaiming against the partition of Poland as an atrocious crime. It was so. But it was a crime of *expediency*—a fruitful mother of crime. The partition of Poland saved the absorption of Poland, which would have been a calamity to Europe. If Austria and Prussia had not stepped in to share the spoil, Russia would have secured the whole prey. But the seizure of Texas was a piece of unmitigated and undefecated atrocity. Mexico was at peace with the United States. Mexico had neither of old nor lately given any provocation whatsoever to the United States. On the contrary, Mexico had made large concessions of territory, and of valuable rights, to propitiate the goodwill and forbearance of its unprincipled and usurping neighbour. In this instance, the federal government had not even the base excuse which might be pleaded for them on other occasions, in which they have connived at crime and shared in the proceeds of robbery. They could not plead weakness and inability to act. They had an army on the frontiers of Mexico. With the greatest possible ease they might have turned back the bands of robbers who openly marched from the United States with drums beating and colours flying. In reference to ~~their~~ their countryman Dr. Channing, observed :—

"A nation provoking war by ~~capitulation~~, by encroachment, and, above all, by efforts to propagate the curse of slavery, is alike false to itself, to God, and to the human race!"

Next it is to be observed, not only upon the authority of English and French writers, but likewise upon that of the most reputable Americans, that the whole machinery of government is carried on by fraud, bribery, and corruption. The government of the day, call it what you will, invariably applies the public funds to

the purpose of bribing the people to maintain its power and appropriate its share in the general plunder. The same writer, the best who has written on America, from whom we have so often quoted, remarks :—

“ It must be remembered that the struggle in America is for *place*, not *principle*; for whichever party obtains power, their principle of acting is much the same. Occasionally a question of moment will come forward and nearly convulse the Union, but this is very rare; the general course of legislation is in a very narrow compass, and is seldom more than a mere routine of business. With the majority who lead a party (particularly the one at present in power), the contest is not, therefore, for principle, but it may almost be said for bread; and this is one great cause of the virulence accompanying their election struggles.”

To sum up :—

“ The example of the executive is most injurious. It is insatiable in its ambition, regardless of its faith, corrupt in the highest degree, never legislating for morality, but always for expediency.”

Such being the character of the government, the character of the individuals who constitute it, and of those in their service as public functionaries, may be easily guessed. Political power is in the gift of the least moral and most corrupt democracy that the world has yet seen. It is not, therefore, to be obtained by honest, honourable, straightforward means. No; the aspirant for office must minister to the cupidity and corruption, and foster the hopes of future plunder in those from whom he receives support, and he must flatter the basest passions and prejudices of the multitude. If he ever were an honest and honourable man, in order to succeed, he should assume the mask of what the Americans call “smartness,” which is only another word for what we designate as knavery. Honest and honourable men are not of the sort of persons the American nation wants to do its work; and, as a natural consequence, the government seeks not to employ in its service men who are troubled with any inconvenient scruples of conscience or feeling. Indeed such persons neither would nor could carry their instructions into effect. As a general rule, then, you may set down every body engaged in political

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life, and especially every man employed in the diplomatic service of the United States, as at the very least *un poco picaro*. Undoubtedly there are gentlemen of the nicest honour in America, private individuals, members of the learned professions, officers in the army and navy, but if they continue to be so, you may depend upon it they have kept utterly aloof from political life. They have never participated in the national sins against all good faith, all humanity, against every article of the Christian code. But to all the men in the political employment of the United States, and especially in the diplomatic branch of the public service, we maintain our description applies. Our own experience in our negotiations with America shews this, as we will point out by and by. This is one reason why extreme caution should be used in all diplomatic dealings with Americans. Our negotiators should start with the conviction, that whoever they had to meet on the part of the United States, whatever else he might be, is sure to be “a smart man,” or neither would he come himself to represent the American government, nor would that government have sent him. Plain, therefore, it is, that to place unnecessary confidence in him—to take any thing upon the faith of his assertion—to place the slightest trust whatsoever in any verbal assurance on his part,—to leave any thing as a matter of mutual *understanding*,—to suffer any thing of the least importance unrecorded in writing, and in the indisputable official form and shape, would be about as wise as to trust to a Yorkshire dealer's honour in a bargain about a horse, and to take the animal without a warrant. Much of our difficulty in the North-East Boundary Question, and literally the whole of our difficulty in the North-West Boundary Question, has arisen from these causes,—the bad faith and falsehood of the American negotiators and government,—the extreme casiness of British ministers,—the neglect, the ignorance, and the incapacity of certain of the individuals they employed as diplomatists in the course of the negotiations. In due course we will make this appear. But now we proceed to say that there

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is, independent of the untrustworthiness of the American government and diplomatists, another reason why the most vigilant caution should be observed in carrying on any negotiations with them. It arises from the mode in which their negotiations are conducted, and the manner in which treaties or conventions are dealt with and ratified or refused by the executive government of the United States. In all manner of negotiations with that transatlantic power, the government of every European nation treats upon terms of great inequality and disadvantage. Their "plenipotentiaries" always appear at foreign courts under false colours. They are not *plenipotentiaries* at all, or any thing at all analogous to plenipotentiaries, or even ambassadors definitively instructed, duly accredited, and thoroughly confided in by the executive government that despatches them. The United States have, it is not for us to doubt, a very proper distrust in the honour and honesty of their diplomatic servants. Lest their fidelity might be tampered with, they are not allowed to accept so much as a snuff-box from any king, prince, or foreign state. And while they are free to commit all manner of mischief to the state to which they are accredited, and sure to be applauded for it, and, to the extent it may be dared, supported in it, their own government reserves to itself the power of repudiating every thing they may have done, and thus effectually takes care that they shall, from no mistaken principles of honour, or honesty, or shamefacedness in any way, thwart the real views of those who employ them, without trusting them, as the Jesuits used their "outward" adherents and aspirants (if we may be allowed a phrase expressive perhaps enough to save a long description) while they were under their probation. By the constitution of the United States, it is declared that the president shall have power, by and with the consent of the senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the senators present concur; and he shall nominate ambassadors, &c. But how is this practically managed? The president does nominate ambassadors, by and with the consent and advice of the senate, and he sends them forth as *plenipotentiaries*, and

they appear as such, and they act as such, and they sign as such, and every thing is presumed by the true and honest plenipotentiary of the European government to be concluded; and the sovereign of that country ratifies and holds himself definitively bound to exchange ratifications with the United States, and the European ministers and negotiators look upon the settlement of the question which had been mooted as *un fait accompli*. But no! the treaty thus ratified by the European power and the American *plenipotentiary* has to be sent back to the American executive government, consisting as it does of the president and, at least, two-thirds of the senate, and they (as they have done upon two notorious occasions, to which we will advert) alter it *vitally*, and as though there were no ratification which should bind men in honour or conscience at all, return it with their alterations. These, most probably, are refused. What then? Why this is not all. The Americans refuse to perform their part of the contract. But they assume, as positive and irrevocable concessions, all that had been proffered, *on condition of their agreeing to all the terms proposed*, and insist upon those *conditional* concessions as forming part of the ground-work for future negotiations. The two cases to which we allude are the convention of 1803 for the settlement of the north-east and north-west boundaries betwixt the territories of the United States and Great Britain on the American continent, and the convention for the suppression of the slave-trade proposed by America in 1824. As to the first, the north-east boundary, lately the subject of the Ashburton treaty, was settled to the satisfaction of both parties, and this most amicably. After the treaty had been transmitted to America, and after the cession of Louisiana, which was posterior to the signing of the treaty in London, Jefferson, then president, took the opportunity of raising an obstacle to its adoption by mooted the doubt as to the line of the western boundary of Louisiana. An alteration in reference to this leaving an open subject of dispute was made in the fifth article, and, as we think, properly rejected. Unfortunately

for us, however, as our negotiations have since been conducted, we lost the north-east boundary, cheerfully conceded to us at that time, and we have to negotiate for the determination of the north-west. Parenthetically, we beg leave to observe, that before we lay down our pen we will take care that it shall be impossible for any man bearing the name of a British plenipotentiary to make a similar cession in the north-west as in the north-east of our rights under the name of an expedient compromise in that quarter of the world. We have had rather too much of the pacific on the shores of the Atlantic; it would be bad heraldry to blazon it upon the shores of the Pacific. As to the second case, it has been brought prominently before the world through the debates which occurred in Parliament and in the French chambers. The foreign secretary, Lord Aberdeen, transmitted to France a copy of the convention agreed to *here* upon the propositions of America betwixt Great Britain and the United States. Lord Brougham, in the House of Lords, brought forward as much of the matter as suited him for the hour's shrewish scolding against M. de Tocqueville, who, for a most excellent reason, was *wrong*, namely, because, as Brougham well knew, he never could have had access to the convention, not being a cabinet minister of England at the time it was under consideration, or a person authorised to pry into the archives of the United States; but Lord Brougham, pitiable political mountebank as he is, when he prated and lamented about this convention's having failed to be ratified, in consequence of a word or two, had not the honesty or the manliness to put the transaction on its fair basis and to do George Canning justice. When this Lord Brougham revealed the terms of the proposed treaty and lamented it had not been carried into effect, and imputed the untoward miscarriage thereof to the English minister employed, he ought to have had, at least, the decency to intimate the reasons for Canning's objection to the omission of the word or two, and the circumstances under which he objected. As Lord Brougham has, in accordance with his nature, quoted partially and foully from the official documents

to which he had access here, and which anybody who chooses to pay may have from America, we will try and put the matter on its right footing.

It should be constantly borne in mind that this treaty for the suppression of the slave-trade, as well as the treaty of 1803 for adjusting the boundaries of Great Britain and the United States on the American continent, was made upon the basis of propositions named by the American government. This treaty had been solemnly ratified on the part of his Britannic majesty, and by Mr. Rush, the plenipotentiary on the part of the United States. It was then sent over to America, and returned thence with several variations—variations not confined to those stipulations, or parts of stipulations, which had been engrafted upon the original project, but extending to that part of the original project which had passed unchanged through negotiation. The vital alteration, however, made by the senate of the United States was, as Lord Brougham stated, the omission of the words "and America;" but, though his eccentric lordship in this instance told truth, he did not, of course, tell the whole truth. That was not to be expected from him. If he had quoted the whole of the sentence in which this omission was made, it would be seen that the variation was of a degree of importance very different from that he represented it. But, to proceed, when the treaty thus altered was returned, Mr. Canning was highly indignant, and expressed himself to Mr. Rush in terms well becoming a British minister. This was in the latter end of August, 1824. While he admitted that the knowledge that the constitution of the United States rendered all their diplomatic compacts liable to this sort of revision precluded the possibility of taking exception at any particular instance in which that revision was exercised, he, at the same time, in a strong tone of remonstrance, explained that the *repetition* of such instances did not serve to reconcile to the practice the feeling of the other party when solemn ratification was thus made of no avail, and when, as he indignantly impressed, *concessions in negotiation having been made, as all such concessions must be always under-*



*stood to be made, conditionally, were thus accepted as positive and absolute, while what might have been the stipulated price of those concessions was withdrawn. Here is the key to the whole system of American negotiation, and an admirable exemplification of this system we had in the negotiations between Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster. Never did any gentleman work out the schoolboy doctrine to greater perfection, "What was yours is mine; what was mine is still mine own."*

In the instance of this particular treaty relating to the slave-trade, a substantial change was made by the United States' senate in a part originally proposed by Mr. Rush as plenipotentiary, and understood to have been proposed by special direction of Mr. Rush's government. As the treaty stood when ratified in London, the right of visiting vessels suspected of slave-trading extended alike to "*the coasts of the West Indies and America.*" Mr. Canning argued that from the removal of this right of visit as to the coast of America, and its continuance as to the West Indies, it appeared that there were, on one side and not on the other side, just grounds for suspicion of misconduct, or apprehension of an abuse of the treaty. He declared that to such an inequality, leading to such degrading inference, his majesty's government never could advise his majesty to consent. They were not now to concede, after the conclusion of the treaty, a new demand, which, if made during the course of the negotiations, would have been instantly and peremptorily rejected. But, with the exception of the proposed omission, Mr. Canning, rather than the hopes of good to which the agreement had given rise should be disappointed, said our government was ready to adopt all the other alterations of the senate, though they would have much preferred that none of them had been made. It was trusted that, on further consideration, the senate would see that it was not equitable to insist on the omission, and it was proposed to send full power to Mr. Addington to conclude and sign with any American plenipotentiary a treaty *verbatim* the same as the returned treaty from the senate of the United States, excepting only the

restoration to the text of the first article of the words "and America." His majesty would have been ready to ratify that treaty when sent back. Mr. Canning, however, positively declined to advise his majesty to appoint plenipotentiaries to conclude the *like* treaty *here*, which might, after his majesty's ratification, be again made subject to the ratification of the United States' senate. Of this distinction, Mr. Rush, the plenipotentiary in name, but not in fact, had no right to complain; for it was no more than a reasonable safeguard of his majesty's dignity, and a just desire to ascertain, before his majesty again ratified a diplomatic instrument, to what conditions that ratification was affixed. The United States' senate did not think it right to place the treaty on the grounds originally proposed by the American plenipotentiary, by special direction of the American government. And they did see fit to insist upon the omission of the words "and America," coming after the words, "the coasts of the West Indies." And, unfortunately for the interests of humanity, the treaty of 1824, for suppressing the slave-trade, like the previous treaty of 1803 for settling the boundaries, remained unconcluded. But we maintain that there is no blame justly to be imputed to our foreign secretary, Mr. Canning. Intrusted as he was with the interest and honour of England, any less decided, or independent, or lofty course of conduct than that which he adopted, would have been disgraceful. The curse against the wrong-doer and the oppressor of every individual who has since endured a slavery which might have been averted under the operation of this treaty, rests on the head of the American senate. Against the British government of the day it may be, indeed it has been, urged that they ought to have taken what they could have then gotten from the Americans; but it remained for a later day and a far different class of negotiators from that to which George Canning belonged to treat with any power on terms of thankful humility. Why should he have permitted the American government to go back from its own proposition, solemnly agreed to and ratified? How could he have done so without compromis-

ing the dignity of the empire in the person of the sovereign? And when once a state forfeits its dignity, it will soon have to contend under disheartening circumstances for its power, and, if foiled in the contest, before very long for its existence. We protest against the doctrine that Great Britain ought to be always glad and eager to get an *instalment* from America. The American government never gives any thing with the slightest notion or intention of giving more. The account of this negotiation as to the suppression of the slave-trade, which Lord Brougham did not give fully and fairly, shews clearly on what unequal terms we meet the Americans in diplomacy, and how utterly absurd it is to begin by assuming a gentle, philosophic, philanthropic air, and offering with a waiver of the insisting on rights, to make concessions for the sake of peace—to bestow frank confidence on American negotiators, which is sure to be abused. Let us not believe in their professions or pledges, from the consequences of which they can so easily disembarass themselves and their government. Let us observe that the Americans in their constitution have a machinery for chicanery and fraud in their negotiations with foreign powers, and let us not again fall into the error that it is possible to deal with an American government, minister, or plenipotentiary as you would with a European government and European diplomatists. They have, as it has been shewn in the case to which we have adverted, the means of evading the obligations they have contracted even after the conclusion of the negotiations and the solemn ratification of a treaty. The whole system whercon they carry on their diplomacy rests on a basis of fallacy and fraud. Article 11 of the American constitution declares “The executive power shall be vested in a president of the United States of America.” But read on through this constitution, and you will find that this declaration bears falsehood on the face of it. The executive power, in all its relations with foreign powers, is not vested in the president. *Quoad hoc*, the president has not the sovereign

power by which alone, according to the law of nations,\* a good league can be made—a league which shall be binding on the whole community. No such power is vested in the person of the president *quoad hoc* as there is in the person of the British sovereign. In point of fact, the executive power is shared with the president by the senate, and his portion of it is controlled by the senate; and the responsibility which would otherwise attach to him as the head of a government, and to his secretary of state, on the part of the United States, with European powers, he is enabled to evade in the name and by the instrumentality of the senate. Article 2, after having in the first section declared that the executive power should rest in the president, goes on, in the second section of the same, to declare,—

“He shall have power, *by and with the advice and consent of the senate*, to make treaties, provided *two-thirds* of the senators present concur; and he shall nominate, and, *by and with the advice and consent of the senate*, shall appoint ambassadors,” &c.

So that, for the purposes of carrying on and effectuating negotiations, the executive is not vested in the president, but in the president *plus* two-thirds of the senators who choose to attend to the public business. Next, as we have already pointed out, an American plenipotentiary is a walking diplomatic lie. He is no more a plenipotentiary in the European sense of the word than Elliston was king of England when he personated the English monarch in the pageant of a coronation at one of the play-houses. Every thing he does, says, signs, and concludes, is liable to be revised, rejected, repudiated, and destroyed. Why is it, then, that our negotiators will not consider that he is not even as they are; that they should have no dependence because they can fix no hold upon him; that if any thing unpleasant to him or his employers should occur, he has only, like the ghost seen by old Aubrey, to “vanish with a melodious twang,” saying, “I guess you and I, and uncle Sam, can’t fix this no how, and I’m tarnation sorry. But, stranger, I’ll

\* Stephen’s *Commentaries*, vol. ii. p. 135, and the authorities cited in the note.

take right good care to keep all you were good enough to give me, and it will do, no doubt, for another time." Why is it that men of sense, when diplomatically employed for Great Britain, will not perceive, that for the American envoy "plenipotentiary" is one of those high-sounding titles, such as captain, colonel, general, which the title-adoring American populace affect? but is not a word the sign of a real thing? Are we to be proof against all experience? We hope,—for the sake of a just and honourable settlement of the North-West Boundary Question—a settlement worthy of the wisest, the greatest, and the most powerful empire upon which, from the dawn of creation, the sun ever set—we hope *not*. Let the reader only remember the history of the negotiations, and the termination of the two great national treaties in which we have been concerned with America; and we do trust he will, however prejudiced, feel compelled to admit that there is no exaggeration whatsoever in the statements we have made, or in the arguments we have put forth. We allude to the treaties of 1803 touching the boundaries, and of 1824 for the suppression of the slave-trade. We treated fully of the first in our second article on the Ashburton treaty. We have spoken at some length of the other treaty in this paper. We now, therefore, merely sum up the facts. A plenipotentiary, Mr. Rufus King, is sent over with instructions from his government to submit to the court of St. James's propositions to form the basis of a treaty for the settlement of the boundaries. These propositions are all acceded to by Lord Hawkesbury on behalf of Great Britain, and Mr. King is requested himself to make on this basis a draft of a convention. He does so. The convention is signed and concluded by the British and American plenipotentiaries, and it is ratified by the king. The treaty is then sent over to the government of the United States, and is returned by the president with the fifth article altered; and thus, through a manœuvre of Jefferson's, the question of the boundaries, north-east and north-west, which he had himself declared in his message to congress had been settled to the en-

tire satisfaction of both countries, is lost. And one-half of the matter in dispute has only just been skinned over by the court-plaster of the Ashburton-treaty, and in the other case the wound is still open; and it will be our business to shew its nature and character,—how it was caused, and what has been the nature of the treatment applied.

In 1824, another plenipotentiary, Mr. Richard Rush, is sent over with voluminous, earnest, and stringent propositions, to be submitted by special direction to the British government as the basis of a treaty in which Great Britain is earnestly entreated to join America in a convention for the suppression of the odious traffic in slaves. Good: on this basis the treaty is made, signed, and concluded by the British and American plenipotentiaries, and ratified on the part of his Britannic majesty. It is sent over, this treaty of the United States government's own suggestions; and it is not only mauled and mangled by the senate, but a vital omission of a point proposed by special direction of the American government, through its accredited plenipotentiary, is made, to the utter disregard of all good faith and decency, and in a manner to insult the British negotiator as a man of sense and honour, and to hint a clumsy insult on the dignity of the British monarch. And thus the pseudo-sympathy of that portion of the American populace who had no niggers of their own, "like President Tyler," with the sufferings of the negro—"a man and a brother"—exploded. Now let us quietly ask, Is not this firm, United States, Executive, and Co., consisting, when you come to examine into it under a fiat of bankruptcy in faith, honour, and honesty, of president, secretary of state, and plenipotentiary, and senate on all convenient occasions, representing as it were the firm in the abstract, for the atrocity of whose proceedings neither president, nor secretary of state, nor plenipotentiary, is personally and individually responsible, quite analogous in the carrying on of diplomacy, to Warren's famous firm of Quirk, Gammon, Snap, and Co., in the practice of the law? We have old Quirk the president; the accomplished, bold-faced villain Gammon, the secretary of

state; and Snap the plenipotentiary; and the senate, to play the firm whenever there is any particularly dirty piece of work to be done, for the due effectuation of which Quirk and Snap severally and separately profess themselves to be very sorry, and of which Gammon, in a strain of eloquent indignation, avows himself to be ashamed. But it may be asked by some impatient reader, What has all this you have been at such pains to lay down and substantiate to do with the north-west boundary and the Oregon territory? Wait a little, good friend, and you shall see. The first pacific fruit of the Ashburton treaty, directed very appropriately to the coast of that sufficiently stormy ocean the Pacific, is a declaration of war upon the part of the firm, for which none of the partners are of course individually responsible. The American senate have passed a bill to seize upon and appropriate the whole of the disputed territory.

We have not the most remote notion in the world that the bill will pass into a law, even if the House of Representatives should go the whole hog, bristles and all, and adopt it in the perfect certainty—as they would alone dare to do—that it will not be allowed to be passed by their government. It is only to give Tyler-Quirk and Webster-Gammon the opportunity of coming forward in the character of benign mediators to preserve peace, as well as negotiators on behalf of their country, and to say to the next peculiarly pacific plenipotentiary, “You see what we have done, and what we are suffering. We have the senate and the people against us. We can do no more than men anxious, &c. (for all the reasons of rigmarole) to have the peace preserved, which you desire with such nervous earnestness to maintain. We entirely sympathise with you;—and oh! if it only depended on ourselves—but there is the senate, the concurrent power with the executive government, which we call ourselves to you, foreigners, but which, in truth, we are not. Our constitution hangs out upon the pole of liberty—a swinging sign. To the forineering strangers on the European side it is, ‘Executive government and all manner of diplomacy

done here, by the president.’ On the American side it is, ‘Executive government and all manner of diplomacy, and all varieties of foreigners, done by the president, senate, and imperial people.’ You see our difficulties, stranger, and it lies with you as a real, downright plenipotentiary. If you want peace so badly you must be prepared to make such sacrifices as will enable us to satisfy all our coadjutors in power. If not, I guess, stranger, we must be compelled by the wisdom of the senate and the irresistible force of public opinion, to have recourse to arms; which, as we understand you, won’t in no sort suit.” We will not say that we are about to be placed in this position in regard to the Oregon territory, but enough has been disclosed to warn the British people that we be not. We will put the whole case before people. The Ashburton Treaty is *un fait accompli*. So be it. The question of the Oregon territory is not; and it has been already mooted on either side—by our government, by a proposal for amicable negotiations—by the American senate, in passing a bill declaring the right of the United States to the whole territory in dispute, and the military occupation of it. Sir Robert Peel doubted whether this bill had passed. He was in error. The bill did pass. With reference to the question, and the aspect it has assumed, he observes:—

“The question of the Oregon territory, no doubt, was not adjusted. With respect to the course which the American government has taken, the noble lord makes no allowance for the position of a government so open to popular influence as that of America. We deal with the executive government, and not with the senate. We have proposed to that government to consider the means of effecting a conciliatory adjustment respecting the Oregon territory; and we have met with no repulse, but have received assurances, in reply to our proposition, that the executive government of the United States was anxious to come to an adjustment of that question; and we have every reason to hope that, unless we revive the former animosity and embitter the feelings between the two countries, there will be an attempt by negotiation to settle that question satisfactorily. The noble lord says that the senate have passed a bill, which I believe they have

not passed [some honourable member said 'yes']. I think the votes were equally divided; but whatever the senate may do, it is impossible for the executive government to approve of such a bill after having expressed a desire to negotiate. The noble lord says the adoption of that bill would be a case of war. I will not discuss hypothetical cases of war, when, as I have said, the executive government has signified to us its desire to maintain peace, and to effect a satisfactory adjustment of the question of the Oregon territory. I trust in the assurances of the executive government, and I will not believe that they will give their consent to a legislative measure at variance with those assurances."

Now unless we have been greatly deceived ourselves, and all that we have said is thrown away upon the reader, we think it is clear that the British government is not in that position which should encourage such faith, hope, and trust in our prime minister. Sir Robert Peel says he is dealing with the executive government and not with the senate. Apparently this is true at the outset, for the time for the senate to assert its share in the executive government (save in one particular) has not yet come; but it is not really so. The senate have taken time by the forelock, and begun by dealing not alone with him but the *ostensible* executive government also. He is not dealing with the executive government; he is only dealing with Tyler and Webster, and no ambassador or plenipotentiary can be appointed to carry on the mere formal parts of negotiation with any ambassador or plenipotentiary extraordinary of Great Britain, without the advice and consent of this senate, which has already prejudged and passed sentence on the case. Of course no treaty can be ratified without the consent and advice of two-thirds of this senate, whose opinion on the question to be negotiated stands recorded. That this affair will be settled we have no doubt, if we send out a plenipotentiary authorised to yield enough to Mr. Webster to buy off the opposition of the senate, to hush the popular clamour, and neutralise the pressure from without; that it may be settled honorably and equitably to both parties we have no doubt, if the negotiations be put upon a pro-

we source an im-  
to assert our  
to maintain  
and to id thing whatso-  
to threats, which in truth are as  
less as they are bombastic,  
we are at the same time, for  
sake of good-will and good  
bourhood, not averse to make  
visions which affected not our  
sts or our honour. The United  
of America have no notion of  
to war with us for any stake  
over; the rabble of Maine  
would make an excursion into our  
ria, and so of the rabble of  
military states; and a few desper-  
ate seckwoodmen might be thrown  
into the Oregon territory to their  
ed destruction; but the United  
if forced by popular clamour  
to brace their quarrel, would not,  
could not, continue the contest  
without the certainty of utter ruin  
to the federal union, and to the very  
ence of the great democracy. Of  
all the bugbears with which the re-  
prentatives of a mighty empire  
were called upon to be scared, this  
silly threat of a war with the United  
States of America is the most re-  
volting to common-sense. How could  
the United States maintain a war  
with England, or any other maritime  
power (though they *did* threaten to  
knock France into the other end of  
nothing),—a loose aggregation of  
populaces bound together by a slender  
cord, knotted into most slippery  
and insecure federal government,—  
without, as Sir C. Napier observed,  
soldiers or munitions of war, sailors  
or ships, money or credit,—and,  
moreover, with the most open sea-  
board in the world, on which all  
their towns and all that is really  
valuable lies, and which might each  
and all be prostrated in half the time  
it took us to bombard Algiers, or St.  
Jean d'Acre,—and with a population  
of persecuted negroes ready to rise,  
and a hundred thousand Indian war-  
riors only waiting to wreak upon  
them the rights of hoarded ven-  
geance? Pshaw! pshaw! pshaw!  
And, above all, on the north-west  
frontier! Throw this most idle  
threat aside, and a look to the  
forthcoming nego is. The Times  
of Jan. 28

"The Oregon territory question, which,  
now that the north-east boundary one

is settled, is likely to become a prominent topic in the United States, had engaged the attention of the senate. That assembly was entirely engaged on the 30th ult. with the consideration of a bill for the occupation and settlement of the territory of Oregon, and extending certain portions of the laws of the United States over the same. The bill assumes that 'the title of the United States to the territory of Oregon is certain, and will not be abandoned. It provides, says the Washington correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* :—

"1st. For a line of military posts from some point on the Missouri and Arkansas rivers into the best pass for entering the valley of the Oregon; and also at or near the mouth of Columbia river.

"2d. For granting one section of land to each settler.

"3d. For the appointment of two additional Indian agents to superintend the interests of the United States with the western Indian tribes.

"4th. For the extension of the civil and criminal jurisdiction of the Supreme and District Courts of the territory of the United States to the limits of Oregon territory; and for the appointment of justices of the peace in the same, and the regulation of their duties.

"5th. For the appointment of judges and organisation of courts.

"6th. A sum to be appropriated to carry this act into effect left blank."

It was boldly urged in the debate that this high-handed proceeding, if pushed with earnestness, would be successful.

"At a subsequent stage of the proceeding, Mr. Calhoun made a long and eloquent speech against the bill. He shewed conclusively that the course recommended by the bill is contrary to existing treaty stipulations, and that, if attempted to be carried into effect, would, in all probability, lead to a war with England; a war in which, as far as the occupancy of that territory is concerned, she would have decided and irresistible advantages over the United States. The immense armies now in India are free to be directed to any other point that is necessary to sustain her power, and on the first moment of a demonstration on the part of the United States to violate the treaty, she would transfer those forces across the Pacific, and take possession of the territory. This she could do in forty days, while, had the United States troops and navy necessary to their transportation, they could not reach the Columbia river in less than six months; and to send troops thither overland would take nearly as long by uninter-

rupted marches. He also demanded where the means were to be provided to sustain these fleets and armies. He, therefore, moved that it be re-committed. On the final vote, however, 'that the bill do pass,' the numbers were 24 to 22 : majority in favour of the passage of the bill, 2."

There was, then, actually a majority of two in favour of Mr. Linn's bill, and forty-six senators voted out of fifty-two, the which number constitutes the whole senate. Supposing that, in electioneering phrase, the six who have abstained from voting are willing "to hear reason," the so-called executive government and the British negotiators are rather far from being able to command two-thirds of the senate, that is to say, in rough numbers, thirty-four members, without a very satisfactory consideration. The prospect of the result of negotiations entered upon under those circumstances, it must be admitted, is not very cheering. But our first business now will be to inquire into the territory in dispute, and "the unquestionable right" of the Americans to its possession.

Every thing that possibly can be put forth on behalf of the American claim is to be found in Mr. Cushing's *Report from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, to which were referred a Message from the President of the United States and a Resolution of the House in reference to the Territory of the United States beyond the Rocky Mountains*. This report was presented on January 4, 1839, read, and 10,000 extra copies were ordered to be printed.

The whole claim, alike of the United States of America and of Great Britain, was brought forward and was most fully and ably discussed in 1824 upon proposals submitted by Mr. Rush, the American plenipotentiary, to Mr. Huskisson and Mr. S. Canning, plenipotentiaries for Great Britain. The United States claimed on these grounds :—

1st, On that of first discovery, as a right derived from Spain;

2d, On the same right, derived from France; and

3dly, On the ground of occupation in their own proper right.

These three grounds the government of the United States represented as each perfect in itself, and as all

contributing to confer a collective validity on the sum-total claim.

Mr. Secretary Canning proved that these titles were incompatible with each other. If any one of them was good, the rest were bad. He insisted upon their choosing some one and relying solely upon it. And from a memorandum of the arguments on either side, it appears George Canning contended to this effect, if the Spanish claim—that is, the claim of prior discovery—he insisted on, Great Britain can shew a superior right to that advanced by the United States, inasmuch as a commissioned navigator of her own first made formal claim to the country in question in the name of his sovereign. She can also shew that the Spanish title has been annulled by the convention of 1790, by which Spain virtually renounced all claim to exclusive sovereignty over any tract of country on the west coast of America north of the 42d parallel of latitude. If the American claim *proper* he insisted on, Great Britain can equally shew a superior right to the United States over the same country, inasmuch as a commissioned navigator of her own, fitted out on the public account, first took actual possession of the river and territory in dispute in the name of his sovereign. Her traders first frequented the vicinity of that country, and she has since, without interruption, continued in uncontested possession of it since 1810, thereby adding to the right of discovery and possession that derived from use, occupancy, and settlement. On the ground of prior discovery as respects Great Britain, the United States claimed, in their own right, the mouth of the Columbia, and all the territories watered by the streams that fall into that river. This claim they bottomed on the principle that the discovery of the mouth of a river conveys to the country in whose name the discovery is effected, a right to all the territory traversed by the waters communicating with it, on which no settlements have previously been made by the subjects of any other power. In right of Spain and by virtue of a treaty for the cession of Florida and the ratification of their boundary, the United States assert a preferable claim to the whole

extent of coast from the parallel of 42 to that of 60 north latitude. In asserting this, Mr. Rush, however, was ready to consider the counter-claims of Great Britain founded on the ground of actual settlement with this proviso, "that their own settlements superadded to the Spanish title of discovery confer a right of complete and exclusive possession within the limits attached to such settlements, while the right derived from actual settlements by other powers is so contracted and limited by the former paramount title of the United States, as not to operate to their exclusion from the liberty of fishing and trading with the natives on any part of the north-west coast above the parallel of 42, and below that of 60."

The proposals of Mr. Rush, after reciting the terms of the convention of 1819, and declaring that they should be in force for ten years more from the signature of the present convention, went on to add:—

"The high contracting parties further agree that during the like term no settlement shall be made on the north-west coast of America, or on any of the islands thereto adjoining, by citizens of the United States north of the 51st degree of latitude, or by British subjects either south of the said 51st degree or north of the 55th degree of north latitude."

Mr. Secretary Canning, of course, declined those proposals, and protested strongly against a principle started for the first time in the last president's message—namely, that the European nations had no longer any right to colonise even upon unoccupied territory on the American continent. He authorised the British plenipotentiaries to propose that the boundary-line should be carried due west across the Rocky Mountains along the 49th parallel of latitude, till it strikes the main north-east branch of the Columbia, designated in the maps as McGillivray's River, and thence down along the middle of the said river through the whole of its course to where it empties itself into the Pacific Ocean.

This assuredly was a most conciliatory proposition. In adopting the boundary indicated, her majesty's government would renounce all claim to any territorial possession or right of settlement along the coast between

the middle of the entrance of the Columbia and the Spanish territories to the south. A portion of the interior territory already occupied by British traders, would also have been given up. Yet we should have been well satisfied. The two points of substantial benefit under Canning's auspices would have been effectually secured to us—namely, the undisputed possession of the whole country on the right bank of the upper branches and main stream of the Columbia, and a free issue for its produce by the channel of that river. These terms were what Mr. Canning was prepared to concede, and all that he would concede; if rejected by Mr. Rush, our plenipotentiaries were to notify his majesty's government would be content to observe the stipulations of the 3d article of the convention of 1818 during the remaining time for which they were valid. In the next conference between the plenipotentiaries (July 29, 1824), Mr. Rush made a formal assertion of the principle first declared by the president of the United States in his message on opening the preceding session of Congress—namely, that no part of the American continent was henceforth to be open to colonisation from Europe. Mr. Rush explained that the grounds upon which this declaration was put forth were,—

“That the independence of the late Spanish provinces precluded any new settlement within the limits of their respective jurisdictions; that the United States claimed the exclusive sovereignty of all the territory within the parallels of latitude which include as well the mouth of the Columbia as the heads of the river and of all its tributary streams; and that with respect to the whole of the remainder of the continent not actually occupied, the powers of Europe were debarred from making new settlements by the claim of the United States as derived under her title from Spain.”

The British plenipotentiaries say,—

“To this declaration we opposed a distinct and formal denial, asserting in the protocol of the conferences, that we considered the unoccupied parts of America just as much open as heretofore to colonisation by Great Britain, as well as the other European powers, agreeably to the convention of 1790 with Spain; and that the United States would have

no right whatever to take umbrage at the establishment of new colonies from Europe in any such parts of the American continent. We entered our protest in particular against that part of the American claim which affects the territory watered by the Columbia and its tributary streams, as interfering directly with the actual rights of Great Britain, derived from use, occupancy, and settlement. We also denied that the extraordinary principle on which the American plenipotentiary was content to ground his claim, as stated in our report of April 3, had any countenance in the law and practice of nations.

“In communicating, according to Mr. Rush's suggestion, the terms on which we were authorised to make an agreement with him, we intimated that it was the intention of his majesty's government, if these terms were not accepted, to leave the 3d art. of convention of 1818 to its natural course; and, providing for this case, we gave him explicitly to understand, that any attempt to dispossess by force the British occupants from any part of the country now rightfully frequented by them could only be considered as a violent infraction of the rights of Great Britain.

“We felt it the more indispensable to give this notice of the view which his majesty's government might be expected to take of any such proceeding, as our attention had been recently directed to a report printed by order of the House of Representatives at Washington, during its last session, in which report, adopted by a committee of the house, are statements and suggestions by no means foreign to an eventual violence of that description. Mr. Rush declared that he was unable to accept our proposal, but offered in his turn to substitute the parallel of 49 for that of 51, which he had originally presented as the southern boundary of the British settlements. This new proposition we declined, as wholly inconsistent with equity and the fair expectations of Great Britain. Considering that the posts of the Hudson Bay Company already extend more than a degree south of the 49th parallel, and that the Columbia, and the streams falling into it from the north and east, have for several years been habitually navigated by the agents of that association, that even the limits designated in our counter proposals cannot be adopted without a withdrawal of some of our most southern trading ports in communication with that river; and, finally, that the Columbia, from which it is clearly the immediate purpose of the American policy to exclude us, is the only great outlet hitherto ascertained to exist by which the British



traders in that region are able to carry their merchandise to the Pacific Ocean.

"To Right Hon. Mr. Sec. Canning."

"W. HUSKISSON,

"STRAITFORD CANNING."

Thus ended these negotiations, without any result except that of bringing forward a vast deal of valuable information. Matters were left just as they were under the convention of 1818. They still remain so in a political point of view; in other points time and circumstances have produced their natural results. And these are all in our favour. We are now again going to negotiate. If we may at all judge from the decrees of senates and messages of presidents, they seem disposed to insist upon those monstrous propositions in the carrying out of which practically they could alone succeed in expelling us from the banks of the Columbia and its tributary streams. We are pretty certain that more will not be asked by our government now than Canning insisted on; and we do not see how more, without sacrificing the honour and interest of the country, could be yielded than Canning was disposed to yield. Sir Alexander Mackenzie has displayed the advantages which would be ours, with the territories on the north of the Columbia and the free navigation of its waters.

Since Mackenzie wrote, the mouth of another large river has been discovered about latitude  $49^{\circ} 15'$  north, "emptying itself," says Mr. McMillan, the discoverer, "by various channels, but in none of which do I conceive there is draught of water for a vessel exceeding 150 to 200 tons burthen. The tide runs up about sixty miles, and at the narrowest part it is about three-fourths of a mile in width."

Mr. Canning, no doubt with a view of ascertaining whether this Fraser's River might not answer our purpose as well as the Columbia for getting our commodities from the interior into the Pacific Ocean, submitted the following question to the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company:—

"Q. Could the fur produce to the north of Fraser's River and west of the Rocky Mountains be conveniently transported by means of this river for shipment to other countries?"

"A. From all the information I have been able to collect respecting Fraser's River, it is not my opinion that it affords a communication by which the interior of the country can be supplied from the coast, or that it can be depended upon as an outlet for the returns from the interior. I will further, although unasked, take the liberty of giving it as my opinion that if the navigation of the Columbia is not free to the Hudson's Bay Company, and that the territory to the northward of it is not secured to them, they must abandon and curtail their trade in some parts, and probably be constrained to relinquish it on the west side of the Rocky Mountains altogether.

"(Signed), GEORGE SIMPSON.  
"London, Dec. 31, 1825."

The object of the American is plain enough. It is not enough that he should divide the Oregon territory with us, and share the advantages of the great outlet of the Columbia. No! he must drive us altogether beyond the river, and shut us out completely from the Pacific. This is his object; and if he could only carry it into effect by a high-handed robbery—such as that of Texas from Mexico—it would be greatly to his advantage in serving himself and crippling us; while the territory Mr. Canning offered him—the south bank of the Columbia and the free navigation of the river—are of no use at all to him. First, he does not want the territory for settlement; he does not want it for hunting and the trade in peltries; he does not want the navigation of the river for those purposes and for fishing. Under the convention of 1818 Americans might have settled, hunted, fished—done every thing, in short, that the British have done most prosperously. But they have not attempted it. Not an American has ever shewn his face on the north of the Columbia at all, or at Fort Astoria since the visit of Mr. Prevost in October 1818. The Americans have no trading establishments in the Oregon district. Five miserable trappers were seen somewhere in the Oregon territory since 1818, and that is all. The fact is, that so long as the Columbia is open to the Hudson's Bay Company, no American has any business into the Oregon territory, except as a mere squatter, and to such a person the country holds out no allurements. In the fur trade, in the

fisheries, in exports of the produce of the interior territories, all the money that the United States could raise would not enable them to compete successfully with the Hudson's Bay Company in the Oregon territory, if the Columbia be open to both. The competition would be ruinous to the nation if it embarked in it. What chance, then, for speculative companies or individuals? The proposition that because certain provinces revolted from European powers have declared themselves independent, therefore European powers are to colonise no more on the American continent, scarcely deserved to be treated with so grave a scorn as George Canning condescended to bestow on it. It ought to have been laughed at, unless it could have been supported by force of arms. The case that the Americans make out for their *empire*, or right of sovereign command over a territory of which they never had the *domain*, is weak as it is impudently and fraudulently put. Mr. Cushing forgets that, according to Vattel, in the very eighteenth chapter he quotes, it is laid down "When a nation takes possession of a country to which no prior owner can lay claim, it is considered as acquiring the *empire* or sovereignty of it at the same time with the *domain*." But, under these circumstances, to say that there can be empire without domain, is an absurdity. Yet here, even the Americans themselves must admit we have the domain, but they claim the sovereignty. What can be more visionary than the claim America makes as heir to the rights of Spain or France? It is loosely alleged that discoveries were made all along the coast of this Oregon territory, and that the great river was known to the Spaniard at its mouth. But there is not the shadow of the shade of proof the naked fact of discovery was perfected by possession or settlement. Mr. Cushing says, the civilised people of Europe and America have been accustomed to acquire and define their possessions in America by the rule of, 1st, the right of discovery and exploration, followed by settlement; and, 2d, its corollary, the right of extension by contiguity to actual settlements. But either Spain nor France followed

up any discovery on the coast in dispute by settlement. How, then, without the *locus standi* for the rule can the corollary of extension by contiguity apply in the case of America representing France or Spain either or both?

Now, it appears to us that, by this very authority quoted and relied on by the Americans, their cases, whether taken one by one or in triplicate for a right to the Oregon territory, are all destroyed. Without examining into the question whether the whole of a land or territory is to be considered without an owner because it has only Indians upon it, all claims founded on discovery are discharged unless soon after followed by real possession. Therefore, farewell to the Spanish and French claims, as the possession never did exist. And as Mr. Gray, the master of the Columbia, on whose alleged discovery of the river the American claim of priority of discovery is founded, was not a navigator going on a voyage of discovery, furnished with a commission from the sovereign power of his state; and as his alleged discovery was not soon followed, or followed at all, by real possession, the American claim proper, except as to Fort Astoria, must fall to the ground.

Nothing obviously under this authority remains for the American claim but Fort Astoria. The Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company, now united, were vigorously carrying on their rival operations in the fur trade in 1808.

Such being the circumstances in which the Astorians were placed, it is ridiculous to say that, even supposing they got less from the North West Company than the actual value of the goods they sold, there was anything fraudulent in the transfer. The men had not the means of continuing to live in the place. They could neither defend their goods nor another market for them. The only difference to them was whether they should sell for something, or lose and get nothing. The bill of sale was regular. The prices, too, under the circumstances, were higher than they could have hoped to get. A black, of the Racoon, would have had all.

On looking at this formidable case the English captain said, "Is it

fort about which I have heard so much? d— me, but I'd batter it down in two hours with a four-pounder!"

This speculation of Mr. Astor's was entirely unconnected with any considerations political or national. Himself a German, the greater number by far of those associated with him in the enterprise were British subjects. Astor sought the support and countenance of the President Jefferson; it is true; but mark the reply:—

"I considered as a great public acquisition, the commencement of a settlement on that part of the western coast of America; and looked forward with gratification to the time when its descendants should have spread themselves over the whole length of the coast, covering it with free and independent Americans *unconnected with us* but by the ties of blood and interest, and enjoying like us the rights of self-government. Mr. Jefferson, it is clear, did not assert any right of sovereignty over that region for the government at the head of which he stood, and did not contemplate the projected settlements forming part of the United States. Mr. Astor formed his settlement at the mouth of the Columbia. In 1813, war broke out between the United States and Great Britain: Mr. Astor claimed protection for his settlement; but Mr. Monroe, then secretary of state, returned no answer to his letter. Even in 1813, the Government of the United States does not appear to have been of opinion that it had taken possession of the district at the mouth of the Columbia. Astoria was taken by a British cruiser in the course of the war: no attempt has been made to reoccupy it on the part of the Americans; but, by the arrangement of 1818, they reserved the power of claiming it."

Sir. E. Belcher observes, and we agree with him, that honestly the case of Astoria was not touched by the first article of the treaty of Ghent. All the property, every skin, stick, and nail in the buildings had been sold. There was no national right of sovereignty—none had ever existed, nor was before claimed; it was a needless liberality to construe the first article, so as to make a formal nominal restoration of the possession of the site of this fort, while Sir C. Bagot was directed to assert to the

United States Government in suitable terms the claim of Great Britain to that territory, upon which an American settlement must be considered an encroachment. This, we think, was unnecessary. And out of it and the strange neglect of Sir C. Bagot in not obeying and carrying out his instructions in a proper form, have all the troubles arisen about the question of right to the territory. Sir Charles, no doubt, made a *verbal* protest; Mr. Adams, of course, forgot it, said he, —has shirked the matter, and left Sir C. Bagot in the position that we have only his own word against the Americans as to whether as a British minister he did or did not do his duty to his country with becoming fidelity and zeal. This gross blunder about Astoria, however, can neither affect the free navigation of the Columbia nor the full and undisputed possession of all the territories on the right bank, up by Mc Gillavry's river to the Rocky Mountains. And with less than this Great Britain ought not, and we doubt not will not be content. We have the right on our side—we have the might—and we have the *possession*. The question assumes quite an opposite face from that which it wore in the valley of the Aristook. There the Americans had the possession, the armed bands, the strong places, the enthusiasm to push on. In the valley of the Columbia, on the contrary, it is we that have the possession, the forts, the armed men, and the determination to keep what we have got. No negotiator would venture after all that has taken place and which we have briefly sketched, to cede one yard of territory north of the Columbia, much less the free navigation of the river itself. The American senators think 200 men and one sloop would be sufficient to put them in possession of the whole Oregon territory! It would require more money than Jonathan can spare to bring any force into the country able to contend with the Hudson's Bay Company and the Indians, even unaided by Great Britain.

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

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### THE ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE AND THE COUNTRY.

ONE of the leading characteristics of a free constitution, like that of England, is that every man has a right to give expression to his political opinions. But this right is only conditional, the *proviso* being that it be exercised in a manner not to offend the law or endanger the public tranquillity. It is a right, moreover, vulnerable at almost every point, since it is equally exposed to the misconceptions of the ignorant and the arts of the wicked.

It would be as difficult as it would be dangerous for any ordinary government to undertake to determine how far what we understand by the "liberty of the subject" would justify the spirit, the method, or the extent, of a "popular agitation" of any given political question. And there can be little doubt that any government which did undertake to adjust the question, either by abridging or extending—but unquestionably by abridging—the said "liberty of the subject," must do it at the hazard of its political existence. Hence, the subject, on the one hand, remains in doubt as to what excess of liberty he may safely commit; whilst, on the other, his rulers are almost bound hand and foot until he has cleared the barrier and got palpably out of bounds; and, even then, excess would not be held to be any justification of restraint. This is owing to no defect in the law; it is merely owing to a doubt as to the exact point at which the law should take effect. And that doubt has arisen chiefly through

the reluctance—sometimes the wilful neglect—of governments, to put the law in motion on occasions when it has been infringed. Thus the ignorant, through misconception, have relied upon a fancied impunity which the wicked have realised to themselves by arts and evasions. It would not be difficult to point out some governments in our own time, which, cat-like, with closed eyes and sheathed claws, have watched their victims sport with the law, and then, after a criminal supineness has brought matters to a crisis, have sprung upon their prey and hurried it to its doom. Whig history abounds in such passages. The law, however, as it stands, sufficiently defines the nature of sedition, and provides an adequate remedy and punishment. But, for the most part, it is brought to bear only upon those who are taken *flagrante delicto*; so that all who, through various agencies, have really, though not palpably, set the mischief in motion, go scot-free, leaving their dupes to suffer. Now what we want is some means of taking into custody the man in the mask who pulls the wires as well as the puppets who act on his impulse. We want to grab the fabricator of the shot as well as the artilleryman. And we think that, in many cases, the accessories might be caught by putting the comparatively innocent principals into the witness-box as queen's evidence. Take a case in point. No candid and reflecting mind can hesitate to admit that the Anti-Corn-law League, through its

agents, originally instigated the insurrectionary movement of last autumn; yet, if the government had arraigned these worthies along with Fergus O'Connor and the Chartists at the Lancaster Assizes in March, the "tyranny and injustice" of the measure would have been proclaimed by every Leaguer in the country. Nay, more. Through that strange defect in the law, which, while it receives the evidence of the thief against the receiver of the goods which he had himself stolen, refuses to credit the sworn testimony of the actor in a seditious movement against the individuals by whom he was instigated to such action, Mr. Alderman Chappel of Manchester, and the Messrs. Bayley of Holey Bridge, remain at large, while their unhappy dupes are expiating the less heinous crimes of which they have been guilty in the gaol at Lancaster. Let us not be misunderstood. Every man, however humble his station be, is presumed to be sufficiently acquainted with the laws of his country to know when he is infringing them; and, even were this not the rule, we should have nothing to say in defence of the Chartists, who have justly fallen under the punishment of the law during the past month. All we mean to contend for is, that those who instigated them ought not to have been allowed to escape with impunity.

One important reflection is suggested to us by the fate of the insurrectionists, which, as it applies equally to Leaguers and Chartists, may not be out of place here. We have always contended for a genuine moral and religious *education* of the people of this country as essential to its internal prosperity and happiness. Mere *instruction*, such as the arrogant but short-sighted *Liberalism* of the age would give us, can avail nothing; nay, its effects are an absolute evil. To dip no deeper than just below the surface of the question, we must see at once that, if we merely *instruct* a naturally selfish and ambitious man, we bring out the latent energies of his mind to assist the infirmities of his heart; if, on the other hand, we *train him up*

in a moral and religious course of life, we enlarge, and purify, and make active the qualities of his heart whilst we expand the powers of his mind, and in this way establish a happy equipoise between the affections and the judgment.

In aiming, however, at the moral improvement of the lower orders, we must not overlook their physical condition. And we cannot help thinking that we should make a false start—that we should be grasping the end and overlooking the means—if we began with education, be the system ever so perfect in a moral and religious sense. We must first cultivate the affections by securing the comforts of the population; the refinement and improvement of the mind follows as a natural operation. We must provide the population with commodious and cleanly houses, secure good sewerage and ventilation, and make the neighbourhoods healthy by draining and cleansing the streets, thoroughfares, and courts of the manufacturing districts. We must exchange the stagnant pools and heaps of filth before the poor man's door for dry and well-paved roadways. The mothers of families must be emancipated from the mills, and restored to their homes, to discharge those duties which nature assigned to them. They must keep their children about them, and look to their comforts. The working man must be made to respect his employers, by becoming *personally known to them*;\* and he must receive kindness and attention at their hands. He will thus be gradually awakened to a sense of the mutual obligations of master and man. When this is effected, the first and indispensable step in a great moral and religious reform is gained. But if the domestic and physical condition of the people be left in its present state, all efforts at improvement must prove abortive. Let them be *educated* at home in the bosoms of their families. There, surrounded by objects of endearment, and linked to the growing affections of others, a man learns to be a Christian, and becomes acquainted with the duties and the responsibilities of

\* It is computed that not one in every hundred persons employed in the factories and manufacturing districts is known personally to his employer.

"the state of life into which it has pleased God to call him." But if his home be like most of the homes of the labouring classes in the manufacturing districts, dreary, squalid, and filthy, he can never feel that comfort which is necessary to awaken his heart to the throbs of affection and gratitude; all his purest and noblest impulses are stifled as they rise, and his nature takes the corrupt tone of the chill and noisome misery which surrounds him.

That the "Anti-Corn-law League" is either a very dangerous, or a very unlucky body of people, the history of the last ten months leaves no doubt whatever. Its friends may, perhaps, accept the alternative, and prefer the *argumentum ad misericordiam*. For our parts, we think it both dangerous and unlucky—dangerous as having, *at the least*, encouraged sedition, insurrection, and bloodshed; unlucky, in being *at the least* suspected of originating those outrages. It is the fate, probably not the undeserved fate, of all factious combinations, which appeal to the passions and prejudices of the people to be regarded as amongst the worst signs of the times, and to be treated as pestilent perils to the *salus reipublicæ*. In a country like this, whose social structure consists of grades, to the independent existence of which subordination and internal repose are indispensable, the genuine public feeling (the *right feeling*) must ever run counter to such party agitation as contemplates organic change. The League, however, from the first, has been labouring under even greater disadvantages than this. It began by attempting a gross delusion upon the masses. It attempted to cheat the people into a belief that the abolition of the corn-laws would, as a necessary consequence, increase the rate of wages. The people saw through the trick, and were confirmed in their scepticism by the ever-memorable attempt to lower wages in the manufacturing districts, as soon as Sir Robert Peel's reduced scale of duties came into operation last year. The consequence to the League is, that whilst it is hated by the aristocracy, and despised by the more respectable of the middle classes, it finds no support in the honest sympathies of the

working people, who see, in the selfishness of its prime movers, sufficient grounds for suspecting its motives. The only class really in its power is composed of small shopkeepers and tradesmen, who are worked upon by its more affluent members. Its active spirits are some score hirelings, who stir up and harangue the *profanum vulgus* in various parts of the country. To these we may add a knot of manufacturers, who, for the "consideration" of their expenses, enlighten the people alternately in London and Manchester, and form badgering deputations to Downing Street. Spontaneous and disinterested support the cause has little or none. And yet, by dint of a resolute activity and energy worthy of a better cause, the League has contrived to force itself into prodigious notoriety, and has made noise and mischief enough to excite the attention of the country from the minister to the peasant. At present it fills a large space in the public eye, and *we*, as a part of that public, claiming to represent a very large and influential portion of it, find ourselves called upon to bestow our attention where our contempt would be more appropriately lodged. We feel ourselves the more constrained to undertake this task, since the sayings and doings of the League abroad in the country have drifted upwards into the legislature along with such M.P.'s of the conspiracy as accident or the "money-power" of the millocracy has sent there. In addressing ourselves to this work, we have two objects in view,—1st. To shew the utter rottenness of the League's case, as displayed in the speeches and arguments of its advocates; 2d. To demonstrate the dangerous and unconstitutional character of such a combination as is exhibited in its acts.

For materials to establish our first position, we have no choice but to fasten upon the proceedings of the League out of doors; for not only do we encounter them in a complete shape, but we find that, for the most part, the arguments are repeated piecemeal, as occasion offers, in the legislature. For example, during the week preceding that in which parliament assembled, the League gathered itself together at head-quarters (in Manchester), and there rehearsed the

whole of its case for the then coming session. During these saturnalia the Leaguers, in imitation of the ancient Romans, gave themselves up to eating, drinking, and railing at their betters, the servant lampooning the master with a freedom which nothing but an absolute impunity could encourage. When we announce that the greatest man there was Mr. O'Connell, who had been specially retained to fan the perspiring rabble and *lady* (?) spectators with some of his choicest gusts of flatulent blarney, we are at once saved the necessity of demonstrating the thorough vulgarity of those who took part in the revels. Our business is with the speeches that were delivered at the various meetings during the week, and which have, in part, already been repeated in parliament. And, first of all, we encounter Mr. R. H. Greg (the late member for Manchester). He is quoting a communication from a friend of his:—

" 'There was a friend of mine,' says my informant, 'who had a nice estate of £600. per annum; he was a captain in the navy, and this income, added to his pay, placed him in comparatively easy circumstances, and, like many others, all he cared about the estate was the rent. It had been tenanted by one family for more than a century, and might still have remained so, had not ignorance and indolence led the farmer to believe that he was paying too high a rent. He consequently applied to the captain to have it reduced to £500. per annum; upon which he consulted with a friend, who, knowing the value of the estate, advised the captain to obtain a written notice from the farmer, and he would then tell him how to act. He accordingly did so, when his friend desired him to write to his tenant, expressing his regret that the land should go out of a family that had held it so long; at the same time to inform him that he should have the privilege of it at £500. per annum, a sum he was led to believe it was worth, and to which he was agreed to pay the £500. per annum.' The farmer, who, up to this period, had lived without thought or exertion, was determined not to quit the estate without an effort, and agreed to pay the £500. per annum. He at once commenced an entire new system, and has saved money ever since."

"New Leaguers restoration is saying, that that noble creature, as an illustration of the parties of the farmers of the country, and if a storm was applied to it, it would not be a storm, it would be a

in some instances the farmers—but still I am convinced, if the landowners would set about studying their real interests, and the interests of those who are in some degree committed to their care and keeping, and whose interests are in some degree identical with their own, I am convinced the rents might be doubled."

The landowners are not the men we take them for if they do not feel particularly grateful to Mr. Greg for this seasonable hint. But how that gentleman could for one moment imagine that such a conclusive proof of the *beneficial tendency of high rents* could be grateful to his audience, it would puzzle an Œdipus to explain. Those who pretend to sympathise with the farmers—those who rail at the aristocracy—those "*maerentes philomela*," such as Mr. Greg, who hover over the farmers of the south, piteously chanting their wrongs, and hoping to rouse them into rebellion against their landlords, all denounce high rents as the curse of the country. What is meant by the "*gripping aristocracy*," if this be not the solution? And yet Mr. Greg, through his friend, satisfactorily shews, that by raising a tenant farmer, who grumbled about his rent, from 600*l.* to 1500*l.* per annum, he "*has saved money ever since!*" To be sure, Mr. Greg, by his own account, is "*a landowner of 3000 acres*," and "*a farmer to the extent of 500 or 600 acres*;" but we know too much of his character, as an upright and conscientious man, to suppose that he went to Manchester to make this speech in order that, as a landowner, he might record a good pretext for raising his own rents. But does not Mr. Greg, does not every man of common penetration see how completely he has demolished the League's *brutum fulmen* against the landlords? They have Mr. Greg's authority for it that the best way to benefit the farmer is not by lowering, but by raising his rent. Will they do it? No! notwithstanding Mr. Greg's conviction "*that the rents might be doubled!*"

Mr. Thomas Milner Gibson, of course, found it his duty to "*throw off*" a speech or two whilst in the bosom of his constituency. In the course of one of these efforts he had a fling at Dr. Marsham, the principal of Meriton, for having, in his speech at

the Buckingham Conservative dinner, exposed the League, and stripped its motives for agitation to the cutis. We notice Mr. Gibson chiefly because it gives us an opportunity of quoting the doctor :—

"In the late speech which Mr. Cobden made," said Dr. Marsham, "he boasted of the power and the numbers they possessed. He began his enumeration with stating that he had two lords on his side. 'Real lords,' he called them, in contradistinction, as he (Dr. Marsham) supposed, to cotton or silk lords (laughter). He then went on to say, that he had also on his side the merchants and the millionnaires. Now a millionnaire was not, as some people might simply suppose, a mill-owner (laughter), but he was a man that had amassed a million of money. That the League had the men, and the men had the money, he had no doubt; but how the men got the money under the existing corn-laws seemed to him a miracle, and why they should wish to change a system under which they had acquired such enormous wealth was past his comprehension. One thing was clear, that if the battle was to be fought with millionnaires, it was all over with the agriculturists of Buckinghamshire, for they had got none to fight with. No wonder that these millionnaires, like other people who had more wealth than wit, played strange pranks with their money. No wonder that they hired lecturers, paid newspapers, misrepresented the speeches of Conservatives, and sent their publications about the country. It was no wonder that they were timid magistrates, because the man who had a million of money in his pocket had a million of cares, if not of fears. Nor was it any wonder that the millionnaire was listened to by ladies, for his features would not look the worse, nor his voice sound less sweet, because he had got a million of money in his pocket. But they not only threatened, but they endeavoured to reason with them, the agriculturists. The great argument was, that England did not, and could not, produce corn sufficient for the population. They said that the utmost that the kingdom produced was 16,000,000 quarters of corn annually, and that, as the population amounted to 26,000,000, and as it was necessary that every man should have a quarter of corn to live upon, they inferred that 10,000,000 people were starving. But this was not the case; for, admitting that they have not formed their estimation from the returns of an unproductive year, they had forgotten to

state that 5,000,000 prefer the oatcake, and more than 5,000,000 of the finest peasantry are said to rejoice in potatoes. Put these together, and it will be found, *communibus annis*, one year with another, the kingdom did in fact support its population, and without much distress (hear, hear). But suppose this was not the case, could we not get corn elsewhere than from foreign countries? Had we not colonies? Had we not Canada, with millions of acres yet uncultivated?"

We suspect that Dr. Marsham borrowed his hint about the oatcake from Lord Radnor's celebrated picture of his flourishing "barley-bread boys;" the potato hint from Daniel O'Connell himself. Now we like this spirit of the game, for, unless some one does occasionally remind such people as his lordship and the king of the "finest pisanthry" of their own lead, by returning it, they are very apt to forget what they have played, and may scold others for following their example. But there are some other very hard hits in the few lines which we have quoted from Dr. Marsham. The problem as to how "the men got the millions under the existing corn-laws," Mr. Gibson solves by saying that they got them "*in spite of the corn-laws*." Whew! then why don't they do their best to continue to get them under the same dispensation? We will tell Mr. Gibson. Because there are now too many hounds after the same fox! Every scurvy cur and pert cocktail has pricked up his ears of late years, and thinks he has a right to start at the view hallo. But whose fault is this? The fault of the far-reaching, selfish, and covetous cotton lords to be sure, who, not content with making money by their own legitimate trade, must, forsooth, turn bankers, and open accounts with people who, in even their wildest dreams, never saw the ghost of a banking-book. "No wonder," as Dr. Marsham says, "that these millionnaires, like other people who have more wealth than wit, play strange pranks with their money. No wonder that they are timid magistrates, because the man who has a million of money in his pocket has a million of cares, if not of fears." Then Mr. Gibson sneers at Dr. Marsham, in company with Mr. Gladstone, senior,\*

\* Letter in the *Morning Post*, Feb. 1.



for reminding the country that it is possible to get corn from our colonies, instead of paying hard cash for it in foreign countries. Now we should feel disposed to adopt any authority on almost any subject in preference to the authority of Mr. Gibson; and on this question, touching the policy of drawing upon the productive resources of our colonies in preference to those of foreign nations, we elect the opinion of the ablest of the journals connected with the free-trade party. On the 9th of February, the *Morning Chronicle*, in a very able and judicious article on the threatened motion of Mr. Labouchere, which was to be brought forward that evening, said,—

“ ‘ On the 23d of March, last year, Sir Robert Peel \* \* \* declared that we ought ‘ to consider our colonies as an integral part of this country,’ or, as another report has it, ‘ to consider them as English counties.’ And ought they not, in all respects, to be considered integral parts of the country? Is Ireland less an integral part of the United Kingdom than Scotland, because a sea runs between Britain and Ireland, and Scotland and England are parts of one island? Does not the Scotchman avail himself of the sea in his intercourse with England, in preference to the land? \* \* \*

“ ‘ But if ever the policy of drawing closer the ties between our North American colonies and this country was advisable, it is so now. Our manufacturing population are in great distress, the wages of those in employment are greatly reduced, and numbers are either wholly idle, or only partially employed. In a comparatively short period of time, a number of hostile tariffs have been directed against our manufactures, both in Europe and America. \* \* \*

“ ‘ In the meantime, our agricultural districts are crowded with unemployed labourers, who, as they must be fed, whether they work or not, add greatly to the burdens of the country, while demoralisation, the constant attendant on poverty, exhibits itself in incendiarism and depredation. Our colonies present themselves as a twofold blessing; as sources of production of the food required for our manufacturers, who otherwise must remain idle for the want of equivalents which can be imported into this country, and as channels into which capital, now comparatively unproductive, may be advantageously directed. The manufacturing towns have hitherto served as a drain for the excess of our agricultural population; but at present they are

closed against emigrants from the rural districts. Our colonies must be turned to better account as fields for the employment of redundant population at home. In this way, the colonies and the mother country aiding and enriching each other, every removal of men from the parent state supplying by their industry in the colonies augmented means for the conveyance of future emigrants, this empire may bid defiance to the world.’

“ The article had previously referred to the immense agricultural resources of Canada:—

“ ‘ In Canada we possess a region (the peninsula between Lakes Erie and Huron) of great extent and fertility, of which the climate is peculiarly adapted to the growth of wheat. From this region, it is confidently said, by the best judges, that corn might be obtained in sufficient abundance for the supply of any conceivable demand from the United Kingdom. At present, were there no duty levied here on wheat and flour imported from Canada, certain impediments in the navigation of the St. Lawrence would prevent any great contrade between Canada and this country; but these impediments are in the course of being removed by canals at places where the river is obstructed by rapids, which will be finished in the summer of 1844.’ ”

These remarks will scarcely please the faction by which the *Morning Chronicle* is retained, but their wisdom and truth are abundantly conspicuous. Great Britain and her colonies comprise the largest empire which the world ever saw. Their mutual and reciprocal resources are unbounded, inexhaustible. Look at Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, do they not, on the one hand, present, or may they not be made to present, such a market for our manufactures as the whole world beside, now that foreigners have begun to manufacture for themselves, cannot furnish? On the other hand, are their productive resources inferior to those of other countries? Is not the soil capable of producing sufficient corn to feed our population twice over, if there were an end of English agriculture to - morrow? Then what a safety-valve, what an outlet for our superabundant population! Hundreds of miles of rich land are lying waste for want of labourers to till them. Where can our superabundant capital find a more profitable employment?

Where can it be more securely, more *naturally* invested, than in creating a *new British home market*? for such in point of fact it would be, a market as clearly entitled to that designation as the markets of Ireland. Sir Robert Peel was right. The colonies are as much an integral part of this country as Ireland is; the sea runs between both, and the only distinction that ought to be regarded is that of distance, and even that may be lessened to the advantage of both by drawing their interests closer together through the means of increased mutuality and exchange of products. There is yet a further and equally weighty consideration, the extension of our commercial marine. "Good!" the free-trader will exclaim; "but would not an increased foreign trade secure the same results?" We answer, No! Assuming, for the sake of argument, a position which we deny *in toto*—namely, that the abolition of the corn-laws would create a large increase in the foreign trade, we deny that an extended employment of British shipping would be a necessary or even a probable contingency. All experience proves the reverse—proves, indeed, that the employment of British shipping is generally in an inverse ratio to the increase of our trade with foreign nations. If we are to sit down with the mere *possession* of territory in other parts of the globe, better lighten our cares at once and dispense with all territory but our own little spot in the centre of the ocean. We may impose upon the rest of the world by the magnitude of our possessions, but that merely brings us admiration tinged with envy. If we are to profit by our conquests, we must extract from them what the lawyers term a "valuable consideration" for our labour and anxiety. There are at this time in England far more on the ground than the pasture will keep. The country is gravid—literally bursting with its offspring. Why not draft them off into the new and luxuriant tracts of country which we have provided for ourselves on the other side of the water? Let them emigrate to a better pasture; and if, under a judicious system of "settlement," and a plan of farming founded on the Lothian method, they don't speedily "get into condition," the

proverbial energy and enterprise of our countrymen will be established as a silly and empty fable.

We observe that, in discussing the effects of the corn-laws, the speakers at Manchester, and since them Mr. Cobden and others in the House, continually allude to the distress and stagnation which exhibit themselves in certain manufacturing towns, but more especially in Stockport. Now it struck us as just possible that the leviathan of cotton-spinning communities (Manchester) had fed upon the vitals of its smaller neighbour, whose blood it had sucked and then left it to hang upon its own web; and we were just arriving at that conclusion when a communication from an obliging and intelligent friend resident in that quarter revealed the truth to us. It would appear that in this ill-starred town of Stockport (the place represented by Mr. Cobden!) there are 3000 empty houses, 3000 tenants unable to pay any rent, and seventeen mills unemployed; that the poor-rates are nine shillings in the pound, and that, notwithstanding 8000*l.* have been collected for the relief of the unemployed poor, hundreds are still wandering about seeking eleemosynary relief. All these evils are, of course, visited upon the corn-laws. But what are the facts? It would appear that Stockport has fallen off in the march of improvement. Of the seventeen mills standing, *sixteen are filled with old-fashioned and obsolete machinery*, and the seventeenth (which is stocked with modern appliances) borrows its inertness from "litigation;" so that, after all, Stockport is no example of the evil tendencies of the corn-laws. But it furnishes an example of another kind. It shews us to what burdens the agricultural districts are subject when there is a decadence of manufactures. Like other cotton-spinning towns, Stockport originally drew its manufacturing population from the rural districts; employment has failed, and the consequence is that whole families, brought into being under the flattering auspices of the spinning-jenny and power-loom, are now being transferred to the parishes of their parents in the agricultural districts, thus becoming a burden upon the farmers—upon the very class of men whose interests your Anti-Corn-law Leaguers

pride themselves in treating with scorn and derision. Is there *no* moral to be drawn from these facts? and yet they do not present themselves to us for the first time. They do not vary those conditions of manufacturing economy which must in their turn and in the ordinary course of events be fulfilled. Not many years ago Macclesfield was in precisely the same straits as Stockport is at present, and the consequences were precisely the same. The rural districts were obliged to take back their truant parishioners multiplied tenfold.

Much of this distress is attributable to changes that have taken place in the manufacturing system itself. As improvements in machinery have advanced, the demand for *adult* labour has decreased, whilst the demand for infant labour has extended. To such perfection has spinning machinery been brought, so much less has it left to be accomplished by the *strength* and *manual dexterity* of grown and able-bodied persons, that the labour has devolved almost entirely upon children. The manufacturers no longer require the nerve and grasp of rude *hands*; all they want is the light and delicate touch of nimble little *fingers*. It is no longer, as the younger Pliny has it, *Hoc opus multas manus possit*, but, *Hoc opus multos digitulos possit*. In all the spinning-mills where the modern machinery is used, there are now comparatively few adults employed; indeed, in one of the largest in the manufacturing districts of the north of England where 500 persons were employed, there were not more than a dozen grown persons, if we except overlookers, who have charge of the several rooms; and in another mill, where there were nearly 900 persons at work, there were not more than twenty adult work-people, the bulk of the "hands" consisting of children between the ages of ten and eighteen. We believe that this state of things pervades the whole manufacturing districts. "Well; but," we shall be asked, "what becomes of the parents?" That question touches a chord which vibrates with a painful keenness through every nerve of the manufacturing system. It darts home to the very core of the moral condition of the factory population, and reveals

one great source of that depravity and wretchedness which the orators of the League are too ready to attribute to the corn-laws. "What becomes of the parents?" For the most part, *they subsist on the bounty of their children!* The laws of nature are reversed! The young child is put in the place of its aged and experienced parent! He who should feed, and instruct, and chasten, is deposed from his authority, and turned into a helpless dependant upon his offspring. The money has changed hands, and with it, robbed of its moral attributes, the (parental) authority. Out of their earnings the children allow their parents a weekly pittance to subsist upon in the event of their not being able to obtain other than factory employment, and there the mutual obligation is fulfilled. The parents resign all authority over the children, and the children provide the means of support for the parents. But the evil does not stop here. Subject to no control, the children, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, in many instances, leave the roof of their parents and seek shelter elsewhere, in order that they may become *entirely* their own masters and mistresses. They take lodgings, males and females mixing promiscuously, observe what hours they please, do as they please, and bid defiance to all authority but their own erring and corrupt will. Enter any of the singing-rooms or other beer-houses of entertainment and amusement at Manchester (and there are hundreds of them fitted up in a most costly and attractive style) on a Saturday, Sunday, or Monday night, and there you will find the youthful cotton-spinners of both sexes giving the rein to the very lowest and most debasing kind of licentiousness and debauchery. Listen to their language, observe their movements, mark the almost idiotic delight with which they listen to and take part in the most obscene songs and "recitations;" then watch them, *sated* with their wretched pleasures, *crawl home* stupefied, listless, and half-intoxicated, to a late bed, which they *must leave* almost the next hour for the *factory*; note down these things, and then say whether the moral habits and condition of the younger members of the manufacturing population are *not* in

themselves a sufficient predisposing cause of distress and misery, without setting any thing down either to the corn-laws or the vicissitudes of trade. Can it be difficult, with such facts as these before us, to conceive a ten-fold aggravation of distress when trade languishes and labour and wages are curtailed? Rail upon the "bread-taxers," indeed! better cleanse out their Augean stable before they quarrel with the quantity or quality of the corn in their crutch!

We pass over some of the oldest and most threadbare arguments. It is not our intention, it is not needful, to snatch every forgotten statement from its early grave and carry it to the dissecting-table. Our purpose will be sufficiently answered by taking a *coup-d'œil* of their general scope and bearing. It is curious to observe how remorselessly the statistics of foreign commerce were dislocated in order to prove that the paramount interest of the nation centres in cotton. Instead of comprising less than half the gross amount of exports, the cotton manufacture in the mouths of those who live by it seems to be the only stay and support of the country. By the *official* rates of valuation

(the measure of *quantity*), the export of cotton manufactures would appear to have progressively increased in amount year after year, whilst by the *declared* or *real* value it would appear that prices have been affected in an inverse ratio to the progress of quantity.\* Now although there has been a *tabes* in the *value*, not in the *quantity* of goods exported, we are asked to believe that this depression is owing to the evil operation of the corn-laws. If the *price* had been maintained and the *quantity* diminished, we could have understood at once the grounds upon which the "repeal" is demanded. But the case stands not thus. It appears that, in spite of the restrictions on foreign corn, foreigners have taken, and continue to take, an increased quantity of our manufactures! What has caused the depreciation is quite another question, for the solution of which we must look at home. Mr. Fielden, the liberal member for Oldham, himself a manufacturer, recently declared, at a meeting of his constituents, that the abolition of the "tax on bread" would not arrest foreign competition; and in the "statement" which he has recently laid before Sir Robert Peel,† he at-

\* The following statistical data, relating to the three "prosperous years" of 1836, 1837, and 1838, and the three years of "depression," 1840, 1841, 1842, are compiled from Burn's *Commercial Glance* for 1842, and appeared originally in the *Morning Post*:—

| Years. | Bags of Cotton. | Yarn and Goods exported in lbs. | Value of Exports. |
|--------|-----------------|---------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1836   | 1,031,904       | 198,860,910                     | £20,656,408       |
| 1837   | 1,064,931       | 207,576,839                     | 16,153,859        |
| 1838   | 1,265,116       | 236,900,802                     | 17,966,837        |
| 1840   | 1,274,729       | 229,779,422                     | 16,578,010        |
| 1841   | 1,118,717       | 258,871,745                     | 17,247,084        |
| 1842   | 1,191,698       | 268,252,474                     | 15,068,586        |

| Years. | Total lbs. of cotton manufactured, deducting waste. | Total in lbs. of cotton yarn only exported. | Total in lbs. of woven cotton goods exported. | Total in lbs. of manufactured cotton goods consumed in the home market. |
|--------|-----------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1836   | 327,113,568                                         | 85,195,702                                  | 113,665,208                                   | 128,252,658                                                             |
| 1837   | 337,583,127                                         | 105,106,529                                 | 102,470,310                                   | 130,006,288                                                             |
| 1838   | 401,041,772                                         | 113,753,197                                 | 123,147,612                                   | 164,140,963                                                             |
| 1840   | 404,089,093                                         | 107,456,575                                 | 122,322,867                                   | 174,309,671                                                             |
| 1841   | 354,633,289                                         | 115,665,488                                 | 143,206,257                                   | 95,761,544                                                              |
| 1842   | 377,766,681                                         | 136,537,162                                 | 131,715,312                                   | 109,514,217                                                             |

† The statement ran thus:—

"Cause.—Increase of taxation, public and local, the increasing pressure of which has urged on to an increase of production, with an intention of making up by extent of business what has been lost by decrease in profits, and for which increased production there has not for some time been, and is not now, an adequate demand. The increased issues of the banks, after the legal tender clause in the Bank charter was announced, stimulated immediate preparations to bring about this increase of production by the erection of new factories and new machinery to an extent never before known; and

tributes the depression of prices to over-production, by improved machinery, at a smaller outlay in wages. The motives to over-production are described as being a desire to make up for an increase of local or public taxation by an extended business. This admission from a manufacturer and a Liberal is above suspicion. But it does not go far enough, nor does it sufficiently unmask the multitude of causes that have led to the present depression. The plain truth is, that the manufacturers have brought all the evil upon themselves by their short-sighted and selfish policy. The real causes of their present embarrassments are not difficult to trace. (Granted, that the contraction of the currency to the extent of four millions since 1838, the unfavourable nature of the exchanges, and the increased burdens of taxation, may have crippled their resources to a considerable extent, still we are not to stop here. From this point we track their foolish and inconsiderate course. Acting on the principle that "the supply regulates the demand," they immediately set about considering how they could produce a larger quantity of goods at a diminished cost to themselves, vainly supposing that abundance and cheapness would command the market to any extent. But the currency was contracted, and their available capital was insufficient for their designs. The joint-stock banks presented the means of obtaining advances upon security for capital to be

realised hereafter! They obtained those advances, and with them purchased new machinery, which would turn out twice as much work in a given time as the machinery then in use, dispensing at the same time with the expensive labour of *adults*, and requiring only the comparatively cheap labour of *children*. The example was imposing—seductive; and others—*novi homines*—who had never spun a pound of yarn, or manufactured a yard of cloth in their lives before, purchased a few joint-stock bank shares, obtained advances upon the same terms as their neighbours, and began manufacturing upon the same principle. Thus a complete revolution was brought about. The foreign markets soon glutted with goods, reacted upon the home market, and our manufactures became a drug in every quarter of the world. The supply overwhelmed the demand, and at length half the mills stood still, and universal distress was precipitated in the manufacturing districts, which soon spread itself through the whole body of society. One grand object was, doubtless, to annihilate foreign competition by low prices. The manufacturers have failed in this, and almost committed suicide. Yet they would not only be at the same game again, but would subject the agriculturists to that very competition of which they stand in such dread.\* Suppose that they had gained their point, and obtained "unconditional repeal," would they be in a better

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the contraction of those increased issues (there being now four millions less in circulation than there was in 1838) has contributed largely to produce the stagnation and low prices which prevail, and the consequent distress. The public expenditure of 1840 exceeded that of 1835, according to a return laid on the table of the house by Mr. More O'Ferrall, and ordered to be printed 22d June, 1841, by 4,656,415*l*. The increase of poor-rates and county rates has, in the same period, been very great. The high price of corn from short crops, the state of the exchanges, and the reductions of wages, have aggravated the evils, and diminished the home consumption to an alarming extent.

"What should be done?—The production of steam and water power, to which there is no assignable limit, should be regulated and curtailed. The general and local taxes should be reduced, and means should be immediately devised to ensure to the poor adequate relief, by giving them some one to appeal to in every parish or township where the overseer or relieving-officer neglects his duty to them. If this be not done, thousands may perish of want during the coming winter. Steps, too, should be taken to ensure more employment on the land for those who may be turned out of the factories and workshops, and corn enough for the people raised at home. The circulating medium should be increased when it can with safety be done."

\* One of the speakers at Manchester, a Mr. Bright, if our memory serve us, said, "The repeal of the corn-laws would enable British manufacturers to overcome foreign competition."

position five years hence? Not if they pursued their present system, which, doubtless, they would. Let us see. Prices would speedily be reduced to the *minimum* point—to a point below which it would be impossible to descend under any circumstances. For a time, they might have the swing of the market; but foreign competition would in the end rear its head once more, and meet them in every corner of the world. *Water* power, of which foreign manufacturers have abundance, is cheaper than *steam*; the wages of labour are lower, because the labourers can live for less than Englishmen could, even if corn were only half the price it is at present. The sum of the whole question is, that those who can manufacture at the cheapest rate—the quality of the goods produced being equal—*must* gain the day. And whether the corn-laws be repealed or not, the foreigners, in the long run, will have the ascendancy in the foreign markets. We know that the manufacturers look upon a repeal of the corn-laws as their *dernier ressort*. Beyond that they can see no refuge, and with one voice they are ready to exclaim, “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.” We, and the powerful party who think and act with us, stand between them and ruin,—ruin not only of themselves, but of every interest in the country. After all, the repeal of the corn-laws would be but a small boon to the working classes; and if, as must inevitably be the case, supposing the policy of cheapening manufactures to command the foreign market, and crush foreign competition, be pursued, wages are to be reduced in a proportionate degree, it would be no boon at all, but rather a curse. If the work-people lived wholly on bread, or if bread regulated the price of other provisions, which it certainly

does not, the case would be *different*.—aye, we but this is notoriously not the regard for, although “bread” is a *no* and convertible term, representing almost every material article of subsistence, one-half of the manufacturing population do not look upon the particular article as indispensable; on the contrary, the proportion of bread to potatoes and other vegetables which enters into the consumption of many families is very small indeed. “Cheap bread” is, therefore, merely the symbol of *cheapness in every thing*, but particularly in the *price of labour*! A glance beyond the article of cotton manufactures in the returns of the exports for 1841 and 1842 would have convinced the Leaguers that demand is not always regulated by cheapness. If they will look to other articles of British manufacture in which no considerable reduction has taken place, they will find that the declared or real value of our exports has increased with the quantity.\* On the other hand, they must be good enough to bear in mind, that although the cotton manufactures, the boasted mainstay of the country, have increased in quantity (perhaps by speculative consignments of the manufacturers themselves), they have materially decreased in value. As a cure for the existing evils, Mr. Fielden prescribes the taxation and limitation of steam and water power, a reduction of the general and local taxation, adequate relief to the poor, “more employment on the land for those who may be turned out of the factories and workshops, corn enough for the people *raised at home*,” and an expansion of the circulating medium. These specifics are unquestionably all good in their way; but, as we have already shewn, something else must be done for the labouring population. Their

\* The following data of the declared value of British and Irish produce and manufactures exported from the United Kingdom in 1840 and 1841 are taken from the official returns:—

|                                                      | 1840.      |            | 1841.      |            |
|------------------------------------------------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|
|                                                      | £          | £          | £          | £          |
| Total of all kinds .....                             |            | 51,406,430 |            | 51,634,623 |
| Deduct cotton manufactures                           | 16,302,220 |            | 14,985,810 |            |
| — cotton twist & yarn                                | 7,101,308  | 23,403,528 | 7,266,968  | 22,252,778 |
| Other descriptions of produce and manufactures ..... |            | 28,002,002 |            | 29,381,845 |

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ne manufacturers may  
rely upon it, that if they would se-  
cure a healthy, a profitable, and a  
permanent market, they must reso-  
lutely turn their attention and their  
energies to the colonies,—to Canada,  
the East and West Indies, and  
China,—in all of which they may  
secure a steady and lasting *home*  
*market*! Not that they should at  
once abandon the foreign markets.  
Let them carry on the war there as  
long as they can, but without making  
any more futile and fatal sacrifices.  
If the foreigners can manufacture  
below the present rates *at a profit*,  
let them do so, and work their own  
ruin in their own way.

Of the other speakers at Man-  
chester, that veteran dreamer on po-  
litical economy, Colonel Perronnet  
Thompson (by the by, was the dog-  
star raging, or had the gallant gen-  
tleman mingled *strychnus* with his  
wine?) was not the least where all  
were little. From an expression  
which dropped from the gallant  
colonel, we should say that he would  
derive much pleasure from a con-  
templation of the picture of "the  
children of the mobility," which we  
drew just now. Filial disobedience  
and perverseness appear to possess  
peculiar charms for the colonel,  
for, in alluding to the difference of  
opinion which would seem to subsist  
between the Messrs. Gladstone, senior  
and junior, on the subject of free-  
trade, and after assuring the meet-  
ing that he should be "*loath* to culti-  
vate filial impiety," he declares that  
"he would be *glad* to hear" that the  
younger Mr. Gladstone in his youth  
"had pulled the false curls from his  
nurse's forehead, or had insisted on  
putting his foot into the butter-pot

at breakfast." "It would be worth  
half the world's ransom," continued  
the jocular colonel, "to know that  
from his youth up he walked in a  
way of his own, and set all the pa-  
rental wisdom at defiance." Rather  
an unctuous figure that, both as re-  
gards the "curls" and the "butter-  
pot;" but no doubt the colonel had  
taken stock of his company, and  
concluded it would suit. At any  
rate, there was "laughter," and "re-  
newed laughter," which was a pretty  
conclusive indication of the quarter  
in which the wind sat—namely, the  
*greasy and "unwashed" quarter*.  
The colonel's *anointing* of the "*vis*  
*comica*," that it might slip easily into  
the dull senses of his hearers, how-  
ever, was harmless and innocent  
compared with some of the other  
speakers, amongst whom was one of  
the ranting *Mucklewraths* of the  
League, who deserts his flock, hungry  
and thirsty for want of the accus-  
tomed "spiritual food," whilst he  
gads about the country in search of  
notoriety, or, as he would tell us, in  
order that the friends of free-trade  
may "fructify by his pouring forth."  
The nonsense talked by this person is  
inconceivable, unparalleled. Suffice  
it, for an example, that amongst  
other things, alluding to a man of the  
name of Bright, he told the ignorant  
and besotted mass before him that  
*Brightness* was the "*phu-perfect tense*"  
of Bright! The mob rewarded this  
singular specimen of wit with "a  
laugh," and the witling was doubtless  
very much delighted with his success.  
But by far the most disgraceful  
thing has yet to come; indeed, we  
have hesitated whether, even for the  
sake of example and reprobation, we  
should be justified in polluting our  
pages with matter so daringly impious  
and disgusting. The public may,  
however, gain something as well by  
a negative example as by a know-  
ledge of the sort of language used,  
and of the sentiments publicly sanc-  
tioned and applauded by the mem-  
bers of the Anti-Corn-law League.  
The delinquent is a man of the  
name of Bright, a member of the  
Society of Friends (!), and an inha-  
bitant of Rochdale.\* We know no-

\* This is the identical person—the "*ipsissimus homo*"—who figured so *unequivocally*  
in company (and in *contrast*) with Mr. Hamer Stansfield in the celebrated correspond-  
ence with Lord Brougham the other month (February 15-24). The dishonest *non mi*

thing further of him, except that we constantly see his name in the newspapers in connexion with the League, and in that capacity he appears to be a very bitter fellow, and as uproarious as he is bitter. In speaking of the "monopolists," he said,—

"I look upon the men who maintain this monopoly as selfish in the extreme,—men who, some of them at least, and some of them members of the legislature also, declare that they support this law, although they know that it is starving the poor, and impoverishing their country, because in their opinion they will suffer by it. There are men in England who declare this. *It appears to me that these men act as though they were to raise their clenched fists in the face of the Almighty, and exclaim, 'Thou Fool!'*"\*

How shall we characterise this most daring and soul - destroying blasphemy? Let us at once confess ourselves unequal to the task. The idea, however, vile as it is, is not original. If we are not much mistaken, the substance of it is to be found, in a poetic form, in some Anti-Corn-law rhapsodies from the pen of a miserable rhymester, one Ebenezer Elliot, whose feeling, taste, and execution, are equally abominable. But this does not, in the least degree, soften down or palliate the moral turpitude of the fellow Bright. It is rather an aggravation of his crime, for it proves the feeling which was uppermost, and animated him when he ransacked his memory for the impious trash. It proves once again, that wherever he may be, in what circumstances soever he may be placed, "the dog *will* return to his vomit." And we are told that this person is a *member of the Society of Friends*! Can this be true? And, if so, is this to be taken as a specimen of the religious feeling which now animates that respectable sect? For the honour of Christianity we hope not.

Now we may tell the League plainly, that their recent proceedings have damaged their cause more than any thing that has occurred since the late outbreak, in which they

were so deeply implicated—aye, we repeat it, *deeply* implicated. Respectable men, who have a regard for their own characters, will no longer connect themselves with a combination, which is not only dangerous in its tendencies to public life and safety, but essentially low and disreputable in its tone. True, a large sum of money has been collected; but those who know any thing of the world are quite aware that men will sometimes bestow their money where they will not accord their sympathies: and then we have only to refer to a case in point, related in Mr. Oastler's *Fleet Papers*, where it is recorded that one manufacturer, having in vain sent a book round to his work-people for subscriptions to the "League Fund," at the end of the week, absolutely went the unwarrantable length of stopping a small sum out of the wages of each! No cause can possibly prosper by such means. It gains an odious *prestige* which will stick to it until it is quiet in its grave.

A multiplicity of difficulties seem to have surrounded the League all at once. Even its architect threatens to be its destroyer, for there can be no doubt that the extreme violence, not to say the wickedness of Mr. Cobden's style of oratory, both in and out of parliament, has shaken off some of its best and most influential supporters, in every direction. Neither does Mr. Cobden stand alone in this respect. The Rev. Mr. Bailey, a Dissenting minister at Sheffield, the Rev. Mr. Hawkes, a gentleman of the same order at Kendal, the Rev. Dr. Perry, one of the fraternity at Reading, have all, at various times, though with but little variety of expression, done their best, like their worthy representative in the House, to incite the people to the commission of crime. The barefaced avowal of the former of these worthies that there are men belonging to his party prepared to determine by lot on whom the work of the assassin shall devolve, can never be forgotten. It stands recorded not against the

*ricordo* pleaded to material facts to every one of which Mr. Hamer Stansfield, with no better reason for remembering, bears a manly and candid testimony, is quite of a piece with the daring blasphemy which we have noticed in the text, and proves how utterly destitute the ringleaders of the League are of all moral and religious principle.

\* *Manchester Guardian* extraordinary, February 1, 1843.



of an interview betwixt her and Donald, who was himself a very eccentric character, and had often afforded a subject of great entertainment to his mistress, and others of the family, in more happy times. For the reader must understand that the said Donald M'Alpin was as grotesque in his dress as he was eccentric in his manners. Donald, according to the fashion of the day, rejoiced in an amplitude of hair tied by a black tape into a long *queue*, which dangled down to the end of his *vertebræ*. A kilt, or philabeg, of rather scanty dimensions, adorned his nether parts; hose and brogues, or shoes, to correspond; and a bonnet and plaid, with a coat and vest of many colours, which had seen many vicissitudes of times and seasons, and had undergone many reforms and alterations on *constitutional principles*, completed Donald's suit of armour against the storms and mists of Glenmore and Glenavon.

In his youth, Donald was deeply attached to the national amusements of his country,—that is, drinking *usquebaugh* and dancing a strathspey. In the first accomplishment he was deemed a proficient, it being generally allowed that he could swallow a glass of whisky with great grace and adroitness at one draught, and he was never known to complain of the depth of the *quitch* or of the strength of the beverage. But in the other accomplishment he was distinguished even in his best days more for his activity than for his gracefulness of figure. In truth, Donald was not what a Highlander calls a *pretty man*. His contour of countenance was rather gaunt and *bizarre*. His eyes (not remarkable for the brilliancy of their hue) did not accord in their views,—for the one was always in direct opposition to the inclinations of the other. The nose, certainly his most prominent feature, was an imitation somewhat *after the Roman*; but few Romans could boast of such a protuberance, it being confessedly far too prominent and too long, resembling not a little that of Punch, the puppet, who could not kiss his wife “because his nose was too long.” The mouth extended from nearly one ear to the other, shewing, upon all proper occasions, an extent of teeth resembling

more that of a shark than of a man (teeth which always rejoiced in an ample chew of tobacco), and which had any thing but an ornamental tendency to grace a countenance altogether remarkable and striking in its general character and complexion; and in his person, Donald, who laboured under some deformities, and being what is called “*knock-kneed*,” was any thing but an advantage to his personal appearance, particularly while *engaged* in the elegant and fascinating exercise of dancing. And while Donald was not naturally a captivating subject in himself, he had not the advantages of the science of fashionable life. In truth, in those days the dancing-master found but little employment in those northern parts. The “*chassée to the right*” and “*chassée to the left*” of the dandies of these modern times were but little known or practised by the “*Heroes of the Forty-five*,” and their compatriots. So that the “*bobbing up*” and “*bobbing down*,” with the “*side - long back - step*,” were the rules on which the Highlanders generally proceeded in keeping time to the stirring notes of the fiddle or the bagpipes; and our hero, Donald M'Alpin, being a strong athletic person, full of as much “*spirits*” as he at any time could command, always attracted particular notice from the extent of his saltatory motions, and the grotesque and violent grimaces of face and activity of hands which accompanied the *ups and downs* of his dancing career. The *queue*, in particular, in the course of those excitations became the subject of strong agitation, twisting and twirling with exceeding velocity towards all points of the compass, much to the gratification and amusement of those who delighted to behold Donald M'Alpin when in the height of his glory.

But to return to our subject. Donald, after a sojourn of considerable duration in the mountains, was received by the family with the usual degree of welcome; and knowing that he was a particular subject of merriment and the source of good-humour to his mistress while under ordinary circumstances, they, without preface or explanation, ushered him into her presence.

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CLXI.

Nature, however, could hold out only for a time, and Donald, at length, totally exhausted, slunk into a corner of the room, vow- ing by all the oaths known in his country at the time (and these were neither few nor far between), that he could not move a foot nor hand without a drink of usquebaugh ! The lady, solely intent on her own comfort and amusement, thought Donald's prayer and petition, at least so far as regarded herself, was but reasonable, and going to a cupboard where there was a bottle of his favourite beverage, she consulted her own feelings for the time, and helped herself plentifully "by word of mouth" out of the bottle. But owing to a perverseness of nature incident to her condition, she returned the bottle to the press, and locked it up from Donald's longing eyes, put the key in her pocket, and resorted to the most active measures for re- suming the ball, protesting that until the *dance* was ended, he would get neither meat nor drink. In vain did poor Donald put forth the most piteous entreaties to be excused from making a toil of a pleasure, which he was totally incapable of renew- ing, either with comfort to him- self or advantage to his partner. But, as might be expected, the effects of the liquor gave additional vigour to the lady's frame, and by sheer force, and by all manner of *bad usage*, she concussed Donald to move his heels again in the best manner possible. Fortunately, in one respect, for him, the master of the house at length arrived, and, looking in at the window, was not a little aston- ished to see the performance going on within, and having forced open the door, he expelled Donald from the lady's apartment with many stripes; and, indeed, he was glad on any terms to depart from a scene which proved to him so trying and unsatisfactory. Even the lady, by this time, had found that her exer- tions were fully equal to her strength, and being consequently in a state of great lassitude, she consented to re- tire to bed, which she had not visited for several nights and days in her anxiety to perform the duties of a time-piecc with necessary accuracy and perseverance. A calm and deep sleep soon came over her frame, and

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spect due to his lady, pulled off his bonnet, and, bowing his body into an angle of forty-five degrees, accosted her with the usual salutation. The apparition of Donald was so instantaneous and unexpected as to throw her off "her centre of gravitation." The *pendulum* and the *click* were both for a time suspended, and a new idea struck the mind of the diseased lady. After a moment's reflection, in which his figure in the dance was vividly reflected on her imagination, she sprang to her feet, and after having locked the door and put the key into her pocket, to prevent the *ish*, or *entry*, of any of the inmates of the house into the room, she instantly challenged him to a competition of dancing.

Donald, after a day of hard travelling and fatigue, and without the aid of any refreshment, was in nowise disposed to engage in an undertaking which promised toil and no pleasure, but being, as aforesaid, quite unconscious of the situation of his mistress, he thought it his interest to comply with what he conceived to be an extraordinary caprice on the part of the lady, and after making what he conceived to be due apologies for the uncouthness and unfitness of his apparel, and many acknowledgments for the honour intended him, he agreed to do his best in a jig, on which the lady agreed to act the parts of both partner and musician by humming and whistling a tune known by the name of "The Grants' Rant." Accordingly the ball commenced, and "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious;" Donald, no doubt, expecting that there would be a speedy end to a scene of action which he considered far too violent to last long. But he was doomed to be mistaken, for the preternatural action of mental disease only served to produce increased energy on the part of the lady; and poor Donald, gasping for breath, and "with a drop at every pore," found himself constrained, by the hardship of his case, to beseech his partner for a short respite. But all his entreaties were made in vain: she was deaf to them as "Craig-Ellachie," urging him at the same time to increased exertion by stirring words, and even blows, which, however, Donald received with a smiling face but sorry heart.

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she continued in a state of somnolency for many hours, at the end of which she arose from bed in perfect possession of her understanding. It is to be presumed that the active circulation of animal spirits consequent on her recent exertions, had dissipated the evil humours which occasioned the mental affliction under which she had laboured. At any rate, the result was a most happy one, and great was the joy and rejoicing among the lady's circle of friends.

It was not to be expected that the agency by which the cure was accomplished should be overlooked. The lady herself could give no account of the mode or manner by which she became a party to the "sprec" with Donald McAlpin, being unconscious of any thing that happened while she was in the said state of mental alienation, and all witnesses being excluded from the scene, Donald himself was the only

person who could speak to the subject, and being no fool, he found it his interest to affect and say that the dance was suggested and got up by him in consequence of a hint he had received from a fairy damsel who "wonne'd" in Glenavon (to whom, no doubt, his amplitude of *queue* and elegant dancing had recommended him) with a view to cure his beloved mistress of her grievous ailments. Of course, he was well rewarded for his pains; and the best of the whole was, that Donald McAlpin was thenceforth installed the great doctor of the day. Patients of all descriptions came to him from all quarters, and he found dancing more profitable, if not more agreeable, than in his younger days. And it was a well-known fact, that the class of patients who laboured under what is called *obstructed perspiration* and derangements of the circulation never failed to derive the greatest benefit from Donald's prescriptions.

#### A BATCH OF NOVELS.\*

It is a long time since we set ourselves to review a batch of novels; and unless we do something to keep down the bulk it will outgrow us altogether. What a perpetual enlargement of this species of literary creation is going on. Talk of Irish-women, or cats, or rabbits, or even mice, why they are the veriest "dry trees" when compared with novel-writers! From the beginning of October to the end of July, there is absolutely no cessation from their labours. Hardly have we time to examine the title-page of one bantling ere another finds its way, somehow, into our *sanctum*, and, lifting up its penny trumpet of a voice, calls aloud, "Come, read me!" And the provoking part of the business is, that they are not all of them "unmitigated trash." If they were, we should know well enough what to do with

them. Don Quixote's friends, the curate and the barber, set us an example, which in this case we should know how to follow; but, as the matter actually stands, our better resolutions fail us. Well, well, it is a monstrous hard case, but we suppose there is no backing out of it. So here goes for a random-shot into the pack; for as to selecting a bird here and a bird there, much less of walking the covey down, the thing is clearly impracticable.

One winged, any how! What is it? *The Czarina; an Historical Romance of the Court of Russia.* By Mrs. Hoffland. Well, we cannot boast much of successful woodcraft in this instance. The name of Mrs. Hoffland is not, indeed, unfamiliar to us, being associated with more than one child's book, of which the merits are admitted; but, as a novelist, Mrs.

\* *The Czarina; an Historical Romance of the Court of Russia.* By Mrs. Hoffland. London, 1842. Colburn.—*Massaniello; an Historical Romance.* Edited by Horace Smith, Esq. London, 1842. Colburn.—*The Miser's Daughter; a Tale.* By William Harrison Ainsworth. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. London, 1842. Cunningham and Mortimer.—*The Nabob at Home; or, the Return to England.* By the Author of "Life in India." London, 1842. Colburn.—*Father Connell.* By the O'Hara Family. London, 1842. Newby, and T. and W. Boone.—*Self-Devotion; or, the History of Katherine Randolph.* By the Author of "The Only Daughter." Edited by the Author of "The Subaltern." London, 1842. Colburn.

Hofland never till now came before us, and, with all possible kindness of feeling, we are constrained to add that her present appearance is a failure. The fact is, that Mrs. Hofland has committed certain grave errors, as well in the selection of a subject as in its management, out of which there could be no escaping. She has fixed the scene of her story in a land where materials for working out a tale of high aspirations are even now scarcely to be found; and she has selected a period in that land's history when it was impossible in the nature of things that they could exist at all. Russia, at the death of Peter the Great, was hardly beginning to emerge out of barbarism. Hers, too, was a sort of barbarism which afforded no scope at all for the growth of generous feeling anywhere, neither in the sovereign, nor in the noble, nor in the serf. For Russia has not passed like Germany, and France, and England, through the various stages of the feudal state. During the unnumbered centuries which passed over her, while she was yet a mere cluster of independent tribes, her children were born, and grew up, and died in the most abject dependence one upon another. Over his vassals each petty prince or duke ruled with absolute sway, which these vassals in their turn exercised upon the multitude that lived under them. And when in course of time the czar became all powerful, the iron links that bound the entire population to his chariot-wheels were still more closely riveted. What the noble was to his serf, the emperor was to the noble. Prince, count, and baron, were as completely enslaved by the czar, as hind, forester, and the hereditary mechanic, were enslaved by the noble. The only difference, indeed, between the political states of the two classes lay in this, that whereas the serf might be sold, and invariably was sold with the lands that reared him, the prince, count, or baron, could only be sent for life, at the emperor's pleasure, into the mines. All parties, however, were alike open to the pleasant discipline of the knout; and it does not appear that its application, when the emperor saw fit to apply it, gave a deeper wound to the self-respect of the noble than that which the same noble, while belabouring a poor hind, inflicted

upon the self-respect of his own-born thrall.

Mrs. Hofland committed a grave error in selecting Russia as the scene of her story; she went still farther astray in laying the tale as to time in the early part of last century: but her greatest blunder of all was undeniably committed when the idea of writing an historical romance first suggested itself to her mind. Mrs. Hofland ought to have learned long ago that women have no business whatever to dabble in historical romances. In their own department of literature, they are as charming as we have usually found them within the circle of private life. They play with the best feelings of the human heart as the west wind plays with the strings of an Æolian harp. Each note which they touch awakens an echo of sweet sympathy within, and we learn, from their very manner of describing moral excellency, or generous self-abandonment, to love these noble qualities in others, perhaps, ourselves, to aim at acquiring them. But women are no more capable of conceiving the abstract idea of a mind which is framed for the rise and fall of empires than they are physically constituted to play a prominent part in the revolutionary drama when it opens. A woman may be an intriguer—we are sorry to say that she sometimes is—but it is for empire over the affections, not for power, in the common acceptation of the term, that she schemes. A woman may be ambitious, but her ambition seldom looks higher than a coronet or a coach-and-six. We are not, be it observed, referring to a woman's views and wishes, as these may happen to connect themselves with the fortunes of a husband, a lover, a father, or a brother. For the least esteemed of these, a woman will dare or suffer any thing; but then it is not ambition which urges her to this, it is love, shewing itself as woman's love invariably does, in the postponement of personal ease, personal comfort, personal tastes, to the well-being, real or imaginary, of him who is the object of it. Again, happy as a clever woman usually is in catching the outward forms and usages of society, we believe that she has no power at all to realise those strange and often inconsistent motives which stimulate men to action, especi-

ally in what is called public life. A woman's hero can love, and he can hate, but both his love and his hatred are single. Moreover, a true and devoted lover always is, and always must be, according to the shewing of a woman's genius, a perfect man. Nay, we defy you to analyse a woman's tale, let its ostensible object be what it may, without satisfying yourself that the tender passion is, after all, the one great hinge on which all human affairs are designed to turn. It is curious to contrast the manner of Sir Walter, for example, in reference to this point, with that of the gifted authoress of the *Scottish Chiefs* and *Thaddeus of Warsaw*. In Scott's hands the loves of Waverley and Francis Osbaldeston are mere interludes or accessories to the stories told. Take away the love-stories from Miss Porter's romances, and what would be left? It is not patriotism, but the thirst of vengeance on his wife's destroyers, that hurries Sir William Wallace into the field; and as to the Polish struggle for independence, we question whether such would have occurred at all had not the mother of Thaddeus married Mr. Sackville, and been deserted by him. Now we do not object to this, far from it. We believe, on the contrary, that the arrangement is of Nature's settling, and therefore excellent; but we must repeat, what has already been said, that the very constitution of her mind incapacitates a true woman from treating a historical subject effectively either in a straightforward way as Gibbon and Hume might deal with it, or broken up into tableaux, as it is in the hands of Shakspeare and of Scott.

Besides this more obvious ground of objection to *The Czarina*, we are constrained, albeit reluctantly, to observe that Mrs. Hoffman has about as much notion of handling her subject dramatically as a pig of playing upon the bagpipes. There is not one atom of the creative principle within her. She seems to have made herself acquainted with certain facts relating to the usages of life in Russia a hundred years ago, and, had she detailed them in plain prose, a tolerably readable chronicle might have been the consequence. But her romance is a complete failure. Indeed, it could not well be otherwise, considering the materials out of which

it has been woven. The story is this:—When the curtain rises, in 1726, we find Prince Alexander Menzikoff, the trusty friend and favourite counsellor of the Empress Katherine. Raised by the favour of Peter the Great from a very humble station, and, having proved himself both in peace and war worthy of such patronage, Menzikoff is represented as becoming, under a female sovereign, giddy; and, as a necessary consequence, he is hated by the ancient nobles, a feeling which he pays back with interest. Moreover, he is not content to stop any where in his upward course. He is ambitious, not of ascending the throne himself, but of fixing the succession in his own family; and he intrigues with his imperial mistress to marry her son Peter to the eldest of his daughters, Mary, the heroine of the tale. Meanwhile, however, Theodore Dolgourouki, likewise a prince, and, with respect be it added, a rare specimen of the genus *Spoon*, falls in love with Mary, who, as in duty bound, returns his affection. But the house of Dolgourouki bears to Menzikoff and his kin a deadly hatred, and Menzikoff will not hear of Theodore as a son-in-law. Nevertheless, he sanctions a close intimacy between the young people, and his wife, the amiable but invalidated mother of the beautiful Mary, has serious thoughts of recommending an elopement. The result is that Theodore gets spirited away out of Mary's sight by two men, who wrap him up, one fine day, in a sheet, and that she, persuading herself that he had been drowned in the Black Sea, takes to her bed, and her life is despaired of. However, Mary Menzikoff is not destined to quit the stage so early. She recovers, and, in the settled conviction that her lover has become food for the fishes, she falls into her father's scheme, much more readily than could have been wished. Mary is devoted to the memory of her lover; yet she consents, like a dutiful child, to plight her troth to the grand duke, then a boy some thirteen years old. The ceremony takes place in the presence of the empress, who dies soon afterwards; and Prince Menzikoff beholds the accomplishment of his day-dream in the advancement of his child to the dignity of *czarina*. But Menzikoff is a very *retched* diplo-

matist after all. He has gained one great point—how, we are at a loss to guess; but he is evidently incapable of turning it to a good purpose. He lets the emperor slip out of his hands into those of a rival, and is made to feel, in a variety of ways, that his influence is on the wane. Just at this moment the czar catches the small-pox. His courtiers and sycophants, of course, desert him, for the ravages of the disease are frightful; and he must have perished, had not Mary devoted herself to his caprices. She watches by his loathsome sick-bed night and day. She is smitten with the same plague, and is reduced to the last stage of debility. Nevertheless, she recovers, and, what is of hardly less importance, escapes without a scar. Not so the emperor. He regains his health, but is hideously scarred; and, in a fit of spleen, brought on partly through the contemplation of his own distorted features, and partly by the wiles of a minion, to whom he had become a sort of slave, he sends his amiable wife, her father, and all her kindred, as exiles to Siberia.

We confess that the humiliations and death of the prince affect us very little. He deserves all that befalls him, for a more overbearing and contemptible sycophant than he never abused the confidence of a confiding sovereign, or trifled with the peace of his own fire-side. Neither can we say, with truth, that we care a rush about any other member of the oppressed group. It was mortifying enough, we dare say, to pass from their gilded chariots into wagons, and to have their robes of state exchanged by the way-side for sheepskins, the common dress of serfs. And of this mortification it is clear to us that the poor princess died. Yet neither by such details as these, nor yet by the clever author's account of life in the desert, have our interests been arrested for a moment. And, finally, as we approach to the clearing up of the whole mystery, and Theodore comes to life again, and the emperor dies, and Mary is recalled, and becomes, at Moscow, the wife of her first love, we begin to feel that our time has not been so profitably spent as it ought to have been. We are unfeignedly sorry to speak thus of any thing that comes

from the pen of Mrs. Hofland, whose merits in her own line are great; but we cannot help it. Mrs. Hofland ought to have kept clear of romance-writing, and especially of laying the scene of her story in Russia. We hope that she will do so in future.

What have we here? *Massaniello*, a tale, founded on the rebellion of Naples, wherein the redoubted fisherman of Amalfi plays the first part, having for his foils such characters as the Duke d'Arcos, the head of the noble house of Maddaloni, and Salvatore Rosa. Moreover, *Massaniello* comes to us bearing, in the form of a preface, a letter recommendatory from Mr. Horace Smith, and laden, as it ought to be, with the whole weight of *Brambletye House* and *an et cetera*. We know of no reason why Mr. Smith should not edit *Massaniello* if he pleases; we are not sure that we can detect any reason why he should. The book seems to us to be a very so-so affair; and we are inclined to think that it has been rendered such principally by the means which the editor has adopted with a view to avert the calamity. Mr. Smith tells us that he "felt it his duty considerably to abridge the minute descriptions of scenery to which the author, evidently writing from personal observation, appears to have been tempted," and that he has "curtailed some of the preliminary historical details, in order to bring forward the hero with no further delay than might be necessary to a comprehension of the political circumstances," and so forth. Now if the hero had been worth bringing forward at all this course might have been judicious; but, as matters really stand, we are apt to conceive that Mr. Smith has made his curtailments at the wrong end of the performance.

Is there, then, nothing to commend in *Massaniello*? Has Mr. Smith, a clever man, pledged, as it were, his reputation for the worth of a book in which we can discover no traces either of talent or of taste? This would be going too far. *Massaniello* is not an absolute ferrago of nonsense. It is the production of a mind wholly undisciplined, yet capable of bright, sometimes of powerful, conceptions. Moreover, the author contrives, here and there, to



concerned, "mass" put it into practical effect, that they did it very skilfully. Take, for example, the following passage:—

"The noble man is a company of nobles, and they too into the square left of the middle of the street for the column, and the whole array got again into movement towards the market-place of the Carmine. When they arrived there, the nobles took their stand on the steps of the church. Massaniello himself crossed the square, and sought his own house. It was a pardonable vanity in the youth who had raised himself to this giddy and perilous eminence to desire to pass under review the formidable array he had called into being, and it was a slight satisfaction to the fond and fearful wife who had mourned over the sacrifice of her husband's health and peace, who clearly fore-saw the doom that awaited him, to witness this proof that a whole people shared the same perilous enthusiasm, and that, whatever the fortune might be, he was at that moment the ruler of the entire city. The window of the upper story of Massaniello's house was thrown open, and he led out his young wife, as yet free from terrors, upon the platform. A single skull, gory and horrible, was planted upon one of the stakes that surrounded it; but it was not visible from the summit on which he now placed the trembling Ursula, in full sight of his vast array. An extended ocean of agitated people waved below her, she grew dizzy, and would have fallen, but that Gennino, who stood a pace behind her, opened his arms and supported her. He led her with the gentleness of a parent back to the interior of the building, and laid her upon her couch.

"Massaniello meanwhile leaned over the parapet of his platform, and was waving a naked sword above his head; what words he uttered reached the ear of no one, for the whole populace, as one man, raised up their voices in deafening acclamation. The space immediately beneath this tribune was occupied by a numerous band, which may merit the reader's notice, and excite his pity in passing. They were habited in a costume which even then might have indicated the purpose for which they had enrolled themselves, and by which they were destined to achieve a revolting notoriety. They were dressed in black, and masked, and their garments were decorated with emblems of death. They had selected for themselves the title of 'The Società della Morte.' It is with pain we must add, that amongst this terrible brotherhood was enrolled the illustrious name of Salvator Rosa; and it is but a poor sa-

tisfaction to know that in this character he sought to obtain the confidence which rewarded his exertions in all of the many other extraordinary pursuits to which he gave himself."

With respect to the narrative portions of this tale, the less, perhaps, that is said of them the better. We make acquaintance, at the outset, with three boys and an old man; of whom the latter, though then delivered from a violent death, is heard of no more, while the three former become, in due time, leaders in the movement which brought Naples, for a brief space, under the dominion of an exasperated populace. How the conspiracy was got up, however, and through what influence Massaniello contrived to place himself at its head, we confess that we have not been able to discover. And as to the absorbing interest which the editor prepares us to take in "the meteor-like career of the fisherman," we confess that, as far as we are concerned, he has it all to himself. So long as he continues honest and poor the fisherman appears to be a very dull fellow; he no sooner places himself at the head of the rabble than he becomes a savage and a madman. Perhaps it may be want of taste in us; but the details of murder, rapine, arson, and all manner of crimes, fill us only with disgust. Wherefore we lay aside *Massaniello* with no other feeling than that of thankfulness that the task is done; for a very serious task it is to wade through some 900 pages of good writing unquestionably—there is no bad writing nowadays—but of writing which leaves no useful, or even agreeable impression upon the mind.

And now for William Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., and his latest collected tale, *The Miser's Daughter*.

We plead guilty to the charge of cherishing a sneaking kindness for Ainsworth. His taste we admit to be at least doubtful, his genius not very elevated, and, above all, his sense of the moral responsibility that attaches to the possession of popular talent far less acute than it might be. There are some of his books—for example, *Jack Sheppard*, and perhaps *Rookwood*, which no enticement either of bills or of blarney ought to have dragged into the light of day. Of the former, indeed, we

need not say one word. Its proper place in the literature of the day has been settled in the police-courts. Neither can the latter—we mean *Rookwood*—be much more highly commended. It went down with us and with the public, at first, because we accepted it as the vagary of a clever man, who, being anxious to startle, and in so doing to command attention to himself, chose rather to run the risk of outraging the moral sense of his readers than miss of his aim. But when the same offence came to be repeated over and over again, every right-thinking person took the alarm. Such conduct was neither called for nor becoming. There was stuff enough in him to work its own way, without any appeal to the bad passions of the vulgar; and we are glad to find that he is himself beginning to understand this. *The Miser's Daughter* is a decided improvement on the least objectionable of its predecessors. With some of the faults that attach to the blackguard school it is indeed chargeable, for the sort of company to which the narrative introduces us is not among the best. But no endeavour is made to interest our sympathies on the side of crime by representing the criminal as a hero, neither is slang thrust upon us in lieu of wit. To be sure, our friend Ainsworth's pruriency will break out in spite of all his endeavours to restrain it. His antiquarianism exercises itself in dragging into the light of day haunts of profligacy over which Time had spread a veil; while manners are described which, if they ever prevailed at all, had far better be forgotten. What good can possibly be effected to the present generation by getting them to gloat over the low vices of their great-grandfathers? And, then, for his leading characters, what are they? Debauchees, young and old, with nothing in the world to recommend them except a spice of the animal courage that distinguishes bull-terriers, demireps in fashionable society, actresses in no society at all, a mercer's daughter, who ought to have been naughty, had her morals been in proper keeping with her manners, and a widow, between whom and an incomprehensible scamp of a valet a game of "cheat me, cheat you" is very extravagantly

played. We say nothing of bravos, bullies, conspirators, traitors, watchmen, innkeepers, and grenadiers. These are the tools with which Mr. Ainsworth usually works; as are duellists, cheats, knavish attorneys, and the like; yet, in spite of so many ill-tempered springs and wheels, the machine, upon the whole, works pleasantly. For once, the chief actor in the play is neither a highwayman, a housebreaker, nor a swindler; on the contrary, he is an honourable and high-spirited young man,—mighty inflammable to be sure,—in love at first sight, wonderfully communicative to all who encounter him, and somewhat indifferent to human life. But the latter peculiarity is shown only in the exercise of some skill as a swordsman in the duello; out of which by the by, he does not invariably come unscathed. Moreover, his rival, the villain of the piece, is a base and contemptible scoundrel, who secures your ill-will at the outset, and never afterwards loses it. And, then, as to old Scarve, the miser, and Abel Beecheroff, the uncle of Randolph Crew, they are both, it must be admitted, painted with the hand of a master. The causes of the feud that exists between them, and on which much of the interest of the story turns, may be far-fetched; so are the facilities of intercourse which Hilda, the heroine, manages to establish between herself and her father's enemy. But we must not be offended at trifles like these. The whole tale is a bundle of extravagances, whereof it would be hard to say which fragment did the greatest outrage to the laws of probability; yet the tale is, when taken as a whole, capital.

The time chosen for his drama by Mr. Ainsworth is the reign of George II.; and the interest of the reader is mainly fixed upon the progress of a conspiracy into which certain Jacobite parties have entered, for getting up a rebellion in favour of the exiled family. Randolph Crew, the hero, is the son of a gentleman who is represented as having been at his death an adherent of the house of Stuart, but who, instead of joining in the affair of 1715, spent his substance in riotous living, and died in debt. The young man comes to London, for what purpose we are

left to guess, and, bringing letters to several persons there, forms the acquaintance of Scarve and his daughter, of the two Beechrofts, and, in the strangest way possible, of one Cordwell Firebras, and the several members of the Jacobite club, among whom Mr. Firebras is a leader. Randolph, though a staunch Hanoverian, attends a meeting of this club, and is, with extraordinary rashness on the part of the conspirators, made acquainted with all their secrets. But that is nothing. Crackenthorpe Cripps, the valet of Beau Villiers, is in this respect as highly favoured as our hero; for to him, also, Mr. Firebras, after convicting him of a twofold treason, opens out his mind, and makes some strange disclosures. Accordingly he, like Randolph Crew, attends the Jacobite meetings, and, what is still more extraordinary, takes a lead in their discussions. Now this is overshooting the mark with a vengeance. If Ainsworth be at all read in the Jacobite plots of 1740, he must be aware that they were managed with much more of dexterity than is exhibited by the parties whom he introduces to our acquaintance; and as to the admission of a menial to one of their secret conclaves, such an outrage on the principles of aristocracy would not have been tolerated. The Jacobites of the last century were, like the French loyalists of the present day, the proudest of living men. Their allegiance to their king rested, to a considerable extent, upon the antipathy they cherished towards the growing influence of the people. They might trust their servants so far as to make use of them where occasion required; but as to suffering them to be present at any secret or confidential meeting, that was a degradation to which they never would have submitted. However, as we have already hinted, it would be ridiculous to affect indignation at solecisms like these.

With this Jacobite plot is strangely enough mixed up the tale of Randolph's attachment to Hilda Scarve, and the endeavours of Philip Frewin to thwart it. This latter worthy, by the way, is a nephew of old Scarve, and a *roné* of the first water, who manages, by the help of one Diggs, an attorney, to pass, in his uncle's

eyes, for a saving and penurious fellow. But, in truth, we cannot pretend to analyse a story which, though full of stirring and spirited passages, is totally deficient, both in verisimilitude and unity. Enough is done when we state that the hero and heroine are involved in endless scrapes; that the latter is twice on the point of being carried off by violence; that she sails about the Thames in wherries, and walks the streets at all hours of the night; that she is disinherited by her father for refusing to wed his nephew, and recovers her property again in the strangest way possible; whereas the former, after going through all manner of wild adventures, winds up by killing his rival in the very nick of time. Finally, with the blood of this Frewin hot upon his hand, Hilda accepts him; and so a noisy, bustling, and most pugnacious melodrama winds up with a wedding.

Now for one or two specimens of our friend Ainsworth's manner of expressing himself. The following is his description of fashionable people and a fashionable promenade during the time of George II. :—

"Amused by the scene, Randolph gazed with much curiosity at all presented to his view. Passing by the Decoy, the party skirted the great canal, and, leaving Rosamond's Pond on the left, proceeded towards Buckingham House.

"Just at this juncture, uncle Trussell caught sight of a gay party approaching, and exclaimed, in a joyful tone, to his nephew, 'As I live, we are most fortunate! There is the leader of fashion, Beau Villiers, coming towards us. You shall know him, nephew—you shall know him! The ladies he is walking with are Lady Brabazon and the Honourable Clementina Brabazon—a fine girl, Clementina—a remarkably fine girl; perfect in style and manners—quite a toast among the sparks. The old fellow at her side, Sir Singleton Spinke, was a great beau in his time, though never equal to Villiers, who far surpasses even his prototype, Beau Fielding, in style and taste. You shall know them all.'

"Beau Villiers, who was, indeed, a remarkably handsome man, and dressed in the extremity of the mode, wore a light-blue embossed velvet coat, embroidered with silver, with broad cuffs similarly ornamented; a white waistcoat of the richest silk, likewise laced with

silver; and tawny velvet breeches, partly covered with pearl-coloured silk hose, drawn above the knee, and secured with silver garters. His dress was completed by shoes of black Spanish leather, fastened by large diamond buckles, and a superb *Ramilles* periwig of the lightest flaxen hair, which set off his brilliant complexion and fine eyes to admiration. He carried a three-cornered hat, fringed with feathers, and a clouded cane, mounted with a valuable pebble.

"Near the beau walked Lady Brabazon, a gorgeous dame of about five-and-forty, and still possessed of great personal attractions, which she omitted no means of displaying. She wore a hoop, and a white and a silver satin sack. Struck by Randolph's figure at a distance, she had pointed him out to the beau, who thereupon vouchsafed to look towards him. Behind Lady Brabazon came her daughter Clementina, a very pretty and very affected blonde of two-and-twenty, with an excessively delicate complexion, fair hair, summer blue eyes, and a very mincing gait. She was exquisitely dressed in the last new mode, with a small escalated lace cap, her hair crisply curled at the sides, a triple row of pearls round her neck, and a diamond cross attached to the chain; and though she pretended to be interested in the discourse of the old knight, it was evident her regards were attracted by the handsome young stranger.

"As to the old beau, he was, indeed, supremely ridiculous. He was attired in a richly embroidered cinnamon-coloured velvet coat, with fur cuffs of a preposterous size, each as large as a modern muff. His pantaloons legs were covered with pink silk hose; his wrinkled features were rouged and bepatched; and his wig was tied with a large bow, and had such an immense queue to it, that it looked as if a Patagonian dragon-fly had perched on the back of his neck. Lady Brabazon was attended by a little black page, in a turban and Eastern dress, who had charge of her favourite lap-dog."

Randolph attends a Jacobite meeting, and this is the result:—

"Midnight arrived, and found the party still in deep debate. Suddenly, a quick and continuous knocking was heard at the door.

"All instantly started to their feet, gazing at each other in alarm.

"'We are betrayed,' said Firebras, in a deep whisper.

"'We are,' replied Father Verselyn; 'and by the spy you introduced among us.'

"'It is false!' cried Firebras, angrily. 'But this is no time for dispute.

We must provide for our safety. Who is it, landlord?' he cried to the host, who, on the first alarm, had rushed to the door, and opened the reconnoitring-hole within it.

"'O lud! we're all lost!' rejoined the landlord, closing the trap-door, and returning to them with scared looks and on tiptoe, as if afraid of the sound of his own footsteps.

"'Who is it—what is it?' demanded Firebras.

"'A dozen Grenadier Guards, headed by their captain and lieutenant, come to search the house,' replied the landlord. 'They're mounting the stairs now.'

The conspirators make for the roofs of the houses, which, after various mishaps, they gain. But they are closely pursued:—

"'Every thing seems to have gone wrong!' cried Verselyn, in an ecstasy of terror. 'What will become of us?'

"'Jacta est alea,' replied Sir Norfolk, composedly. 'We must fight for it, father.'

"'Heaven and all its saints protect us!' cried the priest, crossing himself.

"'Be composed, father,' rejoined Firebras, sternly. 'You ought to be equal to any circumstances in which you may be placed. Ha!'

"The latter exclamation was occasioned by a joyous shout, announcing that their friends had succeeded in opening the door; and the next moment the good news was confirmed by Sir Bulkeley Price, who clambered over the roof to acquaint them with it. On hearing this the party instantly beat a retreat, and their flight was accelerated by the officer and the tall grenadier, who, at that moment, sprang out of the window. Even Sir Norfolk was urged to a little more expedition than usual, and two or three of his mighty strides brought him to the top of the roof. Cordwell Firebras would not have been much behind him, if Father Verselyn had not caught hold of his coat-tails to help himself up the ascent, which he felt wholly unable to accomplish without assistance.

"By this time the officer was well-nigh upon them, and, finding his summons to surrender wholly disregarded, he made a pass at the priest, which took effect in the fleshy part of his leg, restoring him at once to more than his former agility. Uttering a loud yell, and clapping his hand to the wounded limb to stanch the blood, Father Verselyn bounded over the roof, and made to the door, through which the landlord and Mr. Travers had already disappeared, and through which Mr. Cripps was now darting.

"Between the two roofs lay a small flat space, used by its former proprietor as a place for drying clothes, as was evident from the four tall posts at the corners. Here Firebras and Sir Norfolk came to a stand, resolved to dispute the passage with their pursuers. Sword in hand, and calling to them to surrender, the foremost officer dashed down the roof; but his precipitation placed him at the mercy of Firebras; for his foot slipping, the latter struck his sword from his grasp. Sir Norfolk, in the interim, had encountered another foeman with equal success. This was the tall grenadier, who, as he descended, made a thrust at the baronet with his halbert, which the latter very adroitly parried, and, lounging in return, disabled his adversary by a wound in the arm. At the same moment, too, the tiles gave way under the weight of the grenadier, and he sunk above the knees in the roof.

"(Other foes were now at hand. The second officer, carrying a lantern in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, appeared on the roof; while the tall caps and bayonets of the rest of the grenadiers were seen above it. Though Sir Norfolk, whose blood was up, would have willingly awaited the advance of these new opponents, he yielded to the entreaties of Firebras, and followed him through the door, which was instantly secured behind them by a couple of strong bolts."

There can be no doubt as to the cause of their mishaps. Mr. Firebras had been wonderfully liberal with his confidence, and he received his reward.

"It now only remains to inquire after Mr. Cripps. He followed the landlord and his party for a short distance, and then, coming to a halt, held a brief communion with himself.

"'I have failed this time,' he thought; 'but it is all owing to the bad management of that brainless little barber. However, I will take care he has the full blame of it at the Jacobites; and the next time I attempt their capture, I'll make sure work of it. It will be no use lodging information against any of them, for no proof can now be obtained of their presence at the meeting. No, no; I must keep upon terms with them, and abide my time. They must all be taken in the fact, and then my reward will be proportionate. I wonder whether Poke-rich is in safety. I saw the little rascal among the guard on the house-top, and he looked almost as much frightened as Father Verselyn. By the by, something may be made of that priest. He's a double-dealer, I'll be sworn. 'Pon rep! I

like these nocturnal adventures vastly. They remind me of the romances I've read, and make me fancy myself a hero. A hero! Egad! the heroes of romance don't generally betray their friends. But that only shews the authors of such works don't draw from real life. But I must go home and get a little rest, or I sha'n't be in trim for Marylebone Gardens and my dear Mrs. Nettleship to-morrow."

We are sorry that we cannot quote more from Ainsworth, and especially the description of the death of Scarve. But from the above long extract our readers will be able to judge how far we characterise *The Miser's Daughter* aright when we say that, though full of faults, it is a work of great merit. For ourselves, we do not hesitate to declare, that we have seen nothing from the pen of Ainsworth that comes near it, and yet we are confident that he can do better if he will.

*The Nabob at Home*, by the author of *The Nabob*, is one of those performances for the existence of which we defy the closest inquirer to account. Vanity could scarce be the motive to its concoction, for the name of the author is not given, and will certainly never be inquired after. As little do we suspect Mr. Colburn of risking any portion of his capital, be it ever so minute, in such a concern. And, finally, to talk of the influence of genius which will not permit the gifted to sit still would be laughable. There *was* some reason, good or bad, to be assigned for the publication of *The Nabob*. It professed to describe the state of society among British residents in India, and, unless our memory be at fault, it caricatured the representatives of the princes of Leadenhall Street to the top of their bent. But *The Nabob at Home* makes no living creature ridiculous, except the unhappy wight who wrote it, and is a mere mass of the dullest, saddest, and most vulgar rubbish that ever made its way from the press to the trunkmakers. And yet, as if to bear us out in the statement which we hazarded at the beginning of this paper, even *The Nabob at Home* is not without its one redeeming passage. There is a description of the death of a cadet in the barracks at Calcutta, which is really affecting. And it is but just to add that author's *style of handling the law* is new from his

grave and important moral does him honour. But having said this, we have said all that truth will permit us to put forth in the shape of even qualified commendation. The scenes during the voyage home, at the Cape and in the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, are positively insulting to common sense, while the people that play them may have their prototypes in real life; but we, at least, have never met with them.

The reputation of *the O'Hara Family* has long been settled at its just mark. Their first publication lifted them above the point to which they could have hoped to soar, their second brought them down below the same point unfairly. They are now, we believe, rated as they deserve, and hold a very creditable place among novelists. From this *Father Connell* will certainly not remove them. It has all the faults of the race to which it belongs—much prolixity of narrative, an undue partiality for Popish priests, a quaintness of style which appears to be forced, and much exaggeration in horrors; yet we defy any novel-reader to get through the first half of the first volume and then to lay it down. We do not mean to say that *all* novel-readers will get through the first half of the first volume. On the contrary, we are inclined to think that not a few will stop short ere they arrive there, for, let the truth be told, *Father Connell*, with his school, and his housekeeper, and his journeys through the village, and his chapel-building, is a very tiresome old fellow. But we recommend in this case, as in many others, patience and perseverance. Once the boy Fennel gets fairly on the stage, and we are introduced into the society of Nelly Carty, Robin Costigan, Tom Naddy, and other aristocrats of the same stamp, there is no lack of interest to sweep us along. In fact, we have rarely met with more highly wrought pictures than those of the burglary in Nick Magrath's house, the attempt at murder on the bank of the river, and even the conferences of the ruffians in the old delapidated mansion.

The *dénouement* is most touching. *Father Connell* may be proxy and tiresome sometimes, Robin Cardigan and his boy provoking scoundrels

enough, and Neddy Fennel a more lucky dog by far than is often to be met with, especially in old Ireland; yet they are all, upon the whole, pleasant companions in their way, being either first-class philanthropists or ruffians of the rankest order. Besides, *Father Connell* has this especial merit in the eye of a reviewer, that it sets all efforts at analysis at defiance. We must content ourselves, therefore, with giving an extract by way of shewing the reader the sort of stuff which is offered for his acceptance, and then dismiss this tale by the O'Hara Family with our best wishes and hearty commendation. The following is terrible in its power of writing:—

"Mercilessly belabouring his poor phlegmatic horse with his heavy cudgel—fury in his eyes, and threats and curses on his frothy lips—Gaby Mac Neary pushed on for his country-house. Arrived there, he thundered at its door with his cudgel as well as with the knocker, so loudly, that the interior of the structure, from roof to cellar, rang and echoed again.

"His very first peal had not concluded, when the door was pulled open by the boding and anxious Tom Naddy.

"'Why have you kept me waiting so long, you unchristened whelp?' he asked, with lungs that filled the house, even more fearfully than his knocking had done, and, at the same time, he dealt Tom Naddy a blow with his clenched fist, that spun him round as if he had been a cork.

"Not pausing for an instant, he then went up-stairs, punching down his stick, at every step he took, with a violence that might seem to say he would wound and hurt even the insensible timber he walked upon. He almost burst open the drawing-room door. Having let fall a book from her hands, his daughter, pale and trembling very much, sat before him. She had heard the lion's roar, she had anticipated its meaning, and she awaited, in terror and confusion, his approach.

"He hastened straight on to her. He fiercely seized her arm; she winced and writhed under the pain of his tight grasp.

"'Soh! soh! soh!—my lady—madam—you have disgraced your father!'

"He chucked her upward on her feet; and shook her so violently that she must have fallen, but that the enraged man held her tottering figure partly erect by the arm, round which he still tightened his gripe, with a pressure such as the jaws of a vice might have inflicted. Helen screamed from pain and terror.

"Oh, father!" she cried, "have pity."  
 "Pity on you? pity on such a creature as you! Have you not disgraced me? Answer me that question! Will you—will you answer me! Am I the father of a base daughter? Answer me!"

"Oh, father! Oh, sir! I can scarcely utter a word, you so frighten me, and hurt me—oh, father, you will kill me!"

"Still! I say, answer me! Is your mother's daughter a degraded—a self-degraded wretch?"

"No, father, she is not!"

"Is she the vile refuse of the beggar's brat, Fennell? Is she?" his roar rose to a scream.

"No, father, she is not." Helen was now able to stand upright, without tottering, and her tears were fast drying on her blazing cheeks.

"Did the beggar's brat, Fennell, meet you outside my house last night? And were his arms around you? And did ye meet with a kiss, and with a kiss did ye part?—Answer me!"

"Father, dear father, I will not, I cannot tell you an untruth—I——"

"Then it is true! then ye did meet in secret—outside my house, and in the night time! And ye met with a kiss, and with a kiss ye parted! Get from me, jade!"

"He flung her to the door, smiting her violently on the cheek as she dropt down. Outrageous passion is, for the time, outrageous madness.

"He ground and gnashed his teeth—his eyes glared with insane fury; he hurried about, totally bereft of reason. He seized several of the frail little ornaments of the drawing-room, and pelted them against the wall, shivering them in pieces; he bellowed, imprecated, and cursed, like a veritable maniac.

"His daughter lay motionless upon her face, on the floor, and she was nearly as insensible as she was motionless. She heard his terrible voice, but knew not what he said. She felt a sense of immediate danger—of almost present death, but now understood nothing distinctly.

"Get up on your feet!" resumed her father after some time. "Get up on your feet, or I'll trample on your disgraced carcass, while the life is in it! Get up this moment!"

"With great pain and difficulty, Helen endeavoured to obey her frantic parent. She rose, and resting both her hands upon the back of a chair, thus kept herself from again falling.

"And he is to come here again to-night," her father continued, grinning slowly into her face, and speaking through his clenched teeth. "And 'u'll ask me again to-night, to go out

and look at the moon—the chaste moon—as your poets call her—that is so fit for your admiration—and so fit a witness of your stolen meetings with the beggar. You have made another appointment with him for this very night, have you not? Hah! by the great heavens! he is skulking about my house this very moment!"

"Thus interrupting himself, Gaby Mac Neary started and listened. The gigantic watchdog without began to bay furiously, setting up the peculiar angry bark which seemed to denote that he was in almost immediate contact with an intruder.

"Gaby Mac Neary threw up a window, and looked out.

"Hullo, hullo, Bully! Hold him, boy! Hold him, Bully, until I come! Hullo, hullo, dog!" and his voice almost drowned that of the roaring brute he addressed.

"He hurried into his bed-room, off the drawing-room. He issued back from it with a musket in his hands, which was always kept carefully loaded. He quickly descended the stairs to the hall, bellowing forth, on his way,—

"Hullo, hullo, Bully! Hold him fast! I'm coming! Hold the beggar's brat!—Hullo, hullo, dog! Hold him, hold him!"

"He flung open the hall door. At this moment his daughter rushed staggering down-stairs—her hands clasped and clenched against her throat—her eyes and mouth wide open with terror—her hair dishevelled, and blood streaming over her cheek and neck into her bosom. She flung herself on her knees before her father.

"Take my life," she said, "and spare his! I am his wedded wife! I am his lawful wife, as sure as my mother was your lawful wife! I am his wedded wife, and he is my wedded husband, and I can die to save him!"

"Hah! his wife? Die then, wife of the beggar! Die then, by the heavens above me!"

"The insane man pressed the muzzle of his musket to his daughter's forehead, and pulled at the trigger; she did not wince; but the piece was only half cocked, and ere he could snatch back the cock, it was wrenched out of his hands by Tom Naddy, who instantly discharged it through the open hall door, and then pitched it far into the lawn.

"Cur!—mongrel cur!" shrieked his insane master, now almost inarticulate from hoarseness and passion, while the thick, clammy foam upon his lips also helped to make his utterance imperfect. "Mongrel cur! how durst you do that?"

"To save you," answered Tom Naddy.

dy, walking backwards toward the door from which he had emerged into the hall, while his furious master advanced on him—"to save you, you misfortunate man, from doin' a murder upon your own child, that would banish the sleep from your eyes 'til the day they would hang you for it;" and Naddy stepped inside the doorway, shut the door in his master's face, and locked it on the inside.

"The baffled madman strove to kick it open. Failing in his attempt, he re-approached his daughter. She was still kneeling, now almost stupified from exhaustion. 'Up, up again!' he cried, once more clutching her arm, and forcing her up, 'and begone from my house this moment! Quit it, and quit my sight for ever! Go to the beggar that you call your husband! Go, keep your appointment with him—Get away! Begone, begone, jade! out of my house and my sight!'

"Speaking thus, in disjointed words, he pushed her with both his hands across the hall, out at the door, and closed it with all his force upon her—the ponderous door, as it banged and clashed to, making a noise to which all the quiet places abroad re-echoed. The next instant Gaby Mac Neary had fainted on the flags of the hall."

*Self-Devotion; or, the History of Katherine Randolph.* Alas! we have no heart to criticise this. The posthumous work of a young and amiable woman is no fit subject for the reviewer to deal with, because he cannot censure, even if the work be faulty, and to utter words of praise over the tomb is but to mock its tenant. Yet, in sober truth, this is a very exquisite production—full of beauty, full of the holiest and best feeling, and just so much imbued with the genuine spirit of art as to give ample promise of better things, had the writer been spared to attempt them. To be sure the title-page tells that it is not Miss Campbell's first appearance in print. About six years ago, being then in her twentieth year, she published a tale of domestic life, called the *Only Daughter*, which, with some defects, especially as to its lack of incident, evinced great command of language, as well as a just appreciation of all that is beautiful, both in the moral and in the natural world. And two years later came out a child's book, the *Cardinal Virtues*, which we take shame to ourselves for not having noticed long ago, and of which we could not, either then or now, speak

too highly. But "the gentle spirit that dictated these things and the delicate hand that wrote them, will not," to use the editor's words, "take further interest in human affairs; because in the very spring-time of youth and beauty she has been removed from this world to a better, without being permitted so much as to see in their perfect state the results of some months of light, but not, therefore, unlaborious labour."

There is something in the early death of a gifted creature like this, which, argue against the feeling as we may, is apt to sadden us. Yet sadness, in such a case, is wholly out of place. The worst of all criterions by which to try man's ripeness for eternity is Time. Some spirits there are, of so gross and earthly a mould, that long years are required to cleanse them from their impurities, if, indeed, they be ever purified at all. Some strain and toil to attain to the maturity of their powers, which they scarcely succeed in reaching, even on the confines of old age. Whereas others, holy from their first junction with the flesh, and kept so at each stage in their onward progress by the grace of God that dwelleth in them, are brought through the same agency to the perfection of their natures, ere youth has passed away, or care and trouble, that follow hard upon youth's footsteps, have been able to overtake them. Why should we grudge that they, having fulfilled the end of their being, should be delivered from the burthen of the flesh? Was it not written long, long ago, that the righteous are taken away from the evil to come? And is there not another record still clearer, and of infinitely higher promise, "He that believeth in Me shall never die?" Yea, and independently of these better grounds of consolation which are spread forth for the mourner in the Book of Truth, who that knows any thing of the texture of a mind within which the fire of genius burns can doubt that for it a long continuance amid the scenes of this our mortal life is rarely to be desired. The same acuteness of feeling, which discloses to it a thousand sources of joy that are hidden from the vulgar crowd, lays it open to endless mortifications and annoyances from which the vul-



gar crowd is free. For though we are far from assuming that the poetic mind necessarily and invariably preys upon itself, we know enough of the world, both now and in former years, to believe that it is not unapt to do so. The gift of genius is, to the individual on whom it is bestowed, a boon of doubtful value. In the general workings of God's providence it may be turned to an excellent purpose, because genius, where it is controlled by religious principle, is ever the teacher of good things. Genius, thus hallowed and sustained, cannot tell the simplest story without interweaving through its details a righteous moral; but, alas! for the state of the finely tempered spirit itself, which, fixing its own standard of moral excellence very high, looks abroad among living men, and learns, by degrees, to acknowledge that nowhere has it been reached. And then the anguish that arises out of the consciousness of a lack of power to realise bright visions that may have engrossed the thoughts, the constant bitternesses that attend ill-assorted associations, falling on the heart like drops of water on the rock, and wearing it away; the eager looking for that which cometh not; the aspirations which can never on earth be realised,—these are, in nine cases out of ten, the accompaniments of that particular conformation of the moral and intellectual nature which we describe as genius. Moreover, time and experience are the sunshine and the shower which bring this ill-savoured fruit to perfection. In youth the green grass covers it; and, even in early manhood, hope has usually strength enough of wing to lift us above its noxious influences, however painfully they may at times afflict us. But after that, except under combinations of circumstances which rarely occur, life ceases to be to the gifted holder a possession which he is not ready and willing at any moment to resign. Wherefore to repine, because those are early taken from us in whom we see, or believe that we see, the perfection of their kind, is to deal unfairly both by them and their Maker. There are spirits upon the earth too bright for the place of their temporary sojourn, and that of Harriette Campbell was of their number.

But we are wandering from our proper subject. It is not of the fair authoress, nor of her brief but bright career among men, that we have here undertaken to speak. Her book demands our attention; and here, at least, the task which has been assigned us to perform is a pleasant one.

It is long since we read a story which, besides engrossing the interests entirely, speaks so completely home to the purest feelings of the human heart; you go from page to page, and from chapter to chapter, somewhat in the same temper as comes over you when you are listening to the choral service in a well-ordered cathedral. Not that the tale ever hangs for lack of incident; on the contrary, the events on which it turns, though perfectly natural, are all of the most stirring nature, while the characters which take part in them, appear invariably in their proper places. We cannot speak in terms sufficiently warm of Katherine herself, the heroine of the piece. She is, indeed—

“A perfect woman nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, to command;  
And yet a spirit still and bright,  
With something of an angel light.”

With her the great principle of life seems to be devoted attachment to a twin brother; which, in all its varied modes of shewing itself, is traced with a delicacy of skill such as could be exhibited only by one who was herself capable of like disinterestedness. And if Julian do at times provoke us, his errors, after all, scarcely differ from those into which young men, circumstanced as he is represented to have been, are accustomed to fall. Then the Lady Ida de Mar, and her polished, high-bred scoundrel of a father, are both living portraits. As to the old minister, the father of Julian and Katherine, he is worthy, as far as simplicity of heart is concerned, to take his place beside Dr. Primrose, though he greatly surpasses Goldsmith's country curate, both in the polish of his manners and in the cultivation of his understanding. And, for the rest, Uncle Fletcher, Keith and Marion Chisholm, General Forbes and his voluble sister, and even Counsellor Cary, with his chambers in the Temple, and his

busy, fussy, yet most kindly temper, it is a subject of grave surprise that a young lady, brought up in seclusion, should have attained to a knowledge that such members of the human family exist at all, far more that she should have possessed strength enough of hand to sketch them.

We are not going to spoil the interest of this tale by condensing it into our pages. Let such as desire to trace it through its various meanderings, consult the book for themselves. But we are bound to justify the terms in which we have spoken of it by extracting a passage or two, by way of shewing how the narrative is conducted. The following introduces us, for the first time, to one who exercises no inconsiderable influence over the fortunes of all who come in contact with her:—

"Lady Ida was very young, not more than sixteen; and certainly, whatever it was which disappointed Mr. Randolph, it could not be either the mould of her features or the tint of her complexion. She was a dazzling specimen of the true style of Saxon beauty. Nothing could be more refinedly indicative of high birth than the cast of her small head, the chiselling of her proud, delicate features, and the alabaster curve of her stately throat. There was something in her bearing which told you that pride was more to her than an inheritance; yet it might be after all but the pride of beauty, for there was nothing imperious in the carriage of that little head, which turned from side to side like a bird's, while she made her observations on those around her with such a mute, yet eloquent glitter of her clear bright eye, as we have seen a Virginian nightingale flash upon us from its gilded cage.

"Ida's mouth was the tiniest of human mouths; it looked, even when open, no bigger than the bud of a dog-rose; and her smile was that beautiful, little, curling, polished smile, which expresses just what the smiler pleases, and no more. The creature, even at her delicate and tender age, looked as if her nursery had been a court, and that dignity and stateliness of bearing were hers by nature and right; for there was nothing tutored or forced in her deportment, not a taint of artifice, not a shade of affectation. You read her history and her position at a glance; she was the only child of a rich earl, and had, besides, an independent fortune at her own disposal. She was of course not yet come out, but during her father's absence from home had been

permitted to visit Miss Forbes under the surveillance of her chaperone, Miss Fortescue."

Julian, the hero of the piece, and the lover of this fair maiden, after being dismissed from the paternal roof with a father's blessing, returns to the place of his nativity a fugitive from outraged justice. He has killed a brother officer in a duel, and is in hiding in a cave near the manse, where his sister visits him:—

"The cave of Clach-na-hard was a large rude chasm in the rock, supported in its arched roof by masses of crag, and floored with the dry sandy gravel which formed the bed of the river and of the lake. A small outlet on the other side admitted the air, and gave egress to the smoke from a torch of dried pine which had been fixed into the sand, and was blazing in the middle of the apartment.

"Katherine needed a few moments to habituate her vision to the red glare of the burning wood, after the soft pure influence of the starlight; and when she was capable of distinguishing objects around her, she could perceive the beloved and unhappy subject of all her solicitude folded in his plaid and fast asleep.

"It was a singular scene. The black lichen-covered walls of the cave were now and then displayed by the fitful light of the torch, which sent up a column of smoke in a thousand graceful convolutions to the roof. The ivy that curtained the entrance had penetrated also far into the interior, and wreathed and twined itself, like Calypso's vine, into a graceful drapery of bright green leaves, that clothed the sides of the rock, even at this wintry season, with verdure, and waned over the snowy pebbles which strewed the sand like a tessellated pavement.

"By how many sweet and joyous memories of her happy childhood was the place consecrated to the heart of Katherine, when Keith and Marion used to join the sports which its walls had witnessed, or flee with Julian and herself to its shelter from the summer tempest. Little thought had poor Katherine to bestow on visions such as these, as she passed lightly over the space which divided her from the slumberer. She knelt down upon the ground beside him, and gazed into his face, on which the broad light fell strongly, with such a long and earnest scrutiny as those only have indulged who contemplate the deep and quiet sleep of one beloved and afflicted like him. She held her breath as she hung over him, and her heart swelled with its love and its pity.

"How changed he was! How different looked he from the beautiful boyish sleeper whom she had visited on the last night of his sojourn within the shelter of his paternal roof! The round fair outline and fresh bloom of his features were gone, and in their place was the worn and melancholy pallor of an exhausted spirit. He had made a pillow of his cap, and the long black curls fell aside from his forehead, leaving its surface visible, not bland and innocent as before, but darkened and knitted with suffering and anxiety. How touching were the pallid features! how tenfold dear the care-worn and saddened brow!

"One glance at the beautiful and beloved countenance served to convince her that, however reckless and imprudent the impulse which had betrayed him — however impetuous might have been his bearing — of the cold-blooded and selfish crime of the duellist he was incapable.

"How sweet, and yet how heart-wringing, were the tears which she shed above him! — how she yearned to fold him in her arms, and to proclaim that, though all the world forsook him, yet would not she! How she seemed to pour her very soul forth in its passionate supplication to Heaven to shield and succour him; and how she held her breath, and chid the very beating of her heart, lest the deep sleep of a wearied and grief-worn spirit might be broken!

"There is an exquisite and most peculiar enjoyment in watching the slumber of those most dear to us — in feeling that we love them and tend them while they know it not, and that by our own will we withhold for a while the touch or the syllable which would put us in possession of their waking gratitude in an instant."

These are beautiful passages; and the following is, in its own way, quite equal to them. Katherine is abroad on one of her missions of charity, and her gloomy friend Marian Chisholm bears her company. They have been charmed with the gratitude of the parties visited, and now they turn elsewhere:—

"'These are my pets,' said Katherine, and she moved towards the third cottage; 'do not expect to have your interest and your sympathies equally excited by all whom I introduce to you. Here, for instance, is a case which puts my patience sorely to the test, and of which, if the truth must be spoken, I am very nearly tired.'

"The next moment they stood within a house which borrowed something like an air of superiority over the other sheal-

ings of the glen, from the whitewashing of the window-sill and the hearthstone, and the circumstance of an old rug being stretched by the bed-side. Moreover, a cheerful fire of peats burnt upon the hearth, and a large black cat was coiled up beside it, with an air of snugness which was quite enlivening.

"In a three-cornered arm-chair, on one side of the chimney, there was an old woman knitting busily, whose person was a sort of living illustration of three separate peculiarities; — a wonderful erectness of carriage, a scrupulous cleanliness of person, and an expression of face which, without being exclusively indicative of sickness, discontent, or mental affliction, was cross enough to have sat for the combination of all three.

"'Well, Elspet,' said Katherine, in a cheerful tone, 'how's the cough to-day? I could not come to see you yesterday, but I hope you got the nice mixture I sent you over by Jennie.'

"'Ou, I ne'er expectit ye to come,' said the old dame in reply, when her guests had seated themselves on two stools beside her; 'I'm an auld withered stock noo, no able to serve ony body mysyl', so I canna expect service frae ither folk. Ise warrant ye'll hae braver friends to look after than puir Elspet.'

"And she eyed Marion sourly, as if she suspected her of intruding on her own privileges.

"'Well, but you got the mixture, and it brought you a good night's rest, did it not?' pursued Katherine, without noticing the insinuation.

"'Rest!' was the indignant reply; 'awee! I wot it was a windlestrae's rest on a windy night then. I ne'er had sic a night sin' ever I took it; I just hostit and hostit even on, and never devald. Na, na, it's nane o' yere drugs that's to cure a host like mine — naething 'll e'er cure it but the spade an' the shool. Gin ye had sent me a drap oot o' the grand bottle ye promised to Peggy neest-by there, I micht hae pitten it intil my bowl o' gruel, and been mair the better o't. But I dinna ken sae weel how to seech ye as she does, or I micht hae gotten it too.'

"'You're tired of the raspberry vinegar, then?' said Katherine. 'Why, Elspet, you had only to send Ivan to the manse, and you should have had your glass of sherry in five minutes, you stupid body!'

"'Na, Miss Randolph,' answered Elspet, in a tone of triumph, 'na, na, I'm no just come the length o' a beggar yet; though I dinna refuse the bits an' bats ye send me at your pleasure. I'm sodger bred, Miss Katherine, but I'm major minded, an' I'll ne'er ask onybody for what I may jalousie they're no willing to gie me.'

" 'Now, Elspet, hold your tongue,' replied Katherine, with invincible good-humour; 'you know very well that you would apply to me with all your heart if you had a desire for any thing I could give you, if it were only for the sake of gratifying me; and you shall have the wine for to-night's gruel whenever I go home. How does the new toy I sent you yesterday please you? You are looking quite handsome in it, I think.'

" 'Ou, it's no that ill,' answered Elspet, reluctantly, and as if at a loss for something to grumble at. 'But, wow! how the bue comes aff on my clean mutches;' and she pushed back the hood of coloured flannel as she spoke. 'It'll baud me ay daicherin' an' washin' them, and ruin me for sape forbye.'

" 'Never mind that, Elspet, it will give you an excuse for putting on a clean one every day; and that's what delights you,' answered Katherine. 'Has papa been seeing you lately?'

" 'Ou ay, honest man,' replied the dame, with a wonderful accession of respect in her tone; 'he was hefe this

morning, and gied me a lang discourse on the cheerfulness o' Christian hope. Hech me, hoo folk will cumber themselves wi' the mony things o' this sinfu', unsubstantial world: 'gin a' body had as little world's gear as I hae, there wad be the less to fash them.'

" Katherine and her companion laughed merrily, when they had left her, over Elspet's peculiar ideas of hope and cheerfulness.

" 'There is the cottage where I should read my lesson,' said Marion, playfully; 'for I neither know the value of my blessings nor the error of my discontent.'"

This must do. If *Self-Devotion* had been the production of a man of matured years and long experience in the world, it would have been greeted by us with a hearty welcome. Proceeding from the pen of a girl of two-and-twenty, it is quite marvellous. Alas that it should come to us as it does!

#### ON THE DECORATION OF THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THE destruction of the ancient edifice was felt to be a national calamity. The rebuilding another upon its ruins is the greatest architectural work of modern times; and now, that it advances towards completion, we naturally turn our thoughts on its embellishment.

With this design the House of Commons appointed a committee in 1841; and, on the 24th of November following, commissioners were nominated by Her Majesty, "For the purpose of inquiring whether advantage might not be taken of the rebuilding of the houses of parliament for promoting and encouraging the fine arts."

The commissioners have now published their first report. It is composed with care, and contains valuable information. Yet, in their projected plan of decoration I see, with regret, that the commissioners have stumbled over the very threshold of their duty.

Justice to those gentlemen demands, however, that their plan should be stated in their own words.

They say:—

"We beg to report our opinion that it

should be expedient that advantage should be taken of the rebuilding of the houses of parliament for the purpose of promoting and encouraging the fine arts of the United Kingdom.

"With this view we have, in the first place, directed our attention to the question, whether it would be expedient that *fresco-painting* should be employed in the decoration of the new houses of parliament; but we have not been able to satisfy ourselves that the art of fresco-painting has hitherto been sufficiently cultivated in this country to justify us in at once recommending that it should be employed. In order, however, to assist us in forming a judgment on this matter, we propose that artists should be invited to enter into competition of cartoons.

"As fresco-painting has not hitherto been much practised in this country, and as, therefore, candidates for employment in that mode of painting, whatever their general skill may be, will probably find it necessary to make preparatory essays, her majesty's commissioners think it expedient that the plan which they have resolved to adopt in order to decide on the qualifications of such candidates should be announced forthwith.

"Three premiums of 300*l.* each, three premiums of 200*l.* each, and five premiums of 100*l.* each, will be given to the

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artists who will furnish cartoons which shall be respectively deemed worthy of one or other of such premiums, by judges to be appointed to decide on the relative merits of the works. The drawings to be executed in chalk or in charcoal, or in similar material, but without colours.

"The plan which may be adopted in order to decide on the merits of the candidates for employment as oil-painters, and as sculptors, will be announced at a future period."

Further, the commissioners determine that the subjects of these cartoons shall be chosen from English history, or from the works of Spenser, Shakspeare, or Milton.

In the consideration of this plan, I do not presume to instruct the architect, the sculptor, or the painter, but I address myself to the public's feeling, taste, and sense, by which this plan, with the works executed under its authority, must eventually be approved of or condemned.

The royal commissioners were nominated for two objects: first, To consider of the decoration of the houses of parliament; and, secondly, of the promotion of the fine arts of the United Kingdom.

Let us then examine how these objects are to be attained by the plan proposed.

The first and principal end is undoubtedly the adornment of the seat of the legislature by works worthy of the edifice, the nation, and the age. While instrumental and auxiliary to this, the fine arts of the country were to be employed, and by employment to be encouraged.

Now the plan proposed inverts this design, for it forgets what is due to parliament in its eagerness to introduce a special branch of art. It gives "the first place" and consideration to painting in fresco, while it admits this art not to have been sufficiently cultivated to justify its immediate employment.

In the useful, no less than in the ornamental arts, we see by daily experience, that the less the practice, the more the risk of failure.

But in this mode of painting hitherto unpractised, where every part has yet to be learned, and can be learned in no other way than by long experience and repeated trials, failures in the beginning are not merely probable but unavoidable.

Are the walls of parliament a fit place for the trial of a new art?

Are the 'prentice hands of painters to be employed, where nothing ought to be admitted but what is of the highest excellence our arts have attained to?

Is parliament, I demand, to be made the "*experimentum in corpore vili*?"

This were to sacrifice the end to the means—the embellishment of this national edifice to the patronage of a new art—certain to disgrace what it meant to adorn.

The second object of the commission was to promote the sculpture and painting of our country.

Consider, next, how this "Plan" can promote them. It attempts to introduce a branch of art practically unknown, or known only by some poor failures.

To this "the first consideration" has been given. To this are offered premiums and employment. Meanwhile, all other branches of art are to be postponed, and the "Plan" as to them is to be announced at a future period.

Now how can this unknown mode of painting promote those wherein our artists practically excel?

If the preference be given in the hope that, with the advancement of fresco-painting, historical painting will follow, then the plan overlooks an essential condition, namely, that such a result must be the work of time—probably of ages. Whereas, the commissioners were nominated for a special purpose—the decoration of the new houses of parliament, now in progress towards completion.

Is it wise, then, to postpone all those forms of art in which we actually excel for so distant and doubtful a result? Or do the commissioners expect artists of established reputation will take up a new branch of painting, beset with difficulties, even in the material on which they are to work?

What man of sense would risk a well-earned fame by a public exposure where failure is certain?

The preference, therefore, given by this plan to fresco-painting, will tend to exclude men of distinguished merit, and thus narrow competition to such as have yet a name to gain; possibly modest men of skill, more

probably, bold adventurers ready for any job.

Or it may exclude entirely our native artists, to throw employment in the hands of foreigners, eagerly on the watch to grasp at the occasion.

Still the contradictions between this "Plan" and its professed purposes are forgotten in the absurdities that mark its manner of execution.

The commissioners evidently mistrust their favourite project:—

"They are not satisfied that fresco-painting has been sufficiently cultivated to justify them in recommending its employment.

"They admit that artists, whatever their general skill may be, will probably find it necessary to make preparatory essays."

Here is a difficulty, indeed, and how do the commissioners get over it?

They offer 2000*l.* divided into eleven premiums, for the best cartoons or drawings "in chalk or in charcoal without colours." These drawings are to serve the double purpose of "preparatory essays," and to enable the commissioners, or those they shall nominate, "to judge of the qualifications of candidates."

Let us pause here for reflection. Have the commissioners ever seen or heard of any art, introduced and brought to such eminence as should fit it for a great national work by mere "preparatory essays?" Have they forgotten that this very art of painting in fresco attained its excellence in Italy by the genius and labours of successive generations? Do they not see that they are setting artists to work without masters to shew them where they will encounter, and how they are to overcome, the endless difficulties that beset the fresco-painter at every step?

The commissioners strive at what is unattainable. For no branch of painting ever has attained excellence, without genius to invent, labour to execute, masters to teach, models for imitation, schools for the principles, and practice, and time, that in art extends through ages for the accomplishment.

In the place of all these stand "Preparatory Essays." What, then, are those preparatory essays that are to work such marvels, whereon 2000*l.* are to be expended, at once designed

to teach artists how to paint in fresco, and the commissioners to judge of their ability? Are they to be paintings in fresco? No. For this were impracticable, unless walls had first been built, and plastered to practise on. Are they to be paintings at all? No: they are to be merely "drawings in chalk or in charcoal without colours."

Now will the commissioners condescend to inform the public how drawings upon paper or canvass are to teach the art of painting on plaster? The drawings may possess every quality of design, yet their designers be utterly incapable to paint them in fresco. Suppose, for instance, that Raffaele's cartoon of the "Schools of Athens" were placed in the hands of an unpractised artist, is there any one so simple as to believe that, presently, he would be invested with ability to paint the famed fresco on the Vatican? It is true the drawings will shew the choice of subjects and manner of treating them, but they will shew no more. They cannot prove the artist's power to transfer, embody, and permanently fix his colours into a material so untractable and capricious as a plastered wall.

Whoever, like myself, has watched the slow progress of a fresco-painting, from the "tracing" to the last touch, knows well that it is a process beset with difficulties at every step, unknown in other branches of the art, and to be learned and overcome by years of patient labour. Yet upon this false notion the commissioners have resolved to rest their judgment, and expend 2000*l.*

Having now considered the plan of Her Majesty's commissioners, let us try to discover, if we can, the motives that led to its adoption.

If these gentlemen, from having seen the art of painting in fresco carried to perfection in Italy, have thence concluded that England might arrive at a similar result, they seem to have overlooked, or not sufficiently weighed, the different conditions of the two countries.

In Italy, painting in fresco preceded painting in oils, and from the invention of the latter the great masters of the Italian schools (under some exceptions) were equally skilful in both. Whereas in England oil-painting has been in exclusive use.

In the times when those beautiful frescoes were painted, the Italian churches and monasteries were richly endowed. They were proprietors of not less than a third of the soil, besides the riches that were flowing in constant streams into their coffers from all the nations that owned the Latin Church. Whereas our English Church becomes poorer and poorer. The question now at vestries is not whether churches shall be decorated, but whether they shall be left roofless. While the endowed cathedrals reject such ornaments, alike unsuitable to the noble simplicity of their architecture and to the doctrines there taught.

In Italy, the princes and nobles, vying in architectural magnificence, built palaces, galleries, and pavilions, for the sole object of exhibition.

Can similar habits be transferred to England? or, if they could, would they be desirable? But, it will be said, these circumstances favoured alike oil and fresco-painting, and, indeed, both were simultaneously employed.

What motives could have induced the Italian masters to have persisted in the use of a material so unmanageable, capricious, and perishable as stucco; at the best but a cheap and mean imitation of marble? To answer this question, we must consider the various materials used as grounds for painting. These have been vellum, paper, glass, ivory, marble, porcelain, copper, panel, canvass, and stucco. For works of magnitude, the three last, panel, canvass, and stucco, have superseded the rest. They were simultaneously used. But in the early times of oil-painting, panel was preferred, not only for its durability, but because it enabled the painter to enrich his figures with inlaid jewels, pearls, and gold, agreeable to a custom transmitted from remote antiquity. Though subject to rend, to warp, and to be worm-eaten, panel is the most durable of these three substances. The oldest works in the best preservation are those on panel. Many are yet extant, on which 300 years have wrought no visible decay.

Canvass possesses many peculiar qualities as a ground for painting.

It may be woven of any size and texture; it is light, cheap, and easy of transport, for we must not forget that paintings form an article of commerce. It may be stretched if shrunk, and what is truly admirable, when rotten or worn out, it may be severed from the painting, and replaced by new: an invention that has bestowed upon canvass paintings the durability of those on panel, and has already saved from crumbling to dust many precious works. Light, then, as the fabric is, canvass paintings have lasted for centuries; and if frescoes are older, it is not stucco that is fitter to preserve them, but because painting in oils was an art invented or recovered in later times. Having these substances in daily use, the question then returns, what motives could the Italian painters have had for persisting to paint on stuccoed walls, while some are said to have preferred them?

The condition of Italy discloses the reasons. From the rise until the decline of painting in modern Italy, that country was divided into petty states (Venice excepted) the prey of internal factions; wherein movables became the property of the strongest. Their intervals of peace at home were spent in warring with or pillaging their neighbours. The open country was overrun with banditti, led or protected by the princes and nobles. While all lay exposed to the invasions from Germany, France, and Spain, by turns their masters and plunderers. This miserable condition, followed by continual exposure to pillage, kept in usage the practice of painting on walls.

In Venice, where the strength and stability of the government preserved it from revolutions, as its insular position did from invasion, and where property was safe, painting in fresco found little encouragement, and the instances of it are rare. The domestic architecture, the habits of Italian life even at this day, the public libraries and endowments, the political institutions, all bear the traces of this insecurity of property.

Frescoes, too, were painted almost always by contract. Artists even of renown were hired by the day or by the job, and too often but poorly paid. If the choice of subjects and mode of treatment were left to

the artists, still their employers fixed the place and ground, in whose minds the safety of their property was doubtless uppermost. In Italy the usage of painting on fresco was due less to choice than to compulsion. The painters yielded to their employers, and they to the miserable conditions of the times, when nothing was safe that could be carried away. Nor was this an idle fear.

Two memorable events of our own times may serve as specimens of those that went before. The one was the revolution of Naples at the close of the last century. Though, happily, its career was cut short, the destruction of movable property, in statues, paintings, jewels, furniture, merchandise, and produce, is estimated by the Neapolitans at 50,000,000*l.* sterling. Thousands of families were reduced from affluence to utter want. This horrid havoc was committed by native upon native of the same country in our own times, witnessed by thousands still alive, yet although the latest, it was but one of the countless convulsions that have swept over that fated land.

The other event was the seizure of the most valuable works of art in Italy, and transference of them to Paris. In this national pillage of public and private property, a fact occurred proving the safety of frescoes, and the risk of canvass paintings. The famed fresco of the "Schools of Athens," in the Vatican, was considered as a part of the building, and therefore safe. While the cartoon of this painting by Raffaele was confiscated, and sent to the Louvre. When, in 1815, the allied sovereigns caused these precious spoils to be restored to their owners, the French Academy of Painting petitioned Louis XVIII to preserve, if possible, this master-work of design, and by a high offer to tempt the trustees of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, whence it had been taken.

The Academy valued the cartoon at one million of francs (40,000*l.*), probably the highest sum ever offered for a work of art.

The offer was transmitted to Milan, and there submitted to lawyers, whose opinion was that by the charter of foundation the trustees were prohibited from disposing of any object in the collection, upon penalty of

forfeiting the whole to the founder's kin, the noble family of Barromeo.

I have been led on through these details on Italian painting, in the wish to refute two vulgar errors into which the report of the commissioners proves but too plainly that they have fallen. The one error supposes that stucco was a material preferred by the artists themselves; whereas it was forced upon them by their personal dependency or by public calamities. The other error transfers the excellence of the frescoes to the substance on which they are painted; while, in truth, of all grounds stucco is that least under the control of the painter; and where his labours are most at the mercy not merely of other's skill as the builders, but of the casualties of climate and weather, which, by continually effacing the colours, at length leave little beyond a bare outline, shewing where a painting once had been. Scarce a cathedral or palace in Italy that presents not some mournful proof.

And now at length I would willingly say farewell to the commissioners and their "plan," did I not feel that something more is due to the country.

In vain this plan has been proved to be bad, if no better can be offered.

Let us, then, proceed to the inquiry, in what manner sculpture and painting may be most suitably employed in adorning the magnificent seat of our legislature, by works worthy of its destinies, of the empire, and the age.

Whoever will be at the pains to duly reflect upon this subject will find himself drawn to the conclusion that these objects are not to be attained otherwise than by the employment of those branches of the arts wherein we have already attained to excellence. Now the sculptors and painters of our country possess unrivalled pre-eminence throughout Europe for statues and portraits. But here the question comes, are statues and portraits the most suitable decorations for the houses of parliament? We shall find the answer in the customs of mankind. No custom wherein the fine arts have borne a part has been more anciently or generally established, than



for halls of council to be adorned with the effigies of illustrious men.

In the free states of Greece this custom served as the memorial, the reward, and the incentive to noble deeds.

In Rome it rose to the dignity of a political institution, placed under the jurisdiction of the senate. Whence it was copied by the municipal councils of that empire. The nations who formed kingdoms out of its conquered provinces preserved the usage where their arts would permit. The Italian republics gave the custom the sanction of law. Undoubtedly, then, such ornaments must have been in harmony with the feelings of free nations. Still more is required. The custom ought to be congenial to the habits of England. Let us recall what we possess in this sort. We see in Westminster, in the cathedrals, even in the parish churches, how rich England is in monumental statues, and how charmingly they harmonise with architecture.

In our ancient cities where is the council-chamber without portraits of honoured citizens? Where is the college-hall unadorned with the likenesses of its founders and benefactors? Where is the ancient mansion without its family gallery?

The custom, then, is truly English. Shall a usage so honoured, interwoven with all we hold dear, find no place in parliament, where are concentrated the ranks, intellects, and feelings of the country? Shall its adoption by the senates of antiquity, whose attainments in the fine arts we are now vying to emulate, be of no weight, not even to prefer the memorials of departed worth to the projects of unknown men? Yet custom is wont to move men's minds in two opposite directions.

In the wise it usually breeds respect, because customs common to different nations must have sprung from something similar in their condition, or else by time become a part of their habits, and so probably of their happiness. In the foolish yet confident, custom on the contrary breeds aversion. With them it is not the custom that persuades, but the opinion assigned for it; although in customs as in laws, there are many for which no reason can be given. "Non omnium quæ a majoribus constituta sunt ratio reddi potest," says

the first "*brocard*" of the Roman law.

Let us, then, pause to inquire, and the inquiry will reward our pains, whether there be not reasons, and good reasons too, why the effigies of illustrious men should have been preferred for the decorations of halls of council. Custom is formed of habits generalised; it is, therefore, in the habits of private life that we must seek for the reason. We see by daily experience how the statesman adorns his cabinet, the nobleman his library, the lawyer or the scholar his study, the merchant his counting-house, with some busts or portraits of those he esteems, while works of fancy he reserves for his gallery or rooms for pleasure and recreation. Good taste and good sense tell him that the affairs and realities of life ill assort with creations of fancy. Can it be believed that this principle, true in private, shall be held false in public life? Shall we make the parliament the sole exception, employed as it is in the weightiest affairs of state and the last resort of justice.

Were it possible to set at defiance this fundamental rule of taste, which dictates no less in style than in manners, would it be possible to reconcile such a folly to our feelings? Men do not cast off their natures at the door of parliament. Independent of the fitness of the ornament for the place, there is, however, another principle in this ancient custom of mighty power.

In sculpture and painting it will be found that the likenesses of the renowned dead affect the feelings more deeply and lastingly than the loftiest creations of fancy, even when their subjects are chosen from actual events.

A comparison taken from the highest works of art will best explain this principle. Whoever has resided at Rome may have seen the frescoes of Raffælle in the Vatican, and probably passed onward to the gallery of statuary where are arranged the sages and statesmen of Greece. In the frescoes are seen the designs of the loftiest genius expressed with consummate art. In the statues are seen in the cold marble the features and expressions of those mighty men of old whose names have been fa-

familiar to us from boyhood, whose fame still fills the world, perchance whose intellect may have guided our own.

The paintings charm and excite, the statues calm the feelings, and lead the mind onward through grave trains of thought. Which of these conditions is most suitable in senates and courts of justice?

Nor is this difference due to the contrast of painting with sculpture, for substitute portraits for statues, and we may observe a similar effect. Both are triumphs of simple truths long treasured in our minds, over the utmost powers of invention.

And here I cannot let slip the occasion to remark, that France and Germany are now employed in reviving this wise and noble custom of antiquity, each applying it to their respective conditions. France has devoted the deserted palace of Versailles to place the statues and portraits of her illustrious men, and by this act the present generation have done their utmost to repair the ravages of the last.

The plan is admirable for comprehension and arrangement. There are seen the kings, warriors, statesmen, presidents of parliaments, and whoever was renowned in times authentic and known, all classed and arranged.

The Walhalla, erected by the king of Bavaria, is a similar design to commemorate the renowned men of Germany.

I do not cite these national works as models to be followed by England, but as proofs how the spirit of antiquity still lives in modern times.

England, standing pre-eminent among the nations of the world, owes to herself that the seat of her legislature be adorned on no foreign plan, nor by foreign hands. But rather as her parliament has been the model for other states, so may the style of its decorations yet become.

A plan to be successful must needs be founded on nature, as congenial with the feelings and habits of our country; on truth, that fiction be excluded as out of place in courts and senates; and on justice, that the present time may not usurp the space due to the past, which is its parent; nor to the future, whose attainments it cannot foresee; for we must ever bear in mind, that the

edifice we are proposing to adorn is the property of all ages.

These principles stated, I submit the following outline of a plan; for an outline is all that can be offered, yet distinct enough for precise ideas, which failing to satisfy the judgment may perhaps hereafter serve for some happier suggestion.

1. The subjects for sculpture and painting should be chosen from the constitution of Parliament itself, and in a manner to illustrate its history.

By a gallery of the kings of England represented in statues of marble, arranged in the order of time.

For in all ages, in fact as in law, the sovereign has been the "*principium et finis*" of our parliaments.

The series should begin with Alfred, as founder of the English monarchy, by union of the Saxon states under his sole dominion; and as his memory is revered, for the wisest and best of that long illustrious line by his successors to the throne, who claim him as their common ancestor.

Of the later Saxon and Danish kings, most of whom are known only by name, a selection should be made; and Athelstan and Canute merit to be preferred.

For the former, by arms and treaties united Great Britain under one supreme sovereignty, leaving the more distant provinces under the immediate rule of their native princes and laws,—an event that imperial Rome had contended for in vain during 300 years.

And the latter was the most powerful monarch of his age, under him the rival races of Saxons and Danes were united by equal laws.

From the conquest until the reign of her present majesty, a statue should be erected to each sovereign. For of them many were even less distinguished by rank than by their genius and actions, guiding their people with wisdom through dangerous and eventful times.

Even the weak and worthless sovereigns become unconsciously the instruments of their people's good; as did King John by the extorted charter of Runnimeade, Richard II. by his formal abdication, Mary by her cruelties, and James II. by his forfeiture.

In former ages, the king presided personally in the councils of state,

around her, no one seemed to want her rings or her bracelets; and her little heart was heavy as she returned to her mother's narrow apartment each evening, with her glittering goods carefully packed in a little basket suspended from her arm, and saluted the patient woman with a melancholy,—

"Je ne sais pourquoi, maman, mais je n'ai rien vendu, et cependant —"

"Courage, courage, ma fille," was the constant reply; "qui commence par un peu du malheur, finit par beaucoup de bonheur.—Take more pains in laying out your trinkets to-morrow, and who knows but you may have better fortune."

Félicie followed her mother's counsel and took courage; and it so chanced that, on the following day, two young lovers, on the eve of marriage, were attracted by her pretty baubles, and began to bargain with her. They had walked from the other side of the Porte St. Denis, where the father of the bride-elect kept a wine-shop, and they had already strolled about the streets for a couple of hours before they entered the Temple; so Félicie requested that mademoiselle would give herself the trouble to walk behind the counter and take a seat; and that monsieur would have the politeness to pardon her for not having a second chair to offer for his accommodation; and, in short, she was so engaging and agreeable, that before the little party separated, Rosalie and her lover had purchased nearly all the stock in trade of the widow's child, and they had mutually communicated their several histories, and sworn an eternal friendship.

Again and again the two girls met at the Temple; and, ultimately, Félicie took her friend to the small but neat chamber of her mother, who occupied an *entresol* in the Rue Marceau, where she gained a scanty subsistence for herself and her daughter as a *ravaudeuse*. Madame Lebrun received the young stranger very kindly, for she had already become acquainted with her through the medium of Félicie's daily comments and narrations, and had taken care to ascertain the respectability, not only of the *demoiselle* herself, but also of her family; and her meek

spirit was gladdened by the thought that her little Félicie would have a friend of her own age, for hitherto she had known no companion but herself, and she was worn down by anxieties and cares, and afforded but poor fellowship to a gay and buoyant spirit.

In return for this courtesy, Mademoiselle Rosalie invited the pretty Templar to spend a Sunday with her at her father's house—a whole Sunday! as Félicie in the exuberance of her delight expressed it, when the prospect of this, her first holyday, opened before her—"Une dimanche toute entière!" To her it was a vision of beatitude! And when the happy morning at length dawned, its earliest beams found her tressing her fine hair before the only looking-glass that had ever yet reflected her young loveliness.

Eight o'clock had scarcely ceased striking, when the two friends were kneeling together before the altar of a neighbouring church, engaged in reciting the morning mass; and a very pretty picture they made, with the clustering columns rising around them in dim majesty, and the chequered light from the stained windows weaving its flickering mosaics on the marble pavement. Rosalie was that rare personage in France, a fair beauty, with large grey eyes, light brown hair, and a florid complexion. Like Félicie, she was an only child; but, unlike our less fortunate heroine, she was also an heiress. M. Dubois, her father, not only sold wine, but grew it. He was by birth a Provençal; but even when he resolved to establish himself *hors de la barrière* of Paris, and thus emancipate the "*bons vins, et bonne eau-de-vie*," in which he dealt from the city dues, he refused to dispose of his little patrimony near Avignon; and thence he drew a great portion of the excellent wine which had made the "*Rencontre des Voyageurs*" so deservedly popular in the neighbourhood. As he frequently observed when conversing with a customer, "He had a *sentiment* on the subject of his paternal inheritance—Avignon was classic ground—his land lay near Vaucluse, and was irrigated by the waters of that celebrated fountain. He could not find in his heart to sell such a possession,

## PILGRIMAGES IN PARIS.

## No. II. THE TEMPLE.

It is extremely probable that not one Englishman in a hundred who visits Paris ever sees the Temple, or is even aware of its existence; and yet it is decidedly one of the "lions" of the French metropolis. Its situation is, however, so anti-fashionable and unattractive in every way, and its approaches so unsavoury and inconvenient, that the mere seeker after amusement, the mere idler of the Rue de la Paix and the Palais Royal, would never think of exchanging the gay and glittering frivolities of those English-haunted localities for the more characteristic, but commercial scene which he would encounter at the Temple.

Almost in the centre of the Rue du Temple, and in the immediate neighbourhood of a fountain which occupies one of the angles of an extensive square, or place, stands an enormous timber construction, covered by a slated roof. To describe it geographically, we would say that it is bounded on one side by the Rue du Petit Thouars, and on the other by the Rue Percée; nor can we give a better idea of it actually than to state that it is a colossal, gloomy, circular rotunda, surrounded by an arched gallery, and supported by a multitude of pillars; the whole space being piled with merchandise, in many cases from the floor to the roof, and presenting a busy, bazar-like appearance, which instantly reminds the traveller of the gigantic marts of Constantinople and Cairo.

One long passage separates the whole space lengthways into two equal sections, which are in their turn divided and subdivided by lateral and transversal pathways, giving ingress to the mysterious recesses of the extraordinary edifice. All new articles are understood to be prohibited at the Temple, although they are frequently to be found there; but it would be difficult to ask for any thing worn and apparently worthless without success. The most minute cuttings of cloth or carpeting, linen rags, old iron, copper, brass, and lead; broken tools and broken furniture; decapitated kitchen

utensils, patched-up garments for both sexes, some of them grotesque beyond description, tricked out with shreds of tartan and trimmings of moth-eaten fur; shoes and slippers, alike toeless and heelless; old horse-gear,—in short, second-hand goods of every description—from the flock-beds, so universal in inferior French houses, to the most utter rubbish, are to be seen on one side; while on the other, forming a strange contrast from the tattered *fichu* and discoloured shawl, of the *poissarde*, may be found the antique brocade, rich point-lace, and *rococo* jewels of buried centuries.

It is to the Temple that the poor and industrious *menagère* of the lower ranks bends her steps to look for pieces of linen, woollen, cotton, and print, to repair the clothes of her husband and children, when both buyer and seller patiently and earnestly turn over piles of *chiffons*, in order to match a gown or a waistcoat, in which they are almost certain ultimately to succeed. It is to the Temple that the hard-working *grisette* carries her little capital, when she has become ambitious, and resolves that her savings shall serve to establish her *dans ses meubles*; that so she may have a home of her own in the fourth or fifth story of a house where there is a *portier* at the gate and an *equipage au premier*. It is to the Temple that the unhappy mechanic, whose large family and daily necessities have compelled him to abandon his household goods, some to the *mont de piété*, and some in lieu of rent for his narrow garret to an inexorable landlord, looks to replace his *garniture*, when a sudden accession of labour or of profit gives him a vision of better days. In short, the Temple is the general and never-failing resource of the needy classes. No matter what may be the nature of their wants, they can supply them there for less money and at a less expense of time and trouble than elsewhere.

Nor is the ear less employed than the eye among the intricacies of the Temple; for the numerous traders

of the place, untrammelled by that sense of self-importance which confines other trades-people to their shop-counters, and teaches them to be content with voluntary customers, have no such feeling to control their eagerness; and they consequently assail you on all sides with a continued vociferation of "Mais! voyez donc, madame, que de belles choses sont ramassées dans mon magasin:" "Entrez chez moi, ma belle dame, j'ai de quoi choisir en tous genres:" "Avec de l'argent on peut tout avoir à mon comptoir, messieurs et mesdames; tant l'utile que l'agréable; et tout fort à la mode:" reminding one forcibly of the olden time in London, with its "What d'ye lack, good madam? what d'ye lack?" Nor is it less curious to see the vehement-crowding, crushing, and jostling, consequent upon the strenuous efforts made by each separate individual to attract attention; or to remark the perfect good-humour with which frequent collisions take place, only to be succeeded by a courteous "Pardonnez-moi, mon amie; je ne te croyais pas si près de moi," without one vestige of anger or bitter feeling.

Many of the miniature shops in the Temple are kept by the wives and daughters of artisans, who are not possessed of sufficient capital to establish themselves as regular *marchandises* in the city; while others are tenanted by Jews, and servants, who, having laid aside a portion of their yearly gains, at length become infected by an idea of independence, and accordingly secure a stall in this emporium of sundries. Thus it becomes the great *depôt* for every description of surplus. The artisan sends there the articles which he produces during his hours of leisure; the Jew every stray piece of property, of whatever nature it may be, of which he hopes to make money; while the ex-domestic purchases from the waiting-women with whom she is acquainted, all the cast garments of their modish mistresses, and retails them to the *bourgeoise* and the *grisette*, by whom they are metamorphosed into other shapes, and converted to uses for which they were never meant.

It must not, however, be supposed that all the merchandise in this Parisian bazar is composed of such

refuse as we have named. Far from it. In addition to the few articles of bypast splendour which we have already seen, many things may there be purchased quite as valuable as in their original state, for two or three hundred per cent less than they formerly cost. The looker-on must, indeed, in many cases, marvel how certain articles found their way there at all; but he cannot, nevertheless, set the integrity of their transit, for there is no attempt at disguise; no accession of care in their display; the only circumstance in which their mode of sale differs from that of the veriest litter in the place. This fact, if inquired into, can, however, be at once explained, and it involves the tragedy of the Temple. They are the wreck of suddenly exhausted fortunes—the debt of the gambler—the inheritance of the widow—the *membra disjecta* of the bankrupt. How many aching hearts, how many burning eyeballs, had looked their last upon the cherished objects familiar to them for years, ere, with lingering and reluctant steps, the victims of imprudence or misfortune to whom they once belonged, had sought amid the recesses of the Temple a purchaser for these poor remains of their previous prosperity! What tales could not the owners of those small close shops—if shops they may indeed be called—tell of the agony of spirit, of the choked sob, the smothered accent, and the proud shame, of those by whose misfortunes they have been been stocked with a description of merchandise which serves to redeem the consequence of the Temple, and save it from the reputation of being the Rag-fair of Paris!

In one of the lateral passages to which allusion has been already made, might have been seen, a few years ago, a carefully arranged and attractive *comptoir*, filled with those pretty trifles which succeed each other so rapidly among the *élégantes* of the French capital. In England, a woman, not merely of fashion, but even of respectability, considers it beneath her consequence to be seen with a trinket, or a graceless and becoming, which is made of costly materials; and, therefore, of an intrinsic value, which should she not be sufficiently vain to enable her

re her jewels re-set every third year, compels her to appear in ornaments which have sur-  
the *mode*; but in France such from being the case; for, pro-  
the *bijou* be pretty, and, above  
calculated to heighten her at-  
ons, a Parisian fashionist will  
it, however cheap the material:  
y this concession she is enabled  
ow it aside when the fancy to  
it owed its invention has passed.  
Hence trinkets of this descrip-  
are, in Paris, familiarly called  
de quinze jours; and as the  
n is universal, so no one is  
red from this elegant economy  
ny apprehension of the com-  
of a Mrs. Grundy.

articles of this nature, it will at  
be understood that there is al-  
a profusion at the Temple;  
hat, turn in which direction he  
the visitor is sure to encounter  
nity of this valueless trinketry;  
owhere can he now find it in  
profusion and variety, or fol-  
g so closely upon the pre-  
g *mode*, as he might have  
at the stall which we have  
ly mentioned, and of which  
residing priestess was the young  
retty Félicie Lebrun. Scarcely  
*bandeau*, a *féronière*, or a brace-  
et its vogue in the *salons* of the  
y, than, even before it had  
its way to the *stage* or the  
*nette*, it might be seen in one of  
lass cases of *la petite* Félicie;  
she was, in consequence, the  
of the third-rate coquettes and  
- *maîtresses* who frequented  
emple for the purposes of traf-

Nor did she fail to display  
g her treasures a variety of  
pins, and signet-rings, all look-  
exactly like gold; for which  
ound a ready sale among the  
clerks and ambitious soldiery.  
re now speaking of the counter  
licie in its palmy days, for when  
as first established in the Tem-  
nothing could well be more  
re than the arrangements that  
een made for her. It was in  
month of March that she took  
sion of her little shop. All  
nerchandise that it contained  
ated only to the value of fifteen  
teen francs; but as it had been  
ased most advantageously by  
widowed mother, the young

trader was taught to hope that it  
might, if cleverly retailed, realise  
twice the sum. Her personal com-  
forts were a *chauffe-pied* filled with  
charcoal ashes, a brown pipkin con-  
taining some vegetable soup (which  
she was instructed to warm over the  
said ashes when she became hungry),  
a large slice of bread, a bunch of  
dried grapes, a metal spoon, and a  
wooden chair with a rush seat. Her  
luxuries were a light heart and her  
nissal.

For three weary days sat Félicie  
among her scanty property, deriving  
her only amusement from occasion-  
ally clasping a bracelet about her  
own pretty wrist, and then assiduously  
rubbing it with the piece of leather  
intended to efface any traces which  
might be left upon it when it had  
been handled; or putting a heavy gilt  
ring, gay with a gem of coloured  
glass, upon her slender finger, and  
laughing to herself as it twisted round  
and round, impelled by its own size  
and weight.

But the reader has not yet been  
formally introduced to the little  
*marchande du Temple*. Félicie, at  
the period in which we are about to  
take up her story, had just completed  
her sixteenth year. She was of the  
middle height, but so slight and har-  
moniously moulded that, at the first  
glance, she appeared to be consider-  
ably above it; her eyes were large,  
and of a clear full brown, while the  
long black lashes by which they  
were veiled made them seem several  
shades darker than they really were;  
her hands and feet were a dream of  
beauty; and her abundant hair, which  
had just escaped being of the deepest  
black, was arranged with the care  
and neatness peculiar to the *grisettes*  
of France and Germany. In short,  
Félicie Lebrun, with her bright-  
coloured, close-fitting bodice, her  
ample, but somewhat short black  
petticoat, her dainty *chaussure*, and  
her radiant countenance, was one of  
the prettiest specimens of her class  
and country upon which any stranger  
would have wished to look.

For three days she sat there, play-  
ing with her baubles, and occasion-  
ally reading a prayer or two from  
her *livre d'heures*, but although a  
crowd of people passed into the  
Temple of

and then replace it by a mere spot of land near the capital; more particularly in these times, when the mania for building, and the rage for fortifications, made such a *gâchis* of every place within reach!" And then he hummed a few bars of some old Provençal ballad, which, in its turn, was followed up by the self-gratulatory remark that, "Come what might to the *Rencontre des Voyageurs*, his pretty Rosalie was sure of a home and an income at Avignon."

Such were the new friends of Félicie; and it were vain to attempt a description of her delight during that long, bright Sunday, when, as though her present enjoyment were not enough, M. Dubois courteously invited her to the wedding which was to take place during the following month, and declared his intention of escorting her home in person in the evening, in order to extend the attention to Madame Lebrun, gallantly observing that Mademoiselle was too young and too handsome to be a *convive de noces* in the house of a widower without the guardianship of her mother, even although all the guests were as prudent as a protocol.

This was said at table, where a feast was spread such as Félicie had never before seen. There was a *soupe au bœuf*, a *bouilli* served with melon, a *poulet aux choux*, a dish of stewed spinach, a slice of *gruyère* cheese, and a dessert. The little *marchande* felt satisfied that the wish of her heart was now accomplished, and that she had indeed got into *la bonne société*. In the evening, a neighbour who performed professionally on the violin, chancing to call in to have a little chat with the worthy *aubergiste*, afforded what the French people never fail to profit by—the opportunity of a dance: and, accordingly, a quadrille was soon formed on the turf in the garden, the two lovers being *vis-à-vis* to M. Dubois and Félicie: to this succeeded a waltz, and then again a quadrille; but just as they were about to re-commence the latter, two or three acquaintances of either sex, attracted by the sound of the instrument, walked into the garden, and joined the dancers as a matter of course. Equally of course M. Dubois soon lost his pretty partner: for the quadrille was scarcely over, when

a young man in a military undress walked up to Félicie, and asked the honour of her hand for the next waltz.

This was another golden moment for the little *marchande*. Since the death of her father, which happened when she was yet a child, her widowed mother had with difficulty contrived to support herself and her daughter; and, under such circumstances, it is not surprising that she had no friends anxious to take upon themselves the responsibility of introducing a pretty and penniless girl to scenes of gaiety totally unsuited to her fortunes. Thus Félicie had never known what it was to be an object of attraction to strangers, or to listen to the sweet but dangerous voice of flattery; and she had not made more than a momentary pause after her first whirl over the springy turf with her handsome partner, when her eye began to brighten, and her cheek to flush, as she listened to his honeyed words.

M. Dubois looked on with a feeling of anxiety, when, after a second quadrille had been danced, and then a third, he remarked that his daughter's new friend still continued on the arm of her cavalier, as if either unconscious or careless that the other members of the *impromptu* ball had repeatedly changed their partners; and that the young man, whom he now saw for the first time, but who had accompanied the family of his neighbour M. Vigeron, the draper (which circumstance he considered as a sufficient guarantee for his respectability), was totally occupied in endeavouring to produce a favourable impression upon his pretty partner. The undertaking was evidently not difficult; and the delight of Félicie rendered her beauty so radiant, that all eyes were soon turned upon herself and M. Jacques, for such was the name by which the stranger had been made known to his host.

Less unsophisticated eyes than those of the *aubergiste* and his friends might, however, have discovered in the manner of the young man a tinge of haughtiness which was with some difficulty suppressed, until admiration of his fair partner swallowed up every other feeling, and he became as gay, as natural, and as absorbed by pleasure, as those about

him. He was tall, slight, and dark-eyed, about twenty-three or four years of age, with rich black hair clustering in heavy masses about his forehead, and falling low upon his neck, and a gracefulness of manner conspicuous even in a Frenchman. He possessed, too, a low, sweet voice, tempered into harmony—a rare charm among his countrymen—and a choice of words of which even Félicie felt the attraction, though she was ignorant of its cause. Was it surprising that these were, indeed, happy moments for her?

"It is easy to see that *mademoiselle* is a Parisian," said her partner, as they paused for a moment to take breath after the evolutions of a long-protracted *sauteruse*, which they had, as usual, executed together. "No women, save those of Paris, accomplish this joyous waltz as though they had winged heels."

"It is true that I was born within the barriers," smiled Félicie; "but monsieur is too polite to compliment me on my dancing; a ball is to me so very rare a pleasure—and yet I should not like to believe that monsieur meant only a *persiflage*."

"You are right, *belle Félicie*; you must do me no such injustice. But what can you mean by telling me that to you a ball is a rare pleasure? I never yet have imagined that there existed a pretty woman in Paris to whom her Sunday quadrille was not as indispensable as her Sunday *potage*."

"It is possible, sometimes, to miss both the one and the other," said the little *marchande* almost gravely. The young man paused for an instant, and looked inquiringly into her face, but, as she did not continue speaking, he resumed politely, as though he had been unconscious of the ambiguity of her reply.

"Ah! *mademoiselle* prefers the theatre. *Mademoiselle a tort*—she is too pretty, too *engageante*, to give up the joyous ball for a *salle de spectacle*. And how runs your taste? Do you better love the vaudevilles of the Palais Royal or the melodramas of the Porte St. Martin?"

"I have never witnessed either the one or the other," replied Félicie, quietly.

"*Mais fi donc!* you are surely seeking to mystify me," exclaimed

the young man, with a gesture of incredulity. "Never witnessed a representation? Nay, then, pray tell me where you have been brought up."

"In the *Rue Marceau*," said Félicie, answering the question literally. "And perhaps the surprise of monsieur will cease when I tell him that we are very poor. My mother is a widow, who earns a subsistence as a *ravauzeuse*, and she is so clever that work never fails her; as for me, I have a *comptoir* in the Temple, where I retail *bijouterie*—that is, monsieur will understand, when I speak of *bijouterie*, I mean *les modes de quinze jours—les jolies objets qui ne se vendent pas chers*."

The stranger smiled. "And yet, *mademoiselle* wears neither ring nor necklace."

"*Fi donc à votre tour!*" laughed Félicie; "I am not obliged to carry my *comptoir* with me when I go into society."

Again did M. Jacques look at his pretty partner with undisguised astonishment. "If this simplicity be assumed," he murmured to himself, "she is destined to become as consummate an actress as ever trod the stage;—in any case, she is the most beautiful little fairy that my eyes have looked upon for the last twelve-months—and—*vogue la galère!*—she is welcome to her woman-wit."

"Ha! yonder is Rosalie, who beckons me," said Félicie; "*Pardieu, monsieur*;" and she was moving from beside him, when he caught her hand.

"One moment, *mademoiselle*: I am in want of some *bijouterie*—I should like to be your customer. In what direction is your *comptoir*?"

"La seconde allée à droite, monsieur. Je serai très reconnaissante," was the hurried rejoinder, as the innocent and light-hearted girl hastened to obey the signal of her friend.

The purpose of M. Dubois was answered; and, on her gaining the side of Rosalie, he led her away a few paces, and then explained what she had been far from suspecting: namely, "that all the world," as the worthy *unbergiste* expressed it, alluding to the score of persons then present, "were remarking upon the attention paid by M. Jacques to a perfect stranger; not that he blamed *Monsieur*."



moiselle Félicie—far from it—for it was easy to perceive that M. Jacques was *très comme-il-faut*; but he had ascertained that *le voisin* (meaning M. Vigeron) knew no more of him than that he was a very good customer, and always paid for his purchases *argent comptant*; while it had also been hinted to him by a friend, that the honest draper had some reason to believe that he owed the *pratique* of the handsome stranger to a glimpse which he had accidentally caught of his pretty daughter Marie; and that he had winked at his frequent visits in the hope that she might ultimately secure him—for that he was a *bon parti* M. Vigeron had no doubt, from the manner in which he spent his mency.

"Thus you see, *à la petite Félicie*, that you must do yourself justice, and not suffer him to trifle with you," said the respectable old man. "For, take my word for it, there is something in the curling lip of that *gaillard* which tells me that he will never be the husband of a *grisette*."

"Husband!" echoed his listener. "What! *ce Monsieur-là*! Surely you could not have dreamt for a moment, my good sir, that I was so vain, so weak, as to believe that he would ever think of me, save as the poor little *marchande du Temple*! Oh no!" and her eyes flashed fire, and her brow burnt as she added with energy, "I should as soon hope to marry an angel!"

"*Pauvre petite*!" sighed M. Dubois, as he passed his hand fondly over her glossy hair; "and now, *va t'en*, and make merry, for the hour of parting will soon come; but dance no more with M. Jacques; or, to say the least, it is just possible that it may make an enemy of *le voisin*."

Félicie readily promised to obey; and in another moment she stood up beside a sprightly young *commis*; but by some strange fatality, her *vis-à-vis* was M. Jacques, and his partner, the fair and happy-looking Marie Vigeron. The rest of the evening passed over without any incident worth recording. Twice did M. Jacques renew his claim to the hand of Félicie; but each time M. Dubois had so well taken his measures, that she was already provided with a *cavalier*. At nine o'clock, the good-hearted old *auber-*

*giste* accompanied her himself to the Rue Marceau, and delivered her up safely to her mother; to whom he, in due form, presented the invitation to his daughter's marriage, which was gratefully acknowledged, for it was long since the poor widow had known a *jour de fête*.

On the morrow, M. Jacques did not fail to present himself at the stall of Félicie, who blushed deeply, although she scarcely knew wherefore, as she saw him approach. He must, indeed, as our heroine whispered to herself, have been in want of *bijouterie*; for, after purchasing a mass of false finery for himself, of which he did not once inquire the price as he decided on its possession, he required so many pretty trifles for a *petite cousine* in the country and a grand-aunt in town, that once more Félicie found her counter covered with empty cases. But then, by some unaccountable chance, M. Jacques still lingered in the desert he had made, talking over the ball of the previous evening, and saying kind and flattering things of Rosalie Dubois and her good-hearted father; and of Marie Vigeron and the old draper; occasionally launching a snicker, and sometimes even indulging in a hearty laugh, at the underbred pretension of the smart young clerk with whom she had terminated her evening; and then more seriously requesting that she would not lose any time in replenishing her *comptoir* as he had commissions from a score of friends *en province* to make purchases for them: and by a strange fatality they all, by his account, were labouring under a mania for jewellery. With a smile, and a "*mille grâces, monsieur*," Félicie promised to obey; but all the anxiety of M. Jacques to oblige his acquaintance did not prevent his lounging on for another hour at the stall of our little heroine, and thus wilfully wasting her morning.

He returned again and again; and busy eyes—for the denizens of the Temple were not without their social politics, and their anti-social deductions—began to rest long and often upon the *comptoir* of the widow's child; and to remark that the tall, dark gentleman with the black eyes was a very constant customer at a stall little calculated to contain such

merchandise as a person of his appearance might be supposed so repeatedly to require. But Félicie never reflected, and M. Jacques did not heed, or suffer himself to reflect, upon the surmises or inferences of the little world about them. He had soon become convinced of the artlessness of the pretty *marchande*; and satisfied himself that, far from being the actress which he had at first been tempted to believe, she was so utterly unsuspecting of evil, that her very innocence was her best defence. From time to time, as he hung over her counter, affecting a difficulty in the choice of the trinkets which he was about to purchase, and again and again assisting Félicie to snap and resnap the bracelets and chains, in order to convince himself that the springs were good—an occupation in which the slender fingers of the little trader were seen to so much advantage, that he found it necessary to test the quality of every article with a care and precision highly commendable in so young a man—he had ventured upon a sentence or two which to a more worldly ear than that of our heroine would have conveyed a meaning calculated to convince her that M. Jacques was not perfectly disinterested in his patronage; but to that of Félicie they seemed no more than kind and courteous words, which she received with the more gratitude that he was the first who had seemed to converse with her with pleasure, and who had enabled her to assist in the support of her mother.

Thus did things progress until the marriage-day of Marie Dubois; and so successful had been the commerce of Félicie, thanks to the patronage of M. Jacques, and the extraordinary desire of his absent connexions to supply themselves with trinkets, that, for the first time in her life, she, on that morning, as she stood before her little mirror, beheld herself in a muslin dress, *une robe de percale Anglaise*, with a riband about her slender waist of the palest blue, and a pair of white silk gloves.

"*Suis-je donc belle, maman ?*" she exclaimed triumphantly, as she put the finishing touch to her dress by attaching to her girdle a bouquet which had been left at her door at sunrise, as she was informed by the

*portière*, by a "beau monsieur; mais, diantre, un tout beau monsieur, très bien couvert," who had simply said, "pour Mademoiselle Félicie," and turned away, as though he were afraid of being questioned.

The pretty bridesmaid blushed and smiled as the old woman gave her the flowers; but, strangely enough, she shewed no curiosity to learn the exact appearance of the person who had displayed so welcome a knowledge of her tastes: on the contrary, she affected so little disguise upon the subject, that when Madame Lebrun, in reply to her question, answered smilingly, "En effet, ma fille, tu es charmante," she continued, "And this beautiful bouquet! What superb carnations! M. Jacques must have bespoke them: he never could have purchased them by chance in the *marché-aux-fleurs*. I do not believe that the bride herself will have more magnificent flowers! *Est-il aimable, M. Jacques!*"

"Will he be *des notres* to-day?" asked the widow, as she gave a fresh fold to her shawl, in order to conceal an unfortunate stain which had resisted all her efforts to remove it. A sudden cloud gathered on the brow of Félicie. The doubt had never before risen on her mind; but the question of her mother at once gave it birth. No; he would not be at Rosalie's marriage. Rosalie herself had not indeed said so; but M. Dubois had told her on that happy Sunday when she was his guest for the first time, that he knew nothing of M. Jacques; and he had since remarked, when speaking of his daughter's wedding, that the friends on both sides were so numerous, that no stranger would be invited. Thus, then, there could be no hesitation in deciding that M. Jacques would certainly not be one of the guests. The bouquet in her girdle had lost half its charm, when, as the conviction of his absence from the festival grew upon her, Félicie again glanced down upon the flowers which he had given to her; and there was a tear in her eye, and a sadness in her tone, as she replied, "I do not know; I have not heard." But Madame Le Brun remarked neither the one nor the other, and had almost forgotten that she had asked the question,—for the words had scarcely

escaped her lips when she remembered that she had not locked up the important basket which contained all the working materials upon which she depended for her subsistence.

"*Ah, c'est vrai*," she murmured, as her eyes seemed to plunge into the very depths of the *chiffons* which it contained; "to-morrow, by mid-day, those black silk socks must be taken home to M. Poiron, who is to dine out *en toilette*, and who has no others; and that terrible *bas-à-jour* that I commenced the day before yesterday, and that will be wanted the first time Madame Bouffé wishes to be *endimanchée*. In truth, I must work hard to recover lost time after idling to-day."

The industrious widow might, in her turn, have talked on for ever, for Félicie was lost in a sea of mental speculation. Such strange things *did* occur at times—really most extraordinary things; and, therefore, who could tell? M. Jacques *might* be at the marriage after all; and by the time that Madame Lebrun and her fair companion had quitted their apartment, and locked the door behind them, the pretty Félicie had come to the conclusion that M. Dubois could not pay so ill a compliment to his neighbour Vigeron as not to invite his friend to the wedding. Félicie, though she could not have rendered reason even to herself for the repugnance that she felt to do so, carefully avoided any examination into the motive of M. Vigeron for his great partiality to M. Jacques: after all, *le voisin* might be mistaken. Mademoiselle Marie was very pretty and very amiable, and certainly by no means unwilling to receive the homage of the handsome stranger; but Félicie well knew that many an hour which a *preux chevalier* would have passed with his lady-love, had been spent by M. Jacques beside her counter at the Temple; and with the intuitive penetration of a woman—and need we now add of a *fond* one?—she felt instinctively that the *gentille petite Marie* was free to bestow her heart elsewhere, without the risk of entailing a single pang on that of her supposed suitor.

Nothing could be more warm and courteous than the welcome of M. Dubois to the widow and her child; and the beauty of Félicie was in-

creased tenfold by the blush that stole over her cheek and brow as her eye fell upon the tall and graceful form of the individual who had occupied so many of her morning thoughts. The *noces* were brilliant; music and dancing, feasting and flowers, light hearts and gay laughter, were to be met on every side; but no guest who had been bidden there was half so happy as Félicie, for M. Jacques had told her that he loved her; and the innocent girl had yet to learn that what men call love does not always entail a marriage-feast.

The sun had set; and the ball which succeeded the substantial and joyous supper was at its height. Richer costumes and more costly jewels might have indeed been seen at a *réunion* in the Chaussée d'Antin, or in the aristocratic *salons* of the Faubourg St. Germain, but brighter eyes and fairer faces could nowhere have been congregated together in greater profusion. All the world was gay. The old people sat in groups, engaged with cards and dominoes; occasionally quitting their game to join in the dance with their children, and in some instances with their grandchildren, and then resuming their more sedentary amusements with an added zest; while the younger portion of the party appeared to be endowed for the occasion with unwearied strength and spirits.

It was at this period, when the attention of each individual was fully engrossed by the enjoyment of the moment, that M. Jacques led his pretty partner from the heated apartment in which the ball was held, to the cool and moonlighted garden of their host. It was a large space of greater length than width; and while that portion which lay near the house was dedicated to the uses of the kitchen, and known as the *potager*, the more distant part gradually assumed a more ornamented appearance. Umbrageous trees were scattered here and there; and more than one soft *pelouse*, looking like a stretch of velvet in the moonlight, gave a beauty to the aspect of the place. But ere the boundary of the garden was attained, the trees thickened into a dense wood, in the midst of which stood a summer-room, or pavilion, of rough masonry, about which the fair hands of Rosalie had planted a variety of parasitical

plants. These had, however, not thriven, from want of air and light, and where they should have put forth gay-coloured or sweet-scented flowers, they had produced only leaves, but those in such rank and wild profusion that M. Dubois had been compelled to cut away the clinging masses from the entrance of the garden parlour, the remainder of whose outline was lost among the verdant web which had woven itself like network over every portion of the edifice.

Félicie and her partner were by no means the only wanderers in that sunset solitude on the night in question; for couple after couple came from the house at intervals to exchange during a few moments the weariness of pleasure for the calmer and sweeter enjoyment of the pure air and gentle melodies of night.

And night hath, indeed, its melodies! The song-bird of the darkness may be silent, but the very breeze is eloquent of music, as it breathes among the leaves of the tall trees, and vibrates through the heavy foliage of the dew-laden plants. It cannot fan a rose-bud to which it does not give a voice; the whirr of the bat and the hum of the grey beetle join in the diapason; and nature seems to speak the more eloquently when the world sleeps.

On this occasion, however, the little world of the *rencontre des royaumes* certainly felt no disposition to sleep, for the recesses of the garden rang with laughter, or was alive with the sound of those low murmurs, and those lingering steps, which betokened that a deeper feeling than mere idle merriment filled the hearts of the wanderers. None of those who had hitherto entered the garden had strayed beyond the bright patches of green sward, where they could saunter in the moonlight; but, unconsciously on the part of Félicie, she passed into the little wood with her lover without either care or comment. Absorbed by a new and delicious sentiment, she felt no anxiety to return to the gay scene which she had just quitted. M. Jacques had told her that he loved her. None would harm those whom they really love; and thus she followed where he led, thinking only of him, and not wasting a look upon the path in

which he was her guide. Gradually the sound of the music failed; but as they walked slowly onward, the hand of Félicie clasped in that of her companion, and his eyes fixed upon her blushing face, even when the increasing darkness prevented his distinguishing its outline, an occasional peal of merry laughter still reached them for an instant, and then died away, leaving the silence still more dense; but, ere long, these bursts of gaiety failed also, or came so faintly upon the wind as rather to blend with than to disturb the thoughts of the lovers.

In this mood they reached the pavilion, and when M. Jacques bade her enter to repose herself after her ramble, she complied without hesitation, and as they sat there side by side, and he told her again and again how devotedly he loved her, and that his whole life would be too short to prove the sincerity of his affection, she felt as though she should never experience so happy, so blissful a moment. An hour passed by; Madame Lebrun, strange to say, had not remarked the absence of her daughter, for she had been engaged at dominoes with M. Vigeron, and by her extraordinary run of good fortune had gained seven sous five centimes. No wonder that, under such extraordinary excitement, Félicie was for a while forgotten.

The ball was still progressing gaily, and the cavaliers were whirling their fair partners merrily through the mazes of the rapid waltz, when Félicie entered the apartment hastily and alone, and made her way through the crowd to the table at which her mother sat, still occupied at the everlasting game to which she had devoted herself throughout the evening. There was a deep crimson spot upon her cheek, and a wild light in her eye, which had never before burnt there, and she grasped the arm of the widow with convulsive energy, as she whispered into her ear, "Il faut partir, maman; il faut partir à l'instant."

"Not yet, *ma fille*, not yet," replied Madame Lebrun, without raising her eyes. "Do you not see that I am in luck?"

"*Du blanc*," said M. Vigeron, adding another domino to the grotesque monogram on the table.

"*Voyez-vous !*" exclaimed the widow, joyously ; "Monsieur asks for white," and she ran her eye along the little wall which was built up before her. "And there it is ; double white—and monsieur cannot have more, and so I play again—white and five ; and I have now only two dominoes left."

Who does not know the agony of such a moment, when, the whole being engrossed by one absorbing and painful feeling, all external avocations jar upon the nerves, and make the brain throb as though it were bursting ? When we stand frightfully alone amid the crowd, living a separate existence, tortured by a separate suffering, and forbidden "to flee away and be at rest," not less by the tempest of our own spirits than by some petty conventionalism, some absurd ceremony of the world about us. Poor *Félicie* ! she lived a year of pain during the brief moments when she stood there beside her unsuspicious mother, watching the moving hands and dominoes, whose evolutions conveyed no tangible idea to her mind, and tortured by the efforts which she was compelled to make to look calm and happy. But, at length, the game was over ; and then, at last, Madame Lebrun had leisure to attend to the request of her daughter, and as she rose from her chair she had just begun to expostulate with a "*Comment donc, tu veux partir déjà ? Toi qui aimes tant à danser —*" when on lifting her eyes to the face of *Félicie*, she was instantly struck by its expression of pain and the extreme pallor which during the last few moments had succeeded to the crimson flush that it wore upon her entrance into the apartment.

"What is the matter, *Félicie* ?" she asked, anxiously. "Are you alarmed ? are you ill ?"

"Ill—ill—very ill, mother. Take me home ; now — this moment," gasped out the young girl.

"But how ? You cannot go on foot in such a state of suffering. I will ask M. Dubois —"

"Ask nothing of M. Dubois—of any one," was the hurried rejoinder ; "but, if you love me, let us go ; now, while no eye is upon us. I will tell all when we are alone."

Bewildered by her daughter's look

and manner, the widow prepared to obey without expostulation or comment. That the suffering of *Félicie* was mental, she saw at once ; and, leading her into a small room, in which the guests had deposited their shawls and mantles, she hastily folded her cloak about her, and bidding a servant, whom she met in the passage, make her excuses to the host, and inform him of her daughter's indisposition, the widow and her child left the house and proceeded homeward. During their walk, not a word was spoken by either, for they hurried on as though fearful of being overtaken ; but they had no sooner arrived at home and closed the door behind them, than *Félicie*, overcome and exhausted by the violent effort which she had made to control her feelings for so long a period, burst into a violent passion of tears, and wept for a few moments uncontrollably, while Madame Lebrun looked on in wondering astonishment, but judiciously forbore to make either comment or inquiry until the first burst of her daughter's grief should have passed over. At length the poor girl became more composed, for the violence of her emotion wrought its own remedy ; and then, as she sat beside her mother, and buried her fair face upon her shoulder, she told her one of those tales of wounded pride, and disappointed affection, and injured modesty, of which few, indeed, appreciate all the wrong until they come home to their own hearths and hearts. M. Jacques had a few hours since vowed to her a love which was to terminate only with his existence, and she had listened to him with that deep and wordless joy which can never be appreciated save by those who, like herself, have unconsciously cherished a passion to which, even in the depths of their own hearts they have not ventured to hope for a return. Thus had she listened, and with this feeling she, when she at last found utterance, confessed that his love had awakened an echo in her own bosom. But, alas ! her dream of bliss lasted not long, for she learned too soon how he loved her—how he *dared* to love her. She, whose pure mind had never yet engendered one thought of evil !—he sought to buy her with gold—to deck her disgrace in jewels

—to make her his, at the sacrifice alike of principle and pride!

Poor Félicie! How humbled she felt as she hung upon the bosom of her mother, and remembered that she had been measured by the eye of a libertine, and insulted by his vows. She believed at that moment that the grave alone could hide her shame. And yet what had M. Jacques done which was not done by scores of his associates? Did men cease to profane the name of affection, and to whisper words of love and flattery only into the ears of her of whom they seek to make a wife, how many a courtly echo would be hushed in the gilded saloons of rank and wealth; how many a breeze would float unfreighted by language along the hillside, and in the solitary valleys, amid the less sophisticated haunts of humbler life!

Little, indeed, did the widow's child anticipate that evening that her persecution had but commenced, and yet it was so, in sooth; for the perseverance of M. Jacques nearly drove Madame Lebrun and her innocent Félicie to despair. The little stall at the Temple was abandoned, and the weeping girl never left the narrow room which formed her home, save to attend with her mother at the morning mass. The remainder of the day was passed in assisting the widow in her needlework, now become their only means of subsistence, and in the trifling offices required by their slender housekeeping. At length, even their last resource became precarious from the scarcity of work. It was the season at which the gay world of Paris take wing for their châteaux and country-houses; and, that the wearers of silk stockings and *bas-à-jour* who remain are only of that class who themselves repair the ravages they make. Want was upon the very threshold of the *ravaudeuse* and her persecuted child, and they knew not in what direction to turn for help. The white frock in which Félicie had "assisted" at the marriage of Rosalie Dubois, and the shawl in which the widow had been *endimanchée* for the last twelve years, had alike been carried to the *mont de piété*, and deposited among the pledges of misery and guilt accumulated within its walls; the proceeds of both

were expended, and there did not remain work for more than a couple of days in the basket beside which they sat. What was to be done? Famine stared them in the face, and they had no resource; yet even in that frightful moment, no thought of yielding to the reiterated and dazzling offers of M. Jacques entered the mind of either Félicie or her mother; they still plied with ceaseless industry the needles which were so soon to lie idle from want of occupation; and though each wept, it was uncomplainingly, with those silent tears that sear the eyelids without relieving the spirit. The daylight was declining, and for them the day was nearly over, for they had no candle with which to lengthen out the period of labour, when the stairs which led to their apartment creaked beneath the pressure of a hurried tread, and the bell was rung sharply, with a violence which made them start.

Who could come to them and at such an hour? Each glanced timidly upon the other, and then the widow rose, and prepared to open the door, as she said, quietly, "It must be a mistake; some stranger wanting our neighbour on the other side of the landing; or," she added, more joyously, "*qui sait?*" It may be our good friend, Madame Blanchet, who has procured some more work!" and the last hope so gladdened the widow's heart that she was instantly at the door. She had barely turned the key when a man pressed hastily past her, and entered the apartment; and ere she could recover from her alarm, he was beside her daughter, exclaiming with vehemence,—

"Listen to me Félicie, for I can brook your coldness no longer!—listen to me, and tell me that you will relent! Am I so hateful to you that you prefer poverty and famine to my affection? No, no! you confessed that you loved me; and although you have dismissed my messengers with scorn, and returned my letters without vouchsafing a reply, you will not spurn my passion now that I am come myself to plead it. Félicie! speak to me, and say that you will not wither away your youth with toil, when a home of ease and luxury awaits your bidding?"

He paused in vain for a reply.

The hand of the trembling girl was clasped in his, for she had no strength to withdraw it from his hold; and her eyes were fixed upon him, but it was easy to see that she was unconscious of what she looked on. For an instant the crimson blood flooded over her cheek and brow, but in the next it receded and left her as pale as though she had been a figure hewn in marble; and, meanwhile, the indignation of the widow kept her also silent.

"Are you still obdurate?" he urged after the lapse of a moment, during which he had waited anxiously for some sound of assent from the pale lips of the shrinking girl, who, while she would fain have flung herself upon his bosom and murmured out all the tenderness of her young heart, felt that she must contend bravely against the impulse of her own affections in that time of trial, or that she was lost for ever. "Nay, then," and he cast himself passionately upon his knees, and looked up imploringly into her face, "only tell me once more before you condemn me to misery and ruin, that you *did* love me; do not let me depart in the belief that you only sported with my passion. Surely this, at least, is asking but little in return for a love like mine; and then I will leave you—leave you, Félicie, to win a more worthy heart and then break it, as you have done mine!"

"Sir," said the quailing girl, as she rose from her seat and disengaged herself from his embrace, "all this is worse than mockery. You found me innocent and happy; poor, perhaps, — very poor — but still not wretched, for I had then to learn that poverty, besides its deprivations, was the rude and open path to insult. You talked to me of love, and I listened; for I knew not that the passion which you urged implied disgrace. I *did* love you! I will not deny this poor triumph to your heartless vanity. Oh! why—why, M. Jacques," she added more tenderly, as the hot tears streamed down her pallid cheeks, and the pure and simple eloquence of an innocent nature rose spontaneously to her lips, — "why did you sport with a heart so fondly won and so rudely broken? for my heart *is* broken, M. Jacques, and all for which I now

hope is an early death and a quiet grave!"

"Félicie, listen to me!" pursued her pertinacious lover; "I am not what I seem. Had I, indeed, been what the friend of M. Vigeron might well be supposed to be, then should I have sought you in marriage without one thought of the social compromise by which you have been so deeply wounded, but it is not so. My name would inform you of nothing which you can care to know; but I owe it both to you and to myself to tell you that I do not ask you to share with me a life of hardship in a *mansarde*, divided between labour and deprivation. I can give you all, sweet Félicie, that your innocent vanity can crave and your beauty claim from a devoted heart. I can pour gold and jewels into your lap, and make your existence one long dream of luxury and pleasure. Think of this, Félicie! I swear to you that I have told you but the truth!"

"I thank you, monsieur," said the fair girl, with a proud disdain which gave a new and striking character to her loveliness, and which at once negated the hope that might have found food in the hoarse querulousness of her voice, — "I thank you for having by this information enabled me to overcome the last feeling of weakness which still linked my heart to your fortunes. Could I, indeed, have sacrificed to my affection the principles in which I have grown up from girlhood, it would have been in the consciousness that by sharing your poverty I might lessen it; that by toiling for your subsistence I could render it more happy. I received your vows in the belief that we met on equal terms, but you say that it was not so. You have not understood me, and I forgive you. Let us part without further parley. Spare me the shame of replying to offers which only go to prove that even when I won your love, I failed to secure your respect."

"And your mother, Félicie! will you see her want, when you can secure the comfort of her old age?"

"I can work to do so!" was the firm reply. "She could not subsist on the wages of her child's disgrace."

"Once more," exclaimed the young man, energetically, "I beseech you to reflect! You are almost penniless!

two helpless women, without friends and without means. Work has failed you, as I know. Whence do you expect to derive your future support?"

Félicie raised her fine eyes to heaven, and the conscience-stricken young man buried his face in his hands, and flung himself upon a chair. For a moment there was silence in that squalid chamber; but once more it was broken by M. Jacques, who, turning towards the window, said earnestly, "You, madame, you know the struggles and sufferings of poverty, and can estimate their bitterness. May I not appeal to you? I will surround you with comfort and enjoyment!"

"And I should purchase them at a price which would turn your bread to poison!" interposed the mother, sternly. "I should buy them with my pure and angel child, and share them with a hopeless and a blighted thing, upon whom I could never again look save with contempt and loathing. Go, sir! that weeping girl has well told you that you did not understand us. Be you who you may, you have yet to learn that even poverty has its pride!"

"Félicie!" exclaimed the young man, as he once more fell at her feet, "you have conquered! Forgive my selfish vanity, and the insult that I have offered to your innocent and pure affection. Forget that I have ever sought you in aught save honour. I cannot live without you; and here I swear that if you will pardon what is past, and take me once more to your heart, I will make you mine by those holy vows which death only can annul. Plead for me, mother!"

he continued, beseechingly, as the averted face of Félicie, and the quick sobs of the widow, rendered him still more earnest. "Bid her forgive and trust me. My foolish pride is prostrated by her purity. I will be as a son to you in your declining years: and to her—oh, Félicie! need I say what I will be to you?"

In another moment the trembling girl was in the arms of her repentant lover, and the mother was weeping tears of joy which mingled with the blessings that she invoked upon them both. Six weeks afterwards the *comptoir* at the Temple was occupied by a *lingère*, of whose history we are wholly ignorant; and the elder son of the haughty Marquis de —, having made a *mésalliance* which drew down upon him the indignant displeasure of all his aristocratic relations, was on his way to Naples with his beautiful young bride, there to remain in no unwilling exile until his lordly father should have secured for him a diplomatic appointment at the court of St. Petersburg.

The married lovers passed two years in the dominions of the Czar, and then they returned to Paris on the death of the old marquis; where, having taken possession of his estates, the husband of our gentle Félicie accepted the offer of an embassy at —, in which distinguished position he served his country with honour to himself, and became as celebrated for the talent and skill with which he fulfilled his mission, as his young and beautiful *marquise* for the elegance and dignity which characterised her bearing in the difficult rôle of ambassadress.



## LIFE OF SIR MURRAY MAXWELL.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE VICEROY OVERAWED — RETURN OF LORD AMHERST.

THE forts that defend the entrance of the Canton river were now practically silenced. The *Alceste* lay at anchor beside the second bar, and the total inability of the Chinese land and sea forces to cope with one of his majesty's third-rate frigates was demonstrated. Moreover, the effect produced upon the viceroy and his advisers was not slow in appearing. Repeated efforts were made, through the Hong merchants and the committee of supercargoes, to open a communication with Captain Maxwell; but the supercargoes very properly declined to act in the matter, while Captain Maxwell refused to listen to any proposals which should emanate from any other quarter than the viceroy himself. He took care, however, to require in a very becoming manner that the governor would put a stop to the insolent bearing of the rabble, who used to amuse themselves by throwing stones at the ship's boats as they passed:—

"Should your excellency not deem it expedient," said he, "to put an immediate stop to these disgraceful and dangerous proceedings, I must endeavour to act under such unlooked-for circumstances as I think will best merit hereafter the approbation of my sovereign, who always estimates the honour and dignity of his crown by the safety and protection it affords to his people in every part of the world."

There was no need to reiterate a request conveyed in such perfectly intelligible terms. The viceroy quite understood the sort of remedy which his correspondent might be expected to apply; and, with as much of prudence as of good feeling, he caused the annoyance to cease.

Though he did not venture to issue any edicts about the matter, the viceroy was well known to be sensitively alive to the necessity of keeping the *Alceste* from approaching nearer to Canton than the anchorage at which she then lay. If he could manage to bring this about, he would still be able to persuade

the people that Lord Amherst's embassy had received a different treatment at his hands from that which Lord Macartney had received at the hands of his predecessor; for Lord Macartney had embarked at Whampoa, whither the *Lion* ascended to meet him, whereas the second bar was at a considerable distance below Whampoa. On the other hand, the English residents, though they do not appear to have spoken to Captain Maxwell on the subject, were much chagrined at the idea that such an arrangement might take place. They felt that the great advantage which had been gained would be wholly wasted, should he whose courage bore him past the Chinese batteries fail of pushing his triumph to the uttermost; because he was dealing with a people on whom truth imposed no restraints, and who would, of course, act, so soon as they could do so with safety, in the spirit of the boastful proclamations which they would be sure to issue. But Captain Maxwell never for a moment contemplated the commission of so serious a blunder. He kept his own counsel, it is true. He was not desirous of interrupting the sort of harmony that prevailed, far less of affording an opening to the series of intrigues with which, had his real designs been prematurely divulged, he would have been tormented. He, therefore, remained perfectly quiet, the *Lyra* being at anchor near him, and the trade going on as briskly and as profitably as if no acts of hostility had occurred between the two nations.

Such was the state of affairs when intelligence came that the arrival of the embassy at Canton might from day to day be expected. This was on the 29th of December; yet the sun went down on the *Alceste* and the *Lyra* riding where they had heretofore done, and affording no ground for the assumption that any forward movement would be made. Meanwhile, however, Captain Max-

well had made his own arrangements. These he communicated only in the course of that day to Sir Theophilus Metcalfe in a confidential letter, and to Captain Hall, whom he summoned on board by signal. From every other British subject, whether merchant, officer, or supercargo, they were hidden. The astonishment of all on shore may, therefore, be conceived, when the return of daylight shewed them the ships, not anchored beside the second bar, but riding high up in the roadstead of Whampoa, about half a mile above the station which the *Lion* had occupied in 1793.

The step which Captain Maxwell thus took was as bold as it was judicious. He was determined that no tarnish should fall upon the British name so long as the care of upholding its dignity rested with him; and he knew that under the peculiar circumstances into which he had been cast, a spirit of daring was a safe spirit. Indeed it is impossible to rate too highly those qualities of firmness and discretion of which, throughout the whole of the embarrassing operations then carried on in the Chinese waters, he shewed himself to be possessed. Not only was he prepared to incur any amount of responsibility, as was demonstrated by the promptitude with which he forced the *Bocca Tigris*, but there was about him a wise reserve, a habit of self-control and circumspection in all the intercourses of social life, for the absence of which no degree of genius can compensate, yet of which it may with truth be said that it is of rarer occurrence, both among sailors and soldiers, than any other of the ingredients which go to make up a perfect public character. Neither were his merits in these particulars

overlooked by the ablest of the functionaries who had the good fortune to co-operate with him. The chief of the factory, than whom there could be no more competent judge, winds up a letter full of commendation on these heads by saying, "May you receive at home the thanks which you deserve for your judicious conduct here."\* Captain Basil Hall has left on record his own opinion and that of his brother officers on the same head, while from Lord Amherst a communication was received in reply to an official report that had been sent in of the more important of the occurrences that befell during his lordship's absence, which was in every point of view gratifying to him who was the object of it. Of this latter document we conceive that we are called upon to subjoin a copy:—

"I have received," says his lordship in a letter dated Canton, January 14, 1817, "and read with great interest, the statement which you have been so obliging as to send me of the transactions which took place on the 13th of November last, on the occasion of your proceeding in the *Alceste* to the anchorage occupied by the *Lion* at the time of the embassy of Lord Macartney. It will be for my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to pronounce on the line of conduct which you pursued, when a hostile attack was made upon you by the Chinese armed boats, even before you had reached the limits at all times allowed to British ships of war. But if I may judge from the practical effect produced on the Chinese authorities at this place, I should not hesitate to say that you have successfully repelled an attempt on the part of the local government to degrade the honour of the British flag, and have, therefore, essentially contributed to maintain the system acted upon in our commercial relations with the Chinese empire.

\* Our readers will doubtless recollect the terms in which Captain Basil Hall speaks of his friend and commander, and the following anecdote seems not undeserving of insertion here:—

"On the morning after the ship had passed the batteries, and reached the intended anchorage, Capt. Maxwell ordered his gig, a small four-oared boat to be manned, and without taking arms, or making any previous stipulations for his own safety, rowed straight up to Canton, a distance of more than thirty miles from his ship. The news of the action had preceded his arrival, and immense multitudes were assembled to see the officer who had destroyed those fortresses, considered by the whole empire as impregnable. He was received on the wharf by the members of the British Factory with almost equal admiration. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I have felt it my duty to take a step of great importance, and one which may perhaps seriously involve not only the ambassador and his suite, but all of you; and as I am the person principally concerned, I have come here to share the risk, whatever it may prove.'"

"I am further convinced that the dignity of the embassy has been upheld by your having asserted a privilege to which it might fairly be considered as entitled by the former president; and it is a satisfaction to me to think that the system of intimidation attempted to be pursued by the Chinese government against the subjects of his Britannic majesty should equally have failed about the same time, at each extremity of the empire."

With these facts before us, we must be permitted to express our surprise and regret, that of the services which he had rendered to this most important branch of commerce, and the courage with which he had asserted the dignity of the British name, Captain Maxwell never received from the East India Company the smallest acknowledgment. He was thanked by his own government after he returned home. He had just cause to be proud of the notice which was taken of him by some of the most distinguished members of society; but, in Leadenhall Street, a profound silence prevailed in reference both to his exploits and to the effects that had resulted from them. Not that there were wanting among the proprietors men who were capable of discerning and rightly appreciating his merits. One of the first to request an interview with him on his arrival in London was the illustrious and venerable Lord St. Vincent, whom he visited at Rochets, and who volunteered to support his claim to a gratuity of 10,000*l.* at the least. But the proposition to afford this gratuity was not only never brought forward, but two long years were permitted to elapse ere the paltry sum of 1500*l.* was awarded as a compensation for the expenses to which he had been put, and the losses which he had sustained by the wreck of the *Alceste*. The truth, indeed, is that every where, and especially at the India House, there prevailed in those days a ridiculously exaggerated notion of the power of the Chinese empire, and of the necessity rather than the wisdom of submission on the part of European traders to almost any sort of indignity which its rulers might impose upon them. Had it been otherwise, Captain Maxwell's far-sighted and manly hint must have been acted upon, and reparation formally de-

manded by the king's government for the insult offered to the British flag; in which case we may, without presumption, venture to assert that of Chinese insolence no more would have been heard for a while. But a war with China was something from the bare contemplation of which the bravest shrank. How has the lapse of a few years dispelled this illusion? We have been driven at last by a multiplication of outrages into the adoption of measures which ought to have been adopted, and would have proved equally efficacious, five-and-twenty years ago; only there is this marked distinction between the character of recent events and that of a war undertaken in 1817, that the former seems to the world to have arisen out of a nefarious traffic on the part of British traders; whereas the latter, if forced upon us, would have had for its ostensible object the vindication of the national honour, and the exaction of civilised usages from the power against which our efforts were directed.

The advance of the *Alceste* and the *Lyra* to the anchorage of Whampoa completed the triumph of their commander over the insolence and chicanery of the faithless race with whom he had come into collision. He learned, indeed, that it had been resolved in Canton to withhold all marks of respect from the embassy on its return; that no guns would be fired, no gongs beaten, nor any procession formed either in the city or on the water. But even in reference to this comparatively unimportant point, he determined that the Chinese should have no gratifying reminiscences to look back upon. As soon as it was announced to him that Lord Amherst and his suite were approaching, he manned the boats of the fleet, thirteen in all, with crews dressed in new suits, of uniform colour, and form; and the officers, putting on their uniforms and hoisting many standards in the bows and sterns, the whole set off in procession order to meet the embassy. The last act of malice of which the Chinese were guilty was to lay the route of Lord Amherst's procession, not along the great line that conducts to Canton, but by the minor branch which terminates at Macao—an arrangement which compelled

Captain Maxwell to turn off from the main trunk of the river, and to follow the course of one of its arteries; but this was a petty grievance of which nobody much complained.

"At one o'clock on the 1st of January," says Captain Maxwell in his Diary, "we had the heartfelt gratification of meeting Lord Amherst and all the gentlemen of his retinue in excellent health and spirits; and a more cordial greeting, I believe, was never enjoyed by re-united friends in any part of the world."

Immediately his lordship abandoned the Chinese junk, and took his seat in the *Alceste's* barge, he was loudly cheered by all the boats' crews; and the procession facing about, pulled for the residence, which had been fitted up to receive him. Another hearty cheer greeted his lordship's landing, and the remainder of the day was spent in the great hall of the Factory, where a sumptuous entertainment had been got up to do him honour.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### SHIPWRECK OF THE *ALCESTE*—SUFFERINGS AND GOOD CONDUCT OF THE PEOPLE.

On the 20th of January, 1817, Lord Amherst embarked at Whampoa on board of the *Alceste*. He was greeted as he passed from the land to the ship with the shouts of the crews and of the European residents; while the Chinese viceroy himself, who chanced to be on the river at the time, stood up in his boat to salute them. Guns were fired likewise, gongs beaten, and all other marks of respect paid, which the *Alceste* returned by firing a salute, a ceremony which was repeated when she passed the same evening between the batteries at the Bocca Tigris. Finally, after a hurried visit to Macao, the squadron put to sea, steering, in the first instance, towards Manilla, the ambassador having expressed a wish to visit that settlement, and the state of the weather opposing, at that season, no impediment to the arrangement.

On the 2d of February, soon after sunset, the *Alceste* arrived at the entrance of Manilla Bay. The wind blew directly ahead, and the commander of the Spanish guard-vessel which kept watch at the point, and had it in charge to board every stranger ere she passed, took it for granted that the Englishman would lie to for the night; but Captain Maxwell entertained no purpose of the kind. He held his course, beating up through the narrow channel, and was seen by the astonished Spaniard at break of day many miles within the line of his watch. A pursuit took place of course; and the Spaniard, reaching the frigate some hours after she had anchored off the town, declared, with great energy of manner, that the working of a ship into the bay during

the night had never till then been heard of. "It may be so," says Captain Maxwell in his Diary, "but if it be, the circumstance only proves that English vessels rarely visit the harbour. There is no difficulty in the feat whatever." In the same spirit we find him mourning over the absence of energy which is visible in all quarters of that beautiful island among its European masters. A soil and climate capable of producing "every thing that the heart of man could desire," one of the finest harbours in the world, and its happy situation, ought to render Manilla the emporium of trade for China and the East; whereas its native productions are well-nigh limited to the herbage which springs spontaneously from the earth, and its commerce is nought.

Having spent a week in this place, where marked attention was paid to them by the Spanish authorities, Lord Amherst and Captain Maxwell returned to the ship, which, on the 9th of February, once more put to sea. At the mouth of the bay the *Lyra* parted company, Captain Hall receiving orders to proceed to Calcutta with despatches, while the *Alceste* steered a more direct course homewards. With this view, the ship, keeping wide of the Philippines, bore up for the Gaspar Straits, which, by making the island of Gaspar on the 7th, she reached almost to a moment at the period when the event had been anticipated. Still, as the navigation was strange to all on board, no measure of precaution which prudence could dictate was omitted. Not content to sail strictly by the chart, and to follow the directions laid down in

irally manual, Captain Maxwell the lead going in both. Moreover, from the instant and himself between Pianca lo Leat, look-out men were at the foremast-head, on -arms, at the bowsprit end, oth cat-heads, while he him- the master and the officer of h, never quitted the deck for it; and so the night of the sed without one thought of either near or far away, en- to the minds of the people. mornng of the 18th came in fine. The wind was fresh, urable, and the *Alceste*, in keep her steady from the of a strong lee current, car- res of sail. The water was but rendered dull and y a prodigious quantity of rn that covered it, and the of entering the open sea of s becoming hourly more im- when, to use the words of witness, "the ship, about seven, struck with a horrid reef of sunken rocks, and l immovable." The blow urther unexpected. No map t then in existence gave the indication of such a reef. was, indeed, marked as run- t about half a league from at, but the *Alceste* was thrice tance from the shore when mity overtook her. More- it could not fail of proving a one, the rate at which she g at the moment led all on o anticipate; a conviction he floating upwards of the el instantly confirmed. In : *Alceste* was already in a state. The first report which enter made spoke of seven r in the hold; the next told umps becoming choked, and , deck flooded. Immediately , which had been thrown were furled. The boat's , ascertained that one plunge would carry the ship into oms water, and made mani- truth that the sole chance of r the crew lay in her being on the reef where she had Accordingly, the best-bower was dropped to keep her in on, and the thoughts of her der were all turned towards

saving the lives of the persons committed to his care.

Had the shipwreck of the *Alceste* unmanned Captain Maxwell altogether there would have been slight cause of astonishment at the result. The *Dædalus* had gone down beneath him uhder circumstances strangely analogous less than four years previously, and they who know the constitution of a seaman's mind will be the first to acknowledge that, more than all other classes of men, he is open to the influences of what we are forced to describe, though incorrectly, as superstition. Let a ship's company once become convinced that their captain is an unlucky officer or the ship an unlucky ship, and half their natural energies appear to desert them; neither is it quite certain that a conviction of the hostile bearing of his own star does not paralyse, in some degree, one who is above the rank of a common seaman. But, however this may be, Captain Maxwell's presence of mind never deserted him for a moment. No sooner was the anchor cast than he commanded the whole of the boats to be hoisted out, in which he embarked Lord Amherst and his suite, with others who could best be spared, and sent them all, under a guard of marines, with Lieutenant Hoppner in command of the crews, to find safety on the *Paulo Leat*. With great difficulty the boats made good their landing. That which, when looked at from afar, appeared a solid island, proved, on near inspection, to be a cluster of coral rocks, on which, with their stems deeply immersed in the water, a forest of mangrove-trees grew. It was to no purpose that cluster after cluster was approached; landing-place there was none, neither did they discover one till their fears had begun to be seriously awakened for the gallant fellows whom they had left without means of escape on board of the wreck. At last, however, after skirting round the shore for some time, they entered, to their great joy, the mouth of a creek, from which, to a rock, apparently of larger surface than the rest, Lord Amherst insisted on stepping. And his judgment guiding the decisions of those who accompanied him, the boats were emptied of their passengers and pulled back to the *Alceste*.

Meanwhile, Captain Maxwell, with the bulk of his crew, were exerting themselves to save from the waters, which threatened momentarily to engulf them, such stores and provisions as could be reached. With great difficulty, they succeeded in getting a small supply of bread from the hold, together with a barrel or two of salt meat, and some casks of wine and spirits. But one of the most essential articles to men in their situation, water, they found it next to impossible to save. Arms, too, and ammunition were grievously wanting, for the ship having been fitted up for the accommodation of the ambassador, the muskets were not in their accustomed rack, but stowed away between decks; while into the powder magazine the water flowed, at once rendering its contents useless. Some of these, with a hundred and seventy rounds of ball-cartridges, and the loose powder drawn from the quarter-deck guns, Captain Maxwell sent away with the boats as soon as they arrived, and a raft being constructed, the heavier articles were floated on it, and so, as the weather still continued fine, all were conveyed to shore. Finally, after all was done that appeared practicable, and a strong sense of duty seemed to require his presence elsewhere, Captain Maxwell himself quitted the ship, leaving her in charge of Lieutenant Hickman, with strict injunctions to continue his search for provisions and water, and to keep one boat "always by the wreck, in order to bring the people away in case of any emergency."

"I reached the shore," says Captain Maxwell, in a document which is now before us, namely, the defence which he offered when brought to trial for the loss of his ship, "I reached the shore about half-past eleven o'clock, and the court may imagine the bitterness of my distress, when I found the ambassador in the midst of a pestilential salt-water swamp, surrounded by his suite, and my officers and men all looking to me to relieve them from their position of extreme peril."

We learn, however, from his private diary, that, painful as his feelings must have been, there were not wanting causes of amelioration to them as well as of honest pride to himself. After describing the shock

when the ship struck, his own agony, and the efforts that were made to save the lives of those embarked, he adds:—

"That the means adopted for the attainment of this great end were ultimately successful I attribute, under the favour of Divine Providence, mainly to the noble firmness of mind and utter contempt of danger exhibited on this trying occasion by the ambassador. Without a murmur, without a complaint, in as much cheerfulness as if he had been landing at Portsmouth or Calcutta, his lordship passed at once from the comforts which surrounded him on board to the dismal swamp; and there not only shared the privations to which the rest were liable, but set the example of accepting of only one gill of water and half a gill of rum as his daily allowance, and fixing the same as the amount to be served out to each individual of the shipwrecked company.

"The natural effect of this accommodating temper was to reconcile all others to their fate, and largely to increase their confidence. To myself, likewise, his lordship paid the most grateful compliment, for no sooner had I put foot upon the shore than he took off his hat, and, giving an exhilarating 'huzza,' exclaimed, 'Now, my lads, we are all safe, for here comes the captain.' I should have been unworthy of the rank which I held in his majesty's service had I, under such circumstances, given way for a moment to the painful feelings that crowded upon me. I determined that no effort should be wanting in me to save my gallant companions, and the confidence which I experienced that all would yet go well never left me for a moment."

It is not necessary for us, after the full accounts which have elsewhere appeared, to enter into a minute detail of the proceedings of Captain Maxwell and his shipwrecked crew during the sixteen days of anxiety and great privation which they spent upon that desolate island. The first measure taken was to despatch Lord Amherst and the embassy, together with a guard of marines, the sailing-master, and one of the lieutenants, in the barge and cutter to Batavia. Forty-seven persons, in all, undertook this perilous passage, for whose subsistence there could be spared only a side of mutton, a ham, a tongue, about twenty-six pounds of bread, seven gallons of wine, as much of beer and of spruce, and thirty bottles of wine. On these things it

was assumed that they might be able to sustain nature four or five days; while the space that divided them from the nearest coasts of Java might, it was supposed, be traversed in sixty hours. Meanwhile, there remained food enough for the two hundred who lingered behind for about a week's consumption. To be sure, Providence favoured them by rewarding their toil in digging wells, from which they obtained an ample supply of fresh water, while by and by, when the wreck broke up, further stores were obtained. But the prospects of both sections of that forlorn crew were, it must be acknowledged, gloomy enough; and perhaps those of the lingerers on the desert isle were, at the period of their separation, the more gloomy of the two.

While Lord Amherst and his companions prosecuted their voyage, in which they encountered much bad weather, and incessant fatigue and suffering, Captain Maxwell's party employed themselves in making a clearance on the top of the hill, where they were able to breathe a purer air, and were less oppressed, than in the swampy plain with the heat. No great while elapsed, however, ere proas, filled with Malay pirates, shewed themselves. At first, an attempt was made to open a friendly communication with these people, and as their numbers were then inconsiderable, they appeared disposed to meet the advances of the seamen halfway. But, in proportion as their numbers increased, the manner of the savages changed, till the necessity of making preparations to meet and repel force by force became apparent. The first hostile movement of the pirates, and the effects produced by it, are thus described in Dr. McLeod's narrative:—

"On Friday (the 21st), the party stationed at the ship found themselves, soon after daylight, surrounded by a number of Malay proas, apparently well armed and full of men. Without a single sword or musket for defence, they had just time to throw themselves into the boat alongside, and push for the shore, chased by the pirates, who, finding two of our other boats push out to their assistance, gave up the pursuit, but returned to the ship, and took possession of her. Soon afterwards, a report was

sent by the midshipman stationed on the look-out-rock, that the savages, armed with spears, were landing at a point about two miles off. Under all the depressing circumstances attending shipwreck,—of hunger, thirst, and fatigue, and menaced by a ruthless foe, it was glorious to see the British spirit stanch and unsubdued. The order was given for every man to arm himself in the best way he could, and it was obeyed with the utmost promptitude and alacrity. Rude pike-staves were formed by cutting down young saplings; small swords, dirks, knives, chisels, were firmly affixed to the ends of these poles; and those who could find nothing better hardened the end of the wood in the fire, and bringing it to a sharp point formed a tolerable weapon. There were, perhaps, a dozen cutlasses; the marines had about thirty muskets and bayonets, but could muster no more than seventy-five ball cartridges among the whole party. We had fortunately preserved some loose powder drawn from the upper-deck guns after the ship struck (for the magazine was under water in five minutes); and the marines, by cutting off their buttons, and hammering them round, and by rolling up pieces of broken bottles in cartridges, did their best to supply themselves with a sort of langrage, which would have some effect upon the naked bodies of their enemies at close quarters; and strict orders were given not to throw away a single shot till sure of their aim. Mr. Chiffey, the carpenter, and his crew, under the direction of the captain, were busied in forming a sort of a battery, by felling trees, and inclosing in a circular shape the ground we occupied; and by interweaving loose branches with the stakes driven in among these, a breast-work was constructed which afforded us some cover, and must naturally impede the progress of any enemy unsupplied with artillery."

The order and regularity which were displayed in this instance marked the proceedings of the Alceste's gallant crew throughout. From the outset, they had learned amid difficulties, not less than in smooth water, to repose implicit confidence in their commander; indeed, his first act, after joining them on the island, had been to address them in the brief and manly style which soldiers and sailors best understand, and which always comes home to their hearts. And the consequence was, that under every change of circumstances they behaved with the alacrity, yet submissiveness, of children,

who love while they respect their father, and fear nothing so much as his rebuke. No attempt was ever made to plunder the little magazine of provisions. There was extreme hunger every where, and, till the wells produced their store, extreme thirst likewise, which is, perhaps, more difficult to bear. Yet the casks of bread and beer lay in the hollow of a rock, with a single sentry over them, and not one of these two hundred famished men so much as proposed to sack them. In like manner, divine service was performed with the same regularity, and perhaps with greater devotion, than on board. All hands, too, were told off into watches, and all took their turns cheerfully in the duties which they were required to discharge; and as to meeting the Malays, the very sick, of which there were only two, fastened razor-blades to the ends of sticks, and declared, "that if any of the rascals approached their hammocks, they would mark them." We have, indeed, no language at our command which is adequate to deal justly by the patience, the orderly conduct, and the dauntless courage of that handful of men, far less to describe the discretion, and temper, and skill of the noble-minded officer from whom they took their tone, and to whom they looked up as a superior being.

If we were disposed to act invidiously by our neighbours the French, we should here follow the example which the *Edinburgh Review* has set us, and draw a contrast between the behaviour of the crews of the *Alceste* and the *Meduse*, both of which suffered shipwreck almost at the same time. We confess, however, that for such means of elevating the national character, even of our seamen, we have no taste. Doubtless, the proceedings of the *Meduse's* crew were, in every respect, hideous. Improvident, or worse than improvident, ere danger came, they appear, from their captain downwards, to have been deprived, when it did come, of all self-possession; and the consequence was, that within sight of a flat shore, the greater part of them perished under circumstances of frightful atrocity. There was no discipline, no order, no regard to aught except self,—the captain setting the example, and the men following it,

till in their tempers all trace of humanity was lost. Among the *Alceste's* people, how striking the difference! There all was quiet and calm throughout. By divisions, the people passed to the shore, the feeblest, because the most unskilful, being first cared for; and when all were assembled again, discipline resumed its course with as much regularity as ever marked it on a cruise, or in the presence of an enemy. Moreover, by every conceivable danger and annoyance was the patience of the men tried. Snakes, reptiles, and baboons, filled the camp, or harassed them from the woods. The Malays, gathering strength from day to day, amounted at last to six hundred men; and the hopes which were cherished when the barge went forth on her adventurous voyage became continually more feeble. What might have come to pass had help been much longer withheld it is impossible to say; for, in spite of a rigid economy and a very restricted ration, food was beginning to fail. But Providence had not designed that they should perish:—

"Daylight," says Mr. M'Leod, "on Monday the 3d of March, discovered the pirates exactly in the same position in front of us, ten more vessels having joined them during the night, making their number now at least six hundred men. The plot began to thicken, and our situation became hourly more critical. Their force rapidly accumulating, and our little stock of provisions daily shortening, rendered more desperate measures undoubtedly necessary."

The great hope was that the savages would attack, the principal ground of fear that they would continue their blockade till starvation did the work of the sword. Under these circumstances, a proposal was made to rush, under cover of night, upon the proas, and, making prize of as many as possible, boldly put to sea, and steer their course as they best could to Java. There was not only no reluctance so to act, but the utmost desire that the captain would give the necessary orders, officer, of whom I have been always so much in the look-out, he said, "that I was afraid, far off, a Malay."



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him to witness some of the most  
interesting events in the revolution-  
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with more than one distinguished  
foreigner. Among others, General  
Rodil, the brave defender of the  
castle of Calloa, became his guest,  
when the pressure of famine com-  
pelled him at last to surrender a post  
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others from the officers who served  
under him, give ample proof of the  
kindness and hospitality with which  
they were treated on board of the  
English frigate. But, perhaps, no  
event that befell him there proved  
more gratifying to his personal feel-  
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command of the French squadron,  
his old rival in bravery, and con-  
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Adriatic in 1812, met him, in 1824,  
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On the 14th of August, 1826, Sir  
Murray Maxwell arrived at Ports-  
mouth, a poorer man than he was  
when he quitted it. He never went  
to sea again, and it grieves us to be  
obliged to add, that his last years  
were embittered by an accumulation  
of sorrows, against which it is hard  
for a generous nature to make head.  
The first tidings that greeted him on  
casting anchor told of the sudden  
death of his favourite brother, Cap-  
tain John Maxwell, who expired, in  
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just as he was in the act of getting  
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This event was followed, in the course  
of the next five years, by the loss of  
six out of his remaining brothers and  
sisters; while, in 1827, his heart-  
strings were wrung by the cutting off  
of his youngest daughter, in whom he  
was wrapped up. But the most galling  
case of all was that which had its  
origin in pecuniary embarrassments.  
From the expenses incurred in the

won a character. Moreover, George IV., then Prince Regent, took an early opportunity of marking the sense which he entertained of Captain Maxwell's conduct by conferring upon him the honour of knighthood. But we do not find that his private losses were ever made good to him, and the backwardness of the East India Company to acknowledge, by rewarding, his services occasioned him some chagrin. Still, his buoyant and manly spirit never gave way, and in the bosom of a family to which he was devotedly attached, he found ample sources of comfort. It would have been well for him, perhaps, had he refused to pass beyond that quiet circle till the exigencies of the public service, or the duties of his profession, required.

Of the one rash act in Sir Murray Maxwell's active career, his ill-advised contest for the representation of Westminster, it is not our intention to give a detailed account. That he should have been ambitious to make a figure as a senator need not, perhaps, surprise us. A man, conscious of power, and shut out from one field on which to exercise it, naturally looks round for another; and the fame of the statesman being in this free country, if not more dazzling, certainly more enduring than all others, the prospect of entering parliament under circumstances at once flattering and advantageous could hardly fail of having upon Sir Murray Maxwell's decision a strong influence. Yet the whole movement was a blunder. Sir Murray Maxwell's talents were hardly of the order which render success in the senate certain. He was too little practised in public speaking and too far advanced in age ever to reach the highest ground either of oratory or debate; and any place beneath the highest it is surely not worth while for a man of established reputation in another line to court. Besides, Sir Murray Maxwell was a poor man; and for a poor man the game of politics is seldom a convenient one to play. At the same time, we must not forget that he was sought for by the electors, he did not seek them. The borough being at that time overlaid by a clique, which, as "the Westminster Committee," had contrived at several previous elections to return whomsoever they chose—

a band of resolute men, chiefly tradesmen, entirely unconnected with the government, though, for the most part, of moderate Tory principle, determined to make a stand. They looked round for a candidate, and remembering Captain Maxwell as the friend of Sir Samuel Hood in 1806, and knowing that he was at that moment held in high respect for his conduct in China, the Chinese seas, and amid the horrors of shipwreck, they waited upon him with a requisition very numerously signed, and urged him to permit himself to be put in nomination. Sir Murray was not proof against so flattering a testimony of the regard and good-will of his countrymen. He entered the lists with Sir Francis Romilly and Sir Francis Burdett, and, after a sharp contest, was defeated.

A Westminster election is not usually remarkable for the urbanity of the crowds which watch its progress; and on the occasion to which we now refer, the conduct of the mob was brutal. Day after day Sir Murray Maxwell and his friends were pelted on the hustings with mud and garbage; and at last the candidate received a blow from a paving-stone which had well-nigh proved fatal, and from the effects of which he never recovered. He was conveyed to an hotel, we believe the Piazza Hotel, where he lay, in a very precarious state, for some days. Lady Maxwell was his nurse, and he was attended by his old surgeon and attached friend, Dr. McLeod; yet even in this plight the mob abated not a jot of their fury. They broke the windows of the chamber in which he lay with stones, and threatened to pull the house down unless the landlord consented to admit them. The landlord behaved like a true-hearted Englishman, and kept his doors fastened; but neither Sir Murray Maxwell nor his friends could bear the thought of subjecting a stranger to such serious inconvenience. The

wounded man was accordingly removed, under cloud of night, to private lodgings, where for several weeks he kept his bed, being an object of solicitude to the liberal party, and receiving messages from ministers, and private friends.

Sir Murray Maxwell was yet an invalid, indeed he was just able to walk abroad in the heat of the day, and to take gentle exercise, when the melancholy death of Sir Samuel Romilly made a new vacancy in the representation of Westminster. Once more a deputation from the city waited upon him, and he was urged by a party, which had gained rather than lost since the former struggle, to become their champion again; but considerations of prudence prevailed to restrain him. He declined, with thanks, the proposed honour, and retired into private life: where the expenses already incurred pressed heavily upon him, as, indeed, they continued to do to the end of his days. But the lords of the Admiralty were not forgetful of the claims which he had established for employment in his profession. The month of June, 1821, saw him appointed to the *Bulwark*, 74, at Chatham, where, as flag-captain under Vice-Admiral Sir Benjamin Hollowell, he served for eighteen months; and having, in December 1822, exchanged his line-of-battle ship for the *Briton*, a 46-gun frigate, he, on the 19th of May in the year following, set sail from Portsmouth for South America.

For four years and three months Sir Murray Maxwell continued to command the *Briton*, without deriving from his appointment any of the advantages which both he and his friends had anticipated. The tide was, unfortunately, against him. Through some mistake on the part of the brave and excellent officer who commanded as commodore on the station, more than once opportunities were afforded to younger officers which ought, perhaps, to have been given to him; and when an opening did present itself at last, and his chances of a valuable freight seemed excellent, a sudden order to return home overshadowed them. To be sure, a severe accident which befell him during the outward passage, by which the knee-pan of one of his legs was broken, rendered him, on his first arrival, hardly equal to much hard work; still he was both ready and willing to incur all the responsibilities that might attach to a separate command, and though he made no public complaints on the occasion, he felt not the less that such com-

mand ought not to have been given to his junior. But if he had no opportunity of enriching himself, his term of service in the Pacific enabled him to witness some of the most interesting events in the revolutionary war, and brought him acquainted with more than one distinguished foreigner. Among others, General Rodil, the brave defender of the castle of Calloa, became his guest, when the pressure of famine compelled him at last to surrender a post which he had so long and so obstinately held for his sovereign; and the letters of that chief, as well as others from the officers who served under him, give ample proof of the kindness and hospitality with which they were treated on board of the English frigate. But, perhaps, no event that befell him there proved more gratifying to his personal feelings, than that he should find, in command of the French squadron, his old rival in bravery, and consequently his friend, Captain, now Admiral, Rosanil. That gallant officer, who had struck to him in the Adriatic in 1812, met him, in 1824, with open arms; and the intimacy, thus recommenced, does not appear to have dropped till time and tide swept the parties to it beyond the reach of each other's knowledge.

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Westminster election he never recovered, and as the South American cruise had proved worse than a failure, he continued, during the remainder of his days, a prey to anxieties, of the misery of which none can judge who have not experienced them.

The interval between 1826 and 1830 Sir Murray Maxwell seems to have spent chiefly in London. He then removed with Lady Maxwell to Scotland, where nearly a year was passed in paying visits to his relatives and connexions in various parts of the country. His son, for he had only one, was at sea, and his remaining daughter he had happily married in 1828; he was, therefore, free to come and go at pleasure, and his health, which long service, and some anxiety, and much suffering, had impaired, derived no trivial benefit from a frequent change of air and of scene. Yet it must not be supposed that he was forgotten. On the contrary, he had the satisfaction to be nominated in the summer of this year a naval aide-de-camp to his late majesty William IV., and was further gratified in the month of March 1831 by receiving the appointment of lieutenant-governor of Prince Edward's Island. It was a gracious act on the part of the government, it was highly appreciated by the sailor king, and it held out to Sir Murray Maxwell the cheering prospect of being yet able to surmount the most galling of his troubles, and of ending his days in peace.

Sir Murray Maxwell's constitution had been much shaken by the injury that was inflicted on him in Covent Garden Market. A blow from a heavy stone just below the shoulders brought on a spitting of blood, which used to return at uncertain intervals, while the least exposure to cold seldom failed of leading to inflammation and producing a cough which it was difficult to subdue. In the course of his journey to London, whither he went to pay his respects to the king as aide-de-camp, a night journey on the outside of the coach proved a severe trial, and he returned to his friends in Scotland much weakened. Still he was in excellent spirits, and his hopes being further excited by the offer of official employment, he spoke, and

perhaps felt, like one who holds sickness and death at arm's length from him. In his exultation Lady Maxwell and his now only remaining sister heartily joined, and as he had determined to carry them both to the seat of his government, they both made the preparations for the voyage. Among other arrangements, Sir Murray proposed to season the ladies for a protracted residence on board of ship by carrying them to London in a Leith smack. They cheerfully fell in with his humour, and on the 6th of June a happy group embarked. Not that Lady Maxwell or Miss Maxwell were altogether free from anxiety, because his cough still returned upon him who was the great object of their care, and they could not hide from themselves that his frame was visibly wasted. But of any immediate danger no apprehensions were entertained till the vessel had arrived against a head-wind opposite to Yarmouth. There, on the morning of the 11th, Sir Murray complained of a severe headach; indeed, he said that he had never suffered so much from a like cause since he had been taken with yellow fever in the West Indies. As may be imagined, his family became terribly alarmed. There was no medical man on board, no one who could bleed, though all felt that bleeding was necessary to the patient; and as the wind blew fresh and right ahead, it was impossible either to prosecute the voyage or to land. For twelve long hours the smack lay at anchor off Orfordness, while the fever in Sir Murray's veins gained strength continually.

During the night the wind moderated, and on the morrow it was found that they were opposite Norwich. The master was urged to put in and land his passenger there; but this he refused to do, and Sir Murray Maxwell was now too ill to be sent away in an open boat. Accordingly, hoping that they might reach shore so as to take advantage of a sun-boat to London that night, his wife and sister watched the slow

with intense agonised when rain anchored the tide. Meanwhile, arrived Gravesend,

and then, though a surgeon came immediately and bled him, there was more of fear than of hope excited by the operation. "Carry him to London as fast as you can," was the medical gentleman's admonition; "he will receive all the aid there that human skill can supply; and you have no time to lose." They had no time to lose. They carried him to London, and found for him comfortable apartments and the most attentive treatment at Green's hotel in Lincoln's Inn Fields; for Mr. Green had formerly sailed with him as a shipmate, and, like all who knew him intimately, entertained for him the most devoted affection. Moreover, Dr. Prout, than whom the medical profession boasts of no man more skilful or more attentive, applied to his case all the powers of a mind which is not soon exhausted of its resources. But the disease had made too great progress for human science to cope with it. Fever and inflammation appeared, indeed, on the 16th to yield to the powerful remedies with which they were combated; but a total prostration of strength ensued, which could never be resumed. The patient sank gradually, retaining all his faculties, and exhibiting to the last the same tenderness for the feelings of others which had characterised him through life, and on the morning of Sunday, the 19th of June, expired without a struggle.

Thus died, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, one of the truest-hearted of men; a gallant officer, a skilful seaman, a faithful husband, a devoted father, an affectionate friend, a sincere Christian. Of his merits in the line of his profession it is needless to speak, because the progress of our narrative has described them; and to his amiable qualities in private life, the whole circle of a not very limited acquaintance can bear testimony. Yet if we were required to point out the quality which more than all others seems to have belonged to him, we should say that it was a nobleness of nature, which not only enabled him to meet misfortune boldly, but to bear up against the ills arising out of it without a murmur. Captain Maxwell's career was a series of almost perpetual disappointments. He was enterprising, skilful, victorious wher-

ever he fought, and zealous above measure in the discharge of his duties, yet just as he seemed to be on the eve of reaping the well-earned reward of his exertions, some accident or fatality invariably intervened to crush his hopes, and the prize went from him. Even in the frigate action off Lissa, an unlucky shot received at the commencement of the affair hindered him from rendering it as complete a triumph as it otherwise must have been; and, for the rest, let the loss of the *Dædalus*, of the *Alceste*, and of the golden harvest which others reaped in South America, speak for us. The wise man of old has left it upon record, that great qualities in the human mind are brought out as much by adversity as by prosperity, and certainly those which were inherent in the character of Sir Murray Maxwell offer no exception to his rule.

Of the estimation in which this high-minded man was held by those who had the best opportunities of knowing him, the reader may judge by perusing the following extracts from letters which have been submitted to us:—

"It would be treason to the naval character," writes a gentleman who served with him when acting as first lieutenant on board the *Courageux* in 1802, "and against the genius and attainments of the late Sir Murray Maxwell, were I not to declare that, as far as I am able to judge, he stood not only pre-eminent in his profession as an officer, but distinguished for his extensive and accurate information in nautical science, and especially in the mechanical philosophy of naval architecture, to the study of which, when I had the pleasure of associating with him, much of his time and attention was devoted. In this world of 'eye and ear,' it does not always require a practical knowledge of seamanship to form an accurate estimate of the qualifications, accomplishments, and competency of officers; for, although my pursuits on board the *Courageux* were of a different nature, yet living with him, contemplating his acquirements and capabilities, and forming comparative estimates in parallel situations, the man of observation is enabled to judge of the stores of his neighbour's mind, and of the resources of his knowledge, in exigent and difficult situations. On these principles, therefore, I presume to give an opinion

on the merits of Captain Maxwell, and, I trust, they will be considered sufficiently cogent to exonerate me from the imputation of assumption, and accord me the privilege of judging of the qualifications of an officer, as remarkable for his correct and systematic discipline, as he was prominent for his philanthropy, humanity, and unwearied attention to the comfort of the ship's company, and the organisation and economy of their respective duties. Of this we had a convincing and confirmatory evidence in the extraordinary health of the crew in port in the time of peace, surrounded, as they were, with the temptations to irregularity and seductions of idleness. This high state of subordination was maintained more by address and persuasion than severity and coercion, for he was uniformly mild in his expressions and demeanour, although uncompromising in the execution of obedience, and a scrupulous compliance with the regulations of the ship. He possessed a peculiar sagacity in discriminating between the good and the bad, and never failed to encourage the former, while he discountenanced the latter, and the uniform unclouded calm of mind which he enjoyed, and the obligingness of his nature, could not fail to recommend him to the regard and respect of his messmates, who held him in the highest veneration. Nor was he less fortunate in conciliating the confidence of his captain, who delegated to him the almost exclusive organisation of the ship. By this it will be seen, that the reputation of a smart chest may draw a more open avowal than upon the compulsory inductions of the motto—*mine ius*, and Sir Murray Maxwell afforded an incontrovertible illustration of this fact, for he had ascribed his mind to regulate itself to the traditions of a teacher, and he never, I was with the temper and spirit, contented with the unthinking resolution, or the self-assessment, of a pupil, so much as to follow the lead of the teacher, as Sir Murray Maxwell did, in the execution of his duties, and in the management of his ship. He was, in fact, a man of a high degree of moral influence, and he was, in fact, a man of a high degree of moral influence, and he was, in fact, a man of a high degree of moral influence.

composed, and high exploits,' and which are as creditable to his nature as honourable to his intrepidity; for it supplies details of sufferings, privations, and dangers, which, in proportion to their pressing emergency, served only to call forth the most magnanimous effects of patience, perseverance, and resignation, which enabled her brave commander, like Antæus, to rise stronger from his fall and higher from his misfortunes. It proved the great reach of his mental resources in perils, and the breast of threefold brass which fitted him for trials of danger in the awful moment of threatened destruction. By his unprecedented conduct on that occasion alone, he has left a valuable legacy to posterity, which must ever enshrine his memory in the heart of every British officer who may follow him in situations of trial; and whilst it must render his name an imperishable monument in the service of which he was so bright an ornament, it must secure his posthumous memory a niche in the Temple of Fame."

Another faithful witness, who writes of him twenty years later, when he commanded the *Briton*, and had attained to greater experience in the service, thus expresses himself:—

"Sir Murray Maxwell possessed in a high degree the power of governing by moral influence. Well supported, I can imagine his carrying on the duties of a man-of-war almost without punishment. He was always disposed to make every one feel that he had a character to support. When he was compelled to inflict corporal punishment, it was done in the most considerate and impartial manner. In speaking to the culprit he showed no pretension of feeling, used no opprobrious epithets, but calmly addressed him by his name, leaving it evident to every one that he was solely actuated by a sense of duty, which, although it might be painful, he would firmly and conscientiously enforce. At Moure Vieco, when the *Briton's* ship's company had leave to go on shore, two men, who were prisoners on some grave offence, were not permitted to go on shore with them. When the merited punishment had been inflicted, they had no share in the amusement as the rest of the crew, and were required to be in the boat in which they returned to the ship; they were, however, in a state in which they were likely to show their real feelings without disguise. When they boarded the ship, their first exclamation was, 'So Murray Maxwell and the *Briton* are gone!—thus showing that no sentence of our court existed in their minds, and that they felt the justice of their

punishment and the fairness of him that governed.

"Sir Murray was remarkable for equanimity. I never heard him give utterance to the voice of passion. In serious matters there was an earnestness in his manner and mode of addressing one, far more forcible than passionate language. When appealed to in matters of disagreement, he always endeavoured to shew the parties to each other in the most favourable light, often making it to appear that a false view had been taken of each other's conduct, and thereby often satisfying both parties. When justice rendered the condemnation of one party necessary, the fairness of the opinion given could seldom fail to be felt. He was fond of society, and had the happy art of making his officers feel at their ease with him, without their once forgetting the respect due to him. I have often known him sit long at table when duty was not interfered with, but never saw any embarrassment in the conduct of any one, nor any behaviour that was not tempered with the respect due equally to his character and rank.

"It does not become me to think I can add to the credit Sir Murray had for courage and firmness of mind. It was not my lot to see him in a fair field to shew these qualities in the degree in which he possessed them; but I recollect his unchanged, calm manner, when, on

our return from the Pacific, we had rounded Cape Horn without seeing the land, and were running at night with a breeze almost amounting to a gale, near a rock in the vicinity of the Falkland Islands: under the impression made upon him by this situation, his soundness of judgment, and his manner of giving command, were such as to inspire all with confidence, and to make all obey with alacrity."

To such testimony as this we have nothing to add, though we might multiply it indefinitely were the procedure necessary. But it is not. The naval service never produced a nobler character than of him whose career we have thus inadequately described; and of his private worth, there is a voice in the mournful remembrance of him which is cherished by his friends, which speaks continually.

He was buried, on the Saturday after his decease, in a vault beneath the new church of St. Marylebone, where, two years previously, he had laid his favourite daughter. His funeral was, like his life, unostentatious. There were few present to weep over him, but they wept in sincerity. Peace be to his ashes!

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#### THE FORSAKEN.

"And he thy loved, thy chosen one,  
Why comes he not to weep?"

**BEAUTIFUL** Italy, farewell! I am about to quit thee, perhaps for ever; and oh! with what different feelings I depart to those which I experienced when I first beheld thy shores! Then there was an eye that gazed with me on all thy loveliness, and beamed more brightly as it gazed. That eye is closed in death! The object of my pilgrimage has failed. Not even thy warm sun and purple skies could restore health and strength to the poor blighted flower for whose sake I left my native land. Six months have passed since we laid her in her grave, and yet how fresh is still the memory of that day! From the earliest dawn until its melancholy close, not a cloud appeared to mar the purity of heaven, and the face of

nature seemed clothed in its most radiant smiles, as though she did rejoice o'er the closing of that grave where the young, the beautiful, the innocent, had found a resting-place for ever. So should I, too—thy friend—rejoice, poor broken-hearted victim. Thou hast left a world of misery for a haven of peace in the bosom of thy God! Thou art no more! I cannot wound thy gentle spirit by tracing, with a sorrowing hand, this sad memorial of thy wrongs.

It was towards the close of the year 1835 that Ada Montagu became an inmate of my house. Her mother had been the companion of my infancy, and the chosen friend of my riper years; and to my tender care

did she on her bed of death confide her beloved and only child. Widowed and childless, it was with joy that I received into the bosom of my family one of the loveliest of created beings: I speak not with the partiality of an adoring friend. Let those who knew her in her bright day of happiness, ere the withering blight of sorrow fell on her young heart,—let them answer for me. Yes; she was as beautiful as the forms which haunt the poet's dream; and the mind which dwelt within this temple, was it not the fitting inmate of such a shrine?

Ada Montagu, at the period of her mother's death, was scarcely seventeen. It was an awful scene the parting of that mother and her daughter. Never can I forget the almost frantic agony of the latter as she knelt beside the bed of death, her mother's hand convulsively pressed within her own.

"Listen to me, Ada, my beloved!" said Mrs. Montagu. "It were useless,—nay, cruel, to conceal the truth from you, my precious one. In a few short hours you will be motherless!"

"Mamma, mamma, oh! do not talk so, my heart is breaking!" she exclaimed, wildly. "In mercy do not repeat those dreadful words!" She gasped for breath, for a moment she seemed about to faint, but, with a violent effort, she restrained her feelings, and a flood of tears coming to her relief, she was soon enabled to listen to the last injunctions of her dying parent. But why should I linger over the melancholy scene that followed? Enough that in a few hours death had for ever closed the eyes of my lamented friend; and I had borne her orphan and still senseless daughter to my own home, judging it better that she should be removed as soon as possible from the scene of desolation. It was some time ere my poor Ada recovered from the shock she had sustained from her loss; but she was in the first bloom of youth, and the natural gaiety of her disposition prevailed at length over her passionate grief, and I had the happiness of once more seeing her participate in the amusements so natural to her age.

And it was now that I discovered the value of the treasure of which I had so awfully become the possessor;

gentle  
with a

a young swa,  
I joyous in no  
was, indeed, a

I exercised a  
influence over all with whom  
was intimately acquainted.

To her ardent fancy the whole  
seemed one vast garden, filled  
with the loveliest and choicest flowers.  
In I pointed out the thorns that  
assail and wound her in her

She would not heed me. I  
have wept as I looked on that  
growing countenance; for well I  
by sad experience that the time  
come when her bright illusions  
would be dispelled, and she must  
see the world despoiled of all the  
charm which they had cast around it.

I dreaded the effect that disappoint-  
ment would have on her young heart  
if the veil should be suddenly rent

by the overthrow of her  
long-cherished hopes; but it was  
useless to reason with her; I could  
not even succeed in raising a doubt  
in her mind as to the infallibility of  
own creed.

One evening in particular I re-  
member we had been having a long  
conversation on this subject, when,  
turning suddenly to me, she exclaim-  
ed, "Well, even if it be so, dear Mrs.  
Middleton, if I must one of these  
days in my own person prove the  
truth of your assertions, I shall, at  
all events, have enjoyed much hap-  
piness in imagination. My illusions,  
if they be illusions," she added, laugh-  
ing, "you must confess are more  
pleasant than the picture you draw  
of life, therefore I shall continue to  
dream on till absolutely forced to  
awaken." Saying which she bounded  
from the room to prepare for a large  
ball to which we were that evening  
invited. At my age the toilette is  
not an affair of much consequence,  
and I had been some time in the  
drawing-room when Ada again made  
her appearance. I thought I had  
never seen a lovelier face and form  
as she walked up to me and smilingly  
asked, "Do you not think I shall  
break many hearts to-night?"

"Your dress is very pretty," I  
answered.

"I know that. What of the  
wearer?" she

"My consequence,  
you g you have al-  
ready s advice, and



will no doubt abide by the decision of your looking-glass. Shall we go?"

"I am quite ready," she replied; and, in less than ten minutes, we had entered the crowded hall of fashion, mirth, and revelry.

There were lovely faces and graceful forms among that brilliant throng, but I felt that none could surpass the bright creature leaning on my arm; and, as I marked the admiring glances which followed her as we traversed the apartment, my heart beat with as much pride and satisfaction as if she had been indeed my daughter.

I need not say how eagerly her hand was sought for the ensuing dances. The palm of beauty was accorded to her without a dissentient voice; but there was one on whom that beauty seemed to have made no slight impression.

At almost every ball of this season I had remarked a young man of singularly striking and prepossessing appearance, who, however, seemed to feel little or no interest in the gaiety around him, rarely, if ever, joining in the dance. His manner excited my curiosity; and I must confess that I not unfrequently found myself dividing my attention between my own fair charge and the haughty, though to me interesting, Mr. Herbert. I soon perceived that notwithstanding his apparent indifference to all around him, that his eye was constantly fixed on the graceful figure of my adopted child, but hitherto he had never endeavoured to obtain an introduction or in any way to court her notice; judge, therefore, of my astonishment when on this evening I saw my gentle Ada leaning on his arm, and evidently about to take her place in the quadrille which was forming.

With a sensation of anxiety for which I could in no way account, I rose from my seat and approached as near as possible to the place where they were standing in order to obtain a better view of the couple in whom I was so much interested. Never before had I seen the face of Ada beaming with such radiant smiles; and Mr. Herbert, where had the look of cold sarcasm vanished? In every feature of that noble countenance, content and animation seemed

to reign. He was evidently exerting himself to the utmost to please; and, as I gazed on the commanding form and the manly beauty of his face, I involuntarily murmured to myself, "And it will not be in vain!"

The dance being ended, my surprise was still further increased when immediately leading his fair partner to a seat, Mr. Herbert bowed and retired. A few moments served to solve the mystery. He had evidently been in quest of our hospitable hostess; for they both advanced towards Ada and myself (I had joined her), and Mrs. Elton exclaimed,—

"For my guest's sake as well as my own, my dear Mrs. Middleton, I am delighted to find you still here; particularly," she added, "as I have an act of kindness to perform. My friend, Mr. Herbert, is most anxious to be admitted to the honour of your acquaintance. Will you allow me to present him to you, and also to Miss Montagu?"

In the softest accents Mr. Herbert assured me of the satisfaction he experienced at the introduction which had just taken place; but he added, "Must our acquaintance end here, or may I be permitted to call and inquire after your health to-morrow?" There was no resisting the smile which accompanied these words; and Mrs. Elton pleading that he "might be indulged," I could only assure him of a hearty welcome in Grosvenor Street.

From that evening Mr. Herbert became a constant visitor at my house, and our attendant at all the ensuing *fêtes* of the season. With talents of the highest order, and possessed of conversational powers which I have rarely seen equalled, excelling in almost every accomplishment, can it be wondered at that the heart of my young friend became deeply interested in him? He, the fastidious Arthur Herbert, the courted and caressed, bowed in worship at her shrine.

A little while, and "a change came o'er the spirit of her dream." There was more of thought on that open brow, and though happiness beamed in every glance, yet was the merry laugh less frequent. A spell, a mighty spell, hath bound her,—ay, love, deep devoted love now reigned supreme in that gentle bosom. As I had anticipated, the feelings of that



d as she continued. "I have him a whole and undivided; it is so filled with his image, no other passion can harbour

"There is no room for doubt," she said, "I cried, 'God grant I may be deceived. You are angry with me, dearest; but in your calmer moments you will do more justice to my friend.'"

"Forgive me, my best and kindest,—forgive my petulance," she throwing herself at my feet; indeed you know not what you mean when you bid me doubt his faith. I worshipped him as the incarnation of all that is great and noble. I, the lofty mind, the generous heart, the noble sentiments of Arthur Herbert that gained my love. Take away my belief in the existence of such qualities, and I lose my confidence in all that is pure and holy. Sink, think well, ere you root out the flowers, and leave me a barren wilderness."

"That was the most painful hour of my life; but I resolved to perform my duty. I raised her from the bed, and, pressing her to my bosom, entreated her to listen to me, and in silence; and then I laid her all my suspicions. I referred to her memory the manner in which more than once Mr. Herbert had alluded to in our presence. My female acquaintances spoke of him as to whom a woman's heart was a toy,—a thing which he might play at will, and cast aside when weary of the bauble. I demanded proof she had that Mr. Herbert possessed any of the high qualities which her partial affection had blinded him. True, he had ever been devoted to her, hung on her word and smile; but what had been the result of all? He had left her for months, perhaps for ever, not being bound to her by any tie, by any tie. Was this, I thought, the conduct of an honourable

man? I heard me without interruption; but, when I ceased to speak, I took my hand in hers, and, looking imploringly in my face, she said, 'Let us drop this subject now, and never, I entreat you. Time will tell all things.'"

"Be it so," I said; "and may Heaven temper the wind to the shorn

lamb, watch over thee, my beloved child!" Agreeably to our compact, from this day the name of Arthur Herbert seemed to be a forgotten sound. Weeks passed by, and, to all outward appearance, Ada Montagu was unchanged. The careless observer still spoke of her as of one of that bright creation to whom sorrow is unknown. To the world she was all she had ever been; they knew not that the worm was gnawing at her heart. The bright cheek grew paler day by day:—

"Upon her face there was the tint of grief,  
The settled shadow of an inward strife;  
And the unquiet drooping of the eye,  
As if the lid were charged with unshed tears."

But they saw none of this; the increasing pallor was ascribed to late hours and the effects of an unusually gay season. Change of air and quiet were recommended as the surest means of renovating the faded roses. I took the hint; change of scene I felt might soothe her wounded feelings, but I knew her too well to hope that any thing but time could dispel the grief which lay heavy at her heart.

In the course of a few days I and my beloved charge were quietly domesticated in a beautiful cottage I had engaged for the ensuing summer months. Ada had always expressed a great desire to visit the Lakes; I, therefore, chose our house on the banks of the beautiful and far-famed Windermere.

Time passed on, but to one lonely heart it brought no healing on its wings. Where was Mr. Herbert? Engaged in the vortex of dissipation, did he even remember the existence of her whose shadow he had been but a few months since? As months passed by without bringing any tidings of him, I could see that conviction of his falsehood was gradually stealing into the mind of my poor child. She hitherto so gentle, now became restless and even irritable, and a certain bitterness of feeling pervaded all she said. Far better had she not endeavoured to smother in her own breast the grief that preyed upon her; had she allowed it to take its natural course, indulged in the luxury of tears, I might not

now have had to weep for her; but, no! every feeling was repressed. She knew her own purity, but she also knew that blighted hopes and crushed affections were a theme for the sarcasm of a heartless world. None should witness her sufferings, she scorned to be an object of compassion, but the mental struggle was too much for that delicate frame; she wasted day by day, and I became so alarmed at length that I resolved to leave England and to bear her with me to the sunny land of Italy. I did not mention my determination to her; but, as I should naturally have some business to transact before quitting my own country, I proposed (the autumn being now far advanced) to return to Grosvenor Street.

I was delighted, though much surprised, to find how much more cheerful and happy she appeared now that we had returned to our old home. I forgot how much there was in association. In the country there was nothing in common with him she loved; here, on the contrary, every thing spoke to her heart, and recalled to her imagination the dream she had so fondly cherished. In a short time he would return; she would again be with him; he would explain away the past; hope was again kindling at her heart; alas! a few short hours, and the airy fabric she had raised was dashed for ever to the earth!

The events of that fatal night are too deeply engraven on my heart ever to be obliterated. The evening being chilly, we had closed the shutters, a bright fire was burning on the hearth, I was lying on the sofa, when Ada came to my side,—

"We have been so busy to-day that you have forgotten your paper. See, it has not even been unfolded! Shall I read to you?"

"Do, my child," I replied, "I shall be much obliged to you." She seated herself on a low ottoman at my feet, and commenced reading. She had continued some time, when believing me to have fallen asleep, she ceased. Fearing the exertion of reading aloud might fatigue her, I would not undeceive her, but remained with my eyes closed. For a few seconds I heard the rustling of the leaves, but suddenly she appeared to find what she had been seeking; and, in an under tone, she proceeded to read

the births, deaths, and marriages. Having concluded, she was about to lay down the paper, when her eye fell on some paragraph which appeared to rivet her attention. A marriage in high life! and evidently unconscious of the bitterness in store for her, she commenced reading:—

"In Paris, on Thursday last, at the chapel of the British embassy, Arthur, eldest son of Henry Herbert, Esq., to Mary Anne, only child of the late John Markham, Esq., of Illerton Hall, Yorkshire, and Markham Lodge in the county of Kent."

Slowly and distinctly she pronounced these words; a deep silence followed; for a moment I did not even hear her breathe, then a groan of mortal agony burst from her heart; I rushed to her, every trace of colour had fled from her death-like cheek, her eye continued to range over the hateful paragraph, but the gaze was that of idiocy. I shuddered as I looked upon her, so rigid, so statue-like was her whole appearance. Oh, how I longed to wake her from that trance! but I dared not speak; I dreaded lest the awful suspicions which had flashed across my brain should be verified. What! if reason had for ever left her throne! What! if I should be answered by the ravings of a maniac? Oh, God! the horror of that moment: yet I must speak, suspense were even worse than the dread reality. I took her hand. "Ada," I said, "what has happened? Speak to me, dearest, one word,—in mercy, speak." She did not even seem to be aware of my presence. In the desperation of the moment, I thought an allusion to his name might have the desired effect, and recall her wandering senses.

"What is the matter, love? has any thing happened to Arthur?" I asked, my voice trembling with agitation.

She started wildly from her seat, exclaiming,—

"Danger to whom?—Is he here? Oh, no, I had forgotten," she continued, pressing her hand across her brow, and again sinking into her seat,— "I had forgot, it is *his* wedding-day; and, do you know, we have not wished him joy!" and she strove to smile, but the ghastliness of that smile will haunt me to my dying day.

"Why do you look so strangely at me?" she continued. "I am well, quite well. See, there is nothing the matter with me." She tottered a few steps across the room, and then fell senseless into my arms.

For three weeks after this fatal event I watched, as I thought, beside her bed of death. Oh, it was fearful in the still hour of night to listen to the ravings of delirium—to hear her voice calling wildly on him she loved to rescue her from some imaginary peril; then she would entreat him not to leave her,—“Oh, do not let her take you from me,” she cried; “why should she wish to separate us?”

At length the fever, exhausted by its own violence, ceased; but the awful state of weakness in which it left her for a time precluded all hopes of her ultimate recovery, but Heaven had willed it otherwise. Her hour had not yet come, though the envenomed dart by which her young heart was pierced still lay rankling and festering at its core.

Ere another month had passed we were on our road to Italy, travelling by slow and easy stages. Oh, how I counted on its pure air and the sunny brightness of its clime to restore once more to health the beloved being whose enfeebled form now rested on my bosom! At length the goal was won, and my poor patient seemed to have suffered less from the effects of our journey than I could reasonably have anticipated.

For the first few weeks after our arrival my most sanguine hopes seemed about to be realised. It was no dream; she was better, much—much better. Again a blush, like the faint tint of the white rose leaf, began to mantle on her cheeks. Alas! the favourable change was of short duration. Oh, how I watched for every symptom of returning health,—how ardently I prayed that the only object which years of sorrow had left me now to love and cherish, the only being bound to me by the tie of affection, might not be wrested from me. Could it be possible that I, the withered trunk over whose devoted head the storms of winter had so fiercely raged, was destined to witness the decay of that young plant, to see it blasted and laid low?

There was too much of misery in

the thought,—so young, so beautiful, we could not spare her yet. And thus I wantonly deceived myself: but it was not so with Ada, though at the time I knew it not,—she had long been aware of her approaching dissolution.

She had no dread of death; Life had lost all its charms. The bright illusions of her ardent youth had faded one by one; and, as she herself observed, a few short hours before she sank into her last long sleep,—

“Of what value is the casket when the priceless jewel it contained is lost for ever? It is thus with me. Of what use now is this poor fragile body when the heart within is scared and dead?”

“You must not give way thus, dearest,” I replied. “I know you have suffered deeply, but I trust there is much of happiness yet in store for you. When you regain your strength, we will no longer remain stationary. There is so much to see, so much to learn, in this beautiful land.”

“I have looked my last on its bright sun,” she murmured, in a tone so low that I could scarcely hear the words. Then slightly raising her voice, she continued,—

“My more than mother, forgive me if I have aided in deceiving you; I could not bear to witness your suffering, for well, I know, you will mourn for me as a mother for her child. I am getting very, very weak. Oh, before the power of speech be taken from me, let me acknowledge all my debt of gratitude.” She gasped for breath, and then resumed, “You, who have borne with me for these many weary months, watched over, tended me, with such untiring love, will not refuse to grant the last request your child will ever make. When I am dead, let all resentment against him —”

I could bear no more. Kneeling beside the sofa on which she lay, I strained her to my bosom, and sobbed convulsively. For a few moments we mingled our tears in silence, the hearts of both were wrung to bursting. At length Ada spake again,

“I thought I had taught my heart to bear this parting, but grief will have its way.”

I started as her voice fell on my ear, so weak, so fearfully indistinct, had her words become. I gazed upon her face, there, too, an awful change had taken place; I could no longer doubt the truth of her assertion. The dread fiat had gone forth. Her God had summoned her. In a few days, perhaps a few hours, I should be called upon to yield her up to Him.

Slowly and with a breaking heart I rose from my knees; but with a violent effort I subdued all further emotion, fearing lest the excitement she had already undergone would only accelerate the dreaded event. I rung for her maid to remain with her, while in the solitude of my own chamber I sought to relieve my oppressed heart by giving way to the anguish which consumed it.

One hour after, when I returned to take my accustomed place beside my suffering charge, I found her in a sweet calm slumber.

Oh, how beautiful she looked. I could not withdraw my eyes from that sweet face, so pure, so holy, was the expression which it wore. I felt awed as if in the presence of an angel; as I bent over her, she opened her eyes and smiled upon me—one of her own bright smiles. Her whole countenance was irradi-

ated by it; she extended her arms towards me, and the single word "Mother" escaped her lips. I bent forward, her head fell upon my bosom. She raised her eyes to mine, and as she continued gazing on my face, two large drops rolled slowly down her cheeks. Then pressing her lips to mine, she imprinted on them one last long kiss. Without a groan—without a struggle—she passed into eternity. One low and gentle sigh was all that told the last frail link that bound her heart was broken.

I have no more to tell. We laid her in her grave. A marble column marks her last resting-place, and these simple words alone are engraved thereon—

"The weary is at rest."

It is enough. They tell her life's sad history.

For myself, again I go forth in the world an isolated being, widowed, childless, and alone.

"What are the worst of woes that wait on age?  
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?  
To see each loved one blotted from life's page,  
And be alone on earth, as I am now."

#### THE LOVE EPISTLES OF ARISTÆNETUS.

EDITED BY A TEMPLAR.

*The Twenty-first Epistle.*

A YOUNG LADY WHO WILL NOT BE COURTED BY SONGS BUT BY ARTS.

PHILEMATIUM TO EUMUSUS.

HENCE with the harp! be hush'd the tinkling strain;

Love's rosy gifts your songs shall never buy.

Music we heed not; partial but to gain;

Bright gold we worship, gold we deify.

Fruitless your notes, in vain ye puff your cheeks;—

Who trusts his passion to a sounding lyre

Shall never win the nectar fruit he seeks,

Shall never taste his ardent soul's desire.

Vain is the love that comes unback'd by gold ;  
 No foolish girls are we to whom ye kneel ;  
 Think ye in us ye simpletons behold ?  
 Hope ye like wolves on silly lambs to steal ?

Greatly ye err, for long I've learn'd the art  
 To mock at passion false and feign'd, in sooth.  
 Talk not to me of "*love*" and "*constant heart* ;"  
 Bring me your money, that's the test of truth.

Oft have I heard my sister woosers chide  
 Who sought her favours in the following wise :—  
 " Soon shall our mutual longings be supplied ;  
 You shall have love, give me the gifts I prize."

Thus she reproved them, thus I ye reprove ;  
 Hence with your foolish lyre and futile Muse !  
 If ye indeed desire the gifts of love,  
 Purchase them, gallants, purchase them ye must.

*The Twenty-second Epistle.*

THE LOVER OF A SHREW.

XENOPEITHES TO DEMARETUS.

Yes, cold of heart, and far more fierce  
 Than the wild beasts that roam the wood,  
 Is she whose eyes the coldest pierce,—  
 Whose eyes my soul have long subdued.

Loved have I been by many a fair,  
 By maids, by youthful dames, caress'd,—  
 She only 'scapes young CUPID's snare,  
 She only bears a marble breast.

Like the free rivulet that winds  
 Its pleasant way through flowery groves,  
 Kissing each rosy bud it finds,  
 Was I amid my train of loves.

But now, my trophies all decay'd,  
 My heart enslaved, and scorn'd too,  
 The gallant vanquish'd by a maid,  
 What course remains ? what shall I do ?

All coaxing arts by rote she knows,  
 Conceals her love, and when you press  
 Your ardent suit, by frowns she shews  
 How much she mocks at your distress.

In vain by gifts and flatteries too  
 You try to soothe her to be kind ;  
 In vain upon your knees you woo,—  
 For pride absorbs the lady's mind.

Her laugh ne'er goes her lips beyond,  
 Ne'er mantles sunlike o'er her face ;  
 And once I warn'd with chiding fond,  
 " Your frowns, sweet girl, but spoil your face."

Idly I preach'd,—she would not stop ;  
 It were as wise to rocks to play.  
 But stones are hollow'd drop by drop,  
 And still I'll court her day by day.

Though she for once escapes my bait,  
 And by her windings often foil,  
 Patiently I will watch and wait  
 Till perseverance crowns my toil.

For love's rich gifts are hard to gain,  
 'Tis danger lends them all their light ;  
 For years upon the Trojan plain  
 For HELEN did the ATRIDÆ fight.

Aid me, my friend, to win this prize,  
 Our boat is one, our law the same ;  
 You, too, she views with scornful eyes,  
 But both shall make her feel love's flame.

#### *The Twenty-third Epistle.*

A LADY WHO CARED ONLY FOR THE YOUNG AND HANDSOME.

#### CALLICÆTA TO MEIRACIOPHILA.

Art thou not, sweet, supremely blest,  
 Who love and beauty only prize ;  
 Who, when of these rich gems possess'd,  
 Can look on gold with careless eyes ?

Who for the rosy smiles of youth,  
 And all its fond and gay desires,  
 Can spurn old age when bent to soothe,  
 And win by gifts what love requires.

Quick to discern the happy few  
 Worthy thy soft and gentle glance ;  
 As Spartan hounds as keen are you,  
 Nor wrong through ignorance or chance.

Not Tantalus with all his gold  
 Could bribe thee to his longing arms,  
 If, when deform'd, or weak, or old,  
 He wooed thy love—thy brilliant charms.

And wisc, be sure, this task of thine  
 To feeling bosoms must appear ;  
 For who with ripening flowers would twine  
 The wither'd roses of last year ?

With thee the gifts of youth can hide  
 The greatest faults of those you love ;  
 Or if by chance they are descried,  
 You're far too tender to reprove.



*The Twenty-fourth Epistle.*

A LADY ACCUSES HER SISTER OF STEALING HER LOVER.

PHILENIS TO PETALA.

At yesternoon I sought the bowers  
 Where olive-trees with roses twine,  
 Resolved to spend some happy hours  
 Amid the sunlight and sweet flowers,  
 With PAMPHILUS the boy divine;  
 Who, as I have often told you, reigns  
 Within my heart the lord supreme,—  
 My sister, who, as it would seem,  
 Already loves to spread her chains  
 For youthful lovers, with me went,  
 Looking, like Vestals, innocent.  
 No glance her sly design betraying,  
 But blushes o'er her features playing,  
 As if—for thus her air you'd scan—  
 She fear'd to look upon a man,  
 As if the very *thought* of winning  
 A lover were as bad as sinning.

Some strange delusion dull'd my mind,  
 Or else I ne'er could be so blind,  
 As not to notice that the jade  
 Was in her finest robes array'd:  
 Her vest with jewels richly sown,  
 Her peplos negligently thrown  
 Across her breast, as if to hide  
 What she would rather have descried;  
 Her cheeks, like roses bathed in dew,  
 Or purple lotus, charm'd the gaze;  
 Her eyes, like mirrors to the view,  
 On which the sunshine brightly plays;  
 Her hairs, as if by VENUS tress'd,  
 Fell down in perfume on her breast;  
 And round her neck was drawn a lace  
 Of pearls, the rival of her face.  
 Through the thin tunic o'er her drawn  
 Her figure flash'd like rosy dawn,  
 And every glimpse proclaim'd that there  
 Were blended youth and beauty rare.  
 So charm'd, indeed, the vixen seem'd  
 With the bewitching light that gleam'd  
 Around her sweet Aglaian form  
 (Light that a breast of ill might warm),  
 That every instant round she turn'd  
 To know if all who saw her move  
 Lightly along—as if she spurn'd  
 The earth—were fill'd with joy and love.

When we reclined within the grove,  
 To hide her aim she scarcely strove;  
 She laugh'd, she smiled coquettishly,  
 And sat between the youth and me.  
 She kept her eyes upon his face,  
 I thought she'd next the boy embrace;

She almost all the talk engross'd :  
 His health the slut presumed to toast,  
 And even dared the cup to sip  
 Where PAMPHILUS had laid his lip.

You who his amorous nature know  
 Will scarcely wonder when I add,  
 That, warm'd with wine and passion's glow,  
 He nearly lost what sense he had.  
 He fill'd his goblets to the brim,  
 But ere the ruby cup he quaff'd,  
 My saucy sister sipp'd the draught,  
 Then, smiling, gave it back to him.  
 And thus until the moonlight hour  
 The pair their kisses interchanged,  
 While I sat nook'd within the bower,  
 But vow'd ere long to be revenged.

The moonlight did not end their play,  
 They sported in the silver ray,  
 And PAMPHILUS, to fret me more,  
 A bunch of purple olives tore  
 From the curved bough, and, as in jest,  
 Aim'd at my sister's milky breast.  
 When, what did she ? Give way to rage ?  
 Return with scorn his proffer'd gage ?  
 Ah, no ! but fondly kiss'd the fruit,  
 As if delighted by his suit.  
 Kiss'd it with eyes whose splendours broke  
 Around, and all her passions spoke ;  
 And finally the cluster placed  
 In her gold zone that girt her waist.  
 Here all my rage burst out. No more  
 Could I sit silent as before.  
 How could I calmly sit and see  
 My younger sister rival me ?  
 What ! she whom I had often nursed,  
 Repay with perfidy the worst,  
 And trample all the thanks she owed  
 To me, who every care bestow'd ?  
 I could not bear it ; so I gave  
 Free course to anger's stormy wave ;  
 Entreated, wept, with sobs implored  
 The girl to quit my boy adored.  
 Useless my tears, my prayers were vain,  
 My sister answer'd with disdain,  
 And bore triumphantly away  
 The boy in whom my being lay.  
 Well, let her keep the prize. But thou,  
 Fair Queen of LOVE, befriend me now,  
 And you, too, PETALA combine  
 To 'venge these injuries of mine.  
 By art, by wit, by every charm,  
 We'll strive in turn to work her harm.  
 And for the *one* she's won from me,  
 Three of her swains my slaves shall be.

*The Twenty-fifth Epistle.*

THE PANTOMIME ACTRESS.

SPEUSIPPUS TO PANARETA.

Yes, long, oh! beloved one, thy beauty, thy name,  
 Had been shrined in the starry-like annals of fame;  
 But far more bewitching than aught I had dream'd  
 Ere I saw thee, enchantress, thy loveliness seem'd.

Like the silver-wing'd Zephyrs thy lightness in dance,  
 Like the planets of midnight the fire of thy glance,  
 Oh! who that observed thee to melody move,  
 Could remain with a bosom unsmitten by love?

POLHYMNIA and VENUS may shine in the spheres,  
 A brighter than either at ATHENS appears;  
 So tell the immortals of every degree,  
 We care not for goddesses while we have thee.

Can the poet or painter more clearly impart  
 The thoughts that gush forth from his eloquent heart,  
 Or the sculptor on marble the spirit impress  
 Than thou by a look or a bound canst express?

No. The picture, though breathing, is dimm'd by thy look,  
 Thy glance can express more than image or book;  
 Not PROTEUS could act—as the old legends teach—  
 In more parts, or more perfectly personate each.

What plaudits, what triumphs thy dancing attend,  
 On thy brows of white marble what garlands descend!  
 The crowd shake their robes as delighted they gaze,  
 And every new step wins a new note of praise.

Some, wrapt up in silence, intently survey  
 The beauty of motion thy gestures portray,  
 Thy statue-like attitudes many explain,  
 While the spells of thy features all others enchain.

Who'll name CARAMALLUS?—though finish'd the art  
 With which he performs in each pantomime part,  
 Yet surely it cannot be longer conceal'd,  
 That to the green laurels of dance he must yield.

Not unworthy, methinks, of the grave or the old  
 Such dancing as thine can it be to behold,  
 For Wisdom at times must lay business aside  
 And go ramble through roses with Joy for his guide.

I have seen every star both abroad and at home,  
 And now to thy feet, oh! beloved one, I come;  
 Of mortals in bliss none can equal thee now,  
 But love me and I'll be as happy as thou.

## THE RHINE AND RHENISH AFFAIRS.

## THE PRETENSIONS OF FRANCE TO THE LEFT BANK OF THE RHINE.

WE intend on the present occasion to terminate our observations on the Rhenland and on Rhenish affairs, and to expose the arguments which Frenchmen think unanswerable, as to the possession by France of the left bank of the Rhine.

Mr. Hope has very truly observed, that "in the middle ages, from its wealth, power, and the considerable ecclesiastical foundations of its bishoprics, Cologne was often called the Rome of the North." It may still be so styled, from the number of its churches and its joyous carnival. The Dom Kirche, as every one personally knows, or has heard, is yet, and has been for ages, incomplete, though, thanks to the patriotic energies of the present King of Prussia, the works are once more in vigorous progress, and will one day be completed. Cologne then will be able to boast its possession of the St. Peter's of Gothic architecture. Its towers then will exceed in their massive structure the celebrated tower of Malines, and by their side the tower of Strasbourg must hide its diminished head. "Il n'y a encore d'édifice," says Victor Hugo, "que le rez-de-chaussée et le premier étage composé d'une colossale ogive, et déjà la masse bâtie atteint jusqu'à la hauteur des tours de Notre Dame de Paris."

"The choir," says Mr. Hope, "is the only part finished; 180 feet high, and internally, from its size, height, and disposition of pillars, arches, chapels, and beautifully coloured windows, resembling a splendid vision. Externally, its double range of stupendous flying buttresses and intervening piers, bristling with a forest of purified pinnacles, strike the beholder with awe and astonishment. If completed, this would have been at once the most regular and most stupendous Gothic monument existing."

But this magnificence has hitherto been marred by dilapidations, not only the work of time, but of the most miserable and shameful neglect:—

"Tout cela, il faut le dire, est honteusement dilabré. Si quelqu'un construit la cathédrale de Cologne au dehors,

je ne sais qui la démolit à l'intérieur. Pas un tombeau dont les figurines ne soient arrachées ou tronquées; pas une grille qui ne soit rouillée où elle a été dorée. La poussière, la cendre, et l'ordure, sont partout. Les mouches déshonorent la face vénérable de l'archevêque Philippe de Hensbery. L'homme d'airain qui est couché sur la dalle, qui s'appelle Courad de Hochstetten, et qui a pu bâtir cette cathédrale, ne peut aujourd'hui écraser les araignées qui le tiennent lié à terre comme Gulliver sous leurs énormes fils! Hélas! les bras de bronze ne valent pas les bras de chair."

But the best account of the cathedral of Cologne is given by the brothers Boisseru, of Munich, in their *Geschichte und Beschreibung des Doms von Köln*. These gentlemen are celebrated throughout the Continent for their discovery of the ancient secret in glass-painting.

It is well known that Frederic Barbarossa, after the capture of Milan, brought the bones of the Magi, otherwise denominated the Three Kings of Cologne, and presented them to the then bishop, who had been his hardy companion in that expedition. Their bones repose in a small chapel immediately behind the high altar. It is, in fact, a spacious chamber of various-coloured marble, surrounded by a high brass railing, and its architecture is a bastard compound of the styles of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV.

Victor Hugo thus expresses himself on the subject of the Magi:—

"Ici une idée à la fois riante et grave s'éveille dans l'esprit. C'est donc là que gisent ces trois poétiques rois de l'Orient, qui vivraient, conduits par l'étoile, ab Orient venissent, et qui adorèrent un enfant dans un étable, et précédemment adorèrent. J'ai adoré à mon tour. J'avoue que rien au monde ne me charme plus que cette légende des Mille et une Nuits enchaînée dans l'Evangile."

That the whole of this beautiful account of the journey and adoration of the Magian kings is a pure myth, like the whole of the New Testament, Strauss has endeavoured, but in vain, by his subtle arguments, to prove. The Separatists of Germany, who have united themselves lately into the society denominated

reien," are the disciples of and are of the same opinion. nan understanding, in their of itself fully sufficient to ankind in all spiritual mat-ney blindly imagine that they ctually overturned the whole 'Revelation,—

Lieb und Treu ist hin, die Got-  
sfurcht erkaltet,  
ob ist abgethan, Beständigkeit  
raltet!"

it, after all, is there so very  
ble in the journey of these  
p

intercommunion of opinions,"  
man, in his *History of Chris-*  
'between the Jewish and Zor-  
religion, throws great light on  
of the Magi, or wise men, to  
a. The impregnation of the  
otions about the Messiah with  
an doctrines of the final triumph  
ad makes it by no means im-  
that, on the other side, the na-  
ctrines of the Jews may have  
beir way into the popular belief  
st, or, at least, into the opinions  
among the Magian hierarchy who  
more immediately into contact  
Babylonian Jews. From them  
have adopted the expectation  
great Principle of Light in a  
um, and descending, according  
it prophecy, from the race of  
ad thus have been prepared to  
at the first appearance of the  
body by which they were led to  
The universal usage of the East,  
approach the presence of a su-  
ricularly a sovereign, without  
does gift, is naturally exempli-  
air costly, but portable offerings  
myrrh, and frankincense."

y be observed, that at this  
here was regular and com-  
munication between Judea  
ylyonia, and Herod actually  
fortification to protect cara-  
m the fierce robbers of the  
itis.\* What the luminous  
a has been, of course, matter  
great controversy. Ideler,  
and Bishop Munter, are of  
that it was a conjunction be-  
lupiter and Saturn. "For  
part," says Mr. Milman, "I  
understand why the words of  
hew, relating to such a sub-  
to be so rigidly interpre-

ted; the same latitude of expression  
may be allowed on astronomical sub-  
jects as necessarily must be in the  
Old Testament. The vagueness and  
uncertainty, possibly the scientific  
inaccuracy, seem to me the inevi-  
table consequences of the manner in  
which such circumstances must have  
been preserved, as handed down, and  
subsequently reduced to writing by  
simple persons, awe-struck under  
such extraordinary events." It is  
generally believed that the Magi  
were Arabians, because their gifts  
were of Arabian origin. Pliny and  
Ptolemy speak of Arabian Magi.  
But gold, myrrh, and frankincense,  
were too common throughout the  
East to be evidence of any particular  
district; and the habit of making pre-  
sents to superiors and illustrious  
strangers was, and still continues,  
common throughout Asia. By Ara-  
bia, perhaps, was meant the whole  
country as far as the Euphrates.  
The probability is that the strangers  
in question came from beyond that  
river.

Throughout the south of Germany,  
especially at Munich, and in all the  
Catholic cities along the Rhine, the  
carnival is kept up with abundant  
gaiety and humour. But no place  
in Germany can vie with Cologne.  
Though we have witnessed its gae-  
tics in more than one city in Ger-  
many, it has never been our good  
fortune to have been present during  
the carnival festivities at Cologne.

"A writer in the daily papers," says  
William Howitt,† "luxuriates in his re-  
miniscences of the inexhaustible humours  
of Cologne, which fling forth a whole  
deluge of fashings literature, countless  
new songs, new speeches, new drolle-  
ries and squibs, comedies and allegories;  
hundreds of private representations of  
portions of the great show and proces-  
sions, and others in connexion with it,  
and lively descriptions of these in prose  
and verse. In fact, during this period,  
all the world, both in Cologne and in  
other Rhine towns, is carnival-mad.  
Every man turns author, poet, satirist,  
actor, mimic, mock hero, and what not.  
Every body is writing and printing  
songs, speeches, dramatic sketches,  
comic and serious; musical composi-  
tions, farces, squibs, fly about in all di-  
rections, thick as the falling leaves of  
autumn.

\* The district east of the river Jordan and the sea of Tiberias..

† The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany,

"The great points of splendour in the carnival are the procession and mask-ball: the latter, at Cologne, being held in the great Gothic hall of the Kauffhaus, highly adorned for the occasion. This year, the twofold train of the procession represented in part the Olympic Games,—the rest a procession from the mythologic under-world, mixed with characters from the *Inferno* of Dante. The infernal train burst forth to the day in the Neumarkt, suggested by an interesting elopement story. The god of all jolly fellows led the train in his chariot of victory, his rescued bride, Phantasie, sitting near him. Dante, his adjutant, rode by the side of the chariot, while Klünzel, an entirely modern allegorical figure, was dragged reluctantly behind the chariot, lashed by the Furies. Then came the dethroned Pluto and Proserpina, with their three-headed dog Cerberus. Besides all the mythologic and legendary figures, Mars, Venus, Charon, Faust, Don Juan, Mephistopheles, &c., were numbers of parodies and caricatures; amongst them a Dutchman, who, in punishment of his sins against his German grandmother, was condemned to eat lump sugar for his daily food, while over his head, as a sword of Damocles, hung a monstrous beet-root, labelled 'lumps by the entrance ten dollars'; alluding, no doubt, to the attempts of the Dutch to levy heavy import duties on the sugar by the Rhine. \* \* \* Sisyphus came next, with his enormous stone, and offered to teach the people of Mayence the mode of rolling it, while they, on their part, regretted that they could not have the pleasure of using it as they would. An allusion to the fierce contest which in the former winter had been going on between the Mayence people and *they* of Biberich, who are very jealous of one another; the Biberich people wishing to draw from Mayence part of its Rhine navigation, in consequence of which, the Mayence people in one night had conveyed three hundred boat-loads of stones, and, dropping them into the water before Biberich, had thus cut off its harbour, but had been compelled by the German Confederation to fish them all up again. Next came a censor of the press, very busy in making waste paper, in allusion to the new Prussian censorship, from which so much had been expected, and which proved a mere piece of political hocus-pocus. Another figure was labelled Dante's *Divina Commedia*, a similar allusion to restrictions on the introduction of religious matters into comedy.

"These, and other such things, shew

the nature of the Cologne carnival. It is a sort of Saturnalia, in which the people take an opportunity to give a loose to their pent-up feelings on political subjects, and, where they dare not attempt in sober earnest to attack the acts of government, to make it obvious, by the means of carnival license and ridicule, that they are unnoticed nor approved. More local and private matters also burst forth in satirical shapes and sallies; and Hans Wurst, the jack-pudding of Germany, plays off his fooleries, and fools caps and bells abound at all corners."

From the period when Clovis was declared king by the Franks at Cologne,\* this city was distinguished for its importance, its commerce, and its wealth. It usually sent thirty thousand efficient soldiers into the field. But its prosperity was destroyed by the intolerant bigotry of its priesthood. In this respect, the city also bore a very close resemblance to Rome. The priesthood in the fifteenth century expelled the Jews, who could not, even to the days of French domination on the Rhine, enter the city without being accompanied by two soldiers, and the payment of a ducat for each hour of their stay within the precincts. In 1618, the priesthood banished the Protestants. They also drove all the weavers out of their territory, on account of some disturbance. As Spain never recovered its industrial powers after the expulsion of the Mariscos, so Cologne lost its commercial prosperity after these acts of tyranny. It could boast of its 11 chapters, 58 convents, 19 parishes, 49 chapels, 16 hospitals, 365 steeples, its 2500 priests and monks, and its 5000 beggars, which immediately before the French Revolution had increased to 12,000 in number. But its persecuted and indignant burghers betook themselves, with their families, their wealth, and their enterprise, to Aix la Chapelle, Verviers, Elberfeld, Dusseldorf, Mülheim, and other places. In 1794, the French plundered the rich foundations of Aix, secularised its convents, and stripped its churches. The city was reduced to the lowest state of poverty and degradation, and it could never have recovered its prosperity but for the fostering hand of the King of

\* Pepin, the son of Charles Martel, was Duke of Cologne when he mounted the throne of France.

Prussia. Had the French still possessed it, its prostrate energies could never have been resuscitated.

Nor less akin to Rome is Cologne for the late rebellious attempt of its archbishop, Baron Droste von Vischering. Prussia, in the fulness and consciousness of its strength, and also for the satisfaction of its newly acquired subjects on the Rhine, in its concordat with the pope, entered into terms which were more favourable to papacy than even those which had been acceded to by Roman Catholic Bavaria and Austria. But this did not satisfy the more craving ambition of the Vatican. The same spirit which urged the heartless expulsion of the poor Tyrolean peasants of the Zillerthal; which has obtained for the Jesuit settlements at Vienna, Munich, and, in short, throughout the south of Germany, from Innsprück to the Danube; the same spirit which has re-established throughout Belgium those convents which it was the glory of the revolution in that country to have destroyed, and which, having turned away with basest ingratitude from the prostrate family of the elder Bourbons—who fell because they were staunch adherents to Papacy—has grovellingly truckled to the rampant revolutionary spirit in France, by styling Louis Philippe, in a late allocution, “Our dear Son in Jesus Christ,”—this same cunning, servile, plastic spirit had been endeavouring to ferment an insurrection throughout the Rhine provinces of Prussia, which it hoped would burst into flames under the directing energies of Baron Droste von Vischering.

The subject of dispute between the arrogant and rebellious archbishop and the King of Prussia, his master, was a simple matter,—the question of mixed marriages!\*

on which the law of Prussia is based pervade the laws of four-fifths of Germany. Even in Bavaria, no promise has been for the most part exacted by the priests; and all the Austrian law prescribes is, that male children shall be educated in the father's religion, the female in that of the mother. The laws of Holland, Poland, and Russia, are repugnant to all exactions of the kind on the part of the Roman Catholic priesthood. But Baron Droste forgot his oath, and his promise to his sovereign, and insolently set them at naught; and the solemn convention entered into between M. Bunsen, on the part of his king and his predecessor, archbishop Count Spiegel, acting on the authority of a breve from the pope (which convention was recognised by the bishops of Treves, Munster, and Paderborn), was arrogantly broken. He made his aversion to the Hermesian doctrines the shallow pretext for destroying the university of Bonn; and by false statements to the chapter of Cologne, by commanding the priests to make seditious harangues to their several flocks, and by inflammatory placards along the streets of Cologne, Bonn, and Coblenz, he endeavoured to excite a rebellion throughout the provinces. All these proceedings met with the warmest approbation of the pope and the congregation of cardinals. But, thanks to the active zeal of the ministers, and the firmness and moderation of the sovereign, all these base efforts proved unavailing.†

Under the wise, just, and fatherly government of the King of Prussia, Cologne, with its 65,000 inhabitants, has once more sprung into commercial action and prosperity. The six-and-thirty stanches of the city have been celebrated by Coleridge;‡

\* In all cases of mixed marriage—that is, when a Protestant and Roman Catholic intermarry—the law of Prussia prohibits the exaction of a promise from either party respecting the religious education of the offspring. The parents between themselves are to settle in what confession the children shall be reared. In case of disagreement between the parents, the children are to be educated in the religion of the father.

† An allocution from Rome is at this very moment stirring up, through the Jesuits of Galicia, the Roman Catholics of the Polish provinces of Russia to disorder and rebellion. The emperor sent to the heads of the church, and ordered them into his presence last August, and cautioned them against adopting the secret instructions of the propaganda at Rome.

‡ “Ye nymphs who reign o’er sewers and sinks,  
The river Rhine, it is well known,  
Doth wash your city of Cologne.  
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine  
Can henceforth wash the River Rhine?”

but, had that excellent poet been still alive to revisit the city of Agrippina, he would find it much altered from the period of his last visit. The dirt, and gloom, and narrow lanes, which characterised the city, are giving place to well-built squares and spacious well-paved streets. Crowds are thronging those streets in every direction. The bridge of boats to Deutz is groaning under its weight of passengers, carriages, and wagons; the abounding stream is covered with numerous vessels, of all sizes and construction; the quays are ringing with hearty shouts of happy industry. In the language of Victor Hugo,—

“ Toutes les rues fourmillent, toutes les croisées parlent, tous les toits chantent. Ça et là de vertes touffes d'arbres caressent doucement ces noirs maisons et les vieux hôtels de pierre du quinzième siècle mêlent à la monotonie des toits d'ardoise et des devantures de briques leur longue frise de fleurs, de feuils, et de feuillages sculptées, sur laquelle les colombes viennent se poser avec joie.” “ Thus,” continues the fanciful Frenchman, “ Holland, with its commerce, and Germany, with its poetry, meet like two mighty impersonations of the human mind—the Positive and the Ideal—upon the horizon of Cologne, a city which is palpitating at once with the throng of business and the bright dreams of imagination. \* \* \* The old German city has disappeared; the city of Agrippa has disappeared; the city of St. Engelbert is still in existence. But how long will it exist! The temple raised by St. Helena crumbled to ruin a thousand

years ago, and so will fall the church\* constructed by the devout hands of the Archbishop Anno. The old city is being worn away by the waves of its mighty river. Every day some antique stone, some old remembrance, some time-honoured custom, is detached by the wear and tear of its twenty steam-boats. No city can with impunity be placed on the grand artery of Europe. Cologne, though not so old as Treves and Soleure, the two most ancient cities of the Continent, has been thrice deformed and transformed by the rapid and violent current of ideas which have traversed it, mounting and descending incessantly from the cities of William the Silent to the mountains of William Tell, and bearing to Cologne from Mayence the riches of Germany, and from Strasbourg the riches of France. Now a fourth climacteric is preparing for Cologne. The spirit of *positivism* and *utilitarianism*, in the language of the barbarians of the present day, invades and penetrates the city; repulsive novelties strangely meet every where amid the labyrinth of its antique architecture; new streets are making large gaps across its Gothic masses; modern taste has seized upon the place, and is busily constructing Rivioli façades, to the open-mouthed astonishment of the shopkeepers; and there are some drunken rhymesters who are recommending to the city of Conrad the Pantheon of Soufflot. The tombs of the archbishops are falling to pieces in the cathedral about to be completed from motives of vanity, and not from force of faith. The stately peasant girls, arrayed in scarlet, and with their head-dresses of silver and gold, have all disappeared; † and the quays are thronged with Parisian grisettes.

\* The church constructed to the memory of St. Geryon and the holy martyrs of the Theban legion stands on the site of the temple of St. Helena.

† Some of the fondest of our own youthful recollections are connected with Munich, where the grisettes are celebrated throughout Germany for their beautiful faces and entrancing figures, and where German life was exhibited in perfection. But matters there, also, are sadly altering, as will be seen from the following extract from a German writer, given in Howitt's *Rural and Domestic Life in Germany*:—“ Formerly, in Munich, prevailed an uncircumscribed south-German life: Munich and Vienna went the same way. Whatever was the mode in the imperial city became so in Munich. \* \* \* The increasing importance of the city, the more intimate connexions with the rest of Germany, the flourishing of the arts, and the resort of so many strangers there, have introduced a new element of life, which, attacking that old south-German spirit on all sides, has driven it pretty nearly out of the field. \* \* \* Before this became the case, the tone of large companies was easy, free, and familiar. \* \* \* The young ladies were easily satisfied with the harmless chit-chat which the young gentlemen engaged in with them in the homely high German of Munich. But now people draw into narrower circles; they become more select, more exclusive; society assumes a finer tone; address clears itself of its negligence. \* \* \* The great world begins to get cold. \* \* \* Friends and relations draw together into household circles, make unions for the winter entertainments, and give select home-balls and concerts. Even the pic-nics, which became more frequent than ever, display the same tendency; people rejoice themselves in the illusion of being in a family circle.”



This very day have I seen levelled with the ground the last lingering bricks of the Roman cloisters of St. Martin, to be replaced by a Café Tortoni; and the long ranges of white houses give to the feudal and Catholic faubourg of the Theban Martyrs the flashy air of the Batignolles. An omnibus passes over the immemorial bridge of boats, and carries you, for six sous, from Agrippina to Tullium (Deutz). Alas! all the old cities are passing away."

The author continues in the same strain with regard to Mayence and Frankfort:—

"Frankfort and Mayence, like Liege, are admirable specimens of cities devastated by modern taste. I know not what corrosive properties are possessed by Cockneyish architecture.—colonnades of plaster, theatrical churches, and guinguette palaces; but certain it is, that all the poor old cities crumble and dissolve rapidly before the approach of hideous masses of white houses. I hoped to see at Mayence the Martinsberg, till the seventeenth century the feudal residence of the archbishop-electors: the French had converted it into an hospital; the Hessians have raised it to enlarge their free port. As for the hotel of the merchants, built in 1317 by the famous league of the one hundred cities, and magnificently decorated with statues of stone of the seven electors, with their respective emblazons, and over which two colossal figures supported the arms of the empire, that has been pulled down to give place to a square. I reckoned upon taking up my quarters opposite, in the hostelry of the Three Crowns, without doubt the oldest inn in Europe; and I expected to see one of those hostelries as described by the Chevalier Grammont, with its immense fire-place, the principal room with pillars and rafters, the wall of which was one large window netted over with lead, and at the door of which were the stone steps to assist you in mounting your mule. I would not even enter the place. The old inn of Cleeman has been converted into a bastard Hôtel-Meurice. Ere long, Mayence will do to the *Bona Mens* and to the *Hof zum Jungen* what Paris has done to the venerable *logis du pitié des Halles*. The work of destruction will proceed (to be succeeded by some sorry façade ornamented with a sorry bust) against the natal roof of that John Gensfleisch, gentleman of the chamber of the elector Adolphus, of Nassau, whom posterity knows under the name of Gutenberg, as it knows by the name of Maitre Jean Baptiste Pequetin, valet de chambre of King Louis XIV."

The genius of the three severe builders of the cathedral at Cologne, Maitre Gerard, Maitre Arnold, and Maitre John, still hovers over the city, and repels, though not effectually, the approach of the false taste of modern times. This last has effectually attacked Frankfort and Mayence:—

"A Mayence et à Francfort, l'architecture-Rubens, la ligne gouffée et puissante, le riche caprice flamand, l'épaisse et inextricable végétation des grillages de fer chargés de fleurs et d'animaux, l'impénétrable variété des encoignures et des tourelles; la couleur, le phénomène; le contour joufflu, pansu, opulent, ayant plus de santé encore que de beauté; le mascarou, le triton, la naïade, le dauphin ruissillant, toute la sculpture païenne charnue et robuste, l'ornementation énorme, hyperbolique, et exorbitante, le mauvais goût magnifique, ont envahi la ville depuis le commencement du dix-septième siècle et ont empanaché, et enguirlandé, selon leur poétique fantastique, la vieille et grave maçonnerie allemande. Aussi, ce ne sont partout que devantures historiées, ouvrees et guillochées; frontons compliqués de pots à feu, de grenades, de pommes de pin, de cippes, et de rocailles, offrant des profils de buissons d'écrevisses; et pignons volutés à trois marteaux comme la perruque de cérémonie de Louis XIV."

Frankfort may, without doubt, be called the city of the *Caryatides*. Turn which way you will, and you meet colossal figures, some erect, some half-bent, some kneeling,—in short, in every posture, and adorned in every possible style that had taste can invent,—of every age, of every sex, and every fanciful contortion of body; satyrs, nymphs with Flemish amplitude of bosom, dwarfs, giants, sphynxes, dragons, angels, devils, are seen on entablatures, mouldings, and architraves. Here is a Roman emperor cut out of stone, arrayed in wig and immense folds of drapery of the time of Louis XIV., and all the paraphernalia of sway; there stands a disdainful Hercules, and a little farther on a hobbling Vulcan; Junos, Venuses, Minervas, and Mercuries, figure in alternating grace and dignity: to say nothing of ebony-coloured and grinning negroes, emblazoned with drapery of brass. Some of their figures support doors, some windows, some balconies, some ground-floors, some two stories, and some whole houses:—

"Le plus horrible cauchemar qu'on puisse avoir à Francfort, ce n'est ni l'invasion des Russes, ni l'irruption des Français, in la guerre Européenne traversant le pays, ni les vieilles guerres civiles déchirant de nouveau les quatorze quartiers de la ville, ni le typhus, ni le cholera; c'est le reveil, le déchainement et la vengeance des carintides!"

There are two monuments upon which we have often gazed with especial interest; the one is that of Mary de Medicis, in the cathedral of Cologne; the other of Fruculob\* the Mennesinger in the cloisters of the cathedral of Mayence. And this last city, while it stands conspicuous in the annals of the world for having possessed the first Printing-Press, is also conspicuous, through the instrumentality of one of its citizens, Walpolden, for having originated the famous Hanseatic league, and promulgated the true principles of free trade. It was the confederation thus formed that effectually broke down the power of the bandit nobles of the Rhine.

Many have been the descriptions of the noble Rhine, from the glowing and glorious poetry of Byron to the effusions of the young dandy and lackadaisical young lady of last year, sent for the especial behoof of inquiring friends at Cripplegate or Hackney. Imagination cannot conceive of what motley cast and colour are the crowds which in these days rush up the Rhine; guide-book in hand, and ignorant of every language under heaven, not excepting their own vernacular. Fenimore Cooper, in the introduction to his *Heidenmauer*, speaks of the Rhine as a regular Yankce. He, of course, prefers the Hudson. The Hudson, says he,

"Within the distance universally admitted to contain the finest parts of the Rhine, is both a large and a small river; it has its bays, its narrow passages among meadows, its frowning gorges and its reaches resembling Italian lakes; whereas, the most that can be said of its European competitor is, that all these wonderful peculiarities are feebly imitated!"

\* The ladies carried his body from his house to the great church; their lamentations resounded throughout the city; their grief being extreme for the loss of him who, in his songs, had lavished his praises upon their sex:—"Tanta, etiam, ibi copia fuit vini fusa in sepulchrum suum, quod circumfluebat per totum ambitum ecclesie."—*Albertus Argentinensis*.

William Howitt, in the spirit of a true Cockney, thinks there is nothing like the Thames:—

"The Thames, from London to the sea, and upwards to Richmond, is the grandest spectacle of the kind which the world ever has had or has yet to shew."

The comparison of the Thames or the Hudson with the Rhine is about as apposite as Fluellen's comparison between Monmouth and Macedon. Of all the descriptions that have ever been written, the meed of excellence has been long given to the stanzas of Lord Byron in the third canto of *Childe Harold*. What a masterly delineation do these four lines present:—

"A blending of all beauties; streams  
and dells,  
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field,  
mountain, vine,  
And chiefless castles breathing stern  
farewells  
From grey but leafy walls, where Ruin  
grimly dwells."

And in prose, certainly nothing that we have yet met with can compete with the eloquent and heart-stirring description of Victor Hugo.

The three sources of the Rhine proceed from the fastnesses of the Grisons, and rise in the immediate neighbourhood of the sources of the Reus, the Rhone, and the Tesino. They unite their waters at Reichenau, celebrated as the spot where Louis Philippe took refuge in a school in the guise of an usher, and taught mathematics. Rushing forward between rugged walls of granite, the stream passes the Roman village of Audier, recalling the memory of Charlemagne; and Coire (the capital of the Grisons, if that wild, mountainous district can be said to have any capital), the ancient Curia, evoking the memory of Drusus; and Feldkirch, allied to the name of Massena; and overcoming every obstacle, the river rolls into the Lake of Constance; then bounding down the mountain-fall of Schaffhausen, and sweeping by a portion of the Jura Mountains and the Vösges, it pierces the volcanic

of the Taunus, and after reg into its expanding bosom inds of tributary streams, pass-wards of a hundred and four-ities, and dividing eleven na-its impetuous current reaches its of Holland:—

*euve-Protée," exclaims the enthu-Frenchman, "ceinture des em-frontière des ambitions, frein des vants; serpent de l'énorme caducée d sur l'Europe le dieu Commerce; et parure du globe: longue cheve-rie des Alpes qui traine jusque dans l'"*

river has been visited by al-very race of men, and has seen e and fall of every conceivable of government. Both of its , from its very fountains to its ichure, were thronged with n colonies, and trodden by the ebrated emperors and gene-f Rome. The Roman suc-l the Celt, the Gaul succeeded oman. Charlemagne broke the of the Gauls, and brought into subjection. He built a on piles at Mayence, the re-of which are still visible; he ed the aqueduct at Bonn, and oman roads of Victoria, now ied; and Bacchiara, now Bacha-and Vinicella, now Winkel; f Thronus Bacchi, now Trar-

At his command arose at eim, from the ruins of the of Julian, a magnificent palace, its one hundred columns of a, and porphyry, and mosaics y Pope Hadrian from Ravenna. vretched burying-place of the now occupies the site of this al abode. Crescentius, in the O, had evangelised the Taunus; ollinariius had visited Rigoma-St. Goar had preached at Bac-; St. Martin, bishop of Tours, aboured at Confluentia; St. nus, before visiting Tongres, esided at Cologne; St. Eu-s had built for himself an her- in the neighbourhood of s, near to where St. Gezelinus, ng for three whole years upon

a column, had contended face to face with the statue of Diana, which at length fell to pieces under the intensity of his gaze. Great, also, was the number of the martyrs who at Treves attested the truth of their belief by their deaths in the court of the palace of the prefect of Gaul.

The banks of the Rhine first witnessed the age of conquest; then succeeded the period of history and the dissemination of Christianity; and these were again succeeded by the age of marvels and traditions. A whole world of supernatural beings were evoked by fancy and superstition to hold intercommunion with the rugged, mail-clad nobles, and fair-haired and blue-eyed damsels, of that mountain region. The Oreads betook themselves to the forests—the Undines to the glassy streams—the Gnomes to the deep caverns of earth. An invisible spirit abode on every rock—there was not a mountain without its guardian daemon. The Black Huntsman traversed thicket and briar, spurring onward his phantom stag. There were the Maiden of the Black, and the six Maidens of the Red Marsh; Wodan with his ten hands; the twelve black men; the startling propounding enigmas; the goblin crow, with his croaking song; the wondrous magpie, with the story of its grandmother; the marmosets of the Zeitelmos; Everard with the Beard, and Siegfried the Slayer of the Dragon.\* The devil possessed his rock at Teufelstein, and placed his ladder at Teufelsleiter, and reposed his tail on the rock close to the Heidenmauer. He actually had the intention of holding forth as a preacher at the Teufelskanzel near Gernsbach, but desisted upon the pulpit of the Angel being established immediately opposite on the other side of the river. Monsters and gigantic spectres stepped over the sinuosities of the Seven Mountains, and swarms of fairies hovered over the Wisper. The double fable of Echo and Hylas was identified with the Lurleiberg. The Serpent Maiden had its lair at

According to tradition, the hero of the Niebelungenlied Siegfried, killed the on the bank of the Rhine opposite Worms. It is scarcely needless to tell ders that the above-named poem has with very great propriety been styled the *n-Iliad*. The country between Worms and Mayence was the far-famed Woner Land of Song, of the Minnesingers.

Augst; the wicked Bishop Hatto was devoured by myriads of rats in his strong tower in the midstream of the Rhine; and the seven disdainful sisters of Schönberg were transformed into seven rocks, which are yet visible; and the dæmon Uria brought on his back from Leyden the huge rock wherewith to demolish Aix-la-Chapelle, but having blunderingly let it fall, it has since become known as the gay Louisberg. The Rhine presents every aspect and every kind of beauty. It washes by beetling crag, frowning forest, pastoral valley, and boundless meadows. Its banks present the gay city, the laughing village, the secluded hamlet, the lone chapel in the midst of woodland repose, the sparkling garden and the busy vineyard, casting life and animation around the grey and crumbling fragments of the feudal fortress. It is now rushing forwards in a narrowed and rocky course — now moving in slow and voluptuous measure along its broad and ample channel. Its waters are by turns of the colour of the emerald, the sapphire, and of the pure crystal. It is a torrent at Schaffhausen, a whirlpool at Bingen, a wide stream at Sickengen, a mighty river at Mayence, and a tranquil lake at St. Goar. It is as rapid as the Rhone, much broader than the Loire, with banks ten times more mountainous than the Meuse, as tortuous as the Seine or our Scottish Forth, as transparent as the most transparent waters, as historical as the Danube, as sacred as the Nile or the Ganges, as bright-waved or gold-coloured as an American river, and teeming at the same time with the wildest fancies of superstition. We conclude in the words of Victor Hugo:—

"Il descend de Constance à Rotterdam, du pays des aigles à la ville des harengs; de la cité les papes, des conciles et des empereurs au comptoir des marchands et des bourgeois; des Alpes à l'océan; comme l'humanité elle-même est descendue des idées hautes, immuables, inaccessibles, sereines, resplendissantes, aux idées larges, mobiles, orangeuses, sombres, utiles, navigables, dangereuses, insoudables, qui se chargent de tout, qui portent tout, qui fécondent tout, qui engloutissent tout; de la théocratie à la démocratie; d'une grande chose à une autre grande chose."

We will now turn our attention to the political conclusion by Victor Hugo, to which we have already alluded:—

"Il y a deux cents ans," says the author, "deux États envahisseurs pressaient l'Europe. En d'autres termes, deux égoïsmes menaçaient la civilisation."

These two powers were Turkey and Spain. The first represented the spirit of war, violence, and conquest, or, in other words, barbarism; the second, the spirit of commerce, cunning, and invasion, or, in other words, corruption. The first possessed the fairest portions of the continents of Asia and Africa. In the latter it ruled over the whole sweep of land from the Penon de Valez to the isthmus of Suez, with the entirety of Egypt; in the former its dominion was extended from the Arabian Gulf and the shores of the Mediterranean, to the confines of Persia and Tartary, with the entirety of the immense provinces bordering on the Bosphorus and the Black Sea to the confines of Sarmatia. In Europe it was lord of the Adriatic, and the numberless bright islands celebrated in Greek song and story, and sweeping round the sinuous shores from Ragusa and the Morea; its sword had subjugated the countries stretching to the Crimea. Its fierce valour had also won Hungary as far as Buda, the whole of Thrace, the whole of Thessaly, Macedonia, and Epirus; the whole of Bosnia, Servia, Dacia, Bulgaria, and the provinces of the Danube, to its embouchure into the Black Sea. The second of these mighty empires, situated at the entrance of the Mediterranean, possessed that sea as a closed lake. It had moulded its eighteen kingdoms into one formidable monarchy. It basked under the perpetual sunshine of a heavenly climate, and its ports, sixty-five in number, were ringing with the perpetual din of commerce. From the rest of Europe it was guarded by a range of lofty and rugged mountains; in the south, the narrow straits gave it easy access to Africa, and its dominion swept around the whole coast of that immense continent, even to the eastern point of Cape Gardafui. It possessed nearly the whole of the mighty expanse of South

America, from Panama to Patagonia; and, with the single exception of Calcutta, the whole of the coast of the Indian peninsula from the Gulf of Cambay to Melipore. Of islands it had acquired the fairest and the largest in the world, besides innumerable stations in the seas of every quarter. In Europe it had gained Sardinia and Sicily, and held Italy bound in iron fetters by its possession of the duchy of Milan and the kingdom of Naples; while, by its sovereignty in the Low Countries and Franche-Comté and Roussillon, it kept France in perpetual alarm.

The revenues of the sultan surpassed fifteen millions of pieces of gold. It was truly said of the sister of Selim, that her daily income amounted to 2500 golden sequins. The Turks gloried in their cavalry, which amounted to 50,000 spahis, and 150,000 Timariots. The simple body-guard of the sultan amounted to 14,000 janissaries. His galleys were the terror of the seas. After the battle of Lepanto, his fleet was sufficiently formidable to keep in check all the combined fleets of Christendom. He was celebrated for the destructive powers of his artillery. At the siege of Constantinople, Sultan Mahmoud brought against its walls a single mortar, which was drawn by 2000 yoke of oxen, and which, night and day, hurled masses of rocks with the monstrous powers of a volcano. The Turkish boast was, that wherever the hoofs of their horses passed, the ground became accursed with perpetual sterility.

The King of Spain was a kind of Catholic sultan. His wealth exceeded the combined riches of all the potentates of Europe. Without reckoning his ordinary income, he drew from Italy and Sicily four millions of gold; from Portugal, two millions; from Spain, fourteen millions; from the Low Countries, three millions; and thirty millions from America. No portion of this immense empire, however small, was exempted from its yearly subsidy; even the Balearic Islands contributed their fifty thousand crowns. The yearly subsidy of the Church was itself sufficient to support one hundred galleys. Every office was sold, and gratuitous offerings were

frequently demanded from the feudatories and the people. Every three years the kingdoms of Naples presented to the king 1,200,000 crowns of gold, and he once condescended to accept from Castile a free gift of four millions. He was as celebrated for his infantry as the sultan was for his strength in cavalry. The Spanish foot-soldier was the perfection of his class. Second only to the Spaniards as foot-soldiers were the Walloons. The Spanish horseman excelled the horsemen of Europe, and was second only to the Turk. The Spanish fleet was the most numerous, and the best manned in Europe, and a fitting antagonist for the Turk.

Spain and Turkey are now fallen from their palmy state of grandeur and power, and have given place to the antagonist influences of England and Russia. It is needless to mention their extensive possessions.

Russia possesses two capitals—the one of modern growth, the other of immemorial date. St. Petersburg is a type of the empire's kinship with Europe. Moscow is emblematic of its consanguinity with Asia. The Russian eagle, like the imperial eagle of Germany, is double-headed. The rude Knez of Muscovy first assumed the title of czar, and subsequently of emperor. These different appellations marked the state of his progress towards civilisation. And in his present state of civilisation, he can bring into the field an army of 1,100,000 men.

The power of England is felt in every quarter of the globe. She possesses the six largest gulfs—those of Guinea, of Oman, of Bengal, of Mexico, of Baffin, and of Hudson. She opens and shuts at pleasure nine considerable seas—the North Sea, the British Channel, the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, the Ionian Sea, the Archipelago, the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, and the Caribbean Sea. She possesses three empires—one in America, one in Asia, and one in Australasia.

Between the Russians and the Turk there is a striking resemblance. They are equally sprung from the same Tartar origin. The descriptions of Ammianus Marcellinus and Jordanes are applicable in the present day. The Huns of the year

375, like the Cossacks of 1814, came from the confines of China. The son of the south changes often—he is in a perpetual state of transition. The son of the north is as rigid in nature as the rigorous and unchangeable nature of his clime. The Russian, like the Turk, whatever his rank and station, is ever a slave, and all his possessions are held at the caprice of his supreme ruler. The vizir and pacha, like the prince and general, can by a word be stripped of the gaudy trappings of dignity, and degraded to the meanest position and service. A common boatman can be made a grand vizir, and a prime minister created out of the menial condition of a pastrycook's apprentice. A wretched and weeping slave has been transformed into a favourite sultana, and a simple servant raised to the imperial dignity of a czarina.

Extreme despotism, like extreme democracy, repels all natural and social superiority. Self-will and passion govern their every action. The virtues and learning of Sir Thomas More weighed as little in the estimation of the tyrannical Henry VIII., as the unbending probity and deep philosophy of the Mayor Bailly in that of the ferocious Marat. Sanctity of person was as much held at nought by the jealous Elizabeth when she signed the fatal warrant for the death of Queen Mary, as by Robespierre when his monarch laid his head beneath the sharp knife of the guillotine. The first thing that strikes an inquirer is a resemblance between Russia and Turkey. The first thing that strikes the same inquirer, is a difference between England and Spain. But this difference actually leads to similar results.

In Spain the monarchy was absolute, in England the monarchy is limited—but in either case the sovereign is impeccable. *El Rey no cae*, says the old law of Spain; *The king can do no wrong*, says the old law of England. The sovereign of either country may be a mere cipher. The Parliament restrains the actions of the one, the iron bonds of unceasing etiquette bind the actions of the other. Responsible ministers carry on the government of one nation, while the destinies of the other have been committed to the irresponsible

guidance of a Camera. "Quelquefois," says Victor Hugo, "le parlement se révolte et tue le roi d'Angleterre; quelquefois l'étiquette se révolte et tue le roi d'Espagne. Parallélisme bizarre, mais incontestable dans lequel, l'échafaud de Charles I. a pour pendant le brasier de Philippe III." The old Salic law is repudiated by either country—both recognise the rights of female sovereigns. Pride and patience are equally characteristic of England and of Spain. "Admirable temperament," exclaims the author, "et qui pousse les peuples aux grandes choses!" What pride is to the nation, that is patience to the individual. Pride urges to conquest, patience urges to colonisation. Spain, like England, has been victorious, and has colonised in every quarter of the world. The infantry of England is as celebrated as the infantry of Spain. The author pursues the comparison to minute particulars. "Le thé est pour l'Angleterre ce qu'était pour l'Espagne le cacao: l'habitude de la nation; et par conséquent, selon la conjoncture une occasion d'alliance ou un cas de guerre."

The power of Turkey has dissolved before the progress of Russia. In 1828 the Russian eagle hovered triumphantly over the walls of Adrianople. On the very next occasion its scream of conquest will be heard above the walls of the seraglio at Constantinople. The progress of events has brought down Spain from her proud pre-eminence. Austria possesses the Milanese; France possesses the Ardennes, the Cambresis, Artois, Franche-Comté, and Roussillon. Other fragments of her ancient empire form four distinct kingdoms—Belgium, Portugal, Sardinia, and the Two Sicilies. Some of her conquests in America have been converted into nine republics—Mexico, Guatemala, Columbia, Peru, Bolivia, Paraguay, Uruguay, La Plata, and Chili. But England has been the greatest gainer of her possessions. The governor-general of India rules over fragments of her extensive empire; and innumerable islands in the eastern and western oceans—once the colonies of Spain—are now sheltered under the flag of England.

In the seventeenth century, though

ned from the e from  
st, the combin gies of  
effectually rei the ope-  
of Spain and Turkey, and, by  
lar combination of energies,  
in the nineteenth century  
ist the aggressive influences  
sia and England. But the  
table small states, duchies,  
as, and free towns, which an-  
contributed to the general  
h, have now disappeared  
l has dwindled down to di-  
e proportions. Hungary is  
sage of Austria, as Malta is  
and. The very name of Po-  
longer exists. Venice and  
are mere provincial cities.  
e Pope, as a temporal prince,  
ly insignificant.  
hopes of Europe are centred  
any and France.

ian," exclaims the author, "cela  
suffire, la France et l'Allemagne  
entièrement l'Europe : l'Alle-  
est le cœur ; la France est la

Allemagne et la France sont es-  
sent la civilisation : L'Alle-  
ent ; la France pense !!  
sentiment et la pensée, c'est tout  
civilisé !!!"

this bombastic stuff, the  
then follows up the notion.  
son the French and the Ger-  
mere is an incontestable con-  
fity. They struggled hand in  
gainst the Romans. They  
rothers in times past, are  
in times present, and will be  
in times to come. The na-  
e similar in their formation.  
osition is not insular. They  
actuated by a spirit of con-  
They are the true children  
European soil. "Tollius,"  
Elector of Brandenburg one  
hat physician and charlatan,  
re an alchemist ; but I defy  
ur powers to convert a Van-  
a Prussian." Germany, like  
is irresistible from its com-  
and internal strength. The  
ustoms' League has effected  
one what the departmental  
had effected for the other.  
was great inconsistency in

the acts of the Congress of Vienna. In  
the distribution of principalities the  
banks of the Rhine were taken from  
France and given to Prussia, the  
youngest and the most warlike of  
the German states. But Prussia  
requires consolidation, which she  
never can possess until she acquires  
Hanover and Brunswick. Then the  
powers of Europe will yield the left  
bank of the Rhine once more to the  
guardianship of France.

"Il faut," says the author, "pour que  
l'univers soit en équilibre, qu'il y ait en  
Europe, comme la double clef de voûte  
du continent, deux grands Etats du  
Rhin, tous deux fécondés et étroitement  
unis par ce fleuve régénérateur : l'un sep-  
tentrional et oriental, l'Allemagne, s'ap-  
puyant à la Baltique, à l'Adriatique, et  
à la Mer Noire avec la Suède, le Dane-  
mark, la Grèce, et les principautés du  
Danube pour arcs-boutants ; l'autre mé-  
ridional et occidental, la France, s'appu-  
yant à la Méditerranée et à l'Océan, avec  
l'Italie et l'Espagne pour contre-forts."

This plan has been already thrice  
attempted—by Charlemagne against  
the Saxons and Normans ; by Louis  
XIV., who sought to support France  
by family ties in Spain, Italy, and  
Sicily ; and by Napoleon, who formed  
a family connexion with Austria,  
gave Westphalia to his brother, Swe-  
den to Bernadotte, and promised Pol-  
and to Poniatowski, and who was  
overthrown by the combined forces  
of Russia and England. Europe  
must now do that for herself what  
the might of Napoleon failed to ac-  
complish :—

"Quand l'Europe centrale sera con-  
stituée, et elle le sera un jour, l'intérêt  
de tous sera évident ; la France, adossée  
à l'Allemagne, fera front à l'Angleterre,  
qui est, comme nous l'avons dit, l'esprit  
de commerce, et la rejettera dans l'océan ;  
l'Allemagne, adossée à la France, fera  
front à la Russie, qui nous l'avons dit le  
même, est l'esprit de conquête, et la re-  
jettera dans l'Asie."

But enough of such Utopian  
dreams. We cannot, however, take  
leave of these lucubrations without  
informing our readers that Victor  
Hugo compares Paris to ancient  
Rome, and London to ancient Car-

says, elsewhere :—"La France en effet, pour le monde entier, c'est la  
est l'intelligence, la publicité, le livre, la presse, la tribune, la parole ; c'est  
la pire des choses, dit Esopé ; la meilleure aussi !"

thage. The inhabitants of London he denounces as still conspicuous for their "Punic Faith." And he thus continues :—

*"L'Angleterre est le chat, disait le grand Frédéric, la France est le chien. En droit, dit le légiste Houard, les Anglais sont des Juifs, les Français des Chrétiens. Les sauvages mêmes semblent sentir vaguement cette profonde antithèse des deux grandes nations policées. Le Christ, disent les Indiens d'Amérique, était un Français que les Anglais crucifièrent à Londres. Ponci Pilate était un officier au service de l'Angleterre !!"*

Victor Hugo seems to imagine that the people along the Rhine would hail with acclamations the domination of France. But he is miserably mistaken. Without vanity we may affirm that we know that country as well as he does; and that the people, with a few paltry exceptions confined to the lowest classes, are decidedly hostile to France. Even in Alsace—though that province has since the time of Louis XIV. appertained to France, a marked and visible distinction can be discerned between its inhabitants and the inhabitants of Champagne and Lorraine. The Customs Union will assuredly produce wonders for Germany, especially when we consider the opening markets of the East. The improved navigation of the Danube will render Eastern markets available to the manufacturers of Germany, and its rapid improvements in machinery of all kinds, and in railroads, will enable it to enter into no ignoble contest with England herself. Thanks to the blundering conduct of the late ministry and their representative at Munich, Lord Erskine, the English have been cut out of all participation in the German League. This might have been obviated, because, at the outset of their enterprise, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Prussia, were most anxious to come to some good understanding with ourselves. Reciprocity with Germany is now utterly impossible. With increase of wealth in Germany will, no doubt, come in-

crease of independent feeling. But however the people may hanker after improvements in government, they will not forget their nationality. The members of the Zoll-Verein are desirous of a fleet and of colonies. Its mercantile greatness will yet return, and the country will yet see many Fuggers and Welsers. This increase of prosperity will increase the love of their fatherland. In every quarter of Germany—in the north, and even in the south—in the east, and even in the west, that is, along the banks of the Rhine—the name of France and the presence of the French are detested. The Germans are slow to anger, but immovable in their wrath; and the hatred of Prussia to France (which country, indeed, is the life-spring of Germany) is inveterate. We have ourselves no fear for the left bank of the Rhine—it will never be in the possession of France. Peace will be sought by France as long as the wise king, Louis Philippe, is alive. But should the days of commotion supervene, hemmed in between Germany and England, France will sooner be herself dismembered (the Loire giving the obvious line of demarcation) than that any portion of the German dominions should be ceded to France. German nationality is alive, and even awake; and speaks forth in the words of the poet, which words find a ready response in the bosom of every true German:

*"Erfüllt ist jenes Wort!*

*Der König ist man frei!*

*Der Nibelungen Hort*

*Ersteht und glänzet neu:*

*Es sind die alten deutschen Elben,*

*Die wieder ihren Schein bewähren!*

*Der Väter Zucht und Muth und Rhem,*

*Das heil'ge deutsche Kaiserthum!*

*Wir huld'gen unssem Herrn,*

*Wir trinken seinen Wein.*

*Die Freiheit sei der Stern!*

*Die Lösung sei der Rhein!*

*Wir wollen ihm aufs neue schwören;*

*Wir müssen ihm, er uns gehören.*

*Vom Felsen kommt er frei und her:*

*Er fließt frei in Gottes Meer!*

*Das Lied vom Rhein.*

*Von M. v. Schenkhausen."*



off fashion, my good fellow. Simplicity, sir,—simplicity's the characteristic of the real gentleman, and so I'll tell you what we had for dinner."

"Turtle and venison, of course:—no nob dines without *them*."

"Psha! we're sick of 'em! We had pea-soup and boiled tripe! What do you think of *that*? We had sprats and herrings, a bullock's heart, a baked shoulder of mutton and potatoes, pig's fry and Irish stew. I ordered the dinner, sir, and got more credit for inventing it than they ever gave to Ude or Soyé. The marquess was in ecstasies, the earl devoured half a bushel of sprats, and if the viscount is not laid up with a surfeit of bullock's heart, my name's not Howard Walker. Billy, as I call him, was in the chair, and gave my health; and what do you think the rascal proposed?"

"What *did* his lordship propose?"

"That every man present should subscribe twopence, and pay for my share of the dinner. By Jove! it is true, and the money was handed to me in a pewter-pot, of which they also begged to make me a present. We afterwards went to Tom Spring's, from Tom's to the Finish, from the Finish to the watchhouse—that is, *they* did,—and sent for me just as I was getting into bed to bail them all out."

"They're happy dogs, those young noblemen," said Mr. Eglantine; "nothing but pleasure from morning till night; no affectation neither,—no *hoture*; but manly, downright, straightforward good fellows."

"Should you like to meet them, Tiny, my boy?" said the captain.

"If I did, sir, I hope I should shew myself to be the gentleman," answered Mr. Eglantine.

"Well, you *shall* meet them, and Lady Billingsgate shall order her perfumes at your shop. We are going to dine, next week, all our set, at mealy-faced Bob's, and you shall be my guest," cried the captain, slapping the delighted artist on the back. "And now, my boy, tell me how *you* spent the evening."

"At my club, sir," answered Mr. Eglantine, blushing rather.

"What! not at the play with the lovely black-eyed Miss—what is her name, Eglantine?"

"Never mind her name, captain," replied Eglantine, partly from prudence and partly from shame. He had not the heart to own it was Crump, and he did not care that the captain should know more of his destined bride.

"You wish to keep the five thousand to yourself, eh! you rogue?" responded the captain, with a good-humoured air, although exceedingly mortified; for, to say the truth, he had put himself to the trouble of telling the above long story of the dinner, and of promising to introduce Eglantine to the lords, solely that he might elicit from that gentleman's good-humour some further particulars regarding the young lady with the billiard-ball eyes. It was for the very same reason, too, that he had made the attempt at reconciliation with Mr. Mossrose, which had just so signally failed. Nor would the reader, did he know Mr. W. better, at all require to have the above explanation; but as yet we are only at the first chapter of his history, and who is to know what the hero's motives can be unless we take the trouble to explain?

Well, the little dignified answer of the worthy dealer in bergamot, "*Never mind her name, captain!*" threw the gallant captain quite back; and though he sat for a quarter of an hour longer, and was exceedingly kind; and though he threw out some skilful hints, yet the perfumer was quite unconquerable; or, rather, he was too frightened to tell; the poor, fat, timid, easy, good-natured gentleman was always the prey of rogues,—panting and floundering in one rascal's snare or another's. He had the dissimulation, too, which timid men have; and felt the presence of a victimiser as a hare does of a greyhound. Now he would be quite still, now he would double, and now he would run, and then came the end. He knew, by his sure instinct of fear, that the captain had, in asking these questions, a scheme against him, and so he was cautious, and trembled, and doubted. And oh! how he thanked his stars when Lady Grogmore's chariot drove up, with the Misses Grogmore, who wanted their hair dressed, and were going to a breakfast at three o'clock!

"I'll look in again, Tiny," said the captain, on hearing the summons.

"Do, captain," replied the other: "*thank you*;" and went into the lady's studio with a heavy heart.

"Get out of the way, you infernal villain!" roared the captain, with many oaths, to Lady Grogmore's large footman, with ruby-coloured tights, who was standing inhaling the ten thousand perfumes of the shop; and the latter, moving away in great terror, the gallant agent passed out, quite heedless of the grin of Mr. Mossrose.

Walker was in a fury at his want of success, and walked down Bond Street in a fury. "I *will* know where the girl lives!" swore he. "I'll spend a five-pound note, by Jove! rather than not know where she lives!"

"*That you would—I know you would!*" said a little, grave, low voice, all of a sudden, by his side. "Pooh! what's money to you?"

Walker looked down; it was Tom Dale.

Who in London did not know little Tom Dale? He had cheeks like an apple, and his hair curled every morning, and a little blue stock, and always two new magazines under his arm, and an umbrella and a little brown frock coat, and big square-toed shoes with which he went *papping* down the street. He was every where at once. Every body met him every day, and he knew every thing that every body ever did; though nobody ever knew what he did. He was, they say, a hundred years old, and had never dined at his own charge once in those hundred years. He looked like a figure out of a wax-work, with glassy, clear, meaningless eyes; he always spoke with a grin; he knew what you had for dinner the day before he met you, and what every body had had for dinner for a century back almost. He was the receptacle of all the scandal of all the world, from Bond Street to Bread Street; he knew all the authors, all the actors, all the "notorieties" of the town, and the private histories of each. That is, he never knew any thing really, but supplied deficiencies of truth and memory with ready-coined, never-failing lies. He was the most benevolent man in the universe, and never saw you without telling you every thing most cruel of your neigh-

bour, and when he left you he went to do the same kind turn by yourself.

"Pooh! what's money to you, my dear boy?" said little Tom Dale, who had just come out of Ebers's, where he had been filching an operaticket. "You make it in bushels in the City, you know you do,—in thousands. I saw you go into Eglantine's. Fine business that; finest in London. Five shilling cakes of soap, my dear boy. I can't wash with such: thousands a-year that man has made,—hasn't he?"

"Upon my word, Tom, I don't know," says the captain.

"You not know? Don't tell me. You know every thing—you agents. You *know* he makes five thousand a-year,—ay, and might make ten, but you know why he don't."

"Indeed I don't."

"Nonsense. Don't humbug a poor old fellow like me. Jews—Amos—fifty per cent, ay? Why can't he get his money from a good Christian?"

"I *have* heard something of that sort," said Walker, laughing. "Why, hy Jove, Tom, you know every thing!"

"You know every thing, my dear boy. You know what a rascally trick that opera creature served him, poor fellow. Cashmere shawls—Storr and Mortimer's—Star and Garter. Much better dine quiet off pea-soup and sprats,—ay? His betters have, as you know very well."

"Pea-soup and sprats! What, have you heard of that already?"

"Who bailed Lord Bilingsgate, ay, you rogue?" and here Tom gave a knowing and almost demoniacal grin. "Who wouldn't go to the Finish? Who had the piece of plate presented to him filled with sovereigns? And you deserved it, my dear boy—you deserved it. They said it was only halfpence, but I know better!" and here Tom went off in a cough.

"I say, Tom," cried Walker, inspired with a sudden thought, "you, who know every thing, and are a theatrical man, did you ever know a Miss Delancy, an actress?"

"At Sadler's Wells, in '16? Of course I did. Real name was Budge. Lord Slapper admired her very much, my dear boy. She married a man by the name of Crump, his

lordship's black footman, and brought him five thousand pound; and they keep the Bootjack public-house in Bunker's Buildings, and they've got fourteen children. Is one of them handsome, eh, you sly rogue,—and is it that which you will give five pounds to know? God bless you, my dear, dear boy. Jones, my dear friend, how are you?"

And now, seizing on Jones, Tom Dale left Mr. Walker alone, and proceeded to pour into Mr. Jones's ear an account of the individual whom he had just quitted; how he was the best fellow in the world, and Jones *knew* it; how he was in a fine way of making his fortune; how he had been in the Fleet many times, and how he was at this moment employed in looking out for a young lady of whom a certain great marquess (whom Jones knew very well, too) had expressed an admiration.

But for these observations, which he did not hear, Captain Walker, it may be pronounced, did not care. His eyes brightened up, he marched quickly and gaily away; and turning into his own chambers opposite Eglantine's shop, saluted that establishment with a grin of triumph. "You wouldn't tell me her name, wouldn't you?" said Mr. Walker. "Well, the luck's with me now, and here goes."

Two days after as Mr. Eglantine, with white gloves and a case of eau de Cologne as a present in his pocket, arrived at the Bootjack Hotel, Little Bunker's Buildings, Berkeley Square (for it must out—that was the place in which Mr. Crump's inn was situ-

ated), he paused for a moment at the threshold of the little house of entertainment, and listened, with beating heart, to the sound of delicious music that a well-known voice was uttering within.

The moon was playing in silvery brightness down the gutter of the humble street. A "helper," rubbing down one of Lady Smigsmag's carriage horses, even paused in his whistle to listen to the strain. Mr. Tressle's man, who had been professionally occupied, ceased his tap-tap upon the coffin which he was getting in readiness. The greengrocer (there is always a greengrocer in those narrow streets, and he goes out in white Berlin gloves as a supernumerary footman) was standing charmed at his little green gate; the cobbler (there is always a cobbler, too) was drunk, as usual, of evenings, but with unusual subordination, never sung except when the *refrain* of the ditty arrived, when he hiccupped *z* forth with tipsy loyalty; and Eglantine leaned against the Chequers painted on the door-side under the name of Crump, and looked at the red illumined curtain of the bar, and the vast, well-known shadow of Mrs. Crump's turban within. Now and again the shadow of that worthy matron's hand would be seen to grasp the shadow of a bottle; then the shadow of a cup would rise towards the turban, and still the strain proceeded. Eglantine, I say, took out his yellow bandana, and brushed the beady drops from his brow, and laid the contents of his white kids on his heart, and sighed with ecstatic sympathy. The song began,—

Come to the greenwood tree.\*

Come where the dark woods be.

Dearest, oh come with me!

Let us rove—oh my love—oh my love!

Oh my-y love!

(*Drunken cobbler without.*) Oh, my-y love!

"Beast!" says Eglantine.

Come—'tis the moonlight hour.

Dew is on leaf and flower.

Come to the linden bower.—

Let us rove—oh my love—oh my love!

Let us ro-o-ove, lurlurliety; yes we'll rove, lurlurliety,

Through the gro-o-ove, lurlurliety—lurlurl-e-i-e-i-e-i!

(*Cobbler as usual.*) Let us ro-o-ove, &c.

\* The words of this song are copyright, nor will the copyright be sold for *any* than two pence-halfpenny.

"here?" says another inditing clinking up the street, military cut dresscoat, the but-  
hereof shone very bright in  
onlight. "You here, Eg-  
?—You're always here."  
ish, Woolsey," said Mr. Eglan-  
his rival the tailor (for he  
individual in question); and

Woolsey, accordingly, put his back  
against the opposite door-post and  
Chequers, so that (with poor Eglan-  
tine's bulk) nothing much thicker  
than a sheet of paper could pass out  
or in. And thus these two amorous  
Caryatides kept guard as the song  
continued:—

Dark is the wood, and wide,  
Dangers, they say, betide;  
But, at my Albert's side,  
Nought I fear, oh my love—oh my love!  
Welcome the greenwood tree,  
Welcome the forest free,  
Dearest, with thee, with thee,  
Nought I fear, oh my love—o-h ma-a-y love!

entine's fine eyes were filled  
ears as Morgiana passionately  
l the above beautiful words.

Woolsey's eyes glistened, as  
ched his fist with an oath, and  
Shew me any singing that can  
at. Cobbler, shut your mouth,  
break your head!"

the cobbler, regardless of the  
continued to perform the  
sliety" with great accuracy;  
hen that was ended, both on  
t and Morgiana's, a rapturous  
ng of glasses was heard in the  
ar, then a great clapping of  
and finally, somebody shouted  
a!"

ava!"  
that word Eglantine turned  
pale, then gave a start, then  
forward which pinned, or  
cushioned, the tailor against  
ll; then twisting himself ab-  
round, he sprang to the door  
bar, and bounced into that  
ent.

no are you, my nosegay?" ex-  
l the same voice which had  
d "Brava." It was that of  
a Walker.

en o'clock the next morning a  
nan, with the king's button  
military coat, walked abruptly  
r. Eglantine's shop, and, turn-  
Mr. Mossrose, said, "Tell  
aster I want to see him."

's in his studio," said Mr.  
se.

ell then, fellow, go and fetch

Mossrose, thinking it must

be the lord-chamberlain, or Doctor  
Prætorius at least, walked into the  
studio, where the perfumer was  
seated in a very glossy old silk dress-  
ing-gown, his fair hair hanging over  
his white face, his double chin over  
his flaccid, whity-brown shirt-col-  
lar, his pea-green slippers on the  
hob, and, on the fire, the pot of cho-  
colate which was simmering for his  
breakfast. A lazier fellow than poor  
Eglantine it would be hard to find;  
whereas, on the contrary, Woolsey  
was always up and brushed, spick-  
and-span, at seven o'clock; and had  
gone through his books, and given  
out the work for the journeymen,  
and eaten a hearty breakfast of  
rashers of bacon, before Eglantine  
had put the usual pound of grease to  
his hair (his fingers were always as  
damp and shiny as if he had them in  
a pomatum-pot), and arranged his  
figure for the day.

"Here's a gent wants you in the  
shop," says Mr. Mossrose, having  
the door of communication wide  
open.

"Say I'm in bed, Mr. Mossrose;  
I'm out of sperrets, and really can  
see nobody."

"It's some one from Vindsor, I  
think; he's got the royal button,"  
says Mossrose.

"It's me—Woolsey," shouted the  
little man from the shop.

Mr. Eglantine at this jumped up,  
made a rush to the door leading to  
his private apartment, and disap-  
peared in a twinkling. But it must  
not be imagined that he fled in order  
to avoid Mr. Woolsey. He only



"Well, sir, pro-ceed," said the barber, with a gasp.

"Now, listen! What's the darling wish of your heart? I know it, sir! you've told it to Mr. Tressle, sir, and other gents at the club. The darling wish of your heart, sir, is to have a slap-up coat turned out of the *ateliers* of Messrs. Linsey, Woolsey, and Company. You said you'd give twenty guineas for one of our coats, you know you did! Lord Bolsterton's a fatter man than you, and look what a figure we turn *him* out. Can any firm in England dress Lord Bolsterton but us, so as to make his lordship look decent? I defy 'em, sir! We could have given Daniel Lambert a figure!"

"If I want a coat, sir," said Mr. Eglantine, "and I don't deny it, there's some people want a *head of hair*!"

"That's the very point I was coming to," said the tailor, resuming the violent blush which was mentioned as having suffused his countenance at the beginning of the conversation. "Let us have terms of mutual accommodation. Make me a wig, Mr. Eglantine, and though I never yet cut a yard of cloth except for a gentleman, I'll pledge you my word I'll make you a coat."

"Will you, honour bright?" says Eglantine.

"Honour bright," says the tailor. "Look!" and in an instant he drew from his pocket one of those slips of parchment which gentlemen of his profession carry, and putting Eglantine into the proper position, began

to take the preliminary observations. He felt Eglantine's heart thump with happiness as his measure passed over that soft part of the perfumer's person.

Then putting down the window-blind, and looking that the door was locked, and blushing still more deeply than ever, the tailor seated himself in an arm-chair towards which Mr. Eglantine beckoned him, and, taking off his black wig, exposed his head to the great perruquier's gaze. Mr. Eglantine looked at it, measured it, manipulated it, sat for three minutes with his head in his hand and his elbow on his knee gazing at the tailor's cranium with all his might, walked round it twice or thrice, and then said, "It's enough, Mr. Woolsey, consider the job as done. And now, sir," said he, with a greatly relieved air, "and now, Woolsey, let us 'ave a glass of curaçoa to celebrate this auspicious meeting."

The tailor, however, stiffly replied that he never drunk in a morning, and left the room without offering to shake Mr. Eglantine by the hand, for he despised that gentleman very heartily, and himself, too, for coming to any compromise with him, and for so far demeaning himself as to make a coat for a barber.

Looking from his chambers on the other side of the street, that inevitable Mr. Walker saw the tailor issuing from the perfumer's shop, and was at no loss to guess that something extraordinary must be in progress when two such bitter enemies met together.

### CHAPTER III.

#### WHAT CAME OF MR. WALKER'S DISCOVERY OF THE BOOTJACK.

It is very easy to state how the captain came to take up that proud position at the Bootjack which we have seen him occupy on the evening when the sound of the fatal "brava" so astonished Mr. Eglantine.

The mere entry into the establishment was, of course, not difficult. Any person by simply uttering the words, "A pint of beer," was free of the Bootjack; and it was some such watchword that Howard Walker employed when he made his first appearance. He requested to be shewn into a parlour where he might repose himself for awhile, and was ushered into that very *sanctum* where

the Kidney Club met. Then he stated that the beer was the best he had ever tasted, except in Bavaria, and in some parts of Spain, he added; and professing to be extremely "peckish," requested to know if there were any cold meat in the house whereof he could make a dinner.

"I don't usually dine at this hour, landlord," said he, flinging down a half-sovereign for payment of the beer; "but your parlour looks so comfortable and the Windsor chairs are so snug, that I'm sure I could not dine better at the first club in London."

"One of the first clubs in London"

is held in this very room," said Mr. Crump, very well pleased; "and attended by some of the best gents in town, too. We call it the Kidney Club."

"Why, bless my soul! it is the very club my friend, Eglantine, has so often talked to me about, and attended by some of the tip-top tradesmen of the metropolis!"

"There's better men here than Mr. Eglantine," replied Mr. Crump; "though he's a good man—I don't say he's not a good man—but there's better. Mr. Clinker, sir; Mr. Woolsey, of the house of Linsey, Woolsey, and Co."

"The great army-clothiers!" cried Walker; "the first house in town!" and so continued, with exceeding urbanity, holding conversation with Mr. Crump, until the honest landlord retired delighted, and told Mrs. Crump in the bar that there was a tip-top swell in the Kidney parlour, who was a-going to have his dinner there.

Fortune favoured the brave captain in every way, it was just Mr. Crump's own dinner-hour; and on Mrs. Crump's stepping into the parlour to ask the guest whether he would like a slice of the joint to which the family were about to sit down, fancy that lady's start of astonishment at recognising Mr. Eglantine's facetious friend of the day before. The captain at once demanded permission to partake of the joint at the family table, the lady could not with any great reason deny this request: the captain was inducted into the bar, and Miss Crump, who always came down late for dinner, was even more astonished than her mamma on beholding the occupier of the fourth place at the table. Had she expected to see the fascinating stranger so soon again? I think she had. Her big eyes said as much, as, furtively looking up at Mr. Walker's face, they caught his looks: and then bounding down again towards her plate, pretended to be very busy in looking at the boiled beef and carrots there displayed. She blushed far redder than these carrots, but her shining ringlets hid her confusion together with her lovely face.

Sweet Morgiana! the billiard-ball eyes had a tremendous effect on the captain. They fell plump, as it were,

into the pocket of his heart; and he gallantly proposed to treat the company to a bottle of champagne, which was accepted without much difficulty.

Mr. Crump, under pretence of going to the cellar (where he said he had some cases of the finest champagne in Europe), called Dick, the boy, to him, and despatched him with all speed to a wine-merchant's, where a couple of bottles of the liquor were procured.

"Bring up two bottles, Mr. C.," Captain Walker gallantly said when Crump made his move, as it were, to the cellar; and it may be imagined after the two bottles were drunk (of which Mrs. Crump took at least nine glasses to her share), how happy, merry, and confidential the whole party had become. Crump told his story of the Bootjack, and whose boot it had drawn; the former Miss Delaney expatiated on her past theatrical life, and in the pictures hanging round the room. Miss was equally communicative; and, in short, the captain had all the secrets of the little family in his possession ere sunset. He knew that Miss cared little for either of her suitors, about whom mamma and papa had a little quarrel. He heard Mrs. Crump talk of Morgiana's property, and fell more in love with her than ever. Then came tea, the luscious crumpet, the quiet game at cribbage, and the song—the song which poor Eglantine heard, and which caused Woolsey's rage and his despair.

At the close of the evening the tailor was in a greater rage, and the perfumer in greater despair than ever. He had made his little present of eau de Cologne. "Oh, fie!" says the captain, with a horse laugh, "*it smells of the shop*." He taunted the tailor about his wig, and the honest fellow had only an oath to give by way of repartee. He told his stories about his club and his lordly friends. What chance had either against the all-accomplished Howard Walker?

Old Crump, with a good innate sense of right and wrong, hated the man: Mrs. Crump did not feel quite at her ease regarding him, but Morgiana thought him the most delightful person the world ever produced.

Eglantine's usual morning costume was a blue satin neck-cloth, embroidered with butterflies and orna-

d with a brandy-ball brooch, a shawl waistcoat, and a rhubarbed coat of the sort which I e are called Taglionis, and which no waist-buttons, and make a ice, as it were, to have no ; but are, in reality, adopted by t in order to give them a waist. ing easier for an obese man than re a waist; he has but to pinch iddle part a little, and the very 1 either side pushed violently rd makes a waist, as it were, or worthy perfumer's figure was of a bolster cut almost in two a string.

lker presently saw him at his door grinning in this costume, ling his ringlets with his dumpy 7 fingers, glittering with oil and and looking so exceedingly conl and happy that the estate-felt assured some very satisfac-conspiracy had been planned en the tailor and him. How Mr. Walker to learn what the e was? Alas! the poor fellow's 7 and delight were such, that he not keep silent as to the cause ; satisfaction, and, rather than mention it at all, in the fulness heart he would have told his to Mr. Mossrose himself.

When I get my coat," thought Bond Street Alnaschar, "I'll f Snaffle that easy-going cream-red 'oss that he bought from y's, and I'll canter through the and won't I pass through little er's Buildings, that's all? I'll my grey trousers with the vel-ripe down the side, and get my lacquered up, and with a polish to my boot; if I don't : the captain and the tailor too, ame's not Archibald. And I'll ou what I'll do: I'll hire the Clarence, and invite the Crumps nner at the Gar and Starter was his facetious way of calling tar and Garter), and I'll ride by all the way to Richmond. It's r a long ride, but with Snaffle's addle I can do it pretty easy, I say." And so the honest fellow castles upon castles in the air; he last and most beautiful vision l was Miss Crump "in white g with a horange flower in her putting him in possession of her 7 hand before the altar of St. ge's, Anover Square. As for sey, Eglantine determined that

he should have the best wig his art could produce, for he had not the least fear of his rival.

These points then being arranged to the poor fellow's satisfaction, what does he do but send out for half a quire of pink note paper, and in a filagree envelope despatch a note of invitation to the ladies at the Boot-jack:—

"Bower of Bloom, Bond Street,  
Thursday.

"Mr. Archibald Eglantine presents compliments to Mrs. and Miss Crump, and requests the honour and pleasure of their company at the Star and Garter at Richmond to an early dinner on Sunday next.

"If agreeable, Mr. Eglantine's carriage will be at your door at three o'clock, and I propose to accompany them on horse-back if agreeable likewise."

This note was sealed with yellow wax, and sent to its destination; and, of course, Mr. Eglantine went himself for the answer in the evening; and of course he told the ladies to look out for a certain new coat he was going to sport on Sunday; and, of course, Mr. Walker happens to call the next day with spare tickets for Mrs. Crump and her daughter, when the whole secret was laid bare to him, how the ladies were going to Richmond on Sunday in Mr. Snaffle's Clarence, and how Mr. Eglantine was to ride by their side.

Mr. Walker did not keep horses of his own, his magnificent friends at the Regent had plenty in their stables, and some of these were at livery at the establishment of the captain's old "college" companion Mr. Snaffle. It was easy, therefore, for the captain to renew his acquaintance with that individual. So, hanging on the arm of my Lord Vauxhall, Capt. Walker next day made his appearance at Snaffle's livery-stables and looked at the various horses there for sale or at bait, and soon managed, by putting some facetious questions to Mr. Snaffle regarding the Kidney Club, &c., to place himself on a friendly footing with that gentleman, and to learn from him what horse Mr. Eglantine was to ride on Sunday.

The monster Walker had fully determined in his mind that Eglantine should *full off* that horse in the course of his Sunday's ride.

"That sing'lar hanimal," said Mr. Snaffle, pointing to the old horse, "is



the celebrated Hemperor that was the wonder of Hastley's some years back, and was parted with by Mr. Ducrow honly because his feelin's wouldn't allow him to keep him no longer after the death of the first Mrs. D., who invariably rode him. I bought him, thinking that p'raps ladies and Cockney-bucks might like to ride him (for his haction is wonderful, and he canters like a harm-chair); but he's not safe on any day except Sundays."

"And why's that?" asked Captain Walker. "Why is he safer on Sundays than other days?"

"Because there's no music in the streets on Sundays. The first gent that rode him found himself dancing a quadrille in Hupper Brooke Street to an 'urdy-gurdy that was playing 'Cherry ripe,' such is the natur of the hanimal. And if you recklect the play of the battle of Hoysterlitz, in which Mrs. D. hacted 'the female hussar,' you may remember how she and the horse died in the third hact to the toon of 'God preserve the Emperor,' from which this horse took his name. Only play that toon to him, and he rears hissself hup, beats the hair in time with his fore legs, and then sinks gently to the ground, as though he were carried off by a cannon-ball. He served a lady hopposite Hapsley Ouse so one day, and since then I've never let him out to a friend except on Sunday, when, in course, there's no danger. Heglantine *is* a friend of mine, and, of course, I wouldn't put the poor fellow on a hanimal I couldn't trust."

After a little more conversation, my lord and his friend quitted Mr. Snaffle's, and as they walked away towards the Regent, his lordship might be heard shrieking with laughter, crying "Capital, by jingo! exthlent! Ddrive down in the dwag! Take Lungly. Worth a thousand pound, by Jove!" and similar ejaculations, indicative of exceeding delight.

On Saturday morning, at ten o'clock to a moment, Mr. Woolsey called at Mr. Eglantine's with a yellow handkerchief under his arm. It contained the best and handsomest body-coat that ever gentleman put on. It fitted Eglantine to a nicety—it did not pinch him in the least, and yet it was of so

exquisite a cut that the perfumer found, as he gazed delighted in the glass, that he looked like a manly, portly, high-bred gentleman—a lieutenant-colonel in the army, at the very least.

"You're a full man, Eglantine," said the tailor, delighted, too, with his own work; "but that can't be helped. You look more like Hercules than Falstaff now, sir; and if a coat can make a gentleman, a gentleman you are. Let me recommend you to sink the blue cravat, and take the stripes off your trousers. Dress quiet, sir; draw it mild. Plain waistcoat, dark trousers, black neckcloth, black hat, and if there's a better dressed man in Europe to-morrow I'm a Dutchman."

"Thank you, Woolsey—thank you, my dear sir," said the charmed perfumer. "And now I'll just trouble you to try on this here."

The wig had been made with equal skill; it was not in the florid style which Mr. Eglantine loved in his own person, but, as the perfumer said, a simple, straight forward head of hair. "It seems as if it had grown there all your life, Mr. Woolsey; nobody would tell that it was not your nat'ral colour (Mr. Woolsey blushed), it makes you look ten year younger; and as for that scarecrow yonder, you'll never, I think, want to wear that again."

Woolsey looked in the glass and was delighted too. The two rivals shook hands and straightway became friends, and in the overflowing of his heart the perfumer mentioned to the tailor the party which he had arranged for the next day, and offered him a seat in the carriage and at the dinner at the Star and Garter. "Would you like to ride," said Eglantine, with rather a consequential air, "Snaffle will mount you, and we can go one on each side of the ladies, if you like."

But Woolsey humbly said he was not a riding-man, and gladly consented to take a place in the Clarence carriage, provided he was allowed to bear half the expenses of the entertainment. This proposal was agreed to by Mr. Eglantine, and the two gentlemen parted to meet once more at the Kidneys that night, when every body was edified by the friendly tone adopted between them.

Mr. Snaffle, at the club-meeting,

the very same proposal to Mr. Woolsey that the perfumer had made; and that as Eglantine was to ride Hemperor, Woolsey, at least ought to mount too. But he was set by the same modest refusal of the tailor's part, who stated that he had never mounted a horse yet, and referred greatly the use of a

gentleman's character as a "swell" to the club that

At eight o'clock on Sunday came; the Emperor arrived punctually at the hour to receive the two smiling ladies. "Well, us, Mr. Eglantine!" said Miss Crump, quite struck by him, and saw you look so handsome in your life." He could have flung his arm round her neck at the command. "And, law, ma! what has happened to Mr. Woolsey? doesn't he look ten years younger than yesterday?" Mamma assented, and they bowed gallantly, and the gentlemen exchanged a nod of friendship.

The day was delightful. Eglantine pranced along magnificently on her entering arm-chair, with his hat in his ear, his left hand on his side, his head flung over his shoulder, throwing under glances at Mother whenever the Emperor was in sight of the Clarence. The Emperor pricked up his ears a little as he passed the Ebenezer chapel window, where the congregation were singing a hymn, but beyond no accident occurred; nor was Eglantine in the least stiff or embarrassed by the time the party reached the Clarence carriage.

At this jovial party ate for the first time at the Star and Garter need not be set down. If they did drink champagne I am very much obliged; and if they did, and found it good and cheap, I am very much obliged. But they were as merry as four people in Christendom; between the bewildering attention of the perfumer, and the manly way of the tailor, Morgiana very much forgot the gallant captain, or, at least, was very happy in his society.

At eight o'clock they began to drive homewards. "Won't you come into the carriage?" said Morgiana to Eglantine, with one of her tenderest looks; "Dick can ride the horse." But Archibald was too great a lover of equestrian exercise. "I'm afraid to trust any body on this horse," said he, with a knowing look; and so he pranced away by the side of the little carriage. The moon was brilliant, and, with the aid of the gas-lamps, illuminated the whole face of the country in a way inexpressibly lively.

Presently, in the distance, the sweet and plaintive notes of a bugle were heard, and the performer, with great delicacy, executed a religious air. "Music, too! heavenly!" said Morgiana, throwing up her eyes to the stars. The music came nearer and nearer, and the delight of the company was only more intense. The fly was going at about four miles an hour, and the Emperor began cantering to time at the same rapid pace.

"This must be some gallantry of yours, Mr. Woolsey," said the romantic Morgiana, turning upon that gentleman. "Mr. Eglantine treated us to the dinner, and you have provided us with the music."

Now Woolsey had been a little, a very little, dissatisfied, during the course of the evening's entertainment, by fancying that Eglantine, a much more voluble person than himself, had obtained rather an undue share of the ladies' favour; and as he himself paid half of the expenses, he felt very much vexed to think that the perfumer should take all the credit of the business to himself. So when Miss Crump asked if he had provided the music, he foolishly made an evasive reply to her query, and rather wished her to imagine that he had performed that piece of gallantry. "If it pleases you, Miss Morgiana," said this artful schneider, "what more need any man ask? wouldn't I have all Drury Lane orchestra to please you?"

The bugle had by this time arrived quite close to the Clarence carriage, and if Morgiana had looked round she might have seen whence the music came. Behind her came slowly a drag, or private stage-coach, with four horses. Two grooms with cockades and folded arms were be-

hind; and driving on the box, a little gentleman, with a blue, bird's-eye neckcloth, and a white coat. A bugleman was by his side, who performed the melodies which so delighted Miss Crump. He played very gently and sweetly, and "God save the King" trembled so softly out of the brazen orifice of his bugle, that the Crumps, the tailor, and Eglantine himself, who was riding close by the carriage, were quite charmed and subdued.

"Thank you, *dear* Mr. Woolsey," said the grateful Morgiana; which made Eglantine stare, and Woolsey was just saying, "Really, upon my word, I've nothing to do with it," when the man on the drag-box said to the bugleman, "Now!"

The bugleman began the tune of—

"Heaven preserve our Emperor Fra-aucis,  
Rut tum-ti-tum-ti-titty-ti."

At the sound, the Emperor reared himself (with a roar from Mr. Eglantine), reared and beat the air with his fore-paws; Eglantine flung his arms round the beast's neck, still he kept beating time with his fore-paws. Mrs. Crump screamed; Mr. Woolsey, Dick, the Clarence coachman, Lord Vauxhall (for it was he), and his lordship's two grooms, burst into a shout of laughter; Morgiana cries "Mercy! mercy!" Eglantine yells "Stop!"—"Wo!"—"O!" and a thousand ejaculations of hideous terror; until, at last, down drops the Emperor stone dead in the middle of the road, as if carried off by a cannon-ball.

Fancy the situation, ye callous souls who laugh at the misery of humanity, fancy the situation of poor Eglantine under the Emperor. He had fallen very easy, the animal lay perfectly quiet, and the perfumer was to all intents and purposes as dead as the animal. He had not fainted, but he was immovable with terror; he

lay in a puddle, and thought it was his own blood gushing from him; and he would have lain there until Monday morning, if my lord's grooms, descending, had not dragged him by the coat-collars from under the beast, who still lay quiet.

"Play 'Charming Judy Callaghan,' will ye?" says Mr. Snaffle's man, the fly-driver; on which the bugler performed that lively air, and up started the horse, and the grooms, who were rubbing Mr. Eglantine down against a lamp-post, invited him to remount.

But his heart was too broken for that. The ladies gladly made room for him in the Clarence. Dick mounted Emperor and rode homewards. The drag, too, drove away, playing, "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" and with a scowl of furious hate, Mr. Eglantine sat and regarded his rival. His pantaloons were split, and his coat torn up the back.

"Are you hurt much, dear Mr. Archibald?" said Morgiana, with unaffected compassion.

"N-not much," said the poor fellow, ready to burst into tears.

"O Mr. Woolsey," added the good-natured girl, "how could you play such a trick?"

"Upon my word," Woolsey began, intending to plead innocence; but the ludicrousness of the situation was once more too much for him, and he burst out into a roar of laughter.

"You! you cowardly beast," howled out Eglantine, now driven to fury, "you laugh at me, you miserable cretur! Take *that*, sir!" and he fell upon him with all his might, and well-nigh throttled the tailor, and pummeling his eyes, his nose, his ears, with inconceivable rapidity, wrenched, finally, his wig off his head, and flung it into the road.

Morgiana saw that Woolsey had red hair.

\* \* \* \*

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS,

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

No. VI.

THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF ST. SIMONIANISM.

were brilliant but meteoric in the life of Saint Simonianism at Paris a gentleman, "Rodrigues," a philosopher, "Enfantin," and a dashing rejoicing in the title of "Misevalier," first resolved to take ladies' properties, and to ex-  
 18th capital and interest with iscretion, to establish equality in, as well as equality of do-  
 and to send out missionaries  
 cepted with the best black and appropriate *liqueurs*, to a new system of morals and

The Paris revolution of had left so much to be desired; legian repetition had so sig-  
 nified: the Polish disasters had so much of misery to those re before enslaved; and Spain in so overthrown even by the of a war which bade fair to  
 ber for the next ten years, odrigues, Enfantin, and Che-  
 got weary of politics, and be-  
 came to religion. Not Christi-  
 and not Judaism—not Mahom-  
 ed, and not Paganism exactly to Saint Simonianism and po-  
 . Don't be startled, ladies—  
 e startled! You may read ere's nothing wrong intended.  
 t an affair of the heart—only  
 pocket. A new sort of poly-

Low frocks?—Yes. Blue  
 —Yes. Wives disgusted with  
 husbands?—Yes. Women wea-  
 ith the trammels of matri-  
 und resolved to rid themselves  
 a?—Yes. But still all pla-  
 ve. No kissing—no squeez-  
 he hand—no gentle pressure,  
 a, no tears—nothing but phi-  
 , poetry, and Bordeaux, "*Co-  
 à la minute*," Champagne  
 "an epigram of lamb with  
 us points," and a "*petit verre*"  
 , what you like—from Ro-  
 , Curacao, or from Kirschen-  
 to the merry old Gold Water.  
 warming creatures they were,  
 rather antiquated if you will;

rather pedantic, of course; rather  
 bothering after dinner with their  
 philosophy; and rather troublesome  
 with their blue - stockingry. But  
 what cared Rodrigues for this? And  
 as to *Père Enfantin* and *Michel Che-  
 valier*, they chuckled like jolly old  
 monks over Chambertin and Clos  
 Vougeot, and the only prayer they  
 uttered was, "Send us more wives!"

As I am fearful this introductory  
 matter may be more amusing than in-  
 structive, unless supplied with a pass-  
 ing explanation, I must here indulge  
 myself and my readers with the plea-  
 sure and benefit of a parenthesis. Be  
 it known, then, that once upon a time  
 there lived a man of whom the world  
 might say, that the term *saint* when  
 applied to him, was the least appro-  
 priate ever bestowed on any living or  
 departed mortal, and yet to this day  
 he is called *Saint Simon*. Now Mister  
 Saint Simon, or Saint Simon, Esq.,  
 for both are equally applicable and  
 appropriate, entertained peculiar no-  
 tions as to "*communion of goods*," or  
 the truly felicitous arrangement of  
 this world's property by way of part-  
 nership, so that he who had the ad-  
 vantage of possessing something  
 should share it with him, or her  
 (as the case may be), who had the  
 privilege of possessing — nothing!  
 Thus, if I had the misfortune of  
 possessing 20,000*l.* (I meant pence)  
 and my brethren had the happiness  
 of possessing not quite a five-pound  
 note, the system of Saint Simon was  
 this,— that we should put both sums  
 into a hat, shake the hat well, and  
 spend it together. Now, as the suc-  
 cess of all such plans for the amelio-  
 ration of the condition of our species,  
 must depend a great deal upon the  
 persuasive powers of one party, and  
 the mesmerised, or submissive and  
 docile powers of the sleeping party,  
 it follows, of course, that the best  
 talker has the greatest chance of suc-  
 cess, and that those who can prove  
 black to be crimson, and small beer  
 to be pale brandy, must decidedly

come off the conquerors. Well, then, Rodrigues, Enfantin, and Chevalier, were three very powerful men of this description of moral calibre, and they resolved to carry into action the principle of *Saint Simon*, that "*the communion of goods*" was the only real way of terminating all the discord which existed in the world, and of making men, and women too, virtuous and happy.

When this holy and patriotic determination first entered the minds of the three emancipators of their species in question, it is but fair to say that they were by no means disagreeable or awkward companions. Few men could look better with a long black beard, a bare throat, a Roman gown, and a broad girdle with the word "*Père*" inscribed on it, than the *Saint Enfantin*. And when surrounded by a troop of other men's wives, who had left their husbands and their children, with their own private fortunes in their pockets, to receive from his lips the instruction, and listen to the dogmas of the departed *Saint Simon*, as recorded in his works, he had the air of a mighty prophet, who had descended from a land of heroes or of sages, to change society, or to subvert the world. The ladies—at least on state occasions, and I was admitted to no others—wore white robes as indications of their purity, very low bodies as proofs of their chastity, no ornaments as demonstrations of their having placed all in the *common treasury*, and sat at the feet of the "*Père*" on the ground, or on very low ottomans, whilst he listened to their artless tales of their former lives, when, enthralled by the chains of matrimony, they absurdly and impiously imagined that they were fulfilling the high destinies to which their degraded and noble sex had been destined by heaven, by nature, and by *SAINT SIMON*!!

The first time I saw *MICHEL CHEVALIER* he was introduced to me as the author of a very spirited and lively pamphlet, "*On the best mode of tying a Cravat!*" He was gay, smiling, jocular, light-eyed, light-haired, exceedingly well dressed, and just the sort of man to be the greatest possible favourite at a gipsy-party. At dinner he was sedulous, smart, and smirking. At dessert he

was philosophical, romantic, or profound. At the piano he was admirable. But at coffee—yes, at coffee, he was prodigious!! They say (that is some Baptist biographer) that the late great Robert Hall used to drink from sixteen to thirty-two cups of strong tea per evening. Very likely, though we should have preferred counting them to taking other people's arithmetic for granted; but again we say, very likely. Still what was Robert Hall and his thirty-two cups of gunpowder or twankay to Michel Chevalier and his pipkins of coffee? Never mind; the more he drank, the more he sung, danced, played, laughed, and punned; and by the time he was at his sixty-fourth pipkin, he really beat Theodore Hook hollow.

Ah! little did I think at that moment that that very Michel would hereafter become one of the regenerators of the world! I remember I met him at the house of an English gentleman in Paris, famed for good dinners and bad French, for excellent wines, and plenty of them, and for giving "*frogs*" to Frenchmen as great rarities,—and so, in truth, they were, for, spite of the English mistake to the contrary, I never saw in my life any arrangement of frogs, either in soups, ragouts, or pies, roasted, boiled, fried, or stewed, at the table of a *French* gentleman. However, so it was; delighted we met, and charmed we parted; he thinking me a very good fellow, and I fully resolved always to tie my cravat after his fashion.

The next time I caught a glimpse of the small eyes of my former acquaintance Michel—gracious heavens! he had become a moral philosopher and a social reformer! He had associated himself with Rodrigues, Enfantin, and a host of minor stars, all beaming their very best, and all leagued together to persuade mankind, but particularly womankind, to associate together, place their fortunes in a common bank, live happily, and die joyously, by following the maxims of the dear departed Mr. Saint Simon.

It would have been impossible for any men to have selected a more appropriate moment for making this experiment than that chosen by this "*band of deliverers.*" Society in

France was broken up into factions, every new theory was received with rapture, the revolutionists had gained so little by their revolutions, and the lads of the Polytechnic, the law and the medical schools, were so much the leaders of the unsettled and the visionary, that women's heads were turned, as well as those of the sterner sex, and "*liberty for ever*," meaning the liberty for every one, both male and female, doing that which seemed good or evil in his or her own eyes, was the cry which met you in nearly every circle of the French metropolis.

Here and there, indeed, it was different. The Legitimists looked on scornfully and scoffingly. The "*juste-milieu*" strove to keep all together by an increased police, quadrupled troops, and an enormous display of national guards. But society at large was in a state of dissolution, and the words of Casimir Perier still vibrate on my ears, "*Monsieur, il n'y a plus rien—absolument rien*;" or, in other words, "Every thing has gone to nothing!" And really this was the case. The philosophers of 1832 debated every thing, disputed every thing, denied every thing. They were not *quite sure* that they existed; and as to governments, they vowed they should all be speedily destroyed.

So the moment was well chosen by Rodrigues, Enfantin, and Chevalier for inculcating new dogmas, or for enforcing old ones, and they added to their effrontery, zeal; and to their zeal, sarcasm; and to their sarcasm, abuse; so that those who opposed them were ridiculed as belonging to the old-fashioned school, the antiquated-before-the-deluge tribe, of "husbands, and wives, and all that sort of thing." The tact of these three moral heroes consisted in this, that knowing perfectly well that they addressed themselves to a carnal, sensual, pleasure-loving people, their new religion was precisely the reverse of mortification, privations, fasting, sackcloth, or penitence. They knew quite well that monasteries and nunneries on the old-established principles would never do in France, and that for "religious houses" or "social establishments" to become popular, they must give good dinners, bumpers of wine both at meeting and part-

ing, and must keep late hours both for waltzing, galloping, and quadrilling. But how was this to raise the dignity of woman? How was this to place her on an equality with man in the scale of moral elevation? This was a puzzler to the mere novices in Saint Simonianism; but when Enfantin lectured, and Chevalier discoursed, of "physics" of the highest class, it was made apparent to all that the coffee, chocolate, *déjeûners à la fourchette*, liqueurs, desserts, dinners, banquets, balls, soirées, and musical and theatrical entertainments, were only accompaniments to the system of dissolving matrimonial alliances, and placing society on a different footing! "Look at the present state of marriage life in France," exclaimed Enfantin, in one of his moments of excitement and eloquence, "and what do we see? Marriages of *convenience*. Fathers and mothers engaged in selling their children's happiness for the sake of a connexion with a wealthier or a titled family; young girls allied to old men; young men tied to the apron-strings of some elderly spinsters from sixty-five to seventy; ignorant men, because wealthy, conducting blue-stocking ladies to the altar of Hymen and patronised by their *literary* wives; stupid and frivolous women, possessed of large fortunes, married to men who stand high in science, simply because the money of the former was necessary to the personal standing of the latter; wives openly avowing they have lovers, and husbands making no secret that they have mistresses. Do we not know, besides all this, that divorce not being permitted in France, the most immoral and degrading, false and hypocritical alliances are maintained, though the best feelings of human nature repudiate them? Are not illegitimate children born to husbands in wedlock? And can a man have any confidence in the legitimacy of those, who yet call him their father? Is not this state of things as common to our provinces as it is to our capital, till at last marriage has become a crime, instead of a sacrament, and the source of innumerable woes, instead of pure and sublime joy? Tell me not, then, that *our* system is immoral! It is yours that is immoral, you who encourage this state of things by defending the sys-

tem, and by reproaching us who seek to raise the moral dignity of the sex!"

The disciples, the novitiates, the sisters, all looked amazed at this picture of the awful state of society as it was in France, and seemed to wonder how I could get out of the difficulty in which this oration must have placed me. I remember, however, I only felt dismayed at the reflection that there stood a man, with a giant mind, who had ably and truly depicted the state of society in his country, and yet who had the temerity and the power to cause it to be believed that the condition in which married persons existed in France was to be changed, amended, improved—by what? By nothing short of the cohabitation, without marriage, of the sexes. I know very well that he succeeded in convincing many ladies who had small properties wholly settled on them, and quite independent of their husbands, that it was very wicked indeed, and most repugnant to the laws of nature and Saint Simon, to live together if you did not love each other; and many of these silly ones left husbands, homes, children, relatives, all—in order to enter the Saint Simonian establishment in the *Rue de Monsigny*.

The first time I ever entered that well-fitted-up, stylish, taking establishment, in order to examine its arrangements and take notes for my future lucubrations on the subject, was one fine spring morning. The Père (Enfantin) was invisible! He was engaged in his study. I pleaded for admission. His room was enveloped in a dim religious light. The sun shone but obscurely through ground glass darkly coloured, and he looked a most handsome and heart-winning fellow. He rose to receive me, and we had a few minutes' conversation. "The awful state of society in England" was the subject to which he was directing his attention, and "he hoped, also, there to effect a large and vigorous reform!" I fancy I smiled incredulity, for he replied rather petulantly, but still with some point, and asked me how it was possible for man to progress, and society to advance, whilst bound down by the chains of deplorable and blighted usages, ceremonies, and superstitions? I asked him his remedy. He gave

me some pamphlets. I knew all they said beforehand, for I had read the then *Globe* of France, and had studied the works of Mr. Saint Simon. I endeavoured to make him feel that immorality was not to be cured by vice, nor hypocrisy by a violation of the commandments. He smiled in return. He evidently thought me a most ante-diluvian sort of person to refer to the commandments. He thought highly of Moses, and still more so of Jesus; and he was of opinion that Mahomet was an extraordinary man; but as for Saint Simon and himself, and himself and Saint Simon, they were the *ne plus ultras* of every thing. So I left him, and visited the second father—the father in miniature—Michel Chevalier. I don't know how it was, but so it was, I never could see Michel without laughing. He sought to be grave, he endeavoured to engage me in controversy, he laid before me the moral wonders of their immoral scheme, and he even worked himself up to the belief, that he who had written an able pamphlet on the best mode of tying a cravat, might likewise be destined to emancipate the world! But, though he believed this himself, he perceived that the pamphlet and the cravat always *stuck in my throat*, and that I was not to be converted to Saint Simonianism.

The last time I entered the doors of the Saint Simonian establishment of the Rue de Monsigny was to see how matters were conducted at a Saint Simonian ball. Well, I found plenty of lights, a vast number of young and old men, stewards, with canes most exquisitely adorned, and with gloves which fitted so tight that I quite trembled for the fingers to which they appeared to have been attached, or affixed, by machinery; and I saw the "father" and the "brethren" of this anti-monastic incorporation exceedingly sedulous in their attentions to divers ladies, who were reported "to have had money," and to be "extremely unhappy in their matrimonial engagements and spheres;" to be perfectly just to the base, or to the calumniated, husbands, I will not pretend to say which. The ladies in question were by no means handsome, pretty, or even passable, but they had the "*quoi*," which the French love better than any thing

but "quod" be ready model a wish to part with it. The dresses were sitting on a sort of rising platform, but very close to the ground, and all of them were frocks (not gowns), blue (not waistcoats, but sashes tied with a bow), white stockings, filled drawers with exquisitely fine lace round close to the feet, silky, black-satin slippers, made by the prince of cordoniers Melnotte, Rue de la Paix. In the midst stood ENFANTIN, dressed in the costume of the "Père" in which the coloured emblems of France were tastefully displayed, and which had formed a subject of contention to the satellites which surrounded him. "Is he not handsome?" asked Chevalier, with anxious interest. "Indeed he is," I said: "what a pity he should lose his money and squander away his fine sense and taste, in such humbug!" Michel was never angry, but a hot-tempered man could not stand it, and yet he was not quite so with me. Enfantin looked up and around with evident pleasure. Gaping hundreds of the *élite* of society, attended at this ball, were directed to him. Some of their heads very knowingly, said, "It was a revolution in the air." Others looked objectively, and said "it would either end in nothing, or become something of importance." A few men of the century recalled to my recollection one of the corners of the *salon* of some of the conceits and of the first revolution; whilst the elements of every description, in most profusion, were served up on a silver plate or on magnificent silver. What a splash! Louis Philippe himself could not have offered a more splendid banquet. But the best of things will pass, and pleasure is fleeting, and joys are transient. So it was with Saint Simon. The wines and the lights, the music and the flowers, the viands and the frocks, had all to be paid for. The old saying about emptying a barrel of meal be always out and never put in, was actualised in this *hospice* for the poor. Rodrigues, who had attended a loan from the public, had been his benefactor in the undertaking!

The ladies who were miserable in their married lives, and who had ready money, and plenty of it to spare, were not quite so numerous as this immortal *trio* had anticipated; and, consequently, they did not arrive in such numbers to pour their contributions of goods and chattels, lands and tenements, into the common treasury, as was really anticipated. So the meal-box got empty, the ladies troublesome and vexatious; and, one fine morning, it was unanimously resolved by the male portion of the establishment, to "cut the fair sex," and turn monks! The ladies wanted their money back, but it was gone! The gentlemen had their hearts restored to them without any difficulty! The police were referred to, but all had been done quite legally; and the wives who had abandoned their homes for philosophy, and the dignity of their own sex, found, to their cost, that they also "had paid too much for their whistle."

One morn I miss'd them from the Rue Monsigny,  
The father and the brethren all had flown.

What had become of them?—They had retired to their hermitage. Where was that?—Just half a mile outside the Barrier of the Rue Ménilmontant. The curaçoa had all been drunk, the wine had all been absorbed, truffled turkeys had been eaten, and Chevet and Corcellet (the suppliers of these condiments) had not been paid. But still some of these reformers of their species were resolved on continuing in solitude and silence their beneficent career, hoping for better times, and anticipating future renown. There was but one impediment in the way of their becoming monks or hermits, at least but one very formidable obstacle, and that was—they had no beards. What was to be done?—Retire to Ménilmontant! Cultivate botany, cabbages, and their beards! Addict themselves to their studies, and to agricultural and horticultural pursuits, and not shew themselves in public except to the few surrounding and straggling villagers, until their beards should look worthy of the followers of the immortal Mr. Saint Simon.

Now it must not be thought that



I am burlesquing or libelling these reformers, when I say, that this was the real plan—the *bona fide* plan—pursued; and that the Saint Simonians, with Enfantin and Chevalier at their heads, turned diggers, hoe-ers, and rakers, in the gardens of Ménilmontant. There, sighing over pleasures “never to return,” and over prospects which were full of clouds, darkness, and bitterness, they cultivated their beards and potatoes, excluded the fair sex altogether, made their own beds, washed their own linen, cobbled their own shoes, and cooked their own dinners; which dinners, albeit, were somewhat different to those which were the themes of universal praise when they tabernacled in the Rue Monsigny.

The last time I ever saw the Saint Simonians as a body was at this very establishment at Ménilmontant. They had hired a very large and antiquated building. The gardens were extensive, and digging was in request. The beards were sprouting. Some had grown into really respectable crops, but others had refused to put forth in any thing like luxuriance. Michel had kept up his spirits, and preserved all his archness and humour. He did not tie his cravat as well as formerly, and evidently his clothes *had seen better days*. As to Enfantin, he was invisible, and was preparing for the “*saute qui peut*.”

That “*saute qui peut*” at last arrived; for the police began to be pestered with complaints, the creditors became absurdly anxious to be paid their debts, the disciples found that

“House was gone and money spent,”

and yet that *they* had not increased their learning, in exchange for their good *écus*, and so a *possé* of police constables finished the whole matter under and by virtue of some law of “Fructidor” and “Germinal,” or

something else, which had as much to do with the subject as “pine-apple punch” forms any part of the controversy respecting the “Elgin marbles;” and, in one word, Saint Simonianism was driven into the streets like a common road mendicant, and left to starve and die on the roadside—What a *dénouement*!

But stay, wondering reader, I have yet something better in store. Louis Philippe knew that such men as Enfantin and Chevalier would be sure to do much harm at home, unless employed abroad; and so these two former students of the Polytechnic School were employed by the French government in the north of Africa, and in Asia, to make maps, plans, charts; to examine soil, strata, mountains; to look at the Nile; to go to North America, and study man in the United States, and finally to return to the land of their birth; and, whilst Chevalier is one of the editors of the *Journal des Débats*, a *maître de requêtes* to the Council of State, and has published some admirable books on America and on science, approved and patronised by the government; Enfantin has returned from his voyages and tours in the Holy Land, and has, within the last month, published a report on Algeria which has nearly driven the French to distraction; since his facts, figures, and documents, are all most triumphant against the system so popular in France of African colonisation. Enfantin and Chevalier are now comparatively wealthy men; and Louis Philippe has not in all his domains two subjects more devoted to himself and his government than these two leaders of Ex-Saint Simonianism!

Does not this read very like a romance? Yet every line and word of it is correct to the letter. We talk of the marvels of the age of chivalry! Why, they are nothing to our own; as my next *Reminiscences* will still more fully develop.

## BOAT AHoy!

ife and myself were engaged interesting discussion upon the of the last new play, and ; cut up the author, and ed the piece, were proceeding sect the actors, when Mary d the parlour, and said,— you please, sir, here's a sailor- with a parrot and a parcel of things."

parrot?" said my wife, look- me inquiringly. "Pray, my is this a new purchase of p"

; I assure you," said I, "I made no addition to my zoolo- collection since the ring-tailed co; which, you recollect, was ted to me by Captain Hardy." i, yes, my dear, I recollect ly well; the mischievous broke one of my Sevres vases oiled the set."

ell, poor Jocko has paid the y of his offences, and now, and glazed, ornaments the my book-case."

ary," said my wife, "let the wait;" then turning to me, lear, how can you take delight i monstrosities? Surely there easing objects enough in art ture to engage your attention, ecorate your study, without ; recourse to that which is ul and disgusting. Since you set up that mummy from s at the head of the stairs, and those two grim-looking Bur- lols on each side of the library dary, poor girl, who you know saively timid and nervous, is y afraid at night to pass up ircase."

i, yes; I know her nervous y to be very great: and she fected the rest of the female ts. When we were at the the other evening, they were l to ask the policeman to keep ompany."

nsense! you know the in- is her relation, or I should ve permitted it."

y, I don't find fault with the though her nervous timidity her to knock the nose off the

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statue of the piping Faun, and, stick- ing it on the wrong way, assert that she had never seen a nose in any other position."

"I am only surprised that such accidents are not more frequent," re- plied my wife. "The room is posi- tively so crowded with books, pic- tures, statues, busts, and articles of vertu, that it is really a service of danger to enter the apartment."

"Surely, my dear, you do not object to the gratification I derive from a well-furnished library?"

"Oh no, certainly not; every gentleman ought to have a collec- tion of handsomely bound books, but you are continually sending home books with wooden covers, or bound in parchment, with old dirty tracts and pamphlets, which require to be washed and mended before you can read them. Instead of patron- ising the Zoological or Horticultural Gardens, as most of the gentlemen of your acquaintance do, you are always poring over fragments of rusty armour, mouldy coins, or insects and vermin preserved in spirits."

"Ah!" said I, "you are alluding to those experiments I made, which gave rise to my *Treatise on the Propagation of Black beetles, illus- trated by interesting Anecdotes of their Domestic Habits and Political Eco- nomy*."

"Yes, my dear, for you know that Scipio Africanus (as you were pleased to nick-name the black cat) got into the closet, upset the jar of beetles; and your study has swarmed with them ever since."

"Never mind," said I, "next week I intend to purchase a couple of hedge- hogs in Covent Garden market; who, when they are domesticated, will effectually destroy the black beetles."

"That is but exchanging one nuisance for another; but"—ringing the bell—"Mary, shew the man in, and let us hear what he has to say for himself."

Mary then ushered into the room a short stout man, in a new blue- jacket, waistcoat, and trowsers, deco-

rated with mother o' pearl buttons, a very red and shining face, and black hair combed smoothly over his forehead, and ingeniously twisted into two ringlets, one over each ear. In his right hand, in a bamboo cage, he carried a grey parrot, and under his arm a large parcel; in the other hand he held a large case bottle, and his glazed hat; and a packet of letters stuck out of his jacket-pocket. After making his salaam, he said,—

"Captain Hardy presents his respects, and requests your honour to accept this parrot—No. 1—[referring to his bill of lading] this parcel—No. 2—this case bottle of snakes—No. 3—"

"Ah!" exclaimed my wife, with a scream that denoted her natural antipathy to reptiles.

"Don't be afraid, ma'am; they a'n't alive: this packet of letters—No. 4—and this letter—No. 5—and and—No. 6." Here he was evidently confused, and began counting the articles before him—looked at the paper—smoothed down his hair—and muttered to himself "No. 6."

"Well, friend," said I, "what is number six?"

After a pause, during which he was mustering up his resolution, he replied,—

"Why the truth is the truth, your honour; number six was a monkey: but as we come along, the beggar took fright at a butcher's dog, that made a grab at him, and bolted into a straw-bonnet shop, where he mounted upon a high shelf and began pelting the young women with the bandboxes; so they called in the police, who promised to catch him and take him to the station-house, where I'm to call for him as I go back."

"Oh, my good friend," said I, "don't trouble yourself to inquire about him; let them keep him, or let him go, I do not regret the loss of him. Follow that young woman and take some refreshment, while I write an answer to Captain Hardy's note."

I perceived from my wife's manner that she was out of temper. Rising from the sofa on which we were seated, she stirred the fire violently—an infallible proof of ill-humour—taking a chair on the opposite side of the table; and looking at me very

earnestly, after a moment's pause, she said,—

"Really, my dear, you must send that bird back; I do not wish to interfere with your pursuits or studies, though they too often deprive me of the pleasure of your society, but I must object to those arrangements which interrupt our mutual comforts, and would make our house resemble a museum or a menagerie! You must send that bird back."

"This was said with that peculiarity of emphasis and manner which is perfectly understood by a married man. I immediately replied,—

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish it: its appearance is not very prepossessing; and, if it is your wish, it shall be returned. But let us hear Captain Hardy's letter."

"DEAR TOM,—I arrived in the river yesterday, after a clear run of forty-two days from the Cape; passengers and crew all in good health. Being desirous to clear the ship, that we may go into dock to refit, I send a monkey, a grey parrot, a case bottle of snakes, and a packet of letters and papers, which fell into my hands in a singular manner. On our passage home, being in lat. 29° S. lon. 22°, we fell in with a vessel which appeared to have been deserted by her crew; she lay like a log in the water, her main-topmast was gone, and she'd a strong list to port (which means that she lay over on the left side). Various conjectures were formed by the officers and passengers respecting her; and as the sea was calm, with a light breeze from the S.E., I lowered out a boat, and sent the mate, and four hands with him, to ascertain what she was. Pulling alongside, they found her deep in the water, with her main-topmast, together with the sails and rigging, hanging over on the larboard gangway, and, to all appearance, not a soul on board. A large shark was prowling round the vessel, occasionally shewing his back fin above the water. Mounting upon deck, a scene presented itself which too plainly told that she had been plundered by pirates. The hatches had been forced open, and bales of goods, packages, and boxes, half plundered and destroyed. The sails and rigging cut and backed in wanton malice; boarding-pikes, cutlasses, and pistols were scattered about; while stains of blood, every where perceptible, bore witness to a dreadful and a desperate struggle between the most determined bravery on one part, and savage ferocity on the other. Even the poor ship's

dog had not escaped: he lay dead at the entrance of the companion, which he had died defending. Descending into the cabin, all was confusion and destruction, as if a crew of savages, or rather demons, had boarded the vessel; bulk-heads were broken down, doors and windows smashed, furniture destroyed; while broken weapons, fragments of clothing, books, charts, broken glass, and scattered papers, strewed the deck. In the steerage, bales of goods, chests, trunks, and boxes, had been broken open, plundered, and partially destroyed, then piled in a heap, and an attempt made to set them on fire. Passing the cabin of the mate, at the foot of the companion, there lay an open writing-desk, with a parcel of letters and papers scattered about; and our mate, picking up a handful, thrust them into his jacket-pocket, without exactly knowing what he did. Sick at such a display of wanton barbarity, and having ascertained that there was not a human creature on board—no, nor the remains of one—they prepared to leave the vessel, but had scarcely shipped their oars, when a feeble voice from on board hailed them with ‘Boat ahoy!’ Struck with astonishment, they returned, searched every part of the vessel, fore and aft, upon deck and between decks, but no one was to be seen. They hailed, but no one answered—they stared at each other, and began to doubt the evidence of their senses; however, no one was to be found: so first heaving the carcass of the dog overboard, which the voracious shark turned upon its side to seize, and then plunged with it into the deep, they got into the boat and put off from the ill-fated vessel, when the same voice again hailed them with ‘Boat ahoy!’ This time there could be no doubt about it, for they all heard it plain enough; and a feeling of superstitious fear, which the scene they had just witnessed was calculated to excite, made them lay upon their oars. It was with difficulty the mate could induce them once more to pull alongside, but neither threats nor entreaties could induce them to venture on board again; so by himself he renewed his search over every part of the vessel, and with the same success as before: till, looking aloft into the rigging, he saw a poor parrot, suspended by its beak and claws to the mizen shrouds. Half angry and half ashamed at their causeless alarm, he went to the bird, holding out his hand, and using caressing expressions; at length it slowly descended, trembling and talking softly to itself, and perched upon his hand. It had been wounded in the breast, and was emaciated from fright and hunger, so he put it inside his

jacket, and brought it with him on board. The doctor healed its wound, the carpenter made him a cage, and in a few days poor poll recovered, and lives to claim your protection.”

“Poor bird!” said I.

“Poor bird!” re-echoed my wife; and getting up, she gave it some fruit from the side-board. It immediately struck me the bird would not be sent back.

“I don’t think we can return this bird, my dear,” said she; “it would be such an affront to Captain Hardy.”

“Nay, if you do, my dear, you must at the same time return the shawl which he has sent you; for here, in a postscript, he says,—‘Give my kind regards to your lady, and beg her acceptance of the accompanying shawl. I wish it was half as good as she is handsome, or half as handsome as she is good:—such as it is, request her to receive it, as a token of respect and regard from an old friend.’”

“Oh, what a beautiful shawl!” said my wife, opening the parcel No. 2, “what brilliant colours, and what splendid embroidery! Poor bird! I don’t think we ought to send it back.” At the same time throwing the shawl gracefully over her shoulders, and admiring her elegant figure in the glass, she repeated,—“No, my dear, I certainly shall not send it back.”

“Then have the kindness,” said I, “to acknowledge Captain Hardy’s letter, while I look over the papers which he has sent me.”

“Certainly, my dear,” said my wife, giving me a kiss, with such a perfect air of good humour, I thought I never saw her look so handsome in any shawl before.

Retiring to my study, I turned over the papers, which were chiefly mercantile accounts, part of a journal, and other memoranda. The three following letters were the only things of interest among them, and those I have arranged according to their dates.

“YOUNG MAN, I am too well acquainted with the natural impetuosity of your disposition to express, in such language as I might justly use, my sense of your opprobrious conduct, nor would I by reproaches anticipate those upbraiding of

your conscience, which time and reflection will suggest. I should prefer (as best suited to my calling) by reason and argument, to awaken your heart to a sense of the reparation which you owe to the outraged feelings of Mr. Protheroe, some consideration for the happiness of your widowed mother and your sister, and a regard for your own character and future prospects in life. The respect entertained by Mr. Protheroe for your father's estimable character induced him for a number of years to continue him in a lucrative situation in his establishment. At your father's death he made provision for his widow; and when you were of an age to enter the service, he supported you with his patronage and protection until you reached the station you now hold in his employ. What return have you made for this goodness? You have endeavoured to seduce the affection of his child, and by a clandestine marriage would have destroyed those hopes of wealth and consequence which our family had a right to expect from a projected alliance with a person of rank and fortune. I cannot doubt but consideration will teach you to view this ungenerous project in its proper light, and induce you to make all the amends in your power, by a frank acknowledgement of the wrong you have attempted, and a promise to forego any further proceeding in this affair. My niece, being at length awakened to a sense of her duty, and the degradation she has escaped, will shortly be united to Lord Melton; under the protection of a man of wealth and honour, she will be secured from any further attempt upon her peace of mind, which could only bring destruction upon yourself, and ruin upon those whose welfare ought to be most dear to you.

"My brother desires me to add, that notwithstanding this attempt upon the peace and honour of his family, he is inclined to continue his protection, should your future conduct deserve it.

"JAMES PROTHEROE."

"MY DEAR TOM,—It is the last time that I am allowed to call you so. The menaces of my father that he would discard me, and ruin you and yours, the tears and entreaties of my mother, and the representations of my uncle, have at last induced me to yield a reluctant consent to their wishes, and bestow my hand where I have no heart to give. I know you have too much good sense and feeling to blame me for this filial sacrifice of my affections. Cruel Fate has separated us—we must never meet again—it is imperative for both our sakes, and for the sake of those we love. I shall always

think of you with feelings of gratitude—of affection.—I was obliged to throw down my pen, for I thought my heart would burst, till my tears relieved it. No, my dear Tom, why should I hesitate to write what I have reason to be proud of? I love you. Gratitude for the preservation of my life, admiration of your noble manly conduct, and that honest warmth of disposition which others condemn, induced me to love you; and though obedience to the wishes and commands of my friends has for ever parted us, I shall always treasure your dear remembrance in my heart, so long as life shall last. That life I never valued till it was preserved by you.

"The penlingers in my trembling hand, and falling tears seek to obliterate my name, as I sign it, for the last time,

"JULIA PROTHEROE."

"MY DEAR JACK,—Since we parted, I have received two letters that have almost driven me mad. One from Julia, telling me that, unable to resist the threats and persuasions of her family, she had consented to marry another, and that we must never meet again; the other was from her uncle, by argument and reproaches, mingled with threats, endeavouring to convince me of my 'opprobrious conduct,' and urging me to make some 'reparation' to the family of Mr. Protheroe, by an acknowledgment of 'my fault,' and an apology for my 'ingratitude.'

"To you Jack, the husband of my sister, and to you only, will I attempt to justify my conduct, and shew how much I am indebted to him and his family. My father was the early friend of Mr. Protheroe, when he did not carry quite so much sail as now; and when he was involved in difficulties my father stuck by him, and freely lent his little savings to support his credit. By my father's skill in calculation, and activity in business, he materially assisted all his speculations, till Mr. Protheroe was worth 200,000*l.*, while my poor father still remained a clerk in his counting house; and when my father died, Mr. Protheroe paid all his debts and obligations with 50*l.* a-year to his widow. As to his boast of patronage and protection to myself, I was apprenticed to him, and served my time with credit to both of us. I know my duty either as an officer upon the quarter-deck with a speaking-trumpet in my hand, or as an able-bodied seaman before the mast, and can find patronage and protection in any quarter of the globe, where the name of a British seaman is known and respected. My sense of what is due to the character has always prevented me, and shall prevent my doing

any thing to disgrace it. I might have taken advantage of Julia's affection for me, and made her mine for life, but I had too much 'honour,' whatever Mr. Protheroe may think of me, to 'outrage her father's feelings,' and 'disappoint the hopes of the family,' and 'degrade' her by a marriage with one who had nothing to offer her but an honest heart and a blue jacket. As to 'outraged feelings,' 'degradation,' and 'disgrace,' it don't become Mr. Protheroe to speak disrespectfully of blue jackets, for I know he is under some obligation to them. In this old blue jacket I saved his daughter's life, when his boat upset at the ship-launch; in this blue jacket I have weathered many a tough gale, to bring him home the means of wealth and honour. I have never done any thing to make me ashamed of my jacket or my profession, and that is more than every laced coat and embroidered uniform of his acquaintance can say of theirs.

"Tis something new to me, I own, to find a clergyman lay so much stress upon 'wealth and honour,' 'rank and consequence.' I thought that these things had been tabooed to him,—I'm sure I've often heard him preach against them. But he is right—I never knew what they were worth till now, when I find the purest feelings of the heart are to be bartered for 'rank and consequence,' and love and gratitude exchanged for 'wealth and honour.' Oh! Jack, many a time in my lone mid watch, leaning over the side, or seated on a gun, have I re-

called to my recollection her sweet pale face as she hung lifeless upon my shoulder, when I snatched her from the waves; the flush of lively gratitude which brightened up her lovely countenance, giving brilliancy to her dark eyes, as she expressed her thanks, and the sweet kiss mingled with tears with which she bade farewell!—I have thought of these things, Jack, till I could bear thought no longer, and I have started up and paced the deck while bitter and scalding tears have trickled down my cheeks—yes, Jack, I have wept, and you know it ain't a trifle that would cause me do that. But I have lost her! I do not blame her, for I know the arts that have been used to separate us. My youthful hopes are blighted! May all the future misery I am doomed to suffer fall on their heads! Make what merit you will of my absence for the sake of those we love, my poor mother and my sister, to your care I leave them, for I shall never more return: I could not bear to see her in another's arms,—I should do some desperate deed which would bring destruction on us all. I have no wish for life, and shall only seek some honourable occasion of losing it. A strange sail of suspicious appearance, and carrying an unusual number of hands, has kept her course very near us since the morning. I wish she would venture to attack us. If the captain and crew are of my mind, we'll resist to the death! A gun! By heavens she's putting off her boats! All hands to quarters! Adieu!"

## THE GOVERNMENT PLAN OF EDUCATION.

IF ever there was a question which more than all others deserved to be approached in a spirit of perfect candour, — if ever there was a measure, in their desire to perfect which men might be expected to shut their eyes upon ordinary objections and difficulties, — if ever there was a scheme, of which the bare proposition ought to place party prejudice and sectarian jealousies in abeyance, it is that which Sir James Graham has had the manliness to bring forward with a view to the ultimate establishment among us of a real and efficient system of national education. That the imperial parliament should be called upon at this time of day to legislate, not for the extension or the improvement, but for the creation, of such a system, is, indeed, a source of shame and of sorrow to all true lovers of their country. We blush for our native land as often as the remembrance is awakened in us that we are the only civilised people under heaven among whom no such institution exists. France, Holland, Belgium, Germany — ay, Popish Austria, not less than Protestant Prussia, — all have their ministers of public instruction, and their well-organised machinery for the moral training of their people; it is in free and Protestant England, and there alone, that the government leaves the masses to educate themselves in any way and upon any principle which, in the depth of their ignorance, they may prefer. Moreover, the necessity for this moral training of the people, though it be obvious and pressing every where, is more obvious and more pressing by far in England than in any of the nations of the Continent. The Continental states have strong governments and a vigilant police to fall back upon; they have arbitrary judges and numerous and pliable armies wherewith to meet and put down the first movements to sedition. Even if they should fail to create among their masses a high moral and religious principle, the means of enforcing obedience to the laws are always at their command. But for us, our laws themselves are so

tender of the liberty of the subject, our mode of carrying on prosecutions is so tedious, so technical, and so obscure, our juries are so little disposed to assume guilt where guilt is not distinctly proved, that to convict of even an overt act of sedition is often difficult, of any thing short of an overt act is always impossible. In like manner, our police, though vigilant enough, perhaps, in London, has proved itself every where else incapable of dealing with the most indifferently organised conspiracy. We have no means of pouncing upon the conspirators till they shall have brought their plans to maturity; and even then, if we put them down, it is always at the expense of an amount of public uneasiness for which years of apparent quiet hardly make amends. Besides, who can bear to sit from day to day upon the edge of a volcano, which may burst out at any moment and destroy him? The Continental nations have not done so. Warned by the destructive consequences to France of the sudden usurpation of power by demoralised masses, they have devoted their resources and the energies of their greatest statesmen, ever since the peace, to the task of educating in religion and an enlightened obedience those classes which, if they be not rendered the ground-work of security to an empire, are sure to become the elements within it of confusion and anarchy. Are we, with our commercial wealth and the predominance of our aristocratic classes, so secure that we can afford to overlook the dangers that lie pent up and smouldering in the ignorance and irreligion of a vast working population, — of a population which presses constantly on the means of bare subsistence; whose reverence for authority has been impaired by neglect, and whose respect for the law originates neither in conscience nor in intelligence, but in fear? Surely no thinking man will say that we are. Surely the time has come for making an effort to substitute for this base principle of action the higher and nobler motive of moral influence.

Our working classes, if we desire to render them respectable in their own eyes as well as in the eyes of others, must be educated; and seeing that the efforts of individuals to accomplish so great an end have failed, there remains no alternative but that they shall be educated at the expense of the nation, and under the superintendence of the executive government.

A consideration of these solemn truths, aided by a remembrance of the spirit in which the Whig measure of 1836 was received, led us to hope that Sir James Graham's very moderate proposal would meet with no serious opposition—at all events, from the Dissenters. That some sections of Churchmen might take the alarm, we considered as by no means improbable; first, because in point of fact the Church is the only religious body in the kingdom from which any thing like a concession is required; and next, because we are aware that the Church contains many excellent members who, unable to draw the line between principle and bigotry, look upon all change as an evil, all improvement as innovation. But that the Dissenters in general, and especially the Wesleyan Methodists, should have set themselves in array against a measure so wisely and moderately drawn up, is an event for which we confess that we were not prepared, and which affects us with almost as much of regret as of surprise. Not that we entertain the slightest apprehension for the fate of the bill. It will pass, either modified or in its integrity, in spite of all the opposition which the Nonconformists can get up. And they, losing all the prestige which has heretofore attached to them as liberal and enlightened friends of education in the abstract, must suffer for their folly. But it is a painful thing under any circumstances to have our good opinion of large classes of men disturbed, and for this we mourn. Did not the Dissenters place themselves in a sufficiently false light by their famous Manchester Conference and their attacks on the corn-laws? Must they, by attacking a plan for the education of the people, demonstrate still more plainly that theirs is political and not religious dissent? And after all of what is it that they complain?

We have now before us, besides the bill itself, two pamphlets written by the representatives of two classes of its opponents,—one the production of Mr. W. J. Fox, the well-known champion of Dissent in general,—the other by Mr. Henry Dun, secretary to the British and Foreign School Society. It is to be presumed that these gentlemen speak the sentiments of their constituents, whose ever they may be; and we shall, therefore, through them, address ourselves to their admirers. We perceive that both writers agree in condemning what they call the compulsory clauses in the bill,—that is to say, the clauses which compel attendance by children in the government schools, and look to the parents to enforce such attendance. Now, there is no denying that the idea of compelling parents to send their children to school, and punishing them for the neglect of this great moral duty as if it were a crime, might well startle, were it altogether new. But it is not new. The arrangement has been in force ever since the legislature began to direct its attention seriously to the state of the factory children; and the present bill seeks no more than to render a plan effective, which past experience proves to have been hitherto ineffective. It is worse than ridiculous, therefore, to clamour against a device which, besides that it is of some standing in the country, appears to be inseparable from the arrangement of any government plan of education whatever. Neither is it more wise or more candid to draw invidious comparisons between the treatment awarded to the factory children, and that to which the children not employed in factories are subject. If a good moral education be a boon, the classes which receive it first are the favoured classes. If a little restraint be necessary in order to render it effective, is he acting a right part who complains of such restraint? Besides, is there any man capable of writing a pamphlet who can profess ignorance that the present measure is intended only as an experiment; and that, if the plan succeeded in the manufacturing districts, the whole kingdom will by and by participate in the advantage? Mr. Fox, therefore (for, to do him



justice, Mr. Dun is less rabid), quite mistakes the probable result of his fury, when he devotes a complete moiety of his book to complaints of the oppression to which the factory poor are to be subjected. The mill-owners and occupiers, to whom, equally with the Socialists, he appeals, may thank him; but we question whether any honest operative can be deceived by such declamation as this:—

*"Owners and occupiers of factories are a class better able to help themselves than those already noticed. It is for them to consider how their interests will be affected by the exclusion of all uncertificated children from the labour-market, at the same time that relays of children are rendered absolutely necessary by the limitation of the hours of work. This part of the question is economical, not educational; any farther than that education is the ground on which the stand is taken of that new power by which the supply of labour is to be regulated, and may be diminished, to the grievous injury both of the employers and the employed.*

*"The general conduct of owners and occupiers of factories, under the existing law, is regarded by the inspectors as satisfactory; and the infraction of its educational provisions is infrequent. In many instances they have established schools of their own. The first infant-school in Great Britain was a factory-school, and one which, very probably, would not be certified under this bill, which requires that the Committee of Council on Education shall be 'satisfied with the constitution of such school.' The committee consists of party leaders, changing with the changes of administration. Every factory-school is crushed which does not find favour in their eyes. Their decision is absolute. Independently of their sanction, the founder of the school, being also the owner of the factory, cannot certificate the children instructed by means of his own beneficence. Under the Act, a Socialist father cannot employ his own child in his own factory, if only instructed in his own school. Whatever the errors of that class, the power which deals thus with them is not likely to stop with the suppression of Socialist seminaries; it looks farther already. The school established by a Dissenting factory-proprietor may not certificate a child, who is a member of the Church of England, unless it be taught the catechism and the liturgy. What makes a child 'a member of the Church of England?' If its own know-*

*ledge, or the practical adhesion of its parents, then the instruction desiderated has, it may be presumed, been already bestowed. How far the Church may extend its claim it is impossible to say; but thus much is clear, that one of the best and wholesomest ties between the employers and the employed is not unlikely to be severed, wherever the employer is a Dissenter. His provision of instruction for the children of his workpeople is hedged round with difficulties, and conditions, and restrictions. He will find it no easy matter to be benevolent in his own way. He is liable to be inspected and non-certificated out of his position as the friend of the poor. The work of destruction will soon begin upon those bridges over the ever-widening gulf of alienation between capitalists and operatives which have been thrown by public-spirited and philanthropic individuals. After so many declamations against the hard-heartedness of cotton-lords, one would not have expected a bill of restrictions on the educational beneficence of mill-owners."*

But we must have done with these gentlemen, and examine the measure itself.

The Bill against which such a sudden opposition has sprung up, proposes to establish schools in the manufacturing districts, for the reception and instruction in each, of the factory children that may be resident within a certain number of miles from the school-house door. The expenses of building, and, in part, of maintaining these schools, are to be defrayed out of an assessment on all persons already subject to the poor-rate, unless, indeed, there be found individuals sufficiently liberal and public-spirited to found and endow schools at their own cost. The children attending these schools are to pay, respectively, not more than three-pence a-week to the school-fund; and such sum the master who employs the child in his factory is authorised to deduct on settling day from each child's wages. Moreover, all children employed in the factories are required to attend some school or another a certain number of hours in every day, and to bring to their employers at the end of the week certificates of their having so attended; without obtaining which, it shall not be lawful for the mill-owners or occupiers to continue them beyond a certain specified time in

their employment. At the same time, especial care is taken in the Act to recognise the importance of all existing schools, whether they belong to the National Society, to the British and Foreign School Society, or even to individual mill-owners. So long as the inspectors appointed by government to inquire into the matter, are satisfied that such schools communicate to the children attending them a sound moral and religious education, certificates signed by their teachers are to have the same weight with those of the teachers in the schools established by government. In a word, every possible facility is given to the judicious exercise of private benevolence; every possible care is taken to avoid wounding the prejudices either of religious bodies or of individual members of society. And all that the legislature insists upon doing is, that the government shall be permitted to see that the children are educated by some process or another, and that such education is based upon a reverence for the religion of Christ Jesus, and built up in agreement with the pure morals of the New Testament.

For the general management of the schools which are to be established under this Act, the Act itself provides that seven trustees shall be responsible,—namely, the minister of the parish, two of the churchwardens, and four persons besides, the latter to be selected out of the residents within the school-district, who may be assessed to the poor-rate at a sum not yet specified. Of these seven members of the Board, the minister and churchwardens are to be regarded as trustees *ex officio*. The remaining four are to be appointed annually by the justices of the peace at Petty Sessions; and if the churchwardens or either of them refuse to act, then the minister is authorised to select persons in the room of the recusant or recusants, from the number of such as may be qualified for nomination by the justices. Moreover, at all meetings of trustees, one of which shall be held at least once in every month, the clergyman is to officiate as chairman, and to enjoy the customary right of giving a

double vote in the event of there being an equality of voices on any specific question. It belongs to the trustees to determine, under certain limitations, the hours during which the school shall be kept, to settle the amount to be paid by each pupil, which shall, in no instance, exceed three-pence weekly; to determine the employment of each class during each hour of the day, the books and apparatus to be used, and the number of holydays; to appoint, suspend, or dismiss the master and his assistants, subject, in the first case, to the approval of the bishop of the diocese, who shall be the sole judge of the master's fitness to communicate religious instruction. With respect, again, to the nature and extent of the religious instruction to be communicated, the Act provides:—

“That every master of a school shall be required to teach the Holy Scriptures, in the version appointed by law to be used in churches, to such scholars as shall be of proper age to learn the same, and shall teach from no other book of religion whatever, except in certain specified cases.”

These cases, as we need scarcely add, comprehend only the instruction of the children of Churchmen, in the catechism and liturgy of the established Church, to which the master is prohibited from devoting more than — hours in each week;\* and from taking any part in which, or so much as being present when the process is going on, the children of parents who may object on religious grounds to the proceeding, are expressly exempt. Finally, the master of each government-school is required,—

“To cause the scholars to attend, under his care, the divine service of the Church of England as by law established, at least once on every Sunday, in the church or chapel of the parish or ecclesiastical district wherein such school is situated, except any scholar, in respect of whom the master is satisfied that he will attend such worship in that, or some other church or chapel, or that he is prevented from attending by any reasonable impediment, or in respect to whom his parent shall notify to the master that, on the ground of religious objection, he

\* The Act has not yet settled the precise number of hours.

desires such scholar not to attend the worship of the Church of England."

We have not space at our command to notice the remaining clauses of the Bill, neither, indeed, is it necessary that we should notice them; because it is upon those, of which we have here given the substance, that sectarian opposition to the measure rests, and that Lord John Russell has announced his intention of making, on the 2d of May, his stand. Let us be careful, however, how we confound Lord John Russell and his notices of motion with such declaimers as Messrs. Fox, Dun, and Co., and their echoes and imitators at the various conferences. The amendments on the government scheme which his lordship is prepared to advocate, are very temperately worded, and not always devoid of reason. He takes no sweeping objection to the measure on the ground that it has been concocted in a spirit hostile to civil or religious liberty. His lordship is aware of the amount of the evil to be combated, and is prepared to concede much in the hope of effecting its removal; yet there are limits beyond which he will not go, and the extent of these limits he has marked distinctly. Lord John Russell is disinclined to accept of *ex-officio* trustees at all, or of trustees appointed by the magistrates at petty sessions. He would have the whole body elected by the payers of the school-rate, and leave the persons so elected to choose their own chairman. While consenting to the use of the Holy Scriptures in the authorised version, he asks, "that special provision shall be made for cases in which Roman Catholic parents may object to the instruction of their children in the Holy Scriptures in such schools;" and then goes on to make certain further demands in the following order. The fifth resolution requires

"That no other books of religious instruction than the Bible should be used in such schools, unless with the sanction of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the concurrence of the committee of Privy Council of Education.

6. "That in order to prevent the disqualification of competent schoolmasters

on religious grounds, the books of religious instruction other than the Holy Bible, introduced into the schools, should be taught apart by the clergyman of the parish, or some person appointed by him to the children of parents who belong to the established Church, or who may be desirous that their children should be so instructed.

7. "That all children taught in such schools should have free liberty to resort to any Sunday-school, or any place of religious worship which their parents may approve.

8. "That any school connected with the National School Society, or the British and Foreign School Society, any Protestant Dissenters' school, and any Roman Catholic school, which shall be proved upon inspection to be efficiently conducted, should be entitled by license from the privy council, to grant certificates of school attendance, for the purpose of employment in factories of children and young persons.

9. "That in the opinion of this house the Committee of Privy Council for Education ought to be furnished with means to enable them to establish and maintain a sufficient number of training and model schools in Great Britain.

10. "That the said committee ought, likewise, to be enabled to grant gratuities to deserving schoolmasters, and to afford such aid to schools established by voluntary contributions, as may tend to the more complete instruction of the people in religious and secular knowledge, while, at the same time, the rights of conscience may be respected."

We are inclined to think that there will be no objection on the part of the Home Secretary to meet Lord John Russell in many of his suggestions, at least half way. His lordship's idea, for example, of enabling the government to stimulate their schoolmasters to exertion by the hope of reward as well as the fear of dismissal is excellent: and if the granting of gratuities be considered as the most convenient method of doing so, by all means let a fund be placed at the disposal of government for the purpose. We ourselves should prefer a system of promotion, by which the teacher who distinguished himself in a comparatively poor district might be cheered by the assurance that he would pass, so soon as a vacancy occurred, into a richer. But if the legislature prefer to act on Lord John Russell's suggestion, there can be no rational ground of complaint about the matter.

In like manner we heartily approve of the establishment and maintenance of "a sufficient number of training-schools in Great Britain," because schools for the people can be of no use, unless there be skilful masters at the head of them; and we defy you to find skilful masters unless you provide colleges, or gymnasia, in which young men shall be regularly educated to the work as for a profession. The acknowledged inefficiency of most of the schools which owe their existence to private charity or to the grants of different religious societies, is mainly owing to the unfitness of the persons to whom their superintendence is intrusted. The government must take care that a similar charge shall not be brought against them, and this is to be accomplished only by the adoption of Lord John Russell's amendment. Again, we see nothing to object to in the eighth of his lordship's resolutions. All that the government and the friends of government desire is, that the rising generation shall be educated, and as long as we secure for government the right of determining, on the report of their inspectors, what does and what does not constitute a sound education, we gain that for which alone, as faithful subjects of the crown, and true sons of the church, we feel that we are justified in struggling. Neither the government nor the church is actuated in this measure by a proselytising spirit. They are alike willing to afford individuals and denominations every facility for the exercise of a benevolent disposition. They are merely anxious to provide that in the matter of education benevolence shall not be wasted by stepping in and accomplishing at their own expense the degree of good which other parties may fail in accomplishing. So, also, of the seventh resolution, he must be very narrow-minded, indeed, who should resist it. Only let the trustees be satisfied that the children *do* attend divine worship somewhere, and this, we take it, is all for which the original bill contends. And thus it is throughout. The points of difference between his lordship and Sir James Graham are not like those which the Dissenters and their advocates are labouring to create. They

are neither so numerous nor so prominent as other points on which the rival statesmen agree; indeed, we shall be almost as much surprised as disappointed, if, after a little calm discussion, they do not gradually melt away, so that the two great parties may act heartily together, and the nation at large reap the benefit of their concord.

We are sorry that Lord John Russell should have objected to the appointment of the minister and churchwardens as *ex-officio* trustees, and that he should encourage hostility to the government measure by affecting to doubt whether, for an adequate representation of the rate-payers at the board of education in each parish, due provision will be made. Lord John Russell can hardly be ignorant that in committing this trust to the minister and churchwardens of parishes, Sir James Graham is but adopting a principle which from time immemorial has been recognised and acted upon in this country. There are few endowed parochial schools throughout England,—there are not many parochial charities of any sort, of which, by the will of the founder, the minister and churchwardens are not constituted curators *ex officio*. The practice, indeed, is so thoroughly interwoven with the feelings, and even the prejudices of the people, that we question whether Sir James Graham could have succeeded in winning any measure of favour for his noble scheme had he stepped aside from it. Moreover, Lord John Russell must know, unless his experience at the Home Office has been lost upon him, that churchwardens are neither necessarily nor invariably the soundest churchmen in the parish. If his lordship will read over again the names of the gentlemen who acted as churchwardens in the parish of Marylebone from the year 1832 to 1838, he will satisfy himself that, in that important district at least, the Church has been but little indebted to the zeal and liberality of her wardens. Nor can we see upon what ground his lordship rests his fears, that in the educational board provision will not be made for an adequate representation of the rate-payers in each parish. The magistrates, to whom Sir James Graham proposes to assign the somewhat in-

vidious task of selection, are restricted in their choice to a particular class of persons, every one of whom must be competent to represent the rate-payers at large, inasmuch as the law requires that he shall himself be one of their number, and bear his own full proportion of the burden. But we, at least, are not wedded to this part of the scheme, neither, we dare say, is the Home Secretary. By all means let the trustees who come into office by election be chosen, as other parish officers are, by the suffrages of the rate-payers. At the same time, if you make the ordinary practice of parishes, in the election of the overseers and managers of the poor, your model, you are bound, in common fairness, to carry out the principle to its legitimate issue; in which case you will give to the magistrates authority to confirm the choice of the parishioners, or the reverse, according as they themselves may judge expedient; and we really cannot see what benefit is to arise from this arrangement to any body. But we must protest against the scheme which would render the office of chairman of the board elective, as being not less pregnant with practical mischief, than opposed to the whole spirit of the English constitution. Were his lordship's second resolution adopted, there would be a risk of converting every board in the kingdom into a debating society; and, what is more, you would find the spirit of faction always the most busy in quarters where the presence of its opposite was the most needed. Again, his lordship seems to us to be speaking very much at random, when he requires, "that in order to prevent the disqualification of competent masters on religious grounds, the books of religious instruction, other than the Holy Bible, introduced into the schools, should be taught apart by the clergyman of the parish, or some person appointed by him, to the children of parents belonging to the Established Church, or who may be desirous that their children should be so instructed." Is Lord John Russell aware of the demands which are made upon a clergyman's whole time by the very least populous of the parishes into which the government plan of education is about to be introduced? Does he imagine that

these gentlemen are so little pried that they can afford to : even one hour every day in chising and otherwise conveyin struction to some hundreds of t illiterate children? Why the gyman who visits and comfor he ought to do, the poor, the aff the sick, and the dying, who m christens, buries, and performs I service daily in his district, himself scarcely leisure enoug prepare his Sunday's discourse has absolutely none for the g improvement of his own mind. you going to require of him, and above, that he shall act as s master to his parish? Or, f this, will the parishioners app your saddling them with the ex of an extra teacher, whose bu moreover, it shall be to educate one class of the children attendi school, and that, too, in but one b of knowledge, or, as the No formists would call it, in pure rianism? Or, finally, does his ship expect that volunteers fo sort of duty will present them or, failing this, is it his wish th clergyman should remunerat catechist for his labours out own pocket? Lord John Ru object, we are sorry to say, hidden from us for a moment we are constrained to add, t does him no honour. He is ous that Dissenters should, c with Churchmen, be eligible to office as government-schoolma yet he must know that such position is altogether inadmi The Church is still an integri ment in the constitution. She the only guardian of religior the only teacher of sound mo which the law can take publi nisanee. She yields enough i requiring that her own views o gion and of morals shall be cated in all who come to the st education. You expect too from her when you suppose th will consent to see the schools, are supported at the expense nation, placed under the manag of individuals who have abar her communion, and conscient desire her extirpation.

We are willing to hope that John Russell, when he cor compare the spirit of his own :

with the bill as it now lies for discussion, will withdraw, or so modify these, the only objectionable clauses in his resolutions, that the great measure shall become law without time being afforded for getting up against it a profitless, and, therefore, a mischievous agitation. Moreover, on the part of the Church we cannot doubt that there is a disposition to meet his lordship's views as far as shall be at all compatible with a due regard to principle. We do not pretend to write *ex cathedra*. We speak our own sentiments only, and desire to be held personally responsible for them; yet we fancy that a sort of compromise, which would be no discredit to either party, is at this moment clearly upon the cards. How should we propose to effect it?

In the first place, then, the broad principle of Sir James Graham's bill must not, in the most minute degree, be departed from. A government scheme of education is absolutely indispensable, and to carry out a government scheme otherwise than as the present bill proposes, is clearly impossible. Petitions sent in against the principle of the bill must be treated with the contempt which they deserve. They originate in no honourable or Christian impulse; they are the offspring of minds soured and darkened by the most despicable and rancorous sectarianism. But the details of the plan itself will admit of one or two changes; and we are disposed to think that they may be effected for the better. For example, while we retain our *ex-officio* trustees, why should we not yield to his lordship's implied desire of having the remaining members of each board chosen year by year, as other parish officers are chosen, by the votes of the rate-payers? The Church, we are confident, would lose nothing by this. Even in the manufacturing districts she is far more powerful than Dissent, among the classes, especially on whom the burden of educating the poor is likely to be laid, or, indeed, ought to be laid. Let her enter the lists cheerfully then, if lists must needs be erected, and trust to her own energies, and to the excellency of her cause, for a successful termination to the contest. But were the case otherwise, what then? Make your schools more distinctly govern-

ment schools than the present bill proposes to do, and neither Church nor Nonconformity will have the smallest right to complain. Whatever mode may be finally adopted for the appointment of members to the local board, it is our firm persuasion that the powers of the local board ought, in more than one respect, to be curtailed. The committee of privy council, not each parochial or district committee of management, ought to determine what books shall be read in the government schools, and how the scholars are from hour to hour to be employed: and when this is done, where is the risk to the Church, even if Dissenters become a majority in the board? where the danger to Dissent, even if all the trustees be Churchmen?

Again: though it will never do to place at the head of a government school any one who is not in communion with the Established Church, we cannot see why an attempt should not be made to convey, even through him, religious or moral instruction to the whole of the pupils. Of course, the children of Churchmen, and these alone—unless, indeed, Dissenting parents desire their children to be included in the class—will learn the Church's catechisms, and be instructed in the liturgy. But is it impossible to find or to compile some little work which, avoiding all debatable ground, shall yet convey to the minds of young persons some general notions of the majesty of the Creator, and of their own responsibility in a future state? The great saving truths of revelation are, we apprehend, both fewer and more simple than men educated within the pale of particular churches or sects are apt to suppose. Why should not these be set forth in such a way as that they shall be understood and accepted as well by Roman Catholics and Nonconformists as by Churchmen? For we are not sure that we quite see our way through this plan of communicating what is called general religious instruction by causing the children to read out of the authorised version of the Bible, and leaving each master to explain what is read as he pleases. The Bible is unquestionably the fountain-head of all religious truth; but the Bible is open, in many of its

passages, to a variety of explanations; and what security have the trustees or the parents that the truth may not be perverted,—at all events, that it shall not be stated so as to outrage their notions of things. Now, such a treatise, or catechism, as we propose, would obviate the objection. We don't care to whom it may be submitted in the first instance. Let it be read and approved, not by the archbishops alone, but by the head of the Romish church in England, whoever he may be, and all the leading Dissenters; and then, and not till then, introduce it into your schools. Is it impossible to find or to compose such a work as would pass through such an ordeal? Perhaps it is; but the experiment is, at all events, worth trying.

Again, we have already expressed our readiness to adopt the spirit, at least, of Lord John's seventh resolution, by allowing children taught in the government schools to resort to any Sunday-school, or any place of worship, the parents may prefer. To act otherwise would be to indulge a persecuting spirit; for if there be one point in which parental influence ought to have absolute freedom, it is in the management of a child's religious education. But then the master must be convinced that the children do attend some Sunday-school, and do frequent some place of worship; for government will perform but the least half of its work if it sharpen the intellects without softening the hearts of the rising generation. Not, therefore, without a certificate from some minister that the pupil has attended divine worship under him can the master consent to the child's absenting himself from the government Sunday-school. Will the enemies of the bill explain how such certificates are to be obtained, without producing increased irritation in the minds of men who speak as if requiring from them an avowal of their religious sentiments were to offer them an insult?

The propositions which we have ventured to lay down will impose upon the committee of privy council, if they are adopted, the responsibility of providing for the government schools class-books of every description. We trust that the committee

will not shrink from this responsibility. We think, too, that with rather than with the local boards should rest the right both of nominating teachers to different schools and of dismissing them. The boards must be vested, of course, with authority to inspect, and in case of negligence, or some crime, on the part of the master, censure, and even to suspend; but dismissal we are disposed to keep in the hands of the government, as the privilege of nomination. The latter arrangement will ensure having efficient teachers everywhere, the former, by raising the teachers to their own estimation, will give an additional impulse to their zeal in the public service. Beyond these trivial modifications, in the details rather than in the principle of the bill, how we are not disposed to go. And grant will the Whigs be to blame if fail to meet us on this common ground, and to co-operate in so serious an undertaking.

And now one word more to lay aside the pen. Sir James Ham deserves well of his country; this most statesman-like endeavor if he carry it through, he will earn the gratitude of all our generations. He must not, however, be content to stop even here. He must first extend the agricultural as well as the manufacturing districts, but means must be adopted for giving it, especially in the last-mentioned places, a fair chance of success. The houses of the children trained at the schools must be rendered such that they can enter without contamination. Our large towns must be drained, cleansed, and ventilated. Means of innocent recreation must be provided for their inhabitants; churches must be multiplied, clergymen sent among them, otherwise the last state of the nation will become worse than the first. As we have said elsewhere, it is to think of improving the moral condition of a people, so long as the physical condition is such as they report from the manufacturing districts describe. Let moral and physical improvement advance hand together, and the results will be certain.

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

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VOL. XXVII.

WALPOLE AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY AN OLD MAN.

### PART I.

"POOR Mr. Bateman's place is despoiled. Lord Bateman has stripped and plundered it, has sequestered the best things, has advertised the site, and is dirtily selling by auction what he neither would keep, nor could sell for a sum that is worth while. . . . I suppose Strawberry will have the same fate."

Thus wrote Horace Walpole to Mr. Cole not quite seventy years before what he sadly anticipated came to pass, before the castle at Strawberry Hill shared the fate of Mr. Bateman's Old Windsor Monastery. We have before us at this moment two publications upon the subject of "Strawberry," which together contain the history of its rise and fall. The one is *A Description of the Villa of Mr. H. Walpole at Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham, Middlesex, with an Inventory of the Furniture, Pictures, Curiosities, &c.* In the other, this same Strawberry Hill has sunk so low as to be "the most distinguished gem that ever adorned the annals of auction," in a catalogue signed *George Robins*. These two works bear a grave moral, and should hurry the vanity of show-villa proprietors to throw open their doors before sight-seers, in whatever numbers they may choose to come. Let these happy proprietors reflect that they have no time to lose in winning the applause for which they have built and furnished; and that they can only trust in some kind tradition to carry down the history of their whimsicalities to another generation. Let them especially beware of adver-

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tising, as Walpole did in the regulations for his visitors, "They who have children are requested not to bring them;" but let them rather encourage "these little ones to come," and impress some image, however miniature, upon the most tiny minds, in which Strawberry and Font Hills may yet continue to exist when not a stone of them is left standing.

As soon as it was made known in the spring of last year that Lord Waldegrave intended to break up the museum and pull down the house at Strawberry Hill, the curiosity of all London rushed in that direction. The Twickenham road was crowded with carriages and cabs which discharged into Walpole's villa a motley mob, numerous as the invaders of Bishop Hatto's Gothicism. Catalogues could not be printed fast enough to supply the demand for them. The crowd without sometimes pressed so closely upon the crowd within that the assistance of police was requisite to unpack those who wished to come away. All was dust, and dirt, and noise, and confusion. For two months did a perpetual stream of visitors pass through Strawberry Hill in this way, wondering, staring, admiring, sneering, according to their various dispositions and habits of mind. Some came to look at Strawberry Hill as a building, and talked of its elevation or non-elevation, of the division of its rooms, and the proportion of its staircases. Some, curious in the upholstery line, studied chairs and tables; others the pictures and objects

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of *virtù*; a few dwelt upon the manuscripts and books with pleasure; but the greater part of the crowd came neither to see the building, nor the pictures, nor the books, but simply to scramble about in all the importance of catalogue-holders, quite satisfied with the consciousness that they had journeyed a certain number of miles from London, and were to return as many over Hammersmith Suspension-bridge. These people were to be recognised by their invariable decision that Strawberry Hill was a "humbug." To them it certainly could be but a dull exhibition. Of the only objects much worth seeing they could not catch a glimpse. They did not know how to look for these. Yet curious groups and sights were in every room, in every corner of the house; it was not possible to turn in any direction without encountering them. There was Walpole himself superintending the decorations of the gallery or correcting the press for some new work. In a hidden corner we found Gray with his odes, looking shy and uncomfortable when we came near him; Mason, talking officiously of his brother poet, sat pompously in the library; whilst Cole, and Chute, and Bentley, held a conference antiquarian and artistical upon Francis I.'s armour on the landing-place. In the garden below walked the Maria, who was "beauty itself," with all her train of noble and royal lovers. There, too, came Pulteney, no longer the great commoner, preparing to balladise Strawberry Hill; and Hannah More seeking for converts with the mild Porteus at her side; and Lady Diana Beauclerk and Mrs. Damer, together representing a tenth muse of painting and sculpture; and behind them a whole mob of wits and beaux, who have long since associated themselves entirely with Walpole's villa, and, indeed, have ceased to exist any where else. There they all came with their patches and paint, their ruffles and swords, mingling the costume, and gossiping the gossip of three reigns. Airy, perfumed, tinted, they waved and fluttered like Gabriel's painted feather in the Escorial palace. Their talk was not the wise talk of modern drawing-rooms; they did not know of railroads or steam-engines; they lived before our age of iron, before young

England smoked at all its pores, and panted like an over-worked giant. Some discussed the policy of a wary Sir Robert — Walpole, some talked of the glories of a British Queen — Anne, or of the "charming Indian screen" which had not been more than a twelvemonth on its way to England. These, not an unimagined electrotypes or daguerreotypes, were the topics of discussion.

Walpole has long been the centre of such groups; they live and breathe in those incomparable histories of the last century, his *Letters*; and there they will always continue to move though dispossessed of their ancient right in Strawberry Hill. George Robins, powerful exorcist though he is, cannot dismiss those spirits; no needy spendthrift can prevail against them.

Of all the eighteenth century figures which Walpole has transmitted to us embalmed in wit and humour, none is better preserved, or more worthy of examination, than himself, none has been more closely looked into, nor, as we think, more unjustly handled.

Pope said that "Vanity made the man of pleasure at twenty, the worldly man at forty, and the retired man at sixty." Horace Walpole passed through these phases. He was such a young, such a middle-aged, such an old man. At the end of each of these periods his mind underwent a change greater than is usual. His first youth was much embittered by domestic vexations, and these, with what he saw of public men during the decline of his father's power, contributed to give him the scoffing tone which he retained throughout his life. He could not bring himself to believe in political integrity or in conjugal happiness.

The first Lady Walpole, poor Catherine Shorter, was ill-used by her husband. Sir Robert, brutal in all his pleasures, brought the lowest intrigues into his wife's house, and married his last mistress directly Lady Walpole was dead. It was the partisans of this Maria Skerret, the Lady Wortley Montague set, who endeavoured to whitewash her virtue, or to make her vice look less black by defaming Lady Walpole. Lady Wortley Montague set about a story,

which has lately been revived by her descendants, that *Hor*y Walpole was the son of Carr, Lord Hervey. The only foundation for this story seems to have been Sir Robert's ill-usage of his wife, and Horace Walpole's little similarity in mind or appearance to him. It is not surprising, then, that it should have made little impression at the time of its propagation, and that it should be so soon forgotten as scarcely to give Walpole time to hear of it. We have often thought, however, from some passages in his writings of quite uncalled for panegyric upon Sir Robert, as a devoted and tender parent, that the scandal did reach him. A doubt of his legitimacy would have been particularly displeasing to Walpole, for he was nearly as proud of Sir Robert's fame as he was attached to Lady Walpole's memory; nor would he have gained any thing by disproving a connexion with his despised uncle "Old Horace," since, according to Lady M. W. Montagu, he must have acknowledged in his place a similar relationship with Lord Hervey, the Lord Fanny, the Sporus of Pope, whom Walpole always looked upon as Sporus, or as something still smaller.

On Walpole's return from the grand tour, made by emancipated collegians in his day, as in ours, during which he had quarrelled with Gray, ridiculed popes and cardinals, and acquired a taste for the fine arts of antiquity, he found his father about to engage in the great political struggle which terminated his official career. The national ill-humour excited by the Spanish convention had been gradually increased into fury by the feeble conduct of the Spanish war. The patriots, who, for nearly twenty years of an unavailing opposition to government, were the voice of a small party, now spoke the sentiments of the country at large; and, as they saw themselves nearing the object of all their hopes, redoubled their efforts for a victory which seemed no longer impossible.

The press teemed with the most energetic denunciations of a corrupt administration and appeals to the ancient pride of Englishmen. The mob were inflamed by ballads, in which the wrongs of their countrymen on seas usurped by Spain were painted

in the most piteous and degrading forms. The Craftsman was the most popular writer of the day; "Hosier's ghost" was shouted in every street of every town, and was the watchword of drunkenness, brutality, and patriotism during the general election of 1741. Sir Robert Walpole looked around him, and in all the signs of the times saw a coming storm.

A nation enraged; the partisans of government alarmed and venal; a powerful opposition ravenous for office, no longer a faction, and led by a man whose great talents were sharpened by personal animosity to the minister; a hostile Prince of Wales at the head of a hostile court; the king alone favourable, and he unpopular and supposed to be declining. Such was the prospect of a coming session that deprived Sir Robert of the nightly rest which he had not lost in all former tempests of state, that reduced him, the most jovial companion of his day, to sit abstracted, with eyes fixed, and vacant looks, among his guests. The parliament met, and the struggle began. The minister carried the address by a small majority. Flattered by this success, his partisans began to hope that they might continue to triumph by trifling numbers until Sir Robert could recruit his forces by corruption. They deceived themselves. The 6th of December, 1741 (a day long looked back to with grief and indignation by all lovers of Walpole's policy), was fixed for the nomination of the chairman of election-committees, and both parties struggled to put out their whole strength on this occasion. Public excitement was prodigious. The streets were paraded by furious politicians wondering, prophesying, and denouncing; the avenues to the House of Commons were thronged from an early hour by sullen, murmuring crowds, through which ministerialists made their way with difficulty; while patriots passed through yielding masses, assisted and encouraged. At length both parties met in the house with all their numbers from two neighbouring taverns, where they had separately drunk confusion to their enemies. Sir W. Yonge, a man of great talent, but of loose and unpopular character, immediately rose, and, seconded by old Horace

Walpole, proposed Mr. Earle for chairman. They were answered by Sir Paul Methuen's and Sir W. W. Wynn's counter proposal of Dr. Lee, a flaming patriot, though an honest man. The two parties joined battle directly, and, after a furious debate, divided. The patriots had a majority of *four*! There arose such a shout of triumph as only men at last victorious, after twenty years of unsuccessful struggles, can give; round and round the walls of that old house it vibrated in the thick and suffocating atmosphere, till, gaining a winter night without, the crowds at the gates received and prolonged it; Whig tombs in the opposite abbey heard and answered; the neighbouring dwellers on craft which lazily slept in the river turned and looked towards the black towers at Westminster. The minister triumphant for twenty years was in a minority. What passions, what hopes and fears, what exultation, and what dejection, swelled or sunk every heart in the crowded Commons at that announcement! In our days we have never witnessed power so long confirmed so completely humbled; the conquered so suddenly transformed into conquerors; except, perhaps, on the accusation of Lord Melville, when the question was carried by the speaker's casting vote against the minister. On that occasion, as much exultation was displayed by opposition, and far more scorn and rage, by the leader of government. Sir Robert Walpole, defeated, was calm and self-possessed; if victorious Pulteney had been equally so, the minister's fate might have been exile or death. The people cried out for his blood; windows were hired to see him and his brother pass to the Tower; impeachment and attainder was in every mouth; and Bolingbroke was now, it seemed, to be revenged by Whigs upon the Whig minister. A secret committee was moved for by Pulteney, which was to examine into the most private public document of the government. This blow the minister strained every nerve to avert. The scene in the House of Commons was frightful. It was the greatest of what Junius calls "the great Walpolean battle." Men were brought down in the ghastly apparel of hopeless sickness, already, it seemed,

wrapped in the shroud; the idiotic and the paralysed were dragged forth to grin and moan among the fierce orators of party; the despairing mourner, who at another time would have shunned the society of even his dearest friend, forgot his grief, and appeared in the tremulous assembly, eager for the question. One poor wretch, sinking under age and disgusting disease, who, contrary to expectation, joined the opposition ranks, was told by ministerialists, abruptly, that "his son was lost at sea." The old man only replied, "that he knew what he owed to his country, and should not leave the house." Yet, in the midst of the dreadful silence of this struggle (which, on the minister's part, was almost for life and death), and in spite of the personal rancour which animated them, we see Pulteney and Walpole exchanging, after the debate, little acts of courtesy which in later days Fox and Pitt, who had no such cause for mutual hatred, would never have dreamt of. Pulteney complimented Sir Robert upon his defence; Sir Robert said that "Yonge had done better." "No," persisted Pulteney, "it was not of equal weight with what you said."

The patriots' motion was lost by 3, but they carried the next election question by a majority of 16. Sir Robert then took his resignation to the king, who fell upon his neck and wept. In defiance of parliament, every mark of royal favour was conferred upon Sir Robert; he was created a peer, and his illegitimate child kissed hands as an earl's daughter. When Lord Orford first went into the upper house, the majority of peers stood aloof from the fallen minister; but Lord Chesterfield came from among the patriots to congratulate him. It was such actions as this which gained for Lord Chesterfield what his graceful person alone could not have done, the reputation of the most finished gentleman in Europe.

On the occasion of his resignation, Sir Robert displayed all his very great capacity and knowledge of human nature. He resigned, and in the face of a hostile parliament and a furious people he bequeathed the power which to himself was now only dangerous, to his own friends.

d to leave office he yet slipped dexterously as to leave no le for entrance to those who anxiously awaiting that moment rush into Downing Street. money, coronets, and blue t, he broke the strength of the lion. Pulteney was bought off promise of a peerage, and had se in the new ministry. The of Newcastle and Lord Hard- retained their places; whilst ed-natured Lord Wilmington, old not be said to belong to rty, was placed at the head of sary. Thus did Sir Robert e the storm which had threat- o overwhelm him and his, us triumphantly was he al- to pass away into private life peerage and a pension, instead sation and a halter. He retired beloved Houghton, and there during the remaining years of a. His increasing infirmities t permit him to entertain the of a return to office, which a view of his opponents' errors agraces might have excited. bert died in 1745, about the ime as his old acquaintances and Swift, and a few months before the Jacobite invasion he had prophesied. man ever passed through a and important political life pily, on the whole, as he did. ood fortune was owing partly flagrant conduct of his anta-, and partly to the singularly itive character of his own and strong mind, for the of his life were often such as have overwhelmed a man of r temperament. Early in his he was sent to the Tower, and d the House of Commons on ge of corruption; at its close, compelled to drink deeply of tter cup which political power tion sooner or later commends lips of its possessors; but the s were not poison to him, as ere to Pitt and Canning. He t die prematurely, like Fox; te Percival and Castlereagh, a and violent death; nor did , like Lord Chatham, through ars of peevish and irritating ion; nor to be led, like Lord blind, into an adverse House

of Commons which he had once go- verned. His end was when it was most desirable; and, singularly enough, he died, as was remarked by his son, without pain, of a most painful disorder. Had his life been prolonged in age and infirmity, he must have become a burden to himself. He had none of those elegant occupa- tions which have dignified the retreat of a Wellesley or a Grenville. He neither loved reading nor writ- ing. His strong acute mind, accus- tomed to deal exclusively with practical questions, soon tired of all others. When his son proposed to read history to him,—“No child, no,” was the answer,—“I know that cannot be true.” He had imbibed a strong contempt of mankind from what he had seen of it during his po- litical life, and scrupled not to ex- press it. “Every man has his price” was the well-known ministerial mot- to. On leaving office, he said, “Very few men ought to be prime minis- ters, for it is not fit many should know how bad men are.” Sir Robert himself was neither a bad nor a con- spicuously good man. Patient and forbearing, he shewed more clemency to fallen foes than any statesman of that angry age. Endowed with the finest judgment, with decision and intrepidity, his policy was consistent and moderate; and he had the true good of his country at heart. Yet Sir Robert must rather be called a very able than a great man. His moral character was not sufficiently elevated to entitle him to that name. He wanted the qualities which have gained it for many a worse citizen. What he had said of himself was universally believed, that he was “no saint—no Spartan.”

His great antagonist, Pulteney (great, antagonist, and Pulteney, no longer), survived Sir Robert and his own reputation many years. One false step lost him all the popularity he had so long enjoyed. As soon as his compromise with the minister be- came apparent to the nation, a storm of reproach broke upon him from every quarter. The patriots, whom he had betrayed, groaned at his very name; the ministerialists, to whom he had sold himself, slighted their bargain. When he discovered that the key of the cabinet was turned upon him for ever—when, instead of

the leader of an adored minority in parliament, he found himself an object of general reproach and hatred, he made a desperate effort to regain the eminence from which he had descended. It was too late. The king inexorably enforced the terms of the bargain, and compelled him to complete his dishonour. It is said that, when Pulteney came into the House of Peers, he threw his patent of earldom on the ground in a transport of impotent rage, and broke out into the most bitter invectives against the artifices by which he had been seduced. In this situation, the unhappy man becomes an object of compassion. He looks like another Faustus struggling in the hands of Mephistopheles. No sooner was he confirmed in his new title than it was rendered odious to him by mock congratulations and open ridicule. The celebrated Hanbury Williams exhausted his wit in songs and epigrams upon the new peer, which all announced how

"Pulteney trucked the fairest fame  
For a right honourable name  
To call his vizen by."

These were in every mouth. Where formerly Pulteney was toasted with enthusiasm, he would now have been saluted with, "Great Earl of Bath, thy reign is o'er," or "the Old Coachman." It was not Williams only who was witty at Lord Bath's expense. He was one day complaining to Lady Townsend of a pain in his side. "How can that be?" said she; "you know you have no side."

This same *bon mot*, in a rather different form, was directed on a later occasion against Lady Townsend's own son, the "prodigy Charles Townsend," to satirise his vacillating character. "The Hon. Charles Townsend," it was advertised on the occasion of some political changes, "is ill of a pain in his side, but it is not known on *which* side." Lady Townshend's good sayings were very numerous. It was she who, when asked if Whitfield had not recanted, answered, "No, something short of that; he has only canted." Lord Bath, after having suffered ample penance for his treachery in the scorn of the town, was allowed to drop into obscurity. In the House of Lords he attempted to play no

part; the eloquence of Pulteney did not belong to the Earl of Bath. He lived to see the young men whom he had so often marshalled to debate attain to those offices from which he was excluded, and dawdled away the last part of his life at blue-stockings parties, or in gossiping correspondence with literary ladies. He died forgotten by the public, or only remembered to have his name connected with those odious ones, of secret influence and Lord Bute.

Altogether, he was a memorable instance of the old truth, that "Honesty is the best policy." With splendid talents and vast ambition, with opportunity and reputation, he yet accomplished nothing but his own disgrace, because he preferred crooked to open ways. Insincerity and avarice domineered in his mind to its ruin. What his pride, what his violent passions and ambition, might have urged him to achieve, those other mean vices withheld him from accomplishing. His love of money was so notorious as to give currency to a thousand incredible anecdotes concerning him. With millions at his command, he would struggle for a sixpence with some poverty-stricken tradesman. He was accused of an endeavour to steal the proud, illegitimate Duchess of Buckingham's estate from her. At his death his great wealth went all to his brother, with the exception of some very few legacies to other relations. Lord Chesterfield said, "that this was not surprising, for that the words, *I give and bequeath*, were so shocking to Lord Bath, that he would not repeat them more often than was absolutely necessary."

Horace Walpole had watched with no indifferent feelings the progress of the struggle between Sir Robert and the patriots. Night after night he was compelled to take his seat in the House, and listen to the stormy discussions in which the downfall of his race was threatened. At the time he dreaded the worst, I saw in his father a virtuous Strafford; in himself, a member of an attainted family. He found a bitter pleasure in the reflection that his mother, in the secure grave, was sheltered from disgrace and ruin. He had not so much accustomed himself to the second Lady Walpole as to forget

the first. At the same time he was full of the most amiable attentions for his father. After Sir Robert's resignation he accompanied him to Houghton, and remained there during great part of the year, notwithstanding his dislike to country life, endeavouring in every way to reconcile the old minister to retirement.

He wrote a catalogue of the pictures at Houghton, and dedicated it to Lord Orford. He composed a sermon to be preached by his father's chaplain, which concluded with an eulogium upon the lawgiver Moses, under whose name Sir Robert was represented as the chosen patriot, suffering for an ungrateful people whom he had led out of bondage. When the motion for a committee to inquire into the last ten years of Sir Robert's government was made, Horace Walpole stood up, and made a good and vigorous speech against it. So strong was the impression it excited in the House that one of the first orators on the other side took notice of it. William Pitt, in a truly characteristic address, applauded Horace for filial affection; "but neither must we," he said, "forget that we are the children of our country." This speech of Walpole's, so praised by one little given to find matter for praise in his adversary's arguments, was the only considerable one he made in parliament. Notwithstanding the approbation which it excited, we are inclined to believe that Walpole's subsequent silence may be attributed to a consciousness that he was not calculated to make a distinguished figure in the House of Commons. On the single occasion when he did rise, he spoke from strong feeling; such another opportunity never again presented itself. Walpole, shy, vain, and sensitive, chose rather to remain a silent member of an assembly where only a few at that time debated, than to risk a failure. He had too much taste to be satisfied if good judges did not applaud. His self-love would not allow him to stake his reputation upon the single cast of a speech, where censure or approbation must follow the effort as the thunder does the lightning. So consistent was he in this determination not to present himself again to the attention of the House of Commons, that, when Lord Chatham

solicited him in 1766 to move the address on the opening of parliament, he wrote an almost angry refusal to General Conway, saying, at the same time, that no one but a man so ignorant of the world and of people as Lord Chatham would have thought of making such a request.

Something of this determination was owing to another cause besides his dislike to speaking in public. After the death of Sir Robert, Walpole's interest in politics naturally diminished. He became a calm spectator where he had been an eager partisan. The indignation which he had felt at his father's downfall subsided into contempt for the faction which had sacrificed him. Unable to attain political consideration for himself, and deprived of that which he had enjoyed as his father's son, Walpole avenged himself upon all the public men of his day by a perpetual sneer. He was ever on the watch for their failures. He was ready, as Shylock, with his rejoicing "*Ill-luck!*" Nothing delighted him more than to discover the paltry motive for a great action; to strip the orator of the noble feeling which had made him triumphant in the House; to shew the incorruptible statesman driving a hard bargain with government, and, by a most cunning process of transmutation, to make the proudest virtue look like the meanest vice.

In the memoirs of the last ten years of George the Second's reign, all the leading characters of the age are held up as objects of contempt and reproach.

We can understand the bitter feeling which drew these portraits. It was perfectly natural that Walpole should detest those who had at once persecuted his father and deprived himself of the advantages belonging to a minister's son; but it is impossible not to smile when we see him assuming the character of a philosophical spectator at the game of public life, while he is simply indulging a pardonable weakness. But this weakness by indulgence became almost a vice. When we find Walpole actually revelling in the "charming abuse" of Churchill's satires, and hear him call another writer's severities "soothing," because they mangled his acquaintance, among

whom were some he called friends, we turn from him with a momentary feeling of horror. An habitual sneer at the motives and desires of mankind surely cannot proceed from a well-regulated mind, it springs from some gnawing personal feeling; it is the result of ill-humour—of a partial view of things—often a judgment passed upon itself by a bad heart. Horace Walpole found ample food for his cynical temper in watching the scramblers for power both in and out of parliament. He was infinitely amused with Lord Bath's disappointments—with the slips of official Sandys, once opposition's prime motion-maker and bully: with the ridiculous disgraces of old Horace Walpole, as dirty in his political days as he was "nasty in mien." The Duke of Newcastle, every body's minister and every body's butt, his prudent, but not brilliant or high-minded brother, Walpole despised and disliked. With them, as former creatures of his father, whom they had afterwards slighted, he kept no terms. To the brilliant Lord Carteret, who was destined to shew how many great qualities might be possessed by an eager politician without making him an eminent statesman, Walpole whispered through the beautiful Lady Carteret gentle condolences or congratulations, according as her lord fell or rose, and gained at once the good-will of the peer and admission to the drums of the lady. With the Grenvilles, Lytteltons, and Pitts, he was not so friendly. These young men formed, during the last years of Sir Robert's administration, one compact little family of patriots and declaimers. They were named by Sir Robert, from their common relationship to Lord Cobham, the nepotists or the Cobham cousins. They were all mutually connected by marriage, and still more by similarity of political views. Two among this devoted little band, the man most prominent in station, and the orator most distinguished by talent, were very unwisely selected by the irritated minister as its ringleaders, and sacrificed accordingly. Lord Cobham and William Pitt were both deprived of their commissions in the army. This Lord Cobham was "the brave Cob-

ham," whose last thoughts, Pope said, would be for his country; but who, in fact, died in a fit of impotent exasperation at his own physical debility, which would not allow him to convey nourishment to his mouth. He threw a jelly in the face of his niece, and fell back expiring. His nephew, who succeeded to his titles, but was afterwards more known as Earl Temple, was a man of violent political feelings without proportionate talent. He was ambitious and eager for applause, which it was never his fortune to obtain in any satisfactory degree. He prided himself upon his consistency, which was, in fact, the resolute obstinacy of a small-minded man. His opinions, in general formed by passion or bigotry, were never relinquished. Experience had no power over them. Like many others of his class, he looked upon inflexibility as a virtue in itself, without reference to the cause in which it was exerted, and delighted to shew himself superior to the influence of the great spirit with whom it was his fate to be so much connected through life. But, on the whole, Lord Cobham may be said to have played his part with decency. He was superior to the meannesses which disgraced so many other politicians around him. He never sacrificed his principles for a garter or an advance in the peerage; and, with moderate abilities, he was supported, by his dignities and wealth, the possessor of Stowe and the head of the Grenville family, in a very respectable station.

A very different man from Lord Cobham was his early ally William Pitt, who, at the time of Sir Robert's death, had already acquired that surname of the "Great," which has since been almost inseparable from his title. He was one in whom the most ardent will, and the most boundless genius, were united; whose grandeur of conception was only equalled by his powers of execution. No politician has ever enjoyed so vast a reputation during his lifetime, or left a name so universally admired. He raised himself from the condition of a portionless younger brother to the greatest offices of state, at a time when these were supposed to be in the exclusive possession of some few aristocratic families.

He enjoyed more popularity than any minister that this country has ever known, and sacrificed less to gain or preserve it. When the nation cried out for the death of Byng, Pitt advised the king to be merciful; and when his city friends, in following up the game which he had started, passed resolutions against press-warrants, he turned almost savagely upon them, and disowned their proceedings. On the occasion of his resignation, a whole nation exclaimed that the king had lost the best jewel from his crown. An empire joined in execrating the policy which had occasioned his retirement.

Even in dying, though stripped of power and shattered by painful disease, he was destined to be greater, and to attract more public sympathy, than any other statesman in a similar situation. Upborne by the most fiery inspirations, he departed in a whirlwind like the prophet; and, like Elijah, it was permitted to him to leave his mantle upon a worthy disciple.

When Sir Robert, by a most unjustifiable tyranny, deprived Pitt of his commission, he roused all the energies of his young opponent into full action, and made of him an enemy for life. After the minister's death only, Pitt, with the fabled generosity of the lion, which does not prey on carcasses, paid a just tribute to his merits. When Pulteney became Lord Bath, "Now," cried the young William Pitt, "I know my place in the House of Commons!" He immediately entered into the struggle for power with a dominant and most eager host of titled rivals, whom his pride had disgusted, and an obstinate monarch whom his opposition had incensed. The number of his adherents was so small that he was described as having nothing left but his "words, his haughtiness, his Grenvilles, and his Lytteltons." George, afterwards the first Lord Lyttelton, was the son of an excellent old English baronet of that name. He aspired to unite the character of the statesman and the poet. Posterity has refused to allow him the attributes of either. His political career was not remarkably prosperous; he, at one time, filled the office of chancellor of the exchequer under the Duke of Newcastle, sepa-

rating from his old friends to maintain his hold upon it: these friends did not forgive him, and when they returned to power Lyttelton was pushed up stairs, shut into the House of Lords, and reduced to a mere cipher in politics during the rest of his life. His passion for authorship consoled him. From his earliest youth he had shewn this fondness; he wrote verses to unknown Belindas and Celias while an Eton school-boy; Persian letters and epistles to Sarah Marlborough as the collegian; and, when he made the tour of Europe to complete his education, odes, elegies, and congratulatory stanzas, to all sorts of people. Most of these are mere rhymes, strung together without ideas or feelings of any value. Spiritless expressions of tame nothings—"words, words." The most celebrated of his compositions was the *Monody*, so cruelly parodied by Smollett. In this there may be occasionally two or three lines that do not sound disagreeably to the reader, but, on the whole, surely never did a more coldly artificial production take its rise in feelings so agonised as Lyttelton's were on this occasion of his wife's death. The disconsolate widower prates, in the worst jargon of his day, of Aonian goddesses and Idalian boys, of Petrarch's elegant desire for Laura, of shepherds and crooks, Philomela and flutes, while the charming Lucy Fortesque lay stiff and cold almost within his view, dead, lost to him for ever! These frigid dallyings with goddesses, and small pipings to artificial lambs,—this eternal talk about the mountains and fountains of the muses,—this strain of verse in which the moon is always called Cynthia, in which beauty is worshipped as Cytherea, and love accused as the Paphian boy, are of a very different school from that in which poetry is now learnt, and which has deluged the land with moody imitations of Byron's faults. Both teach vile extremes. But Lyttelton's rhymes are at least harmless, while those of the present day are too often the expressions of lawless feeling.

Lord Lyttelton was a critic and a historian, as well as a poet. He pompously announced *Leonidas* to the world, in the paper called *Common Sense*, as an epic equal to the



*Iliad* or the *Paradise Lost*. He gravely compared Milton with the author of *Leonidas*. He talked of Mr. Glover and Mr. Pope flourishing together. The world has derived some benefit from Lyttelton's *Essay on the Conversion of St. Paul*, but his *Henry II.* is forgotten. On the whole, without genius or originality, he was a really respectable writer, and, but for his title and station, would never have been called any thing more. He associated himself intimately with literary ladies, maintained a blue-stocking correspondence, and received from female adorers such incense as would have satisfied Richardson. With a little show of respect for woman's wit and wisdom, a man may buy adoration very cheaply. As a member of society, Lyttelton was generally liked, in spite of manners and address so awkward as to render it doubtful whether he or Johnson was Lord Chesterfield's respectable Hottentot. On his death-bed, he spoke so movingly in the language of the Christian moralist, that his friends insisted on publishing the details of his last hours. Such details of the end of calmly virtuous and thinking men are, in general, not only useful, but pleasing. The last words of the lofty statesman, when on the bed of sickness, are not so valuable, for such men can rarely shake off the concerns of a world which has moved by them, even in dying. They are, at this time, rather objects of compassion than of admiration. Napoleon's dying exclamation was, "Tête d'armée!" and Pitt expired, groaning out, "Oh, my country!" but Lyttelton, in his last moments, spoke with the authority of one to whom the consolations of eternity were already visible. He summoned Lord Valentia, and said, "Be religious, you must come to this." It is singular that Sir W. Scott used nearly similar words in a similar situation. "Be a good man," he said to Lockhart, "a religious man, nothing else can console you when you come to lie here." Neither were more impressive in the closing scene than the last great thinker whom we have lost. The late Dr. Arnold, in the agonies of dissolution, solemnly returned thanks for the trial which had before been wanting to his mortal career; "I

thank God for pain," was his continual exclamation.

Lyttelton had led a life which entitled him, at its close, to assume the tone of the monitor. He was of a yielding and amiable disposition, a good son, a kind father, a devoted husband. As a friend he was sincere, and would have been constant if Pitt and his party had allowed him. It was to the Grenvilles that Pitt entirely attached himself. Lord Cobham, with his brothers, George and James, were inseparable from him. They formed together the most romantic theories of eternal friendship, and vowed to share the laurels of victory, or the crown of martyrdom, from patriot battles. Their affection was like that of the devoted princes in the *Arcadia*; it had all the sentimentalism of Florian's chivalrous heroes; it was displayed in the most violent outward demonstrations; and Stowe has yet the temples of friendship and the bowers of harmony to exhibit which commemorated the eternal ties by which the Cobham cousins were united.

Alas! in a few short years these ties were voluntarily sundered; and the friends, with anger and hatred in their hearts, parted to seek for power and fame in widely diverging paths. Pitt's affection for the brothers no longer appeared so romantic, when he, at last, avowed his preference for the sister; his visits to Wotton and Stowe became less frequent when Lady Hester Grenville shared his own humbler mansion at Hayes. The marriage, which it might have been predicted would have connected him still more closely with the brothers, only rendered the separation from them easy. From this time a series of political events came rapidly on which laid the foundation of that separation. Pitt, domineering and intolerant, would not share the power which his talents had gained with the Grenvilles; he required submission and subordination, they demanded to be on equal terms with one who had so long been their inferior in station and wealth. Pride and contempt on one side, jealousy and disgust on the other, who can wonder at the total alienation which ensued?

Lady H. Grenville, who was extremely attached to all her brothers,

and was beloved by them as an only sister always must be in a united family, yet with a devotion, worthy of patient Griselda, clung to her husband throughout the unhappy storms which divided her from her kindred. She never hesitated in following him, even when he drew her farthest away from all her early attachments. In the end, this enduring forbearance was rewarded. She lived to see her husband and brothers again united. In their old age, when power had passed away from all alike to a new race of statesmen, they met, and talked calmly of former days on the hill of Stowe or in the shades of Hagley.

Lady H. Grenville is a character which deserves to be held up for the admiration and imitation of her sex. She was endowed with a combination of qualities which rarely meet in the same woman. Calm, superior, moderate, she was equally to be admired in her conduct of a state manœuvre or of a domestic trifle. She could write a letter for her husband to the king or the minister at one moment, and at another could quietly occupy herself with infant catechism. She had been early taught to consider political consideration as the best good of life, and was passionately fond of her husband's glory; but she could retire with him to the obscurity of country life with humble content. She could contrive at once to be the statesman's companion, and the nurse of his sickly children. Gifted with a man's strength and discretion of mind, she yet was perfect in the wife's and the mother's peculiar duties. Her destiny was singular,—ambition would term it enviable. Her husband and her son, her brother and her nephew, became, by turns, the first ministers of her country in an age of orators and statesmen. Belonging originally to a family of successful politicians, she married the man whom some have termed the greatest statesman that England has ever produced, and saw him contend against her brothers for empire. That generation passed away from her, but she was still destined to behold one of her name and race presiding in the councils of the country. The almost omnipotent minister, who reigned during the long period that Lady Chatham survived

the first, was the second William Pitt, and a Grenville, his coadjutor, in the cabinet. If external advantages and position can make happy, Lady Chatham was so; but her history had dark passages. She survived an adored husband more than twenty years; she outlived all her brothers; she saw her two charming daughters, in the first year of their marriage, and a son who gave the happiest promise, drop one by one into the grave. Of her two sons-in-law, alike distinguished in rank and station, the one who had been the chosen friend of her race, severed every tie of affection and brotherhood, on the breaking out of the French Revolution, to denounce the minister in terms borrowed from the sanguinary orators of the Jacobin Club. The other, a young man endowed with all the gentle and all the noble virtues, with every useful and every agreeable talent, never recovered the loss of his wife, and died lingeringly of a broken heart. Lady Chatham was at least fortunate in not witnessing the painful end of the most illustrious of her surviving sons, and the disgrace of the other at Walderen, both which events took place not long after her death. The last years of this truly noble lady were passed in retirement upon that estate which the admiration of a stranger had bequeathed to her husband. The end, like the beginning, of her life, was marked by amiable actions. The surrounding poor blessed her name; often, in the depth of winter, when snow covered the ground, she was seen hastening on foot to pay in neighbouring cottages the visit of consolation and beneficence.

Walpole's suzer was never more misplaced and impotent than when he directed it at Lady H. Grenville. He hated her, not as the wife of Pitt, but as the sister of Lord Temple, and was accustomed to talk contemptuously of her Grenville children. His dislike to Pitt gave way, in a great measure, to admiration, as that great man proceeded in his career; but the Grenvilles never had less of Walpole's ill-will than when they were demanding the impeachment of Sir Robert. He says, characteristically, in speaking of his determination to brave parliament,

"Can I ever hear oratory superior to my Lord Chatham? Will George Grenville ever cease to be the most tiresome of human beings?" With these feelings he looked on with satisfaction at the dissensions among the brothers; he was delighted when Lyttelton visited him to make piteous complaints of his dear friend Pitt; when he heard Lord Temple in one house execrate the policy of George Grenville in the other; whilst Lord Chatham annihilated each in turn with contemptuous epithets. Walpole rejoiced in the notion that by such recriminations the originally paltry motives of these former patriots were discovered. Alas! the patriots only shewed that they were also politicians; but they were not politicians only, like Fox, with whom Walpole maintained an appearance of friendship and intimacy. Henry Fox was, in 1745, rising into one of the most distinguished men in the House of Commons.

He had succeeded, after pushing himself into parliament, in gaining the good-will of Sir R. Walpole, and, at the time of that minister's fall, was attached to the Pelham division of his party. His vigorous, manly qualities, his excellent talents in debate, were considered worthy to be put in opposition to those of Pitt. He was the only member of the House who could be fairly matched with that dreaded orator. Cool, sagacious, intrepid, he sallied forth against him fearlessly, and often contended on more than equal terms with his antagonist when the latter was in his wayward and fanciful moods. For some time the balance between them was even; then Fox's fortune seemed to preponderate; while every court intrigue, every ministerial manœuvre was put in motion for his support; another charge, and he sank rebuked beneath the superior genius of his adversary, never to rise again in national estimation. His unpopularity in the last years of his life was as great as his rival's honourable fame. He lived to be called "the common curse and nuisance of the land," and to know himself believed capable of accepting French bribes to facilitate the peace of Paris. His character was of a nature to give easy currency to such reports. Extravagantly profuse in

his habits, a gambler and a profligate, he did not scruple to appropriate large balances of money which passed through his hands as paymaster of the forces. The most shameful corruption was laid to his charge by accusers who remained unanswered, and his conduct was contrasted by the nation most disadvantageously with his rival's haughty probity. The one minister left large sums behind him, notwithstanding his profuse habits; the other, temperate and simple in all his notions, died poor, and left a family to be adopted by his grateful country.

It is remarkable that the three most eminent and busy politicians of George II.'s latter days left each of them younger sons who occupied similarly prominent positions in the next reign. Lord Chatham, Henry Fox, and George Grenville, were all reproduced in their immediate descendants. The Foxes and Pitts, especially, played much the same part relating to each other, and presented something of the same contrast in their respective characters.

The parallels written in 1756 of the two most eminent men of the House of Commons might read very well as comparisons between the Fox and the Pitt of our later days. Both the Foxes were admirable in debate, both as speakers had some similar defects of manner, the same vast reasoning powers, and the same frank and manly style in argument. They were alike gifted with the qualities which make the popular companion, and the talents that win as much love as admiration; both prosecuted their pleasures to excess, and each squandered a fortune at the gaming-table; but here the likeness ends. The son did not imitate the father in retrieving his shameful losses by public speculation, nor did the suspicion of his most active enemies dare to accuse him of corruption in the exercise of his high functions. The Pitts were alike contrasted with their rivals by the correctness of their lives and the somewhat austere character of their public deportment.

William Pitt imitated his father exactly in contempt of money and covetousness of power, in inaccessible integrity, scorn of artifice, dauntlessness, and moral courage. Both had the same lofty notions of the submis-

sion due to them from the sovereign whom they served. When Lord Chatham was sent for on one occasion to form a ministry, he said to the king abruptly,—

“The whole frame of your government is disordered, and will require seven years, at least, to restore it to the state it was in eighteen months ago. Your army is in the utmost confusion, and must no longer be governed by a secretary at war ignorant of all military affairs. \* \* \* All those who voted for the peace must be turned out, and all the Tories to a man !”

His son would not, perhaps, have used the same language, but he would have made the same demands. In other respects he was but a faint copy of Lord Chatham. He had none of his father's violence, and little of his haughtiness; he was more reserved and shy\* than proud; more confident than arrogant, more resolved than inflexible.

He was not inaccessible to influence from those around him, and had his Dundases and his Tomlines, who were unknown to his father. The first Pitt, when he chose to unbend and descend to the level of ordinary mortals, was so graceful and fascinating that few could withstand his powers of persuasion.

Lord Cobham would not trust him alone for a few minutes with the Prince of Wales, when Pitt's political views did not quite coincide with his own.

He could be a courtier, too, and understood the external homage which pleased a sovereign. When he was too ill to stand in the king's presence, he signed despatches on his knees. But he did not teach these arts. No Hammond sung of his son's soft manners. The second Pitt, if he was not gifted with all the imagina-

tion and genius of his father, had a far finer judgment, with more prudence and consistency. With these qualities all may not agree that he governed a nation so well, but every one must admit that he managed a party much better. His eloquence had the dignity and boldness, but not the fire and brilliancy of Lord Chatham's. He was always grand and imposing, but not irresistible. Lord Chatham, when he rose to the height of his powers, overcame every thing that could be brought against him, and humbled into silence the most audacious of his foes. No man ever used such violent language or threw out such contemptuous personalities; yet so great was the awe he inspired that his antagonists in the lower house never dreamt of demanding satisfaction in any way for those most bitterly irritating expressions.

His son, for saying much less, was repeatedly called to account in the House, and was at last compelled to support his parliamentary sarcasm with the pistol.

In one thing these two eminent men are said to have much resembled each other. The best judges of character who knew them well pronounced that they were both wanting in that knowledge of human nature which enables the statesman to penetrate into individual dispositions and motives. The first Pitt was too much elevated above mankind and too lofty in all his notions, had too little sympathy with people in general to understand or to trouble himself to understand their principles of action. The son never had an opportunity of mingling with them on a footing of equality.

His education was as entirely private as that of the heir to the throne. He was never launched into the little

\* No two characters are more frequently confounded than that of the shy and the proud man. The appearance of the latter is, indeed, often assumed by the former in a spirit of self-defence.

On the occasion of some public thanksgiving in the City during the late war, Mr. Pitt was received with such fierce demonstrations of hatred by the populace, that a body of the Light Horse Volunteers came forward to escort him through the town on his return. The party arrived safely in Downing Street, when Mr. Pitt darted precipitately into his house and immediately vanished; but before his companions had time to wonder at so uncourteous a proceeding he reappeared at the door, and dismissed them with a cold “I thank you.” In this little incident,—in the flight, the repentance, and the embarrassed gratitude at last, the struggles of the shy man are every where apparent. Lord Chatham, in a similar situation, would have been nobly gracious.

world of a public school where boys learn the ways of men; but in the seclusion of his father's library he was initiated into the abstract mysteries of treaties and taxes, and taught the theory of statesmanship; at college even he was for a long time attended by a family tutor to keep him in family leading-strings; and when he at last emerged into active life it was only to become at once the leading man of the country, the dispenser of power and patronage, who was to be approached distantly with submission and flattery; so that he only knew the world in the House of Commons, or as kings and princes do at courts and levees.

Horace Walpole lived long enough to make comparisons between fathers and sons. His years comprised a wide portion of time in politics. He had seen the rise of the first William Pitt, and he lived through more than ten years of his son's administration; he had heard Sir William Wyndham, and he knew of Canning and Grey before he died.

We can hardly wonder that he should at last tire of watching the changes of men and measures in political life, that for some time before the end of his existence he should have ceased to hunt through the town for sayings of the king and doings of the minister, for party *bon mots*, and court manoeuvres. Indeed he would not have found much to gratify his witty malice. During the last fifteen years the character of politics was much changed. The little mysteries of secrets were at an end. William Pitt had finished the work which Lord Chatham had begun. Gossip had no longer a fertile field of conjectures and suspicions to sport in beyond the House of Commons. No king's mistress, no minister's mistress, gave to it the pregnancy of female intrigues; state affairs were conducted openly in the face of day, even the cry of secret influence had ceased. There was something in the austere independence of the minister's character which silenced whispers

and stifled insinuation. In order to gain a hearing, his enemies were obliged to speak out loudly.

Walpole felt that his wit must grow dull when directed upon the interior of such a government, and he wisely forbore to exercise it at disadvantage. The times were not good for it as when the greatest and last national interests assumed an equal importance in the minds of rulers; when the Pelham ministry exerted an agitated influence to protect La Violette, the darling dancer of Burlington House, from the reproaches of an angry audience; when Duchesses of Kendal and Countesses of Yarmouth made offerings of Saxon tankards to the minister; when the appearance of the Gummings at Ranelagh was an event of greater importance than a declaration of war with the world; when the House of Commons adjourned to be present at a theatrical performance of amateur actors.

Walpole resigned his interest in politics with a good grace. When he saw young men rise into the high places of the old acquaintances he had begun life with, and felt the total oblivion into which these—once lights of the world and demigods of fame—had fallen, he smiled, and learnt his lesson.

"Ministers, authors, wits, and fools," says he, on one occasion, "scarce bear a second edition. Lord Bolingbroke, Sarah Malcolm, and old Marlborough, are never mentioned but by elderly people to their grandchildren, who have never heard of them." In his bitterness of position the bitterness of self-reflections was natural. When sixteen years after his father's death, during the new political squabbles of a new reign, he revisited Houghton, and, sitting solitary in the midst of its splendour of pictures and architecture, travelled in thought to the neighbouring spot where lay mouldering the poor remains of that splendour's creator, can we wonder that he felt himself qualified to preach "All is vanity!" to Lord Bute?

## NORTHERN ITALY.\*

ITALY is a country always visited with pleasure, and generally quitted with regret. Nor are these emotions peculiar to age, sex, profession, or employment. For the young and the old, man as well as woman, the statesman, orator, poet, painter, architect, doctor, lawyer, and merchant, can each and all find within the limits of that classic soil objects sufficiently special and engrossing to engage his or her individual attention. That land must indeed be gifted whose rare destiny it has been, in every age, to sway or to delight the world. Much of the enthusiasm of the scholar in reference to Italy is, doubtless, owing to early classical associations, for it is a country which, though conspicuously beautiful in itself, owes yet more to history than to nature; but even in minds in which these associations have faded away before the anxious cares and active duties of life, or never at all existed, the mildness of the climate, the calm beauty and solemn grandeur of the scenery, the harmonious softness of the language, at once surpassingly flexible, beautiful, and varied, produce impressions powerfully aided and continuously sustained by the vivid tints of painting, the severer beauty of sculpture, and all the enchanting sentiment, melody, and harmony, of poetry and music. It is only in that fairest garden of the world, where a serene air and an azure sky are the inheritance of all, that the wonders of art and the treasures of science are open to every eye, or that the ear of the unfortunate is consoled by a matin and a vesper song, whose melody often breathes a balmier influence than could be supplied by any merely human consolation. Though Italy has been in every age and at every time the theatre of wars and invasions, yet the devastations of eighteen centuries have not eradicated the eternal glories of nature, or the

scarcely less eternal glories of her past history. It is, therefore, no wonder that the desire of making a tour in this classic land should be among the earliest hopes and fondest wishes of every ingenuous and liberal mind. In the early part of the last century no gentleman of rank or fortune was deemed at all accomplished who had not made this, called by way of excellence, the grand tour; and though the breaking out of the French Revolution interfered with the accomplishment of such laudable projects, yet it in no degree abated the desire to undertake them. But, though the travellers in Italy have been many, yet the writers of travels have been comparatively few. Among the first in the present century was Eustace, whose tour, though commenced with Lord Brownlow and Mr. Rushbrooke in January 1802, was not published till 1813. The work of Eustace is, no doubt, one of the best books of the kind in any language, so far as regards the execution; but it is to be regretted that he did not take a wider range in his inquiries and observations: for, though he enters at large into the antiquities, arts, and monuments of Italy, yet it is chiefly as they are objects of classical interest and elucidation. Of the actual state of the country and the people, of the society, manners, and state of the arts, or of letters, at the period of his visit, he says little or nothing. Tinctured with a deep religious enthusiasm, he dwells with fatiguing uniformity on churches and religious ceremonies; and, from the number of these edifices which he has taken the pains to describe, his encomiums lose much of their value from frequent repetition. But his quotations and elucidations, though given in the utmost profusion, are, for the most part, apt and apposite, and bear ample testimony to his taste and scholarship. It were, however, to be wished that his references to Claud-

\* Handbook for Travellers in Northern Italy, States of Sardinia, Lombardy, and Venice, Parma, and Placenza, Modena, Lucca, Massa, Carrara, and Tuscany. London, John Murray and Son; Leipsig, Longman and Co.

ian and Silius Italicus were more unfrequent, and his extracts less copious, for though Strada\* allows the former to contend with Virgil, Ovid, and Lucan, and though Martial compares the latter to Cicero and Virgil, yet Silius remained uncited for thirteen centuries, until Poggio, during the sitting of the Council of Constance, discovered the MS. of one of his poems;—and with respect to the other favourite author of Mr. Eustace, rigid critics, though often admiring the colouring of Claudian, justly reproach that slavish poet with too often exceeding the limits of truth and nature. The style of Eustace is generally easy, elegant, and copious; and though occasionally declamatory, his book is liable throughout to the reproach of being too much a panegyric on Italy and the Italians, and a diatribe against our neighbours the French. But, notwithstanding these defects, and occasional over-colouring and incorrectness of description, regarding places which it is plain he had never witnessed, the work of this amiable and accomplished man must ever find a place in the library of the classical scholar, though it may be less valued by the professional architect.

Next in order of time to Eustace comes Forsyth. He, too, made the tour of Italy in the years 1802 and 1803, but his book was not published till the latter end of 1813. A Scotchman by birth, and a schoolmaster by profession, his work, though the very opposite of the *Classical Tour* of Eustace, is marked by a rare degree of merit. There is a brawny strength and originality about the Caledonian which advantageously contrast with the diffusive and somewhat too declamatory pages of Eustace. Nor are these his only qualifications. To observation, reflection, and great native shrewdness, he adds no mean accomplishments. A proficient in classical learning, he is also well acquainted with the language and literature of Italy, and is, moreover, no commonplace, every-day connoisseur in dealing with works of art. In description he is often happy, and almost

always vigorous and pointed, and, though he occasionally displays somewhat of the dogmatism and pertness of the pedagogue, yet we know not in any work of travels more pithy and felicitous descriptions than are presented of the *Abate Fontana*, of the Italian *Improvvisatori*, and of the gloomy genius and power of Caravaggio.

The *Letters from the North of Italy*, addressed by Mr. Stewart Rose to Mr. Hallam in 1817, first appeared in 1819. We scarcely know a more amusing, original, or ingenious production; and we think Mr. Murray would confer a signal benefit on all tourists by giving a new and cheaper edition both of Forsyth and of Rose. There is hardly a subject connected with Italy on which Mr. Rose has not touched. His active faculties are not overshadowed by a too reflective and contemplative mind. Though a scholar, and “a ripe and good one,” he dwells much on men and things, and deals largely in fact and anecdote. He enters the club, the casino, the theatre; forms one of the circle of the *conversazione*, and assists in the *casa* at a feast with as much gusto and relish as in the cathedral at a festival. But he is also alive, as well to the beauties of nature, to the shades and variations of living language, to the vexations of custom-houses, the inequalities of taxation, and the varieties of tithe, as he is to the history and criticism of the antique and ever glorious past.†

The charming *Diary of an Invalid*, by Mr. Mathews, too soon lost to his friends and to literature, followed quickly on the volumes of Mr. Rose (for it was published in 1820), and one has only to regret that a gentleman so eminently gifted, and so entirely capable, has not written more. There is a graceful, easy, and unpretending beauty about the volume of Mr. Mathews, more often sought than found in the productions of modern tourists, and which has not been so successfully attained perhaps by any mere tour-writer since the time of Horace Walpole.

\* Profusion, v. vi.

† While these sheets have been passing through the press, this accomplished scholar has paid the common debt which we all owe to nature. England has lost in him one of her most accomplished Italian scholars. He wrote and spoke the language of Dante and Machiavelli with the precision and purity of a native.

The *Sketches of Italy*, written by Miss Waldie, and *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, by her sister, the fourth edition of which was published in 1826, are works of very great merit, and written in a pleasing style. The remarks on the fine arts, in the latter production, disclose an intimate acquaintance with the subject, and a chaste and cultivated taste. To such a popularity had this work attained some dozen years ago, that it was then—as, indeed, it may be now—considered a kind of *vade mecum*.

*A Description of the Antiquities and other Curiosities of Rome*, by the Rev. Edward Burton, student of Christchurch, published in 1821, deserves the highest praise for surprising accuracy and great erudition. No man but he who has tried the experiment knows how difficult it is to be accurate, and a book of travels, as has been truly observed, must be always more or less a volume of inaccuracies; but, having gone over every portion of the eternal city described by Mr. Burton with his book in hand, from the Temple of Concord to the Temple of Vesta, and from the gardens of Sallust to the aqueduct of Claudian, we are not prepared to say that he is once in error.

These are some amongst the most remarkable travels in Italy which have appeared during the last thirty years in our language;\* but the guide and road-books are still fewer, and far less satisfactory. The first attempt since the peace, at any thing like popular road and guide-books, was by Mr. Leigh in the Strand. The *Itinerary of Italy* of Reichard, counsellor-of-war to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, published by him, which we have in our possession, dates so far back as 1819; and, though it was not then without a certain degree of merit, yet it is far from reaching the standard of excellence and fulness now required in works of this description. The plan of Reichard, good in itself, has been in the main

adopted by subsequent compilers, and is, in great part, imitated in the work under review. The work of the Saxe-Gotha war-counsellor was followed by *Travels in Europe between the years 1824 and 1826*, by the redoubtable Mariana Starke, an edition of which, we believe the sixth, bearing the imprint of 1828, we have now on our table. Never was work more eminently, yet less deservingly, successful, than this wretched attempt to describe the glories of the Coliseum, the Egerian grotto and fountain, and all the treasures of the capital of the world,—

“*Rerum pulcherrima Roma,*”

in the language of Mrs. Malaprop. From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step, and poor dear Miss Mariana Starke, or rather Mistress (for at length she took brevet rank, though she died unmarried, we believe somewhere about 1830), as complacently describes the route of Hannibal into Italy, naming the places at which he embarked on sea, river, and ferry, as exactly as though she were, in her own peculiar way, chronicling the price of small beer at Brussels, or soap, starch, and hair-powder at Leghorn (p. 488), or of that deleterious ratifia at Corcellets (p. 453), which caused the death of two ladies at Pisa, one of whom took the fatal dram to cure the cramp in the stomach, and straightway died; whereupon her friend, to prove she was no poisoner, took the same quantity of ratifia herself which she administered to the deceased, and expired within a few hours (Starke, Appendix, 453), or the charges for washing shifts, if plain—*seems*, if trimmed; or (tell it not in Gath!) a petticoat, if plain; or (oh shame! where is thy blush?) kitchen aprons per dozen, in the kingdom of Naples. (Appendix to Starke, p. 507.)

Excellent and worthy Mariana, peace to thy gentle manes! Many a time and oft, on the Rialto at Venice, have we seen thee cheapen-

\* We make no mention of the *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries*, by Mr. Hallam—for it is not a tour. But we may be permitted to remark, that it is a production which raises still higher (if that were possible) the literary repute of the accomplished and learned author, combining, as this production does, all the characteristic merits of Tiraboschi, Corisiani, and Ginguéné.



ing cauliflowers; or in the Via della Croce at Rome, making thy bargain for ices; or in the Largo del Castello at Naples, ordering thy Durham mustard, and promising immortality in thy appendices to all the withered vintners and tapsters within the limits of the delicious shores of Baie.

And thou hast kept thy word. Scores and hundreds of couriers and costermongers, of drapers and druggists, of hotel-keepers and hackney-men, of watchmakers and washerwomen, have made their hundred thousand francs every one of them, well counted and no light gold, by being recorded in all the permanency of John Murray's pica, in thy precious pages, while the greasy rogues, now that thou art gone, put their tongues in their cheeks as they exclaim, "*Che bella cosa è questa verissima guida della illustrissima Signora Starke.*"

But a truce with jesting. The book of Mrs. Starke had undoubtedly some merit in its way. It was eminently useful as a recorder of good or bad roads, as a chronicler of postage, ferryages, wheel-greasing, drink-money, dues, and gratuities, and occasionally, and *only occasionally*, of good or bad inns. But the style of the venerable old lady was so lax and slipshod, her sentences so unshapely and ungrammatical, her opinions so vapid and old-womanish, and she was, withal, so credulous, gull-like, and unsuspecting, that she often became the dupe, and as often rendered her readers the victims, of the most worthless and lying varlets, that even Italy, a land fertile in such creations, has produced.

It is a curious illustration of the effect of chance, or of fashion, or of both combined, that the sale of Starke's *Travels* was immense; yet the popular use of such a book for so long a period was a reproach to the national taste, which never failed to be flung in our teeth by enlightened natives of every country in the world.

It was very much the wont of a vivacious cardinal some dozen years ago at Rome, called familiarly the dancer of the sacred college, to break out into invectives against the intolerable stupidity of this work of

Mrs. Starke's. A friend of ours, quick in admitting the truth of his eminence's remarks, answered that he knew but one work of the kind more ridiculous, and that was a guide published by one Tiroli at Rome, and dedicated to a Mr. Thomas Jenkins, wherein the author recommended to all wayfarers who met with a pretty woman aboard ship to stand aloof, lest (we give a free translation) he should be exposed, by the superfine arts, by the craft and malice of her nature, to inevitable danger! It may be thought by the incredulous that this is pure invention on our parts, but we give the very words in "choice Italian" as printed by Paul Giunchi in *Rome con licenza de superiori* :—

"Ed essendovi Donne ne' Navigli, che sieno avvenenti, ovvero sospetto, procuri il viaggiatore di starsene lontano, perchè altrimenti potrebbe dalle insidie di Costoro incontrare eventi pericolosi, e vedersi depauperato insensibilmente mediante la sopraffina arte, emalizia di detto sesso."—*Guida in Italia*, p. 82.

The work at present under review, though it has its faults, is undoubtedly a great improvement, and a much more copious and complete guide than any work of the kind which has hitherto appeared, with the exception of the travels of M. Valery. But we must at once and peremptorily object "to the opportunity which the editor intends to afford to innkeepers by the publication of an advertising sheet in March 1843, whereby they may make their inns and their various accommodations known." The recommendation of his own inn is a theme on which every Boniface is eloquent, and Italian innkeepers pre-eminently so, and, unless the editor can personally vouch for the grandiloquent statements which the advertising sheet is likely to contain, he will but add to the bulk without increasing the value of his volume. Large prices will, undoubtedly, be charged by the book-sellers, and, peradventure, paid, or promised to be paid, at least, by the innkeeper or his agent, for this "accommodation;" but that the insertion of interested self-laudation of their houses and larder can, in any degree, benefit the traveller, is not at all apparent. The title of the book in which this "accommodation" is to

be afforded is, we also think, decidedly objectionable, inasmuch as it is not English. The work *handbuch* in German signifies small book, or manual, but there is no such word as handbook in English. We cannot, therefore, but think that the words guide and road-book would be more appropriate as well as more expressive. A growing disposition has of late years been manifest among certain classes to introduce words of foreign origin—a disposition which the critic should labour to check. For instance, a certain class of booksellers at the west-end of the town now call themselves librarians, having read in the title-page of French works *libraire*, which they in their ignorance fancy means librarian, though, in fact, it simply means bookseller, or dealer in books, as will be seen from an example from one of the purest of French writers, Boileau,—“Il en a fait (un ouvrage)—*J'en sais le temps, dit un des plus fameux libraires.*”

In the preliminary observations to Northern Italy the author, with some self-glorification, states that his account of Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, Padua, Pavia, Cremona, Mantua, Pistoja, Lucca, and Pisa, is the first approaching to completeness given in the English language. We know not for certain how this may be, but we, nevertheless, are inclined to more than doubt so confident an assertion. At all events, there are many things stated with regard to these places of a trivial and unimportant nature, and which might as well have been omitted, while there are some curious facts omitted which ought to have been stated. In the first place it is not stated that the little territory of Bergamo incloses within its limits more than 200 iron mines; that its capital contains a population of above 31,000 inhabitants; that there is a parish composed altogether of Protestants; that a Bergamasque, named Coleoni, or Cogligoni, was the first who used cannon; that modern military architecture, as well as the system of posts, here took their origin; that the silk is the finest in Italy, with the exception of that of Piedmont; and that the mill-stones of Bergamo are among the finest in the world, and form a staple article of

exportation. These particulars, singular enough, are not even stated by M. Valéry in his more perfect and copious work on Italy, published in 1839, a work, by the way, which contains a much better and more satisfactory account of Bergamo than that published in this road-book. We are inclined to think, too, that the editor of the *Handbook* errs in deriving the name of Bergamo from Pergamus. Polybius and Livy, who speak of Milan and Brescia, are altogether silent as to Bergamo; but Cluverius (*Ital. Ant. liv. 1. p. 25*) derives the name of the town from *berg*, mountain, and *heim*, home.

The account of Brescia is copious, perhaps unnecessarily so. The Erse, or Gaelic, derivation of the name of the town—*Brigseach*, or above the plain—is, however, not given. We observe that among the inns *le Due Torre* is first recommended, but when we passed there the *Albergo Reale* and *la Posta* were considered the best. At the latter inn we well recollect turning over the *Livre des Etrangers* on a wet and dismal evening. Our researches went so far back as the year 1822. In that memorable year many of the crowned heads of Europe, as well as their ministers, were hastening to the congress of Verona, and it happened, oddly enough, that one, who enacted the king better than any legitimate monarch among them all, was journeying on the same route nearly at the self-same time. This was none other than the late Edmund Kean. The names of three crowned heads, and half-a-dozen ambassadors extraordinary, among others, Metternich, Pozzode, Borge, Chateaubriand, and last, though not least, the Duke of Wellington, were entered down with the most unpretending simplicity; but not so the Lear and Richard, among kings, for his patronymic was set forth, with a theatrical flourish in his own hand, in the French language, as “*Edmund Kean, premier acteur de Londres!*”

The account of Verona given by our compiler is very full, and, indeed, out of all proportion with the importance of the place; but he fails to make any mention of the sojourn of Louis XVIII. within its walls, or of the congress held there in 1822; and

there is the less excuse for this omission since the publication of M. Chateaubriand's brilliant history. We observe that the guide recommends the *Due Torre* as an inn, but during our sojourn at Verona the favourite house appeared to be La Torre de Londra. On the subject of the tomb of Juliet this compiler is not so full as we could wish, and he is altogether silent as to the house in which Juliet's parents lived. It is a lofty and ancient edifice, with mutilions and balustrades, the latter fast mouldering to decay. The lower part of the edifice was, when we visited it, many years ago, occupied by a saddler, and the first floor by a hatter.

Pistoja is one of the remarkable places of which the compiler of the work before us professes to give a fuller account than has yet appeared in English; and in speaking of the people he says, that "they have enjoyed a most happy degree of stable tranquillity." This, however, is contradicted by all history, for in the 13th and 14th centuries the internal discords of Pistoja were communicated to Florence, and these perverse dissensions seem to justify the epithet which Petrarch, in his famous sonnet, bestows on them:—

"Piange, Pistoja, e i cittadini perversi."

Indeed, the martial and disputacious spirit of the Pistoians seems to have been admitted by all historians; and Machiavel, in the fifth book of his *Storie Fiorentine*, tells us that the Florentines drew their best troops from this locality. In speaking of the *Palazzo Vecchio* at Pistoja (p. 442), our author talks of Scipione Ricci as a prelate of very questionable character.

Now, if ever an unfounded charge were made against a great religious reformer, this is most undoubtedly such a charge. A magazine is not the place, nor is this the fitting occasion to enter into a full defence of Ricci: but, whether as vicar-general of the archbishop of Florence, or as bishop of Pistoja, we do not hesitate to say, that a purer character or a better Christian never appeared within the confines of Tuscany. In all his ecclesiastical reforms, Ricci had acted on the instructions and

with the concurrence of Joseph II. and Leopold, the sovereigns of Tuscany. A part of his duty had been to inquire into the conduct of the richly endowed religious houses, both male and female; and because of the gross immorality and obscenity which was found to prevail in many of these houses, more particularly in the convents of the Dominicans at Pistoja, they were one and all suppressed. In consequence of these reforms, and of the openly expressed intention of Ricci to restore the simplicity of the primitive church, and to celebrate the mass in the vernacular tongue of Tuscany, he drew on himself the hatred of the ex-Jesuits, and the displeasure of the Roman pontiff, and Pius VI., by his bull *auctorem fidei*, severely censured the propositions of the synod of Pistoja. A systematic, artful, and interested opposition against the prelate was soon raised by the very parties whose scandalous lives Ricci wished to reform, and calumny, with its usual immortality, has long survived the occasion that gave it birth.

Our author's remarks and advice touching passports are just and sensible; but he does not state, which he ought, that not even the passport of the foreign office will enable you to enter the territory of the pope, unless the *visa* of his holiness's nuncio be previously obtained. This can only be effected at Paris.

We are quite at issue with the compiler of this guide "as to the posting in Italy being a grade inferior to that of France, so far as the postilions are concerned." On the contrary, as to the speed and mettle of the animals, we think the horse in Italy better than in France; and though a careless and even a reckless driver may be sometimes found beyond the Alps, our experience justifies us in saying, that there are careless and reckless drivers enough in every one of the French provinces. The preliminary observations, as to sight-seeing *Laquais de Place* and *Ciceroni*, are good: but we must take exception to the word *jobbina*, which is introduced (p. 15) as though it were Italian.

The advice given as to the selection of books to be read previous to and during an Italian tour is ju-

dicious: but the list might well be extended. In all that is said regarding the merits of Sismondi, we most cordially concur; but we cannot admit that Guicciardini is a languid narrator, though he certainly laid himself open to the reproach urged by Montaigne (liv. ii. chap. 10) of too frequent digression. The historian, however, of whom Charles V. said, "I can create in a moment one hundred grandees of Spain, but in a hundred years I could not make one Guicciardini," ought not to be thus summarily disposed of in a curt and captious criticism. Darus's *History of Venice* fully merits the encomium passed on it; but the author was so much mixed up with the military history of Napoleon, that he would have palliated or justified any faithlessness or tyranny of his master. We do not think full justice is done in this guide to the labours of Ginguené. His dissertations on Italian literature are full of life and imagination. He borrows much, it is true, from Italian authority; but he is rich in acquired knowledge, and sheds over all he touches a hue and colour peculiarly his own. It is odd that so accomplished a man should have made so poor an envoy; but the vehemence of Ginguené's republicanism clouded his understanding, and materially interfered with the exercise of his functions.

Nothing can be balder, or more jejune, than the despatches of this envoy to the court of Turin, many of which the writer of this article has had an opportunity of seeing in the archives of the foreign office at Paris.

The account of Piedmont—which the compiler, not improperly perhaps, writes all through his observations Piedmonte—is succinct, and, in the main, correct. It were to be wished, however, that he had given some slight account of the admirable system of irrigation which enables so small a territory to export more than 100,000 quintals of rice, and of those *marcite*, which afford no less than nine crops in the year.

In the observations made on the language of Piedmont there is much error. It is impossible to give any definite character to a language which is as different in each province of Sardinia as the French of Dauphiné

is from the French of Lower Normandy or Lorraine. Our author asserts that "the Piedmontese dialect is much more like the Provençal than any other of the modifications of the vulgar tongue in the north of Italy; but it is, in truth, as different from the Provençal as it is from the Bergamasque or Venetian." This is admitted by Maurizio Pipino in his *Vocabolario Piemontese*, who, moreover, states, that there are no less than three different ways of speaking in Turin, the very capital:—

"Io ho osservati in questa capitale tre varj modi, di parlare il nostro dialetto; cioè il cortigiano, ossia quello, che usasi in corte; il volgare, ossia quello, che usasi comunemente dai cittadini; il plebeo, ossia quello, che usasi dal minuto popolo."—P. 6, *Torino nella Real Stamperia*, 1763.

The account given of the capital of Sardinia is exceedingly ample; but we regret to observe that the compiler of this *Handbook* (we are obliged to use his coined word by way of distinction) does not give the prices according to the plan followed in Mr. Murray's excellent books on Northern and Southern Germany, on which books we may have some remarks to offer on a future occasion. We take this opportunity of stating that the Europa at Turin is not only an excellent inn, but that the people are extremely civil, and that it contains one of the best, if not the very best, restaurants in all Italy. You dine by the carte, or order a dinner at four francs per head, in which case they supply you most abundantly. The hotel has the further advantage of having warm baths within its walls.

The author of the work before us embodies but little of the text of Forsyth into his descriptions and narrative; but he might certainly as well have omitted the bitter remarks of that pungent writer on Alfieri, or at least have given the passage in full, whereby the sting would have been mitigated. But, notwithstanding all disparaging observations, we yet continue to think that the force and purity of Alfieri's diction must ever recommend his prose to the study of his countrymen; and we entirely agree with Sir John

Hobhouse, however we may politically differ from him, in thinking that Alfieri's "prose style is pure, and founded upon that of the oldest writers, though free from the pedantry and rust of antiquity."

There is a strange mistake at p. 55, wherein, speaking of Carmagnola, the author says, "Carmagnola is associated with the horrible orgies of the French Revolution, though no one can tell exactly how." Now the word *carmagnole* in French means a dance and song so called. It was named the *carmagnole* of the Royalists, *i. e.* a dance and song made to incense the Royalists. The word was at first applied to a particular tune and dance; afterwards to a particular kind of coat, and to the soldiers who wore it, or who sung the song; and, lastly, to certain reports made in and to the national convention. The word is probably borrowed from the town of Carmagnola. Thence a number of lacqueys and porters of diminutive stature, called in French *carmagnols*, from their place of birth Carmagnola, emigrated to Paris. Several of these fellows, whether incited by pay or the hope of plunder, had no small share in the massacre of the Swiss, and the other horrors and violence of the revolution. This will explain what our author thinks inexplicable. The remarks on Lombardy, the description of the Duomo, and of the galleries and paintings at Milan, deserve unqualified praise; but we regret to be obliged to observe, that the style of the work in this part, and indeed throughout the whole volume, is frequently stiff and antiquated, often vulgar and provincial, and incessantly deformed by the introduction of words not English, and not to be found in any known language. We are told, for instance, of people *helpful* in assisting (pp. 72, 122), of *dependable* people (p. 92), and *recommensible* (p. 422), of the new streets having rendered the town more *carriagable* (pp. 97, 410, 543), of *robust* doors and windows (p. 97), of the great *value* of the antiquaries (p. 213); from the frequent use of which word, and the endless repetition of *utility* (pp. 154, 304, 418, 601), *high*, *rough*, *solid* (pp. 81), *to be* applied to a Londoner

(p. 101), *hard by* (pp. 111, 292, 381), *letting alone* (pp. 149, 238), *brouds* (p. 226), *ooze* (p. 338), and *bespeak* (391), we incline to think that the compiler must be a Scotchman who has resided but a short time in England, however long he may have sojourned in Italy.

The number of foreign words introduced is very considerable. Thus we have *renaissance* as often as nine times at p. 398; twice at pp. 405, 420, 440, 592, 506, 536 and 541; *medieval* twenty-five times, pp. 271, 272, 281, 288, 283, 285, 315, 316, 340, 341 twice; pp. 382, 383 twice; pp. 385, 400, 408, 415, 430, 433, 446, and 447; pp. 451, 516, 548, together with *tenue rumpions auberge gîte, alignement defrichement gené, état majeur* (*sic*) *quet* (p. 372), *crème* (p. 364), *enclature* (pp. 398, 399, 409, and several other places), *acharnement* (p. 339), *horologe* (p. 346), *applique* (p. 428) and *cinq* *cento* style at least twenty times, when the place of these foreign words might be far better occupied by native sinewy Saxon. We are tempted to address the worthy and industrious compiler (who, as he is doubtless a Scot, ought to have more sense and shrewdness) in the words of Donne, with a single alteration:—

"Outlandish ground  
Bears no more wit than ours, but yet  
more scant  
Are those expressions *there* which *here*  
abound."

The words *untroublesome* (pp. 217, 483), *uncommercial* (p. 217), *grandiosity* (p. 180), *despotised* (p. 376), and *mannered*, in the sense used (pp. 379 and 386), are not English; and the word *cuisse* (p. 127) (it should be *culèche*) is not French.

We had intended to question several of the positions laid down in this work on architecture, for they are, indeed, very questionable, but we find that this article has already grown to an inconvenient length. We observe, however, that in speaking of Lombardy, and of the duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, the author's remarks are uniformly favourable to the Austrian system of government as contradistinguished from the French in the time of Napoleon. We are certainly no blind

panegyrist of the French system, nor are we disposed, like the old Whig opposition of 1813 to 1826, to cry down every thing Austrian simply because it is Austrian. But the sway of Austria in Italy is, though not severe, eminently stupid, and too often harassing and vexatious, without being absolutely onerous or cruel. There seems now abroad as much disposition, on the part of the public, to cry up every thing German as there was formerly on the part of the Whigs to cry up every thing French.

The French in Italy, however, notwithstanding all their brigandage and braggadocio, encouraged native talent. They opened the universities, among whose professors Napoleon selected the most learned and virtuous men, granting them liberal stipends; they encouraged works of singular magnificence, and did more for the completion of that noble mass of building, Milan cathedral, in a few years, than had been accomplished in as many centuries before their invasion. Nor were Napoleon's creations works of magnificence merely, for new canals were cut, new bridges raised, new roads opened, and, amidst the almost impassable barriers of the Alps, two carriage-ways were completed, to which the most splendid and most useful works of the ancient Romans can scarcely be compared.

Amidst all the strife of war and clash of kingdoms, a humane and conservative consulta governed, and Degerando and Janet preserved to the beneficent hermits of Monte Corona, and to the wonderful college of the Propaganda (a favourite institution with Buonaparte), all their respective immunities and privileges.

Under the French, too, Italy enjoyed the advantage of a code which allowed the cross-examination of witnesses, and gave publicity to all the proceedings. Justice was then fairly as well as speedily administered: it may be administered fairly now, but the delays are almost interminable. It should also be stated that the people of the hereditary dominions, as well as the products, have been always favoured at the expense of the Italians under the Austrian sway. Not only are nearly all the *employés*

Italian, but the Austrian army in Italy is supplied with all articles of clothing out of the transalpine store at Vienna. The frontier custom-houses are, however, the most vexatious portion of the Austrian system. Though Padua, and Venice, and Vicenza, are within the one state, there are, nevertheless, custom-houses between them. The importation of wine into Lombardy is subject to as high a duty from the Modenese territory as from Portugal, and the exportation of corn from Milan is as strictly prohibited to the Tuscan states as it was by the pope in the time of the Crusades to the territories of the Grand Signior.

The *Handbook* states that the hotels at Milan are dear. They are so, and those kept by the Swiss (who are lately spreading themselves all over Italy as inn-keepers) particularly so. It is true that the Swiss houses are cleaner in general than those kept by the Italians, but neither the masters nor the servants have the amenity nor the politeness of the Italians. The Swiss innkeepers are in general stiff, blunt, and sturdy: some would call this being independent; others, the majority of English gentlemen, would call it being rude and uncivil.

We have no great fault to find with what the guide states in reference to Florence, but there are some omissions and corrections which we think it well to supply.

In the first place, the name of the excellent and honourable banker at Florence is not Kerridge (p. 486), but Kerrich; nor does another excellent, honourable, and hospitable banker call himself Marquay (p. 486), but Maquay. The name of a third English banker, the worthy and obliging Mr. Lemcsurier, formerly an officer in her majesty's navy, is altogether omitted, though he has a banking-house both at Florence and Rome. Sir Charles Herbert, mentioned at p. 487, is not a general practitioner. He was formerly a surgeon in the guards, and afterwards practised with considerable success as an accoucheur in Lower Berkeley Street; but one of the gentlemen previously mentioned in the guide was a general practitioner in Princes Street, Cavendish Square, which means in London (whatever it

may mean in Scotland) a surgeon-apothecary. If the Signor Armellini, spoken of at p. 487, be the same gentleman who taught with such success at Rome many years ago, the most unworthy of his pupils desires to bear humble testimony here to his taste, learning, and rare capability of imparting instruction.

It should also be stated that the *table d'hôte* at the Hôtel de York is as much frequented by Russians and English as by commercial travellers. The charge for dinner is five pauls, wine of the country included.

The compiler of the *Handbook* says nothing of the particular season in which Italy should be visited. It cannot, however, be too plainly stated that winter is not the season for such a tour. The aspect of the country is then little different from England. There is the same humidity and the same cold; the numerous rivers are overflowed; the country is, in a great measure, under water;

heavy and long-continued rains inundate the rice-grounds; dark and lurid clouds obscure the sky; and the fields, the trees, and the vines, stript of their foliage and verdure, have a dwarfish, withered, and melancholy appearance. The monuments of art, like the objects of external nature, seem to suffer in such a season, and lose more than half their glory; and it cannot be too often repeated to our countrywomen, that statues and pictures, like their own fair faces, wear their best looks in the light and sun of summer.

On the whole, we think this *Handbook* a very creditable performance, and a valuable present to our wandering countrymen. When we consider the extent of ground gone over, and the multitude and variety of objects described, extending over 600 closely printed pages, it is wonderful how few are the omissions, misstatements, or inaccuracies.

#### PROVERBS DISPLAYED.

##### No. II.

"NEVER BEGIN THAT OF WHICH YOU HAVE NOT WELL CONSIDERED THE END."

THIS admirable precept, it is recorded in some early school-book, being engraved on a cup in which poison had been mixed, and which was to be administered to an Eastern monarch by his physician, who had been bribed to destroy his master, saved the aforesaid sultan's life, for the line of advice happening suddenly to catch the eye of the doctor of medicine, he faltered. His confusion being observed, he at once owned his intended crime, and was pardoned.

The tale we are now about to relate is of a very different nature from the foregoing, but we trust it will not be without its moral,—a check to human ambition.

Mr. Theophilus Stales had served for many a year in one of our public offices. He was most methodical in his habits; if he entered the door of the building in which he was employed at two minutes after 10 o'clock,

A.M., he was unhappy for the day, for he always prided himself on his punctuality.

His fellow-clerks denominated him the *regulator*. The officers, or commissioners, his superiors, ever upheld Mr. Stales as an example to all the juniors. But then Mr. Stales belonged to the good old school.

The home of Mr. Stales was conducted with the same precision as in the affairs of his office, the domestic part of it being superintended by a maiden sister, a year and a half younger than himself, who had been devoted to single blessedness, partly by a strong attachment to her brother, but more particularly on account of an early disappointment in an affair of the heart, and this event had, perhaps, tinged her temper with slight asperity.

One day's occupation by Mr. Theophilus Stales was exactly the coun-

terpart of the other three hundred and sixty-four during the year, the Sundays excepted. He arose a quarter before eight in the morning, and in a flannel-gown received a tin-can of hot water from the hand of his maid at the door. He was scrupulous, and she never saw him at that hour, nor he his domestic. No one is ever at their best looks when they first get out of bed in the morning, and Stales was never the man to compromise his dignity when he could avoid it.

His ablutions performed, and precisely the same number of sweeps with his well-appointed razor over his chin, and under his nose, and round about a sort of two-story throat, rendered that portion of his person efficient for the day; then there was the powdering mystery of the hair and whiskers, and the thin knife to scrape away all the superfluous dust and to keep the whitened part in a strict horse-shoe form. Then, the lower man had to be attired in well-polished shoes and gaiters; he never could sufficiently get rid of old habits to adopt that most comfortable of coverings of the lower extremities, the Wellington boot.

Then occurred the visit to his sister at the breakfast-table, where, as she was seated, he deposited one kiss on her right cheek (she had a little sort of hillock on the other, from which grew some very obstinate rushy hairs, which no depilatory could remove).

Now "three and a half" appeared to be a favourite number with him, for he drank three and a half cups of tea, he ate three and a half slices of toast, and he gave three and a half taps on each of his eggs, which had been boiled exactly three minutes and a half. The last operation at the breakfast-table was to pour some milk into a saucer, to be lapped by his sister's lapdog, which, on putting forth its little red tongue, reminded one of a *lappus lingua*.

We have been particular about these minute traits because we shall presently be under the necessity of placing both Mr. and Miss Stales in situations where their precise notions were to be considerably disarranged.

Years rolled on, and the period arrived when, from long and steady service, Mr. Theophilus Stales be-

came entitled to his retiring pension, a fair and just reward for his punctuality and integrity.

Although Mr. Stales had been looking forward to his consummation of his wishes with pleasure, he very speedily discovered that, being now without a daily habitual employment, his time hung very heavy on his hands, and he was painfully afflicted with *ennui*.

It was to no purpose that he waded through the advertisements of *The Times* newspaper, two or three columns of which alone are covered with the WANTS of the people. It was to no effect that he established a fishery by purchasing two brace of the species, *cyprinus auratus*, in a glass globe, for Mr. Stales, in a very short time, became utterly tired of observing their eyes always staring, and their mouths constantly opening and shutting, while, by the peculiar form of the vessel in which they were swimming, they were at one moment the size of a sprat and the next that of a moderate red mullet. He then tried to breed canary birds; was tolerably successful, but the cocks sung him quite out of house and home.

Miss Stales, his sister, was only good company for him after the customary official hours, for she having the superintendence of her domestic concerns, and from the force of habit, was merely conversationable at breakfast-time, and after five, until tea was over. Clubs, at the period to which we allude, were not in vogue. Light reading did not form so general an occupation as it does at present, thus a considerable portion of the day and evening was passed by Mr. Stales (especially in wet weather) in yawning and wiping his spectacles with his handkerchief, and he felt with the poet Young:—

"Leisure is pain; take off our chariot-wheels.

How heavily we drag the load of life!  
Blessed leisure is our curse."

Besides this, Mr. Stales slept too much in his easy-chair, and much too little in bed. The usual symptoms were consequent, and the medical adviser was compelled to be called in, who, after a course of physis, which proved almost fruitless, proposed that his patient should take a trip to the Continent.



To a person of the staid habits of our retired friend such a proposition was startling in the extreme, and he declined the advice. He could speak no language but that of his native country—a terrible *drawback* on travelling abroad. Then, was he to leave his constant companion, his only sister, behind; or was she to accompany him? If that was to be the case, it would amount to a positive inconvenience, for he had never been in the habit of travelling with females, and he was aware that Miss Stales would not stir without her maid, and that functionary (although from long service regarded, in some degree, by both brother and sister), Mr. Stales was perfectly aware, would be terribly out of her element any where else but in their own domicile. Oh, it was quite out of the question!

Since the very proper abolition of lotteries in Great Britain, our excellent neighbours, the Germans, knowing us to be an enterprising nation, occasionally inundate us per post with prospectuses of magnificent chance speculations, authorised by his majesty the Emperor of Austria, under the superintendence of the imperial and royal authorities, issued by Messrs. Heine, Brothers, and Co., of Frankfurt on the Maine; or Messrs. Jaques Mayer and Co., of Mayence on the Rhine; by which, for the trifling sum of twenty shillings, English (or, should any one be sufficiently sanguine to increase their number of shares, they are liberally permitted to do so to any amount)—and for which twenty shillings English you may, through the happy intervention of the German lottery, win a noble domain with a seignorial château of a solid structure, built in a noble style, containing many splendid apartments richly decorated, an ice-house, magnificent walled gardens abundantly stocked with fruit-trees of the best qualities; with hot-houses, conservatories, and pleasure-houses; stabling for thirty horses, stalls for horned cattle; a forge, a mill, and a granary; an extensive right of hunting the wild boar and other game, &c. &c.

One of these very alluring descriptive letters had been addressed through the means of the *Post-office Directory* (and Messrs Heine, Brothers, and Co. always forget to pay the postage of their circulars), to the

house of Mr. Stales, some months prior to his illness, when it struck the fertile imagination of Miss Stales that if she proposed that herself and brother should purchase a share, or shares, between them, it would give him something to think of and talk about. So, after beating carefully about the bush, and observing that he was ripe for the affair, she induced Mr. Stales to try their luck, and the tickets were immediately purchased in the German lottery.

This expedient, for a certain time, produced the desired effect; Mr. Stales, not only becoming less lethargic, but entered into frequent interesting inquiries about Germany in general, and he actually waded through a tour in two quarto volumes, in the hope of finding some description of the noble estate in question which formed the grand prize of that year.

Mr. Stales had almost forgotten his temporary excitement, when one morning a letter with the Mainz postmark arrived, addressed to Theophilus Stales, Esq., and announcing, wonderful to relate, that the number of his ticket had been drawn the grand prize, and that he was now the owner of the beautiful estate of Steincrau, appraised at 204,550 francs, with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

Stales dropped the letter, and gasped for breath; his heart throbbed more rapidly than it had done at any former period of his life; he slapped both hands on his forehead, unable to repress a very powerful feeling.

Becky, Miss Stales's maid (of whom we have made mention), now entered the room with the coal-skuttle; when, perceiving the face of her master, which became suddenly flushed, she was so frightened, that she immediately ran for Miss Stales, who found her brother dull and red in the eyes, with considerable throbbing of the temples. Alarmed, she instantly sent for the nearest medical man, who, by promptly cupping Theophilus, probably saved him from an attack of apoplexy.

But when Miss Stales was made to comprehend the state of their good fortune, oh, how her heart fluttered; and as she entreated her brother to compose himself, what visions of grandeur crossed her imagination!

She pictured to herself the position of a German baroness, surrounded by every species of luxury, with a host of liveried retainers; a master of the horse; a chamberlain; forest-rangers; falconers with hawks on their thumbs, dressed, like the huntsmen in *Der Freischütz*, in green tunics, broad hats, and russet boots. Miss Stales was here interrupted in her golden reverie by the entrance of Becky, who announced that the butcher was at the door, waiting for orders; to which the owner of the vast domain replied, after glancing at her invalid brother, "*Three pounds of the best end of a neck of mutton!*"

She was now certain that her favourite scheme, a Continental trip, would be fulfilled; and she long had indulged herself in the hope that she would be one day enabled to visit the baths of Germany,—for she had been informed that there were several of the spas that would be likely to remove the blemish from her cheek, the little hillock with the stiff' rushy hairs, which the more she plucked out the more they came again.

Mr. Stales, after the first surprise was over, quickly recovered, became brisk and important, decided that they must cross the water, travel into the heart of Germany, view their prize, and be put into possession of the domain. The hitherto quiet house was now all bustle, large trunks purchased and packed; and when all was prepared for departure, Miss Stales deliberately informed her brother that she could not undertake the journey unless she was accompanied by her maid Becky and her little dog. Stales was annoyed by this determination, and endeavoured to remonstrate, but it was in vain. Miss Stales was half proprietress of the estate of Steineran, and she remained firm to her purpose. Now Stales imagined that he had as much right to his comfort and luxury as his sister. We have stated that he was particular, and he had a most peculiar attachment to an arm-chair, covered with red morocco leather, in which his person had been seated in his home hours for twenty-eight years; and habit had rendered the chair of such importance to his fancied ease in it, that he made up his mind that it should travel with them.

Passports were obtained; but Mr. Stales commenced with a mistake, for he procured them from the French ambassador in London for Havre, and his motive for doing so cannot possibly be divined.

It was not without a feeling of nervous trepidation and responsibility that he found himself on the deck of the Rotterdam steamer, having under his immediate protection one sister, one maid, one little dog, one red leather arm-chair, and twenty-five separate articles of luggage.

Miss Stales was highly excited; and Becky sat down with Tiny in her arms, for fear the dear little creature should fall overboard. The abigail and King Charles's breed fixed their eyes on each other.

The huge paddles revolved, and our precise London friends were fairly launched on their perilous voyage.

All the early portion of the trip passed agreeably, as the weather was fine; but about the period that the steamer veered by Margate, a contagious disorder spread itself among the passengers in all directions, of the most distressing nature, the prostrating effects of which can only be imagined by those who have been sufferers.

To an inquiry of Mr. Stales as to how Becky was, she innocently replied, "That she was dead!" Stales had to attend to himself as well as Tiny, who was literally as sick as a dog.

Oh, the long hours of horror, with the pitching and rolling motion, until the vessel had crossed the Brill! The passengers, though pallid, were now much less uneasy in mind or body; and soon, to their infinite comfort, were once more on *terra firma* on Rotterdam pier, from whence they were transferred to the Hôtel des Pays Bas.

Here they were encouraged by a good Dutch dinner,—the fish in absolute perfection. Mr. Stales recovered a portion of his complacency, and he proceeded to take three places in a carriage which was in two days to carry his charge to Cologne. But when Mr. Stales was in full readiness to depart in the morning, and had paid his money for the places in the carriage, a serious inconvenience occurred respecting his passport, which

we have already stated was issued on Mr. Stales's own application by the French ambassador in London.

The informality and delay was such, that the coach left Rotterdam without the untravelled English party, to their infinite mortification.

What a curse on Britons, ay, and on natives as well, when jaunting on the Continent, is the passport system; when they arrive at outposts, frontier towns, garrison towns, how rigidly vexatious is the exaction! It goes on the broad notion, that all mankind are runaway criminals.

In times of war, some sort of restriction may be required for the safety of the country; but during a profound peace the system is puerile and illiberal.

It is the highest compliment to the general good character of the inhabitants of Great Britain and the United States of North America, that this tiresome and inquisitorial practice has never even been suggested to be introduced.

By the aid of the commissioner of the Hôtel des Pays Bas, the passport was countersigned by the proper authorities, though he contrived that the party should remain two days longer to occupy apartments on the lower floor; and no event of serious consequence took place, excepting that on the second night, after Miss Stales had retired to bed, she imagined she heard a sort of gurgling and bubbling of water beneath the boards of the sleeping apartment (a double-bedded room); so she ordered Becky to get up, and with a light endeavour to discover the cause. Becky arose sighing, followed by Tiny, who slept with her; and, after a careful investigation, she found a sort of trap-door with a ring to it. Her mistress, peeping between the curtains, told her to pull it up, when it appeared that the floor was immediately over a branch of the canal, the water of which was in motion. Miss Stales was horrified, and began to calculate on the certainty of a rheumatic attack; but Tiny, having more curiosity than tact, accidentally slipped into the hole with a piercing whelp, and kept swimming away for dear life, until Becky, with great presence of mind, put her arm down with the tongs, and brought the poor little

dog up by the ear, howling, and saturated with slimy water.

Tiny had now to be wrung and wiped thoroughly dry; and as Miss Stales was alarmed at the notion of the rising of the damp during the remainder of the night from the pool under her floor, she desired Becky to come into bed, and lie as close to her as possible, to impart warmth.

The carriage by which, after much difficulty, they started for Cologne, was called the "Schnel Post;" but, as it travelled at the rate of four miles an hour, it has been pronounced "*Snail Post*."

All the passengers, Mr. Stales's party excepted, smoked the whole way in the most intolerable manner. Sir Francis Head and Mrs. Trollope have commented on this national vice of Germany with such just severity, that if we were to repeat all Miss Stales's complaints, it would only corroborate the remarks of her more distinguished predecessors on the road.

Miss Stales was the more annoyed at this, as a rather good-looking military officer sat *vis-à-vis* to her, who, from his laced uniform, was evidently of high rank, but whose manner was very affable. And when this officer found that the lady had a decided objection to the bowl of his pipe being immediately under her nose, he condescended to twist it aside; so that all the smoke entered Mr. Stales's ear. This officer spoke a little English; and our travellers were delighted to hear their native tongue once more, though all the P P's were transformed by the German officer to B B's, and all the W W's went, Cockney fashion, into V V's. He trusted "*dat dey vere going to Paden-*Paden*!*" This was tortured by the ingenuity of Miss Stales into the English word "*pardon*;" and, alluding to the smoking nuisance, she said, that as it appeared to be the custom of the country, she must, she supposed, overlook it, though it certainly made her cough: the officer, therefore, had her pardon. The *militaire* stared, but kept puffing away.

Now, any one who has been packed in the unwieldy carriages of Germany, can vouch for the truth that the gentleman who figures as pos-

tillion, driving four horses, is not very particular as to what point of the compass the lash of his whip goes. It seemed to be the constant practice of the German postilions to apply the whip to the heads and hats of the passengers whenever they wished to make their horses go faster. To the annoyance of Mr. Stales, he received a smart cut on his right cheek, and he complained angrily to the lumpy driver, who only replied, "Ja, Ja!"

Stales asked the military officer if "Ya, ya," was an apology. The officer replied, "Ja, ja,—yees." Stales was satisfied.

A very uncomfortable journey brought the travellers to Cologne, where, against their inclination, they were detained on the passport affair, and considerable suspicion was excited on the parts of the revenue officers as to the real purpose of that stuffed morocco chair. It was sniffed at to discover whether it contained smuggled tobacco, and it was probed in various places with sharp-pointed instruments to find whether it carried contraband French goods. As the passport was originally signed by the French ambassador, such a suspicion was natural; and, as the Germans execrate the French, this chair, instead of being a comfort, was an everlasting nuisance to Mr. Stales.

While they remained in Cologne, they had an opportunity of seeing the evolutions of the regiment to which their military friend, the officer of rank, was attached.

"There, there he is," said Miss Stales, "I declare, at the head of the corps."

"Aye, aye!" replied her brother.

We all know how rapid is thought; and, as Miss Stales's cheek was warmed by a blush, the idea of being the wife of a general, as well as becoming a baroness, crossed her imagination.

"What is that staff the general has in his hand?" inquired Miss Stales.

Stales put on his spectacles, inspected, and said quietly, "My dear, we have, I fear, made a mistake in regard to the rank of that officer. *That*, yonder, is the drum-major. I have seen our own drum-majors in the Park carry just such a machine."

The romance of Miss Stales wi-

thered into the shade of celibacy again. How glad she was that she had not permitted the affair to proceed any farther in her own heart.

Once more to continue their journey towards Coblenz, they were advised to go by one of the Rhine steamboats which would carry them to their destination in eleven hours. But, at the bare mention of a steamboat, Miss Stales vowed that she would never put her foot on board one again, as she had suffered so much in the voyage from St. Katharine's Docks to Rotterdam. She was here seconded by the eloquent looks of Becky; and, although Mr. Stales assured her it was smooth water, and no unpleasant motion of the vessel would create uneasy sensations, it was evident his powers of persuasion had no effect on his sister, who was as obstinate as most ladies are at a certain age. Indeed, Miss Stales was difficult to please, and, at the *table-d'hôte* there was not a dish that she could call *nice*. The soup was weak meat boilings; the beef, India-rubber; salmon generally did not agree with her, though it looked tolerable; the fowls were roasted to strings; then came sweet rice - puddings, then roasted and stewed meat again; to mix with that followed stewed prunes. Miss Stales looked around to see where the *senna* was; dishes of pickled cucumbers all down the table. But the horror of all horrors, both to Miss Stales and Becky, during the whole trip, was the salted putrid cabbage, the German delight, known to our English ears by the title of "*sour-kraut*."

She could not endure the German wines. Stales was almost driven to his wits' end, but proceed he must; and he succeeded in hiring a sort of post-wagen, a decidedly uncomfortable vehicle, *in, about, behind*, and *on the top* of which, were packed the numerous trunks, the red morocco arm-chair, and his travelling party. Off they started most joltingly.

Stales now began to repent that he had ever ventured to invade Germany, and that he had encumbered himself with so much baggage, for in that capacity he considered his sister and her maid.

The post-wagen halted at a small market-town, and it was here proposed that they should sleep, and

continue the journey early in the morning.

The rumbling of the vehicle had drawn from the only inn of the place the landlord and his myrmidons, who glared like fiends on their intended victims. Mr. and Miss Stales, and Becky, descended covered with dust, and especially flea-bitten by industrious insects attached to the post-wagen, and who had journeyed to and fro on the road for years, and who fared liberally on all travellers.

The Londoners were conducted into a large gloomy room, hung round with inferior prints illustrative of Schiller's *Thirty Years' War*.

The civility of the landlord was somewhat cramped on observing that the party was without a courier (for foreigners are much taken by outward appearance). He sat himself down on the corner of the table, and, swinging his leg backwards and forwards with great independence, asked Mr. Stales in broken English (all German innkeepers speak the *Englischen sprachen*), how long he was going to remain, and what he would have for supper?

Miss Stales wished for some tea and muffins, which, as a matter of course, were entirely out of the question. Mr. Theophilus then thought of a cold fowl. Nothing of the sort was in the house. He then in despair asked to see the bill of fare, but this hotel did not aspire to the eminence of having occasion for one. Stales now endeavoured to ascertain if there were such things to be got as steaks, chops, or even oysters; but the landlord, like the host in *Don Quixote*, had every thing but what was asked for.

At length boiled eggs and ham were decided on, which, in quality, were to have been worthy the table of the grand duke.

While this splendid supper was preparing, Miss Stales took a searching glance at the room, and, in a farther corner, she beheld two mysterious-looking men, with slouched hats, long beards, and tobacco-pipes, the powerful effluvia from which set Becky coughing, and made her eyes water. These persons were playing at dominoes; they were evidently in the heat of the game, and appeared considerably excited.

"Haben sie zwic?" cried the

younger of the two, a pallid, careworn reprobate, who seemed to have exchanged his outer garment with a field scarecrow.

"Ja!" responded his companion, with that demoniac exultation peculiar to a successful gambler.

The former, sulkily drawing from a leathern purse his last thaler, and biting his white lip to suppress his rage, stamped his foot forcibly on the floor, and replenished his pipe.

Miss Stales, in her own mind, set them down for two handitti; Becky whispered to her mistress that she thought they were a couple of heathen Jews.

Mr. Stales occupied himself by examining the prints on the walls with his eye-glass; and, being somewhat incommoded with the tobacco-fumes, hinted that on some conspicuous part of the room, an inscription should be put up to the effect that "No smoking was to be allowed therein."

Supper was now placed on the table with an air of importance on the part of the landlord that seemed to imply that he was doing the English travellers a considerable favour. Stales commenced an attack on the eggs; but, on opening the first, it was in that state that martyrs who have suffered the good old-fashioned punishment of the pillory could alone describe. Miss Stales, expecting something *fresh*, uttered an exclamation of horror, while Becky found a little head and beak boiled, and peeping out. Theophilus sighed, and had recourse to the ham, which, according to custom in Germany, is eaten raw. This was a desperate case, for the teeth of both Mr. and Miss Stales were not in a sufficiently formidable state to do justice to this *worst failure*; and the dark-coloured bread was at least nine days old, and defied mastication. Here was a situation for persons who had all their lives been accustomed to little niceties and comforts, such as hot water-plates, neat sauce cruetts, pint decanters with Lisbon wine, Yorkshire cakes, sally-lunns, apricot-fritters, easy slippers, ottomans, and a variety of other old maid and bachelor luxuries.

Stales internally cursed his luck in gaining the prize in the lottery, and would have freely given twenty

sovereigns to have been again safe at home.

In despair, he endeavoured to ascertain what he might be able to procure to drink; as for eating, that was fairly out of the question. A tolerable coffee found its way to Miss Stales and Becky, without; and Mr. Stales tried some but very muddy, washy stuff, that would do. He then partook of some thin growth Moselle, that made his internal wince so that he was compelled to stimulate them with brandy. The latter liquid was not the cognac of sunny France, but the coarse rough spirit from Riga, which tasted as if it had been distilled from tar-barrels.

Mr. Stales now impatiently, by action, implied his desire that the non-edibles should be removed, as they were offensive; upon which, the two mysterious-looking men, in a trice, jumped up from the table where they were sitting, and pounced down on the rejected eggs, ham, and bread, like a couple of carrion crows: hastening into their corner, they found no fault whatever, like the fastidious English travellers, but devoured away as if they had not tasted food for a week. Miss Stales regarded them with horror.

We will not venture to wade through all the discomfort of the sleeping-rooms of that miserable night. The chamber in which Miss Stales and Becky were deposited was covered with dingy oaken panels; hanging against the wall was a badly-executed oil-painting of the murder of Kotzebue by the enthusiast Sandt. The rain now beat in torrents against the ancient casements, and forked lightning flashed across a cracked mirror; a sickly, musty smell pervaded the apartments, similar to that in a lawyer's office during an examination of old mortgage-deeds.

Now the lady wanted warm water, a rushlight, the warming-pan with some brown sugar in it, a fire in the room, some gruel, another pillow well aired, a basin of clean water, with a stick of hrimmer, a hand-bell, questions, the officiated as an occasional assistant, "Is it not so?"

Miss Stales finding that she could not make the obtuse person comprehend a syllable she uttered, dismissed her, and gave herself up to despair for the night, while Becky began to repeat the catechism to herself. At length she commenced the operation of undoing her mistress, who considered that she was already undone.

"Becky, how unlike London!"

"Yes, 'um."

"I wish we had never come away from our comfortable house, to be starved and stifled in such a place as this."

"Yes, 'um; but the large prize in the lottery may make up for all, 'um."

"Not so loud, Becky! if those two dreadful-looking brigands should overhear, our lives might be sacrificed!"

"Indeed, 'um!"

"I wonder if the new police is established here?"

"Hope it is, 'um, werry 'andy in Lunnun."

And with this hope mistress and maid clambered into a large mildewed bed, on the old tapestried hangings of which were wrought in faded and ghastly colours sundry fac-similes of that pleasing Scriptural subject, "Judith with the head of Holofernes." It was a long time before they could go to sleep, but the bone-setting of the post-wagen at length effected it.

Stales was more of a philosopher, but not liking the appearance of his bed, a narrow slip barely wider than a plank, with the foot end much higher than the head, he desired the landlord to have his own red morocco arm-chair unpacked from the top of the post-wagen; but the German, who who could not be convinced of the necessity of such an arrangement, on his return stated that he found it impossible to get the chair down, it was tied so fast.

Poor Stales got laughed at wherever he journeyed with this chair. If an English traveller saw it on or behind the carriage, he, of course, concluded that his countryman was a member of parliament in fear of losing his seat, so he carried it with him. If a Frenchman noticed it, he presumed that the whole equipage was occupied by *La Père de la Chaise*.

Stales was angry, but he could not

help himself, so he was obliged to be contented with the narrow truckle to which he was consigned, compared to which a coffin would have been more comfortable, as that had sides to keep him in, but in this apology for a straight line, he was certain to slip off to the floor on one side or the other; this rendered him very irritable, and he was *falling out* all night.

At length the sun rose, and right glad was Mr. Stales to rise, too, for his back ached woefully; he went to the window, and, looking out, he saw the post-wagen standing in the yard with his favourite chair tied bolt upright on the top; and on it roosting a couple of turkeys, one on each arm with their tails to each other. "Ah, you scoundrels!" thought Stales, "if I had known there had been such individuals as you in the neighbourhood, last night instead of roosting one of you should have been roasting!"

The birds now set up a loud gobbling compliment to the rising orb of day, and began to pick and scratch themselves all over the morocco chair.

Now to return to the apartment of Miss Stales, we must relate that neither that respectable lady nor her *soubrette* had passed a bit better night than the brother. The bed was decidedly mouldy; and, although Miss Stales was an old maid, she positively was convinced in the morning that she was "*motherly*!" When they awoke early, Becky was ordered to get out and see what sort of a morning it was. So the abigail crept in her night-dress to the casement, from which she retreated with a scream. On her mistress inquiring what was the matter, Becky replied, "Oh, 'um, it's the two 'orrible Jew robbers we see last night!" and the poor girl's trepidation was so great, that Miss Stales at once sliding off the steep declivity of the bedstead jumped courageously on the floor; and there crouching and holding fast by each other, they ventured to peep through the window.

"One of them has got a bow!" said Miss Stales, in a suppressed voice.

"Yes, 'um," replied Becky; "and look at t'other, he has got a case of harrows in his hand!"

"I hope to heaven they are not going to shoot in at our window!" remarked Miss Stales, shivering.

"Sec, 'um, the wretch is undoing the case!"

The affrighted pair gazed and trembled when the archer, with the bow, brought forward a tremendous large double-bass, dirty and unvarnished, and began *Dragonetti*-ing it; while the other Jew thief produced from his quiver a mandolin, and, after a little tuning, they both started off singing a morning serenade, and accompanying it with their instruments, however ill-assorted, producing with their voices, to an agreeable German melody, an effect quite impracticable with any effort of itinerant musical talent in England.

In our own beloved country, *native* musical talent is so much encouraged, that almost the only instrument ever heard by the lower classes is a barrel-organ, and the performer on that is invariably of foreign extraction.

We must not fatigue our readers by keeping the travellers too long on the road, but in a country where the post-horses go six miles an hour, it is almost unavoidable; and this pace is justly illustrative of the people of Germany—slow and sure.

The estate of Steincrau (the grand lottery prize) was situated a few miles beyond Mainz; and on the arrival of Mr. Stales and his party at that old-fashioned, gloomy, and ill-built town, he determined that his first visit to his castle and grounds should be unaccompanied by the females. Finding his difficulties increase the further he journeyed, in consequence of his speaking his own tongue only, he made up his mind to engage an interpreter. A German Jew, who had been employed in a cabbage-leaf cigar manufactory in London, which occupation he followed in the daytime, and was, in the evening, followed by the discerning English public as one of four "*Bohemian Brothers*," who howled out their national airs in costume.

This person returned to Mainz, and speaking some English, for "*a consideration*," hired himself to Mr. Stales; but when he understood that the old gentleman was the winner of the prize, he made some efforts to get a rise of about tenpence a-day on his bargained salary, to which imposition Stales would not submit.

Leaving Miss Stales and Becky at an hotel, our adventurer, with his

interpreter, departed to glut his eyes with the sight of his newly-acquired property. But, oh, la! after a dusty ride over a bleak, wretched-looking country, with cross-roads blocked up with large stones, they arrived at the boundary of the estate. Mr. Stales's heart sunk within him at the barren appearance of his barony. The interpreter then thought it necessary to make inquiry at a sort of keeper's lodge, in a very dilapidated state, as to their route towards the castle. The door was opened by a ferocious-looking individual, whose hair had certainly not been cut, excepting by a knife, for ten years; and when the interpreter asked to be directed the road, and informed him that the English gentleman was the owner of the soil by having gained the lottery-prize, the restless orbs of vision of the keeper flashed with the fire of indignation.

Now, to account for this, it so happened that this person was one of about twenty heirs to the estate of Steinerau, which, at the demise of the last proprietor, was mortgaged deeply, and overrun with the weeds of long-growing litigation, until it having been discovered that it was impossible in any way to settle the affair to the satisfaction of the surviving claimants, it was resolved that the whole property, with its complication of liabilities should be announced, to endeavour to gain a new proprietor through the medium of the royal lottery authorities.

In reply to a question innocently put by Mr. Stales as to when he might take possession, and which was duly translated by the interpreter to the keeper, the latter seizing a rifle from the lodge-door, and swearing some dreadful guttural oaths as if he had a nutmeg-grater in his throat, briefly replied. Mr. Stales wanted to know the answer. The interpreter related it in English to the astounded Stales:

"Thunder, hell, and the demoniac devil! no one shall ever take possession of this property. The true heirs of Steinerau, who have been defrauded of their inheritance, carry rifles. Let man, woman, or child, come hither, they will all be shot by unseen marksmen."

"Bless my soul and body!" said Stales, trembling at the excited tone

of the keeper; "I suppose we have magistrates and constables here?"

"Do note but heim in a bassion," whispered the interpreter; "I will dork to him."

The Bohemian brother then, with much gesticulation and flow of consonants, addressed the wild-looking keeper, whose countenance gradually assumed a less grim character.

The wily Jew tried to convince the keeper that the foreigner would never take possession of the property after he had once viewed it, and had discovered its encumbered condition, but advised him to walk with them and shew the estate. He then asked Stales to bribe the keeper with a franc or two to accompany them: Mr. Stales followed the advice of the interpreter. So the trio walked off together, the keeper still carrying his loaded rifle, an article which Mr. Theophilus Stales would have willingly dispensed with.

But now for the prize estate, the main portion of which consisted of sand, the trees were principally pines. Mr. Stales's new guide informed him, through the interpreter, that the district, in summer time, was covered with fogs, in winter with snow; that punice - stone was abundant, — in fact, that it could be procured in much greater quantities than bread.

Stales stalked on over lands that evidently bore the mark of CHANCERY upon them; never was there seen any thing so bleak, desolate, and neglected.

The keeper, pointing to a dense mass of black-looking trees (timber in mourning), muttered the words, "Sau Park." Stales referred to his interpreter, who informed him that it was the part of the forest haunted by the wild boars; and well might he say *haunted*, for presently three ghosts of wild pigs appeared; they were lank, gaunt, long - snouted animals, that seemed to have been pulled through a large key-hole: of a dark, leaden, grey colour, and bristled all over. The Jewish interpreter shuddered as he gazed at them, for the unclean beasts looked as if each of them had a devil inside passenger.

The keeper now, with a grim smile, offered his rifle to the new proprietor of the estate, that he might have a



shot at his own game, but as Mr. Stales had never on any emergency pulled a trigger in his life, he graciously declined. The keeper, on this, put the gun to his own shoulder, and shot the nearest pig through the throat. The pig screamed vehemently, and galloped with great swiftness for about an hundred yards, when it fell dead. Mr. Stales felt thankful that his sister and Becky were not of the expedition. "A pretty way of killing pork," thought he.

Startled by the report of the rifle an animal bounded by; Stales ejaculated, "Somebody's donkey run away!" but the interpreter put him right, by telling him it was the *damm hirsche*, the fallow-deer.

Stales wondered why they should swear at it. They now came in sight of the seigniorial château. Mr. Stales thought the style of building was familiar to him; he then recollected that the castle of Steinerau very much resembled one of the nine angles of that picturesque and cheerful-looking erection, the Penitentiary at Millbank, only that the château was built with stone. It so far answered the printed description, that it was "a solid structure," and had probably been so for some four centuries. Glancing at a rude staircase that led to the principal entrance, Stales muttered, "Becky can never scour those steps!"

Alas! it was all disappointment. "The magnificent walled gardens, abundantly stocked with fruit-trees of the best qualities," dwindled into some cankered stems and branches, from which the fruit had been most scrupulously gathered. Painful emotions were excited on seeing the "pleasure-houses;" the "stabling for thirty horses" was unstable; "the forge" was a forgery; "the mill" a mill; "the granary" was not troubled with corn; and the "ice-house," by some extraordinary accident, had been destroyed by fire.

Thought Stales, "What German George Robins drew up the description of this estate?"

The party now came suddenly upon a group of hard-featured, weather-beaten females, who were employed in pitching mangel-wurzel into a cart, the roots of the beet and

the leys of the ladies having been apparently formed in the same mould.

On a little conversation, in which the benevolence of Mr. Stales was invoked, it was announced by the interpreter, that these females were cousins-german, and, moreover, co-heiresses to the domain of Steinerau; but when the Englishman was intimated as having come to take possession of his prize, the apathetic countenances of the ladies of the soil kindled up into the expression of the ancient Furies, and they fairly pelted Stales and the Bohemian brother away with mangel-wurzel, determining that the Briton should never take root in their ground. In fact, the invaders were fairly *beet* off. The interpreter now told Mr. Stales that he thought that he had better apply to Messrs. Jaques Mayer and Co., the lottery-agents at Mainz, for 200,000 francs, instead of the estate, as it was evident that the latter could not be taken possession of without some difficulty.

This advice somewhat restored Stales, who had made up his mind already, that farming in Germany was not his province.

So he returned to Mainz, with much more humble notions than he had started with in the morning.

When he got back to the hotel, he was conning over in his mind how he should break all this disagreeable news to his sister, when he perceived an unusual glow of indignation suffusing her countenance, and Becky had been crying. After many inquiries as to what had happened, Mr. Theophilus Stales elicited, by instalments, that Miss Stales, taking advantage of his absence, had gone, accompanied by her maid, to take a bath in the bathing-machine on the Rhine. Upon his asking if she found it agreeable, his sister gave a shudder of horror. Somewhat alarmed, he persisted in cross-examining the lady, who allowed that the bath was pleasant enough, but the wooden partitions that formed the divisions of the places of immersion were not so carefully constructed as they ought to have been, and that a fat German baron, with large whiskers and mustachios, had, by accident, dived under the partition from the next bath, and had come up in that in which

the maiden form of Miss Stales was immersed. Shocked at his temerity, he stood bowing and apologising, while Miss Stales and Becky screamed their loudest. The gentleman baron then, with delicacy, attempted to dive back and regain his own bath, but, in so doing, knocked his head violently against the bottom of the frame-work of the partition. He then had no other resource but to re-ascend, and, rubbing his bruised pate, to rush up the steps from Miss Stales's *frigidarium*, to the utter horror of that respectable lady and severe fright of Becky.

Stales indignantly exclaimed that he would call the fellow out, but Becky said that she screamed so loud, that she was sure that "*she had called him out.*"

Although there seemed to be no end to the complicated mishaps of the travellers, we must, as briefly as possible, bring their adventures to a conclusion. But a still greater disappointment remains to be told.

Mr. Stales went to the lottery-office at Mainz, accompanied by his interpreter; he was very politely received by M. Jaques Mayer, who, upon being informed that the English gentleman had waited upon him for the purpose of being put in possession of the grand prize of the lottery, the estate of Steinerau, stared Stales in the face, as if he doubted his sanity. Upon Mr. Stales reassuring him, and producing the letter he had received, Mr. Jaques Mayer regretted that some person had wickedly imposed a forgery on Mr. Stales.

He shewed him the number of the ticket that had actually been drawn the prize, and which had been won by an American adventurer, Mr. Jason Jefferys Peabody, just the person to get the estate in order, by going at it right a-head.

The mortification endured by the Stales' party, on the truth of this intelligence, was extreme.

We must account for this mysterious affair. In the public office where Mr. Stales had been occupied so many years, was a mischievous youth, the son of the medical attendant of Mr. Stales; this young gentleman, who was not remarkable for punctuality at his office hours, was frequently "called over the coals," as he termed it, by the strict official discipline of Mr. Stales; and on one occasion, for a trivial offence, was suspended for a time. This rankled in the youth's gall, and he vowed on revenge.

Hearing his father (the physician) say, that it might save the life of Mr. Stales, if he could be routed from his easy chair, and induced to travel abroad for some active purpose, the mischievous young dog, aware that Mr. Stales had purchased tickets in the German lottery, wrote the false letter, and got a friend, journeying on the Continent, to put the said letter in the post-office at Mainz, Mentz, or Mayence.

Hence arose this eventful history; to which we may add, that Mr. Stales, as predicted, did regain his health.

## SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY AND ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

BEFORE the days of Sir Francis Chantrey, Mr. Cubitt, Mr. Nash, and King George IV., Pimlico was a quiet, unpretending place, made up of the Five Fields, a Willow Walk, the Crown and Anchor, and the Bag of Nails (*i.e.* as some say, *The Bacchanals*!), with Townshend, the Bow-Street officer, and Jerry Abershaw, for its chief inhabitants. Prior to this time, for we allude to the days of good Queen Elizabeth, lived one Pimlico (we know not his Christian name) famous for brewing and selling a particular kind of ale, in the marshy land lying between St. James's Fields, the Millbank, and the retired village of Chelsea. We read in Ben Jonson of Pimlico Path as a promenade for a summer evening, and we make little doubt but the road referred to led to the house of mine host, from whom the path received its name, where the citizens and their wives, and the "men of sort and quality" west of Temple Bar, resorted to enjoy that pleasant mixture which our ancestors so much indulged in—custards and ale. The custards are out of fashion (more's the pity), but "Pimlico ale" is still an attractive signboard and drink in the suburbs of London. See how notoriety is sometimes achieved. Mine host gives his name to a cask of ale, the district he brews and sells in is known by the name of the brewer. Mr. Pimlico, like a great distiller of our times, has a *Boothia Felix* of his own; and now the royal sign manual warrants of 1843 are no longer dated from the Buckingham house of old Queen Charlotte, but *from our palace at Pimlico*. The name of a humble tapster in the days of Queen Bess has been given to the palace of Queen Victoria. "Why may not imagination," says Hamlet, "trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?" Why not, since we find the reverse, for here truth traces the name of a tapster employed to distinguish the palace of a great people more mighty than Macedon with all her Indian acquisitions and honours.

Poor Townshend, with all his de-

lightful reminiscences of Jonathan Wild, of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Hounslow, with his Lord Burleigh-like shake of the head and significant toss of cane, he has gone to the vaults of St. Peter's, Pimlico. Poor Jerry Abershaw had another fate, for Jerry hung in chains, and *dripped* on hot Sundays, much to the amusement of Cockney sight-seers, though to the infinite annoyance of many who were pushed by their more burly companions beneath the drip of the dead man. We recollect a sawyer in Pimlico (one of Chantrey's sawyers) who had a new hat spoiled, he told us, by *Jerry's grease*. He had gone to see this sight for Sunday visitors, and was pushed underneath poor Jerry in chains. "The hat," he said, "was not only spoiled, but I never wore it again. There was no getting the drip out, and I was afraid to wear it. It cost me fourteen and sixpence on the Saturday night; and so I was served for seeing Jerry." Jerry's house still stands in the Willow Walk amid the fine palaces which Mr. Cubitt has built there. It has still a thievish aspect, and seems as if it could speak of many midnight doings.

But we must fly from the Five Fields, "where the robbers lie in wait," as the *Tatler* tells us, and as there is an old Scotch song, which says:—

"To gae to Lon'on 's but a walk;"

so we conceive it is only a step to turn from Townshend and Jerry Abershaw to Sir Francis Chantrey and Allan Cunningham, two men better known in Pimlico than the queen when unattended. Those who did not know their works knew, at least, their persons; and the small short-make, round little face, long drab coat, and bald head of the one, with the tall manly make, the dark bright eyes, and the long grey coat of the other, marked them out to many as persons to turn round and look at; the more so as it was the custom of both to walk bareheaded from the studio, in Ecclestone Street, to the foundry in the Mews, a considerable

distance and lying across a public thoroughfare. Both these great men have died within a year of one another, and, royalists as we are, in the best sense of the word, we are sure we utter nothing offensive or disloyal when we say that the two leading lights of Pimlico are gone, and that Art has left the region she loved so much to delight in.

It was in the year 1810 that Chantrey came first to Pimlico. He began in a very small way with very little to do and very little to do it on. Now it so happens that a man may shine truly a poet (nature always consenting) with one pen, a sheet or two of paper, and a pennyworth of ink. That a painter may buy at a very cheap rate both colours and canvass, but a young sculptor cannot often afford to work in marble, and works, therefore, to a very great disadvantage. A true poet, without the printer's aid, is a poet to few or none; and a sculptor who cannot afford to cut his conceptions in marble is, like a painter, confined to chalk and outlines. It was so with Chantrey before his name was known. His bust of Horne Tooke (one of his very early works) he was too poor to have cut in marble. It was sent to the Royal Academy Exhibition in plaster, and, though Nollekens gave it one of his emphatic words of approbation, it was comparatively lost to the world, for the multitude of visitors adopt as their rule in going the round of the sculpture-room to look only at such works as are in marble. When in plaster, they seem to the ignorant many to lack the seal of approbation, which the transfer from plaster to marble would always seem to imply. It is not enough to suffer from the opaque material they are in, but they must lie under the double disadvantage of a vulgar prejudice.

We shall not stay to inquire whether marriage made Flaxman an artist, or unmade him, as Reynolds thought and told him; it is enough for us that marriage made Chantrey, for he got money with his wife, could afford to wait for patrons, and had the means of purchasing marble. The first use he made of his wife's money was to transfer the head of Horne Tooke to marble. What was inimitable in clay was matchless in its new semi-transparent material. All the

cunning and sagacity of the man are there. The eyes, colourless though they are, look as if scanning you from head to foot. There is no escape from the penetrating survey he is making of you. It was quite a new head in marble, and, if the reason is ever asked of the Royal Academy why they permit the exhibition of the same work twice, in plaster and in marble, this bust of Horne Tooke, if the plaster still exists, is more than sufficient to warrant them in adhering to so excellent a rule.

It is told of Chantrey that he had, when a boy, a greater difficulty to conquer in becoming an artist than the want of marble. It is said he was without clay, and that his first work was made in the butter he was to sell at Sheffield for his father, a farmer near Norton, in Derbyshire. Now, for our own part, we do not believe one word of this; nay, we have the very best authority for saying that it is not in part only, but altogether a lie. When a great man dies there are fifty, and more, ready to recollect instances without number of precocious genius in the mighty dead; the greater the man, the greater the obstacles he overcame—the more fertile his mind in inventing and supplying wants. Wilkie's converting a chest of drawers into an easel by pulling out one of the drawers and resting the head of his canvass against the cornice is, when compared with the youthful inventions of others, a silly expedient. The person or parties who told the story of Chantrey's butter-modelling would prefer the juvenile labour, if it ever existed, to a better position in their rooms than they would give to the clay of John Rennie or the marble of Sir Walter Scott. We know that Allan Cunningham said the story was a mere pastry-cook's invention, not only untrue, but unlikely.

It has been affirmed, both in conversation and in print, that our young sculptor had other obstacles to overcome than the want of clay or marble; he had, as an apprentice to a carver in wood, to conquer the dislike of his master to his working, even in his leisure hours, in any other line than the mystery he was bound to learn and his master to teach him. This master's name was Ramsay, and he lived in Sheffield.

He has been long dead, but has a son still alive, who denies, we understand, that his father discountenanced in any way the juvenile efforts of young Chantrey. Some disagreement, however, we have been well assured, took place, and that Chantrey purchased up the remainder of his time from Ramsay before he had been well three years in his service. The poet Rogers has a table actually carved by Sir Francis. Our great sculptor recognised the table when his fame was established, and pleased the poet with the recognition.

Chantrey was designed by his father for the law; accident made him a carver in wood, poverty a painter, and his own genius a sculptor. The sight of some figures in the shop-window of Ramsay attracted his attention on the very day he was to commence his study of the law. He stopped to examine them, and became irrecoverably a sculptor. Cowley was made a poet, and Reynolds a painter, much in the same way. Allan Cunningham had a portrait in oil of Chantrey from Chantrey's own hand. It was clever and characteristic, a good deal in the manner of Opie—the result of a morning's work, when disappointed in a sitter. He had been a second Sir Joshua if he had not been Sir Francis Chantrey. His tact and talent had made him a good country attorney—a Morant, a Gillow, or a Snell, or any other respectable upholsterer, but his own genius made him the first and best sculptor of his age.

He lost his father when but a mere boy, and his mother married again, much to the dissatisfaction of Francis, their only child. He still, however, continued to entertain a filial affection for her, and, though she lived to a great age, she died without the sincere forgiveness of her son, who in all his letters, and on all his letters, addressed her as Mrs. Chantrey, never recognising her, even in conversation, by her own name. No one has said a word of the cruelties of his step-father, or of any thing injurious to his character. It was the *act* of his mother that he never overlooked—a step which occasioned, we make little doubt, the clause in his will in which he ties down Lady Chantrey to a widowhood for life. Chantrey always thought it as something sinful in the

widow of Napoleon to marry, and was heard to commend with a shrug of approbation the reply made by the great Duchess of Marlborough, 'That *she*, the widow of John Churchill, would never consent to become the wife of another. "May a Scotch ensign get her," said Vanbrugh, in an angry mood. When, at a dinner-party in Chantrey's own house, one of the company was heard to allude to the widow of Sir Philip Sydney becoming the wife of the noble Devereux, Earl of Essex, Chantrey, a most attentive listener, did not seem to disapprove; but, when her third marriage was mentioned as a piece of history (for he was no great reader), his face blackened with horror at such forgetfulness of the dead. If our great sculptor had read more, he had thought less of so common an occurrence in the pages of biographical history. But Chantrey was no great reader, and if he had been Rajah of Lahore, or king in Oude, he had burnt his widow on his own funeral pile. It is the fault, indeed, of all our English artists that they paint too much and read and reflect too little. Of all classes of men of genius they are the worst informed. The late Sir George Beaumont was always urging Wilkie to read more. "You can never have read too much," wrote Sir George; "Warburton, with all his reading, had read but a tithe of what was worth reading in his own days. Our stock of literature has since amazingly increased, and a mere spare hour, or half-an-hour reader can, even after a Methuselah-like length of existence, have read but little." Of Chantrey's great rival, or predecessor, in busts, Old Nollekens, it is told, that the annual extent of his reading was the annual Academy Catalogue; of *President* West, that he never read more than the passage he had to illustrate. Allan Cunningham used to vex Chantrey and other Academicians not a little by saying that Fuseli was the only decent scholar the Academy ever had, and that he, indeed, was only a scholar among painters: "Parr said so," he would add, "and so did Dr. Burney." Sir Martin Shee, in one of his lectures, or addresses, to the students of the Royal Academy, on the distribution of the prizes, raised a question very easily an-

swered, whether Raphael or Reynolds had painted one whit better with a Winkleman, a Walpole, or a Cunningham, to advise him? At the mention of the name of Cunningham (and Allan was present), a murmur of approbation ran through the room; but Academical brows began to lower, and Shee was taxed next day, in a council summoned for the purpose, with breaking one great rule of the Royal Academy, the rule which prohibits any allusion whatever to a living individual. Sir Martin Shee, a poet, got with a good grace out of this seeming difficulty. "I made no reference," said Sir Martin, "to Allan Cunningham; I referred, indeed, to a Cunningham, but my reference was to the Cunningham who wrote upon *Shakespeare*." Chantrey and the whole council were at once satisfied with this imaginary commentator, and Shee, no doubt, chuckled at home over their ignorant credulity, as Chantrey did over his friend Cunningham, much to Allan's amusement, not his amazement. Allan knew too well the measure and value of the president's approval, and the extent of Academical ignorance. "He supports his want of acquired knowledge by keeping good company," says Evelyn of the great Duke of Marlborough. How true of Sir Francis Chantrey!

Chantrey's excellencies, obvious as they were to the most common observer, were not at first recognised beyond the discerning few or the then limited circle of his own private friends. The Royal Academy opened its eyes unwillingly to his merits, for between 1804, when he exhibited in Somerset House, and 1817, when his "*Sleeping Children*" moved the hearts and fired the tastes of all, there were thirteen years of struggle, in which his talents found a very slender meed of approbation. He was for many years an inveterate anti-Academy man, and it is but too true that his genius forced its own way into the Academy, and that before he had attained the envied *esquireship*, and its further appendage of R.A., he had ranked as one of the very first sculptors of his country, and one of the most original of our island artists. His rise into reputation and Academical honours was

slow beyond example. The modest Wilkie found a friend in Sir George Beaumont before he had been a year in London, but Chantrey was an Academician before that true judge and universal patron of genius had done more than acknowledge his bow as he met him in the street. Chantrey was a proud man, he has been heard to say, when Sir George Beaumont first set foot within his studio.

The two "*Sleeping Children*" made a stir in the dominions of arts: the group was something new in English sculpture, so unlike the epigrammatic conceits of the great Roubiliac, or the classic conceptions of the still greater Flaxman—a work at once domestic and poetic, having its origin in our very homes, and making its way to every heart. Thousands of eyes have moistened at the sight of this lovely and affecting group; thousands of tongues have dwelt upon its excellencies, and the pen of Mr. Bowles has poetised its tranquil pathos. Yet we have been told, and are told now, that the merit of the work belongs to Stothard, and that Chantrey only turned to clay and marble a sketch which that graceful artist had drawn, with some care and much feeling, upon paper.

It is a common cry nowadays, that whatever is excellent is not original. That art can seize upon no new postures, or contrive no new sentiment,—that the germ and substance of every thing new has its source and existence in something old. But this cry was found of no avail with the "*Sleeping Children*" of Sir Francis Chantrey; and the merit of a work which all conspired to praise, envy made over to another. We have something to reveal on this point, at once new and interesting.

Two young and lovely girls, the one about eleven, the other thirteen years of age, came both about the same time to unnatural ends. The younger, we believe, was accidentally burned to death, and the elder, soon after, when in the midst of health, ruptured a blood-vessel, and the two, who had lain together in the same bed when alive, were laid together, as it were, in one another's arms in the same grave. When time had lessened the severity of her grief, the widowed, and now childless mother, anxious to erect a monument

over the grave of her children, visits the studio of Chantrey, and, pleased with what she sees around her, commissions the monument from the young sculptor. We are thus particular, because we wish to urge that the circumstances under which the monument was commissioned naturally forced themselves upon the mind of the artist employed, and, in fact, that the conception and sentiment of the group were supplied to the artist in the melancholy fates of the two sisters. The lady's name was Mrs. Robinson.

The commission given, Chantrey set off to his friend Stothard, and engaged that poetic artist to make two or three sketches of two young girls lying asleep in each other's arms. Stothard made the necessary sketches, and received some fifteen guineas for an evening's labour. From these sketches Chantrey then began his own sketch in clay. He borrowed a bit from one, a bit from another, and the air and position from a third; imbued them all with his own good taste, and composed, after a fashion of his own, the lovely group that lends so great an attraction to Lichfield Cathedral. We have seen the several sketches made by Stothard for this monument; we have seen, moreover, Chantrey's first result, made from an attentive consideration of Stothard's indications, and we have, as it were, the monument at Lichfield before our eyes at this very moment. In Stothard's sketches (they still exist), the children lie very much as they lie in the finished marble, the attitudes of both are very similar; and any one who has seen the monument, and who was totally in the dark about the circumstances we are here relating, would say, we make little doubt, that these sketches were either Chantrey's first conceptions, or some young artist's hasty recollections of the finished marble. Perhaps we shall not go far wrong when we say that the commission gave the first idea of this monument, that Stothard supplied the leading sentiment and story, and that Chantrey, by elongating the figures, adding repose to the action, and all the graces of execution in which he was so great a master, completed the much-talked-of and much-admired monument at Lich-

field to the two children. The snow-drops which the youngest had plucked, and which remain undropped from her hand, was a touch of poetic beauty, for which Chantrey was indebted to his friend and assistant Allan Cunningham. Chantrey, indeed, had many hints of a like nature from the same poetic quarter. Chantrey could adopt if he could not conceive.

It is not our intention in this paper to particularise the more general and well-known events of Chantrey's life, but to give such sketches and recollections of our great sculptor as a long acquaintance can readily supply. No one knew him *intimately* but Allan Cunningham, and he is gone, but not, we are informed, without having left behind him some most interesting sketches, much in Colley Cibber's style, of Chantrey, and the many distinguished characters with whom his own genius and his situation in Chantrey's studio had brought him acquainted. These will, doubtless, some day, ere long, see the light, and the public will hail their appearance as a most welcome accession to the stores of British biographical history. But Cunningham knew Chantrey, perhaps, *too* well. Nine-and-twenty years of daily intercourse had let him see into the secret springs and movements of his friend's character, and a true history of Chantrey's life from Allan Cunningham had been the hidden and public history of a man remarkable as much for his love of the world, and his intimacy with it, as he was for his miraculous power over marble in portraying the mind and character of man. Mr. Cunningham, when asked about the life of Sir Francis, and urged on to write so desirable a work, hesitated, we are told, at the same time that he promised—withdrawing his promise, and again confirming it. He had no wish to write the life of Sir Francis Chantrey; if he had told all, he had never been believed. The whole truth written down had drawn upon him the cry of ingratitude, and that another Smith had written the life of another Nollekens. To write a panegyric, or a half-and-half kind of life, was something he said he would never do; he must tell all or tell nothing. What Mr. Cunningham was unwilling

ing to do, and did not live to do, Mr. Jones, the Royal Academician, may still supply in part; he has half promised a Life, and, warmed with his legacy, may compose a panegyric upon his friend's character, or, disappointed at, perhaps, its smallness, hit him off to the life, as Leigh Hunt did Lord Byron.

If we come to consider Sir Francis Chantrey as a man, there is not very much to admire about him, little to fly from, and little to follow. His bluntness, now almost proverbial, was, at times, extremely unpleasant, and in another man had been positive rudeness. He affected singularity, said odd things, had them repeated, got talked about, and gave offence. But he had still within the art of un saying an unkind thing; and, where he saw he had given offence (which he was far from slow in perceiving), had a rare and happy manner of reinstating himself as of old, and of sending you away impressed with the belief that he was your sincere well-wisher, and very much your friend and obedient humble servant. Enraged at his rudeness, one got soothed with his condescension, which was rather pointed and appropriate than prostrate and of no meaning. His friends were few, his acquaintances many. No one ever acquired his thorough confidence. If Allan Cunningham understood the business of his place and his actual receipts, he knew very little of what he did with his money. Buying in and selling out, shares in mines, and heavy percentages, were the usual subjects of his after-dinner conversations. For a while American securities were his chief delights; but when these took a turn downwards, and he saw more than a chance of losing some 30,000*l.*, he became penurious, talked of applying for a government pension, of putting down his carriages, and of purchasing a cheap Brougham at second-hand. Horne Tooke, in early life, had impressed him with the belief that we live in a very corrupt world, and that, however well-intentioned men were, they were by habit deceitful and dishonest. But Horne Tooke did worse than this. He made Chantrey, we are afraid, if not a Deist, a Freethinker, or one who did not think at all.

His friends among the Royal Aca-

demicians were confined to a certain set. They were either blunt after his own peculiar manner, or gentlemanly after his own better and rarer fashion. From his brother workers in bronze and marble he kept pretty well aloof. The mild and upright-minded Flaxman was never seen within his studio. His friendship for Westmacott was nipped and dwarfed in its very infancy; while Baily incurred his hostility by an act not easily forgiven. In the sister-art of painting, it is enough to say that he offended Wilkie, and that he knew Sir Thomas Lawrence to speak to. But his friendships, while few, perhaps fickle and passionate, took, at times, romantic turns, and his purse-strings would open, on such occasions, at auction-rooms to run up the pictures of his friend to a high price, and thus give a fictitious value to works which, left to the common fate of indifferent pictures, had sold for little more than the cost of canvass and frame. Chantrey, however, having taken these friends publicly by the hand, was often called upon to justify his judgment by pecuniary sacrifices.

In one of his fits of munificence he bestowed a statue upon Northcote. The story merits relation as illustrative of both painter and sculptor. It appears that Northcote, making his will, left the residue of his money to his friend Chantrey, to erect a statue to his memory in the cathedral church of Exeter. So little informed was the painter of the sum he had brought together in a long life of most attentive parsimony, that a friend remonstrated a little against the greatness of the bequest, and asked Northcote what he thought was the residue he had to leave. "About two thousand pounds," said Northcote. "You are leaving five-and-twenty," said his friend; at which Northcote opened his weasel eyes to an unusual width, and so diminished the residue he was to leave for his own monument that it amounted to no more than a bare thousand. Now this was insufficient for a statue on the scale on which Chantrey was paid; but, as it had been the evident wish of Northcote to behave liberally in this matter, Chantrey accepted the small residue and gave for 1000*l.* a 2000*l.* statue.



"I thus administer," said Chantrey, "to the intentions of the dead."

Chantrey never took pupils, but he had young men working under him who enjoyed all the advantages of the place. Frederick Smith, Scoular, Ternouth, and Weekes, worked at different times under his superintending eye, but Frederick Smith alone gave any promise; and it was no unconcealed saying of Chantrey's that Fred Smith (as he called him) was the only artist in his place with an eye in his head. Mr. Weekes had many advantages in Chantrey's studio (for Fred Smith died young), but without the proper talent to avail himself of such advantages he has as yet done little. The last work that Chantrey really did model was the bust of the Queen: Mr. Weekes had made a bust of the queen a little before. Only compare the two, and see the superior tact and taste displayed by Chantrey in contending with the difficulties of exact similitude.

When we say that the bust of the Queen was Chantrey's last work, we are not forgetful that the bust of Lord Melbourne is in fact the so-called last. But what are the circumstances of the case? Chantrey, it appears, had received the royal command to make a bust of the premier for the gallery at Windsor. To receive was to obey. Lord Melbourne promised to sit, and named different days for the purpose; but such were the charms of office or the delights of Windsor, that while he continued minister he never found time to sit. He at last found time; Mr. Weekes modelled, Chantrey directed, and Allan Cunningham looked on. The clay animated under the touch, and grew at last into a perfect ogre. Chantrey fretted, tried the modelling tools himself, threw them aside, re-assayed, and then, as if certain that his power of touch had departed, sat down and burst into tears. He was like the border minstrel of Scott:—

"His hand had lost that sprightly ease  
Which marks security to please."

We have heard Mr. Cunningham describe this scene as affecting in the highest degree. The bust is Mr. Weekes', not Chantrey's, nor has it been exhibited.

No English sculptor ever had so

many commissions as Sir Francis Chantrey. Flaxman made more designs, Westmacott has had a larger proportion of government work, and Nollekens amassed more money. Chantrey, indeed, seemed to have a monopoly of commissions. In busts he reigned supreme, without rival and without any particular envy. He was long in supplanting Westmacott in the manufacture of tablets and statues, bas-reliefs, and monuments, but at length he took the lead; and if a bust was voted, a statue subscribed for, or the sorrows of a disconsolate widow or widower to be allayed in marble, all ran to Belgrave Place and commissioned Chantrey. He took for a time all that was offered to him, and people were content to pay for tablets with Chantrey's name at five times their real value; no one, however, quarrelled with his charges; they had the dearest, and, as they thought, the best. His income in this way averaged for many years from six to seven thousand pounds, in some years rose to ten and fifteen, but never, we believe, higher. This was about on a par with what Reynolds and Lawrence made, and is a large sum to draw annually in from art. Sir Peter Lely may have made more when in the height of fashion, and rumour talks loudly of the thousands upon thousands made annually in the manufacture of miniatures by Sir William Ross.

The success of Chantrey brought a shoal of sculptors to Belgrave Place and its neighbourhood,—the spawn of the Royal Academy, students half-fed and half-informed, anxious to catch any commission too small for the *Retiarius* of the Row. There were Weekes, Theakstone, Ternouth, Mace, Hatchard, and Thomas, in Belgrave Place, with Heffernan and young Mr. Westmacott not far off. The shoal amused Chantrey, and he would latterly let a commission go by him to aid the more deserving of those about him. A better carver than Theakstone never lifted tools: he excelled in draperies, Mr. Heffernan excels in carving busts.

As it was very well known that Sir Francis and Lady Chantrey were without even a Scotch cousin to lay any thing like a claim from kindred to their money, one would not unfrequently hear rumours afloat of the

way in which Sir Francis was to leave his property. He made no particular secret of the matter himself that a very fair proportion of what he had would be left by will for the encouragement of English sculpture and English painting. Beyond this he never went publicly, but in private it was different, for he led one (his friend and assistant, as he calls him) to believe that he who had helped so much to make his fortune should for certain share in it. So, at least, the friends of Allan Cunningham assert, and they add, that Allan himself, buoyed up in this belief, remained in the service of Sir Francis Chantrey on a very inadequate stipend. He was to receive after benefits in the shape of a handsome legacy!! Like old Volpone,—

"I have no parent, child, ally,  
To give my substance to, but whom I  
make  
Must be my heir."

Chantrey died, the legacy was made public, it was 2000*l.*, small enough, indeed, from a man who had made so many promises, if, indeed, he did make them, and had so much to leave, and to a man who had been the means of procuring him commissions to ten times that amount, and who had been so long his faithful foreman and assistant. But the inadequacy of the reward was not all; the stipulations under which it was left were cruel in the extreme, for Chantrey, when he made his will (only the year before he died), was well aware of the painful fact that Allan Cunningham's life was just as precarious as his own. The property was sworn under 90,000*l.*

The tomb of Sir Francis Chantrey (in the churchyard of Norton in Derbyshire, his native place,) is of a most simple and singular construction. It is of wrought granite, a complete tank in form, with the side-slabs sunk into the bottom block and cemented so as to answer all the purposes of one large block. An enormous square of granite covers and crowns the whole; and in this huge granite box, of his own construction, and three times encased in wood and lead, lie the remains of Francis Chantrey. He had a horror of the knife, or he would certainly have been embalmed. What a thirst for worldly existence does

this exhibit, what a dread of corruption or removal:—

"The grave, dread thing!  
Men shiver when thou'rt named; Nature,  
appall'd,  
Shakes off her wonted firmness."

But this is not all. His tomb once made, he provided by will for its preservation. The vicar and schoolmaster of Norton have yearly sums left to them payable only "so long as his tomb shall last." He has not allowed a daisy to grow unseen about his grave, and the Norton Dominie has to instruct ten *poor* boys how to remove the moss and nettles from around his tomb. It is to be hoped that they may not go out in the night and realise the poetic description of Blair:—

"Oft in the lone churchyard at night I've  
seen,  
By glimpse of moonshine chequering  
through the trees,  
The schoolboy, with his satchel in his  
hand,  
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,  
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat  
stones  
(With nettles skirted and with moss o'er-  
grown),  
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.  
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he  
hears,  
The sound of something purring at his  
heels;  
Full fast he flies, and dares not look be-  
hind him,  
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows,  
Who gather round and wonder at the tale  
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,  
That walks at dead of night, or takes his  
stand  
O'er some new-open'd grave, and, strange  
to tell,  
Evanishes at crowing of the cock!"

Who would not prefer to lie as Allan Cunningham lies at Kensal Green, not in a brick vault, but in his mother earth, or as Wilkie lies amid the blue-green waves of the Atlantic?

Connected with the tomb of Chantrey, there is a story current characteristic of Sir F. Chantrey and his friend Allan Cunningham. Chantrey, after submitting the drawings of his tomb to Cunningham, said, by way of parenthesis, and with a very serious face, "*But there will be no room for you!*" "Room for me!" said Allan Cunningham; "I have 1

to lie like a toad in a stone for some future geologist to discover, or in a place strong enough to excite the ambition of another. No, no! let me lie where the green grass and the daisies grow waving under the winds of the blue heaven." Chantrey put his drawings in his portfolio, snuffed, and said nothing. The tomb of Alexander the Great is now the curiosity of a museum. "Mizraim cures wounds," says Sir Thomas Browne, "and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

There is one very extraordinary part of Chantrey's will which calls for comment—viz. that wherein he allows his three executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, or the executors and administrators of such survivor, to destroy such of his drawings, models, and casts, as they or he may in their or his uncontrolled judgment consider not worthy of being preserved. Now it is true that one of his executors is an artist, but who are the other two? Why one is a stock-broker in the City, and the other a plain, unpretending, country gentleman. Mr. Jones may select with skill or destroy with taste, but what can one whose whole time has been spent in agricultural pursuits know of works of art? or is that man a sufficient judge of sculpture (to presume to destroy) whose nights and days have been past in the study of interest, simple and compound, the rise and fall of stock, fresh securities, the three per cents and the three and a-half? The executors have destroyed, we understand, very largely; with what taste and prudence we shall see before long, when Lady Chantrey's present of her husband's casts reaches the Randolph Museum at Oxford.

Allan Cunningham did not present a stronger contrast to his friend Sir Francis in personal appearance than he did in every thing else. One was a great sculptor without the least atom of poetry in his composition; one a great reader, the other one who never read. Chantrey cheerful, and a *bon-vivant*; Allan Cunningham cheerful and abstemious, yet a most excellent table companion. Both self-taught, both arrived, though in different ways, to great distinction in their respective lines of life. But Chantrey *never* felt the want of education, Allan Cunningham *always*

did; Chantrey had no respect for antiquity, Allan Cunningham the highest; Chantrey would *import* no excellencies, Allan Cunningham could never borrow enough: one realised a large fortune in his art, the other an honest and honourable sufficiency. Their last illnesses were much of the same nature; but Cunningham's was brought on from an over-worked, an over-anxious mind; Chantrey's from an inactive, and we are constrained to add, a somewhat pampered body.

We are far from strangers to the many ways in which Allan Cunningham substantially assisted Sir Francis Chantrey. He wrote his letters, digested and *huckramed up* his evidence upon points wherein his judgment was required, fought his battles in print and before committees, sought out new commissions, assisting and controlling his taste, suggesting new positions for figures, new proportions for his pedestals, and new turns for the folds of his draperies. He kept his accounts and his workmen in order, hushed up quarrels in their infancy, and maintained a harmony throughout the place. Chantrey was indeed fortunate in his foreman; no man of genius ever had such a servant to assist him. The presence of Allan Cunningham gave an additional character and importance to the place. Among the thousands who saw through the studio of Sir Francis, few ever went away without having seen, as they said, Allan Cunningham; many were enlivened by his entertaining way of illustrating by anecdote and remark the dry catalogue of busts and statues before them, more courted his acquaintance, and many, very many acquired his friendship.

The following written evidence, sent in by Chantrey to the House of Commons committee on the Nelson column, preserves in many places the very words and language of Allan Cunningham:—

"I cannot believe that a column, or other ornamental object, placed where this is intended to be, can injure the present appearance of the National Gallery, except so far as it may interrupt the view, and perhaps tend to lower its apparent altitude. As an ornamental object, the beauty and just proportions of a Corinthian column, as forming part of a

building, are matters settled about two thousand years ago; what its effect may be standing alone must depend much on the base and the object which crowns the summit. An injudicious association of modern things with ancient may put the column out of the pale of classic beauty. Of the statue which is to be made I can give no opinion; but, if it be only to measure seventeen feet, its bird-like size will not be much in the way; and, if formed of Portland stone, it will not be long in the way. I expect that when the Column and the National Gallery are seen together in their whole extent, and at the same moment, which will be the case when viewed between Whitehall and Charing Cross, that the Gallery, as I have said before, may suffer somewhat in its apparent height; but I do not regard this as of much importance when I consider that Mr. Barry's plan of sinking the base line ten or twelve feet must improve the elevation of the National Gallery considerably. I consider this position to be the most favourable that can be found or imagined for any national work of art; its aspect is nearly south, and sufficiently open on all sides to give the object placed on that identical spot all the advantage from light and shade that can be desired; to this may be added the advantage of a happy combination of unobtrusive buildings around; but to conceive a national monument worthy of this magnificent site is no easy task."

The part printed in Italics conveys, as we know of our own knowledge, the very ideas and language of Allan Cunningham; yet it went the round of the papers, and was referred to among artists, as one of the happy sayings to the point of Sir Francis Chantrey. This was written and not oral evidence.

There is much good sense in what follows,—the pith of a private letter concocted by Chantrey and Cunningham to Sir Howard Douglas:—

"I have fully considered the questions which you put to me on the erection of a bronze statue of Sir Frederick Adam at Corfu, on the propriety of attempting to make a pedestal in imitation of natural rock, a fountain, &c., and you are heartily welcome to the following remarks, which shortly embrace the result of my own experience.

"I inclose you the outline of a pedestal suited to the excellent situation chosen and proportioned to the architectural background; but I must tell you that it is also proportioned to a statue twelve feet high, fearing that a figure only nine feet

high will disappoint your expectations. I make this suggestion without reference to your means, of which you say nothing; therefore, if you are obliged to limit the figure to nine feet, the pedestal must be reduced in the same proportion, or nearly so.

"I am not surprised that the idea of a rock-work pedestal should have been suggested to you; but I have already seen enough of this sort of work in Rome, and elsewhere, to satisfy me. Perhaps you have seen the pedestal of George III. in Windsor Great Park, which pleases nobody; yet it was the joint production of two great men, Sir Jeffrey Wyatville and Mr. Westmacott. It is formed of huge blocks of rough granite, and cost near eight thousand pounds!! It has also the advantage of standing on a natural mound, with wood for its background, two miles from the castle, with no building whatever in connexion; yet with these advantages it is a decided failure, nor is it likely to be repeated in this country by men of sense.

"I entirely approve of the idea of a truncated column for the pedestal of a statue in Corfu. It is classical, and I advise its adoption, bearing, of course, such proportions to the figures as are shewn in my drawing, which are conformable with the best rules of proportion I have been able to discover; for taste in such matters is very arbitrary.

"The very best material in the world for such a pedestal (next to granite) is the hardest Greek marble (some blocks are very soft). It is proved that it will last two thousand years and more in the climate of Greece, if it escape violence.

"You say 'the fountain is to play occasionally;' from this I conclude that you have not a superabundance of water. I have therefore reduced the basin to a circle of forty feet, being in better proportion to the pedestal; and a circle will be better worked, and cost less than an oval. The outer rim of this basin should shew about fifteen inches above the ground line. Iron rails are paltry, and totally inadmissible. I also suggest that two feet deep of water will be amply sufficient for your gold and silver fish, yet not deep enough to drown a child.

"I am not aware of any subject on which art has been employed that has given rise to so much costly nonsense and bad taste as fountains. Your idea of water spouting from holes and crevices in the rock-work is pleasing enough; but then rock-work is not fit for a pedestal, and I warn you against adopting the vulgar and disgusting notion of making animals spew water or the more natural one of the little fountain at Brussels and Carrara. Avoid all these beastly

things, whether natural or unnatural, and adopt the more classic and pleasing notion of the ancient river-god with his overflowing urn, the best emblem of abundance. In my drawing I have indicated four boys, each pouring water out of a vessel; if you want more splash, you may lay some rock-work in the basin, and thus afford hiding-places for the gold and silver fish.

"Very truly yours,  
Sept. 2, 1835. F. CHANTREY."

In the following letter to Sir Robert Peel, Chantrey pretends to tell the true history of his inimitable bust of Sir Walter Scott:—

"Belgrave Place, Jan. 26, 1838.

"Dear Sir Robert,—I have much pleasure in complying with your request to note down such facts as remain on my memory concerning the bust of Sir Walter Scott, which you have done me the honour to place in your collection at Drayton Manor.

"My admiration of Scott, as a poet and a man, induced me in the year 1820 to ask him to sit to me for his bust,—the only time I ever recollect having asked a similar favour from any one. He agreed; and I stipulated that he should breakfast with me always before his sittings, and never come alone, nor bring more than three friends at once, and that they should all be good talkers. That he fulfilled the latter condition you may guess, when I tell you that, on one occasion, he came with Mr. Croker, Mr. Heber, and the late Lord Lyttleton. The marble bust produced from these sittings was moulded, and about forty-five casts were disposed of among the poet's most ardent admirers. This was all I had to do with plaster casts. The bust was pirated by Italians; and England and Scotland, and even her colonies, were supplied with unpermitted and bad casts to the extent of thousands, in spite of the terror of an act of parliament.

"I made a copy in marble from this bust for the Duke of Wellington; it was sent to Apsley House in 1827, and it is the only duplicate of my bust of Sir Walter that I ever executed in marble.

"I now come to your bust of Scott. In the year 1828 I proposed to the poet to present the original marble as an heirloom to Abbotsford, on condition that he would allow me sittings sufficient to finish another marble from the life for my own studio. To this proposal he acceded; and the bust was sent to Abbotsford accordingly, with the following words inscribed on the back: 'This bust of Sir Walter Scott was made in 1820 by Francis Chantrey, and presented

by the sculptor to the poet, as a token of esteem, in 1828.'

"In the months of May and June in the same year, 1828, Sir Walter fulfilled his promise; and I finished from his face the marble bust now at Drayton Manor—a better sanctuary than my studio, else I had not parted with it. The expression is more serious than in the two former busts, and the marks of age more than eight years deeper.

"I have now, I think, stated all that is worthy of remembering about the bust, except that there need be no fear of piracy, for it has never been moulded.

"I have, &c.

"F. CHANTREY."

Now this is in the outset substantially incorrect; yet it was so written, and by Allan Cunningham, we are assured to please Sir Francis Chantrey. In 1820, Chantrey knew nothing of Scott as a poet or a man beyond hearsay, and had never indeed seen him. He never wrote to Scott to ask him to sit; for the very suggestion and bringing about of the whole, Chantrey was indebted to his friend Cunningham. Sir Walter had come to town in 1820, and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in writing to his brother bard in London, assured him that Scott would consider a call from Allan Cunningham as a very friendly act. When Sir Walter had been settled a week or so at "kind Miss Dumergue's," Allan set off one morning with a palpitating heart to make his half-expected visit. But before he was on his way for Piccadilly, where Miss Dumergue resided, Allan had communicated to his patron (so they word it) his purpose of calling upon Scott, to thank him for some kind message he had received through a common friend. "Now," said Allan to Chantrey, "if I can get Scott to sit, you must make his bust. Reynolds painted all the great authors of *his* time, and Phillips has painted all the great authors of our own. You must make the busts of them all, and begin with Mr. Scott." Chantrey at once consented. Allan saw Scott, made known the willingness of Chantrey, and obtained the poet's promise to sit. In this way the matter rested for some time; Scott expected a call from Chantrey, and Chantrey a call from Scott. Neither had their ex-

pectations realised. Chantrey was for a while angry; he had never asked a soul to sit to him before, and the result of his first request was far from satisfactory. Cunningham now interfered again, and saw Sir Walter on the subject. The moment that Scott became acquainted with the circumstances, he set out with his friend Allan for the studio of Chantrey. The sculptor was more than pacified, he was highly pleased. Friendship ripened into intimacy, and the bust grew from a serene expression into that conversational look which it now wears, to the delight and admiration of thousands. The bust of Southey was a second request made in pursuance of the very sound and judicious advice of Allan Cunningham.

It would be no easy matter to enumerate the many ways in which Allan Cunningham was of the utmost use to Sir Francis Chantrey. He wrote a sketch of his life, and a glowing account of his works, in April 1820 for *Blackwood's Magazine*, and, in 1826, a kind of critical panegyric upon his genius for the *Quarterly*, in a review of Memo's *Life of Canova*. These articles were publicly known as his. They contain no drawing of the arrow of adulation to the head, but a just appreciation of Chantrey's works and genius. That such public notices as these were not of real benefit to Chantrey, it would be idle assertion to deny. Chantrey, at least, forgave their author—he never rewarded him rightly for such substantial services.

One of the many commissions obtained for Sir Francis Chantrey, by his friend and foreman, was the Wellington equestrian statue for the City of London. A subscription was set on foot, some ten thousand pounds collected, a kind of packed committee called together, and a day of meeting named. For what? To give the statue to Mr. Wyatt. The Duke of Rutland and Sir Frederick Trench were the prime movers in this affair; they pulled the puppet-strings of this bronze subscription, and had an artist of their own. In short, the matter looked like a *job*, and so it struck Allan Cunningham, who sounded his friend Sir Peter Laurie, a member of the Committee,

on the matter, and inquired if there was no way of wresting the statue from Wyatt's feeble fingers into the artistic hands of Sir Francis Chantrey. Sir Peter Laurie at once confirmed the impression of Allan Cunningham that it was a *job*, but doubted if there was any chance of upsetting Wyatt, so strongly was he backed. Laurie, however, undertook to inquire and do all he could. Members were sounded, the story told, and Chantrey's willingness, nay anxiety, to execute the statue spoken publicly about. The day came, 12th May, 1837; Sir Peter Laurie was in the Committee-room, and Allan Cunningham behind the scenes, to back Sir Peter in his battle for true art.

The contest was sore; and, though Chantrey gained the day, it was only by a majority of one, the casting vote of the then lord-mayor. Twenty-nine members were present, and their votes were thus recorded. For Chantrey—1, The lord-mayor; 2, Lord Sandon; 3, Sir Henry Hardinge; 4, Sir Claudius Hunter; 5, Alderman Birch; 6, Sir Peter Laurie; 7, Alderman Winchester; 8, Alderman Lainson; 9, Sheriff John-son; 10, A. K. Barclay, Esq.; 11, C. Barclay, Esq.; 12, T. Burbidge, Esq.; 13, Rev. V. K. Child; 14, W. Chadwick, Esq.; 15, C. Francis, Esq. For Wyatt—1, The Duke of Rutland; 2, Earl of Wilton; 3, Viscount Beresford; 4, Sir Frederick Trench; 5, Dr. Croly; 6, B. Edington, Esq.; 7, T. Farncomb, Esq.; 8, William Jerdan, Esq.; 9, J. Masterman, Esq.; 10, J. M. Rainbow, Esq.; 11, W. Richardson, Esq.; 12, D. Salomons, Esq.; 13, E. Silon, Esq.; 14, W. Simpson, Esq.

The business was opened by Trench proposing that the statue should be given to Wyatt. Dr. Croly and Mr. Jerdan supported Trench, when Mr. Charles Barclay, as was agreed upon with Sir Peter Laurie, proposed Sir Francis Chantrey. Mr. Barclay was seconded by Sir Peter. One of the committee then got up, and said that Mr. Wyatt was a great man, and deserved the statue, as he had lost much through affection for his art. To this Sir Peter replied, "I propose a greater artist, one, too, that has no losses for the City of London to repair, and that he will undertake it

this letter from my friend Mr. Allan Cunningham will convince all." Sir Peter then read a letter on the subject from Allan Cunningham. "Now all this is vastly well," said Sir Frederick Trench, "but who will sanction what Mr. Cunningham says?"—"I will!" said Lord Sandon. "Whatever Mr. Cunningham has written on this subject, Sir Francis Chantrey, I know, will sanction." This unexpected turn settled the matter, for Lord Sandon came with the Duke of Rutland and Sir Frederick Trench, as it was said, to support Wyatt, and was *with* them, it was believed, till this stage of the business.

Sir Peter Laurie has been heard to attribute the whole success of Chantrey in this business to his friend Allan Cunningham. Mr. Cunningham, on the contrary, attributed all to Chantrey's high name, and the activity and intelligence of Sir Peter Laurie. When Allan Cunningham was asked in what way Chantrey had expressed his pleasure at the news of his triumph, "Oh," said Allan with a smile, "I fear he will not forgive me." The truth is, Chantrey could not bear to lie under an obligation, as it were, to his foreman, and for a while, urged on by some of his friends, he talked of declining the honour thus ingeniously and honourably acquired for him.

Whether Allan Cunningham was or was not forgiven by Sir Francis Chantrey for this very effective support and accession of good fortune, both in an artistic and a pecuniary sense, we shall not stay to inquire. Mr. Cunningham really was a sufferer by his very proper interference in this matter, for Chantrey left the legacy of 2000*l.* to his friend and assistant, *conditionally*, that he should superintend the execution of this very statue, and be alive at its completion. Allan Cunningham superintended the work for eleven months after Chantrey's death, to the very day, indeed, of his own death, when the legacy became, in the eyes of the executors of Sir Francis Chantrey, a lapsed legacy. They have now declined paying what they have the power to give; and are they in refusing, it is natural to ask, administering to the intentions of the dead?

What did Chantrey do in the case of Northcote?

The works of Sir Francis Chantrey divide themselves into equestrian statues, standing statues, sitting statues, recumbent figures, groups, chiefly in strong relief and busts.

There are three equestrian statues—Sir Thomas Munro, George IV., and the Duke of Wellington. Of these three, the Munro figure is the finest, but the horse the worst; the Wellington horse the best, the figure the worst. Of his standing statues, some eighteen in number, we prefer, far above all others, Grat-tan, Washington, Malcolm, and Can-nings. Of his sitting statues, some eighteen in number, we prefer James Watt (the small-size figure), Dr. Cyril Jackson, and Dr. Anderson of Madras. Of his recumbent figures, some fourteen in number, the Two Children at Lichfield, the Wildman group, Mrs. Digby and Mrs. Jordan. His reliefs are very poor. What can be worse than the Hector, the Penelope, and the Conscript Fathers of the Reform Bill signing the Magna Charta of King John?

His busts are beyond all praise, they are the heads of Sir Joshua or Vandyke in marble. Oh for a head of Shakespeare like Chantrey's Sir Walter Scott! "Look," said Coleridge, "at that head of Cline by Chantrey. Is that forehead, that nose, those temples, and that chin, akin to the monkey tribe? No, no! To a man of sensibility no argument could disprove the bestial theory so convincingly as a quiet contemplation of that fine bust."

Chantrey's fancy figures cost him too much thinking, and he was putting his reputation at a hazard in making them by venturing out of his depth. He was content with the fame of his "Lady Louisa Russell Fondling a Dove," a sweet little figure all tiptoe and delight.

In 1813, his charge for a bust was one hundred guineas; in 1814 and 1819, one hundred and twenty. He had one hundred guineas for Cline, and one hundred and twenty guineas a-piece for James Watt and John Rennie. In 1820, his charge was one hundred and fifty guineas, the sum he received from Lord Liverpool for the bust of the Duke of Wellington. In 1821, he had two hundred

guineas for the bust of George IV., the highest sum he was ever known to charge for a bust.

For the Wellington statue he was paid the largest sum he ever received for a work of art, equal as it was in all, with bronze and money, to 10,000*l.* For the equestrian statue of George IV. still unerected, he had nine thousand guineas; for the equestrian statue of Sir Thomas Munro, 8000*l.* The Munro horse was the same horse as the George IV., and Chantrey would have thrust a third edition of the same animal upon the City of London but for the sturdy interference of Allan Cunningham and Sir Peter Lauric. He would certainly have had the Glasgow Wellington Statue to execute, but from his anxiety to supply a cast of the same horse to the fair City of the West. This was imprudent, for the Glasgow people wisely wanted a horse of their own. Modelling horses gruelled Chantrey; he was at home with men, but had to learn a new line of art when he came to manufacture horses.

His standing statues and sitting statues were well paid for. He had two thousand guineas for the George III. in Guildhall; 1800*l.* for Spencer Perceval; 4000*l.* for President Blair (with niche and pedestal); 3500*l.*

for Lord Melville; 1000*l.* for Dr. Anderson at Madras; 1575*l.* for General Gillespie in St. Paul's; 1800*l.* for Francis Horner in Westminster Abbey; 2250*l.* for Washington; 1200*l.* for Chief Baron Dundas; 2000*l.* for Grattan; 7000*l.* for Pitt in Hanover Square; 7000*l.* for Watt in Westminster Abbey. For "The Two Children" he had 650*l.*; for "Lady Louisa Russell," 350*l.*

Chantrey's admiration of English sculpture did not get much beyond the bust of Dr. Johnson by Nollekens, and the statue of Sir Isaac Newton by Roubiliac. They were both, as he was wont to say, perfect. Such, indeed, was his respect for Roubiliac, that he has allowed foreigners resident in England to contend for his prizes, solely out of respect for the epigrammatic and inimitable Frenchman.

Chantrey was at times a kind-hearted man—liberal with his purse, ready to hear and relieve distress. Prosperity blunted those better portions of his nature which adversity or a smaller share of prosperity had called into action oftener and with more effect. In his death, art lost one of its greatest ornaments; in the death of Allan Cunningham, literature a very able man.



## TITMARSH'S TRAVELS IN IRELAND.\*

Few names are more celebrated in the annals of periodical literature than that of Michael Angelo Titmarsh;—few have more delighted the public taste, and given such accurate representations of English society in the nineteenth century. Of wonderful observation and acuteness, a sound thinker with a clear head and an honest heart, through which there is always a rill of sunshine running; an able and pleasant painter of men and manners, strikingly original in all his notions, still more original in his manner of expressing them; fanciful, and full of madcap humour, but flashing forth at intervals, nevertheless, amid all his eccentricity, many a gleam of sacred wisdom, which reminds one of that strange medley of philosophy and fun, the wild old Vicar of Mendon. The author of the *Irish Sketch-Book* was the man whom, of all others, we should have most wished to accompany through the sister island, whether business or pleasure was the object of the tour. To that country, which is itself a medley of opposites, he must have wended from the metropolis of England with no ordinary expectation of what he was to see. The narration of preceding travellers could scarcely have given him an accurate idea either of its people or its customs. Some of them have maligned it from bigotry, some from ignorance, some from folly, some for pounds, shillings, and pence. We know not whether Titmarsh had the good sense *not* to read any of these miserable libellers; we know not but that, having purchased their productions, he did, despite the illustrations and the binding, devote their pages to lighting his cigars. But whatever he read, or avoided to read, certain it is that, as a visitor from Cockney land, he went to Ireland with a multitude of erroneous notions relative to her people, and that he left it with a mind fully imbued with a knowledge of her condition, fully awake to the num-

ber of her misfortunes, fully alive to the manifold advantages of ending them as speedily as possible, and fully resolved to represent them to his countrymen in the very best light he could consistently with truth. And this result is attained in the *Irish Sketch-Book*.

We have never seen a better pair of volumes about Ireland. They describe the country and the people well and truly; they sparkle all over with fun and wit; they abound in plain, homely English common sense, which the natives would do well to take to heart, and learn and digest. They are, generally speaking, unexceptionable in spirit. The Whigs (if that faction still has so much life left in its carcass as to enable it to give one dying kick) will find no cause to attack it. The Tories will scarcely denounce it, for it is written by a true man and a stanch; the Radicals are not once alluded to; the Repealers are let down gently; the Protestants may learn from it to practise a little charity towards the Romanists, and these to return the same with interest. They are a pair of volumes for all parties—for all sects—for all denominations. They will not be amiss on the tables of thinkers and statesmen; they will gracefully occupy a corner in a boudoir. Titmarsh has fulfilled the prophecies of all who knew that he went to Ireland to write a book about it, and has produced one that cannot fail to extend his reputation as a man of benevolence and wisdom with those who most highly value both,—as a delineator of manners, and a wit with the multitude who seldom trouble themselves with Philosophy unless she comes to them in the robe of sprightliness. We know that the two are not incompatible. Horace told us so two thousand years ago.

This is our opinion of *The Irish Sketch-Book*. Like the country whercof it treats, it is a book of

\* The *Irish Sketch-Book*. By Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall. 1843.

melancholy and humour quaintly blended. It is impossible not to laugh at the scenes recorded in it; but there are some singularly saddening. And these latter will not be without their advantage. The most bigoted enemy of Ireland may well pause before he would inflict further evil on a country so utterly wretched.

With the deplorable features, the poverty, the superstitions, and minor vices of the people, revealed in this work, it is not our purpose to deal. We refer to the volumes themselves those who want to be informed of the ills under which Ireland labours. They will thence be enabled to form an idea tolerably accurate of the causes which have conspired to render it the most wretched province on earth, and the remedies most likely to eradicate her disorders. Our own mismanagement in earlier times did much to bring about this state of things; the character of the people, enslaved by ignorance and superstition, did the rest. How long are they to remain an anomaly and a disgrace to Europe in the nineteenth century?

The amazing accuracy with which Titmarsh has caught up and noted the slightest peculiarities of the people, would have surprised us if we had not been aware of his talent for observation. He is the first (profound) Cockney who ever drew a true picture of the population, or saw their humours, or sympathised with those opposite elements which make up the character of a Milesian. But though he went forth an emigrant from the venerable kingdom of Cockaigne, like no denizen of that holy land did he travel through Ireland, but like a good man and a wise, — a faithful tourist, and a pleasant one. Nothing has escaped him. There is occasionally a little bit of caricature — a little bit of mistake — but then the first is so well done, and the last so likely to be made by an English tourist, that neither makes the book one whit less valuable.

We do not think we could say much more in favour of these volumes. Let us, therefore, open them, and see how our dear Michael conducted himself in the land of potatoes. We drop down upon him in Stephen's

Green at the Shelbourne Hotel. He is in the coffee-room reading *Saunders*, and hastily gobbling up a Dublin Bay herring, which he assures us merits all its reputation; he has recovered from sea-sickness, and has made a bargain with Pat the waiter — the landlord of the hotel, Mr. Bourke, being, like all Irish Bonifaces, of course too great a man ever to enter its doors, except, perhaps, to call for a bottle of Burgundy or Champagne — for a copious breakfast, a perpetual luncheon, a plentiful dinner at six o'clock, a rubber of whist, and *tay* and coffee and cakes in abundance to satisfy the largest appetite, all for the very moderate daily charge of six and eightpence. This being settled, he is now enjoying his hearty breakfast. Pat the waiter, — we know the Shelbourne well, and Pat (though Pat is not his name at all, but James, and a very decent fellow he is) has boiled many an egg for us, and uncorked many a bottle of wine, too, — Pat, we say, is standing near the door, and one or two Irish squires, we suppose, are lingering at the windows talking about horses, or Lord De Grey, or the pope, or some other interesting subject. Suddenly Titmarsh's eye brightens up as if a flash of lightning or a sunbeam were about to glitter out of it, and pulling out a note-book he transcribes the following choice advertisement, laughing all the while a hearty laugh which it would delight one's heart and soul to hear. Ah, dear Tit! no other man on earth could have got hold of a Dublin Bay herring and a Dublin lady's bull but your own excellent self in the very first hour of your arrival:—

"The most active advertisers are the schoolmasters. It is now the happy time of the Midsummer holidays; and the pedagogues make wonderful attempts to encourage parents, and to attract fresh pupils for the ensuing half-year. Of all these announcements, that of MADAME SHANAHAN (a delightful name!) is perhaps the most brilliant:—'To Parents and Guardians.—Paris.—Such parents and guardians as may wish to entrust their children for education, in its fullest extent, to MADAME SHANAHAN, can have the advantage of being conducted to Paris by her brother the Rev. J. P. O'Reilly, of Church Street Chapel,' which admirable arrangement carries the parents to Paris, and leaves the children in Dublin.

Ah, madame, you may take a French title; but your heart is still in your country, and you are to the *fullest extent* an Irishwoman still!"

This announcement reminding Titmarsh that he has come to see the people of the wonderful bull-breeding land, out he sallies in his white macintosh, and truly he is amused:

"The papers being read, it became my duty to discover the town; and a handsomer town, with fewer people in it, it is impossible to see on a summer's day. In the whole wide square of Stephen's Green, I think there were not more than two nursery-maids, to keep company with the statue of George I., who rides on horseback in the middle of the garden, the horse having his foot up to trot, as if wanting to go out of town too. Small troops of dirty children (too poor and dirty to have lodgings at Kingstown) were squatting here and there upon the sunshiny steps, the only clients at the thresholds of the professional gentlemen, whose names figure on brass plates on the doors. A stand of lazy carmen, a policeman or two with clinking boot-heels, a couple of moaning beggars leaning against the rails, and calling upon the Lord; and a fellow with a toy and book-stall, where the lives of St. Patrick, Robert Emmett, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, may be bought for double their value, were all the population of the Green.

"At the door of the Kildare Street Club I saw eight gentlemen looking at two boys playing at leap-frog; at the door of the University six lazy porters, in jockey-caps, were sunning themselves on a bench—a sort of blue-bottle race; and the Bank on the opposite side did not look as if six-pence worth of change had been negotiated there during the day. There was a lad pretending to sell umbrellas under the colonnade, almost the only instance of trade going on; and I began to think of Juan Fernandez, or Cambridge in the long vacation. In the courts of the College, scarce the ghost of a gyp or the shadow of a bed-maker.

"In spite of the solitude, the square of the College is a fine sight—a large ground, surrounded by buildings of various ages and styles, but comfortable, handsome, and in good repair; a modern row of rooms—a row that has been Elizabethan once; a hall and senate-house, facing each other, of the style of George I., and a noble library, with a range of many windows, and a fine, manly, simple facade of cut stone. The library was but. The librarian, I suppose, is at the sea-side, and the only part of the establishment which I could see was the

museum, to which one of the jockey-capped porters conducted me, up a wide dismal staircase, (adorned with an old pair of jack-boots, a dusty canoe or two, a few helmets, and a South Sea Islander's armour), which passes through a hall hung round with cobwebs (with which the blue-bottles are too wise to meddle), into an old mouldy room, filled with dingy glass-cases, under which the articles of curiosity or science were partially visible. In the middle was a very *seedy* camelopard (the word has grown to be English by this time), the straw splitting through his tight old skin, and the black cobblers'-wax stuffing the dim orifices of his eyes; other beasts formed a pleasing group around him, not so tall, but equally mouldy and old. The porter took me round to the cases, and told me a great number of fibs concerning their contents; there was the harp of Brian Borou, and the sword of some one else, and other cheap old gimcracks with their corollary of lies. The place would have been a disgrace to Don Saltero. I was quite glad to walk out of it, and down the dirty staircase again, about the ornaments of which the jockey-capped gyp had more figments to tell; an atrocious one (I forget what) relative to the pair of boots; near which—a fine specimen of collegiate taste—were the shoes of Mr. O'Brien, the Irish giant. If the collection is worth preserving,—and indeed the mineralogical specimens look quite as awful as those in the British Museum,—one thing is clear, that the rooms are worth sweeping. A pail of water costs nothing, a scrubbing-brush not much, and a charwoman might be hired for a trifle to keep the room in a decent state of cleanliness.

"Among the curiosities is a mask of the dean—not the scoffer and giber, not the fiery politician, nor the courtier of St. John and Harley, equally ready with servility and scorn; but the poor old man, whose great intellect had deserted him, and who died old, wild, and sad. The tall forehead is fallen away in a ruin, the mouth has settled in a hideous, vacant smile. Well, it was a mercy for Stella that she died first; it was better that she should be killed by his unkindness than by the sight of his misery; which, to such a gentle heart as that, would have been harder still to bear."

Is not this picture drawn with Dutch accuracy? Never before was Dublin described so well. Here are its lights and shadows, its miseries and beauties. The foregoing passage brings it before us as plainly as if Mr. Beard, that admirable photographer, daguerrotypist, or whatever

else he calls himself, had transferred it to one of his copperplates. The eight gentlemen of the Kildare Street Club, looking at two boys playing leap-frog, is a sight that may be seen any day in the metropolis; and, indeed, leap-frog is one of the most intellectual morning amusements the aristocracy of Dublin could have selected for patronage. The truth is, they possess no other, now that drinking is extinct. We are glad that Michael has recorded the fact, though, perhaps, it will furnish Dan O'Connell with additional argument in favour of repeal.

Well has Titmarsh observed that Trinity College Museum would be a disgrace to Don Saltero. Tom Britton, the musical small-coal-man, had a rarer taste for *virtù*, and was a more munificent patron of curiosities than all the Sadleirs that ever grew old and silly in that taciturn university of Ireland. But why did not Mick Titmarsh see among other veritable relics and rarities *Cleopatra's hand*!! a curiosity shewn to all strangers; and Oliver Cromwell's big silver watch, which is both almanack and timepiece, and Henry VIII.'s shirt—a very dirty shirt it is,—and the stuffed tortoise, and the tooth of a whale, and the *fauces* of a shark, and the jaw-bone of an ass, and the humbug wooden model of the Giant's Causeway, which are all to be seen in the same establishment? And why the deuce did he not, on the payment of a couple of shillings, walk into the examination-hall, and the Fellows' garden, and the chapel, which is one of the prettiest little things in Ireland, and famous for fairwomen and awfully dull sermons? Ah, dear Tit! you should have taken half-a-dozen lessons from us before you went.

To a sensitive mind like Michael Angelo's, the hideous heap of rag-gabash above described did not fail to prove disgusting, and his feelings were so excited, that incontinently rushing out of the "musayum," he overturned three fat jockey-capped porters in his way, and called for a dram in an opposite public-house. This being despatched he started off in a friend's cab for Kingstown, where he spent the rest of the afternoon, and "where," he tells us, "for many hours we delightfully tossed for six-

pences, a noble and fascinating sport." Highly indignant with himself for having gone to Dublin at all, he resolved to cut it at once. Not another day would he remain in it, not another sentence does he write about it until the close of the second volume. The only thing instructive or agreeable that he learned in the Irish metropolis was the act of devouring hot lobsters, and this he teaches us, like a good benevolent fellow as he is. In order to spread wider the fame of so illustrious a dish, we give the receipt for making it here:—

"*Hot Lobster*.—P.S. You take a lobster, about three feet long if possible, remove the shell, cut or break the flesh of the fish in pieces not too small. Some one else meanwhile makes a mixture of mustard, vinegar, catsup, and lots of cayenne pepper. You produce a machine called a *dispatcher*, which has a spirit-lamp under it that is usually illuminated with whisky. The lobster, the sauce, and near half a pound of butter are placed in the dispatcher, which is immediately closed. When boiling, the mixture is stirred up, the lobster being sure to heave about in the pan in a convulsive manner, while it emits a remarkably rich and agreeable odour through the apartment. A glass and a half of sherry is now thrown into the pan, and the contents served out hot, and eaten by the company. Porter is commonly drunk, and whisky-punch afterwards, and the dish is fit for an emperor.

"N.B.—You are recommended not to hurry yourself in getting up the next morning, and may take soda-water with advantage.—*Probatum est*."

From Dublin Michael Angelo proceeded to Kildare, in company with Mister Peter Purcell, the man of the anti-repeal politics and the croal-contract, which kicked up so great a row in Ireland a month or two since. What he saw, and heard, and describes, is amusing enough; but we have no space to give even an outline of his adventures. At Carlow on Friday morning "he felt himself bound, as a Protestant, to eat a large slice of pork," and entirely flabbergasted a whole breakfast-party of Papists, who could scarcely believe they saw aright. This crime, luckily, was hushed up, otherwise we greatly fear that Michael would scarcely have reached the beautiful city of Cork in safety. We have heard of

men in Ireland being shot for offences far more trifling than eating pork on Friday.

Here, then, is Michael in Cork, and here we feel tempted to indulge in a sublime apostrophe to that enchanting city, whose glories are spread far and wide, whose name is known, whose songs are household words, whose Dowdens, and Fagans, and Kelipers, and O'Doherty's, and Ian Englands, and John Boyles, and Brallaghans, and Counsellor Walshes, are men of honour and distinction wherever British literature is known and appreciated. City of Crubeens! emporium of butter-merchants, hail! Within thy classic walls—but we find we have no room for any more, so let the reader fill up the gap at his leisure, and with us hunt out our English traveller whom we visit as he is reclining on a sofa and puffing a cigar in “the neat, comfortable, and extensive lodgings of Mrs. Mac O'Boy.” Here Titmarsh revelled in luxuries for a couple of days, visited the Agricultural Society, dined at the Dowell's on a splendid haunch of venison, for which the waiter, instead of currant-jelly, offered “*some very fine lobster-sauce!*” saw Father Matthew (a copy of whose autograph is given, very unlike the real *bona-fide* signature of the print in days of yore), talked to him, and was amazed to find that he spoke like a sensible man, who did not care much for ‘Tory or Whig, and, in company with “the apostle,” as he is rather absurdly styled, visited the cemetery called by the genteel inhabitants of Cork the “Botanic Gardens,” but by the great unwashed the “Bottamy Gardens.” It is no botanic garden at all. The principal fruits and vegetables there are those which the undertakers and their subjects supply; but the people of Cork are eccentric fellows, and the Botanic Gardens the grave-yard will be called to the crack of time. We wonder Titmarsh did not find out this bull.

After visiting the convents (to which he devotes a long chapter, the only dull one in the book) and the theatre, from which he was blown off the benches by the dreadful brass band of a dragoon regiment; and Lloyd's Royal Hotel in George's Street, where he got bad wine and

paid a shilling for a glass of water! and Collins' Pavilion, where he saw Frank A. Walsh go through the ceremony of eating a breeches and shirt belonging to Din Mullins for a wager of five shillings; and the county gaol, where he had not the good fortune to see a man hanged; and the Cork library, where Philosopher Releber, that kind-hearted, excellent, praiseworthy fellow treated him with proper courtesy; and the foolish institution at Nelson Place, all covered with dust and cobwebs; and the Lunatic Asylum, where he saw several contributors to Dan O'Connell's annuity; and the widow Fagan, of whom he gives a charming account, overflowing with real goodness and amiableness, and for which we would hug Titmarsh in our arms if we had him by our elbow at this present writing, and a hundred other sights, he got tired of the city, and started off for Bantry to view the scenery of Glengariffe. We cannot, however, let him quit Cork without acquainting our readers with an elegant local custom established since our last sojourn in that accomplished town:—

“One word more regarding the Widow Fagan's house. When Peggy brought in coals for the drawing-room fire, she carried them—in what, do you think? ‘In a coal-scuttle, to be sure,’ says the English reader, down on you as sharp as a needle.

“No, you clever Englishman, it wasn't a coal-scuttle.

“‘Well, then, it was in a fire-shovel,’ says that brightest of wits, guessing again.

“No, it *wasn't* a fire-shovel, you heaven-born genius: and you might guess from this until Mrs. Snooks called you up to coffee, and you would never find out. It was in something which I have already described in Mrs. Fagan's pantry.

“‘Oh! I have you now, it was the bucket where the potatoes were; the thlatterly wetch!’ says Snooks.

“Wrong again. Peggy brought up the coals—in a CHINA PLATE!

“Snooks turns quite white with surprise, and almost chokes himself with his port. ‘Well,’ says he, ‘of all the *wum* countwith that I ever wead of, hang me if Ireland itn't the *wummeth*. Conlth in a plate! Mawyann, do you hear that? In Ireland they alwayth thend up their coalth in a plate!’”

To visit Ireland without getting

into a fight of some kind would be, of course, impossible. This we told Titmarsh as we saw him step gaily into cab No. 1143, which was to convey him to the Swan with Two Necks, Lail Lane, Cheapside, from which we suppose he started (the Bull and Mouth or Bolt-in-Tun will do just as well, and, to tell the truth, we don't know from which of the three our friend took his departure). "Above all things, Michael," said we, "beware of fighting. Never knock a man down but on great provocation, such as treading on your toes, or taking your seat at the theatre, or blowing his nose when you are near, or something of that sort; but, above all, be sure, if you *do* challenge any one, not to leave the sod until you have drawn his blood. By these gentlemanly and prudent maxims we have ourselves got on in the world, and we humbly recommend them to you. Take them, then, dear Michael Titmarsh, and with them our blessing, together with this case of horse-pistols—a sacred heir-loom!—with which our grandfather shot three members of parliament, our father diddled a British mayor, and ourselves a foolish Devonshire baronet, who twirled his moustache in a way we did not like. You see there are five notches on the barrels,—make a sixth while you are in Ireland, and we shall be eternally grateful to you." Titmarsh took the pistols, and, with tears in his eyes, thanked us for this new instance of our friendship. He put them carefully into his cab, but forgot them when he quitted it, and we were obliged to advertise, and pay the sum of fifteen guineas for their restoration. This absence of mind, in all probability, saved a couple of lives, and prevented our tourist from getting into a real duel. For how else would Titmarsh have acted in the following Bantry Bay squabble with three Englishmen, if he had had our pistols? We swear he would have fought:—

"And with these three Englishmen a great scene occurred, such as we read of in Smollett's and Fielding's ins. One was a fat old gentleman from Cambridge, who, I was informed, was a fellow of a college in that university, but who, I shrewdly suspect, to be butler or steward of the same. The younger men burly,

manly, good-humoured fellows of seventeen stone, were the nephews of the elder who, says one, 'could draw a check for his thousand pounds.'

"Two-and-twenty years before, on landing at the Pigeon House, at Dublin, the old gentleman had been cheated by a carman, and his firm opinion seemed to be that all carmen, nay, all Irishmen, were cheats.

"And a sad proof of this depravity speedily shewed itself, for having hired a three-horse car at Killarney, which was to carry them to Bantry, the Englishmen saw, with immens: indignation, after they had drunk a series of glasses of whisky, that the three-horse car had been removed, a one-horse vehicle standing in its stead.

"Their wrath no pen can describe. 'I tell you they are all so,' shouted the elder. 'When I landed at the Pigeon-house' — 'Bring me a post-chaise,' roars the second. 'Waiter, get some more whisky,' exclaims the third; 'if they don't send us on with three horses, I'll stop here for a week.' Then issuing, with his two young friends, into the passage, to harangue the populace assembled there, the elder Englishman began a speech about dishonesty, 'D—d rogues and thieves, Pigeon-house; he was a gentleman, and wouldn't be done, d—d his eyes, and every body's eyes.' Upon the affrighted landlord, who came to interpose, they all fell with great ferocity; the elder man swearing, especially, that he 'would write to Lord Lansdowne regarding his conduct, likewise to Lord Bandon, also to Lord Bantry: he was a gentleman; he'd been cheated in the year 1813, on his first landing at the Pigeon-house; and, d—n the Irish, they were all alike.' After roaring and cursing for half-an-hour, a gentleman at the door, seeing the meek bearing of the landlord, who stood quite lost and powerless in the whirlwind of rage that had been excited about his luckless ears, said, 'If men cursed and swore in that way in his house, he would know how to put them out.'

"Put *me* out!' says one of the young men, placing himself before the fat old blasphemer, his relative. 'Put *me* out, my fine fellow!' but it was evident the Irishman did not like his customer. 'Put *me* out,' roars the old gentleman, from behind his young protector, '—my eyes, who are *you*, sir? who are *you*, sir? I insist on knowing who you are.'

"And who are *you*?' asks the Irishman.

"Sir, I'm a gentleman, and *pay my way*; and as soon as I get into Bantry, I swear I'll write a letter to Lord Bandon Bantry, and complain of the treatment I have received here.'

"Now as the unhappy landlord had not said one single word, and as, on the contrary, to the annoyance of the whole house, the stout old gentleman from Cambridge had been shouting, raging, and cursing for two hours, I could not help, like a great ass as I was, coming forward, and (thinking the landlord might be a tenant of Lord Bantry's), saying, 'Well, sir, if you write, and say the landlord has behaved ill, I will write to say that he has acted with extraordinary forbearance and civility.'

"O fool! to interfere in disputes, where one set of the disputants have drunk half-a-dozen glasses of whisky in the middle of the day! No sooner had I said this, than the other young man came and fell upon me, and in the course of a few minutes found leisure to tell me 'that I was no gentleman; that I was ashamed to give my name, or say where I lived; that I was a liar, and didn't live in London, and couldn't mention the name of a single respectable person there; that he was a merchant and tradesman, and hid his quality from nobody;' and, finally, 'that, though bigger than himself, there was nothing he would like better than that I should come out on the green, and stand to him like a man.'

"This invitation, although repeated several times, I refused with as much dignity as I could assume; partly because I was sober and cool, while the other was furious and drunk; also, because I felt a strong suspicion that in about ten minutes the man would manage to give me a tremendous beating, which I did not merit in the least; thirdly, because a victory over him would not have been productive of the least pleasure to me; and lastly, because there was something really honest and gallant in the fellow coming out to defend his old relative. Both of the younger men would have fought like tigers for this disreputable old gentleman, and desired no better sport. The last I heard of the three, was that they and the driver made their appearance before a magistrate in Bantry; and a pretty story will the old man have to tell his club at the Hoop or the Red Lion of those swindling Irish, and the ill-treatment he met with in their country.

"As for the landlord, the incident will be a blessed theme of conversation to him for a long time to come. I heard him discoursing of it in the passage during the rest of the day; and next morning, when I opened my window and saw, with much delight, the bay clear and bright as silver, except where the green hills were reflected in it, the blue sky above, and the purple mountains round about with only a few clouds veiling

their peaks, the first thing I heard was the voice of Mr. Eccles repeating the story to a new customer.

"'I thought him couldn't be gentlemin' was the appropriate remark of Mr. Tom, the waiter, 'from the way in which they took their whisky—raw, with cold wather, widout mixing or inything.' Could an Irish waiter give a more excellent definition of the ungenteele?"

We are sorry we cannot accompany Titmarsh from Glengariffe to Killarney. He seems to have had a jolly ride of it, in "an Irish car, accommodated for any number of persons," and to go any number of miles. Those who wish to see what kind of a vehicle an Irish car is, had better buy the book at once, and in the frontispiece of the first volume, they will behold a true portraiture of the said conveyance, together with a likeness of Titmarsh himself, which is well worth the price of *The Sketch-Book*. He is represented with his right arm fondly encircling the taper waist of an Irish girl, with "a pair of never-mind-what coloured garters," which, he tells us, she "shewed" him before the journey was over, and with whom he contrived to tumble into the middle of the road, causing, thereby, "a great number of polite allusions and genteel inquiries" to be made by the rest of the company. Near him is an *Irish attorney with moustachios!!!*—a sight that almost drove Michael out of his senses, but, though an attorney, he seems to have been a right merry fellow. Our friend got on very pleasantly to the lakes. But here we pause, and refer the reader to Titmarsh. He will find, by that worthy, an exquisite description of the lakes, the stag-hunt, the races, and the people, and which description no man, who intends to visit that part of Ireland, should leave unread.

Here we find we have got to the end of the first volume. Another remains just as radiant with fun and philosophy; and descriptions, and anecdotes, and the adventures of the famous Captain Freney, and a more famous pillager than even he, to wit, Alderman Dan O'Connell, and beef-steaks with Harry Lorrequer, and Galway music, and a Connemara dinner, and the scenery of Wicklow, and Glendalugh, and Armagh, and Belfast, and charming Peg of Lima-

vaddy, of whom Titmarsh became the Petrarch in some choice canticles, and which conclude as follows :—

" This I do declare,  
Happy is the laddy  
Who the heart can share  
Of Peg of Limavaddy ;  
Married if she were,  
Blest would be the daddy  
Of the children fair  
Of Peg of Limavaddy.  
Beauty is not rare  
In the land of Paddy,  
Fair beyond compare  
Is Peg of Limavaddy.  
Citizen or squire,  
Tory, Whig, or Radi-  
cal would all desire  
Peg of Limavaddy.  
Had I Homer's fire,  
Or that of Sergeant Taddy,  
Meestly I'd admire  
Peg of Limavaddy.  
And till I expire,  
Or till I grow mad, I  
Will sing unto my lyre  
Peg of Limavaddy !"

And Derry, and Donegal, and Bal-linasloe, and — but how can we enumerate all the choice tit-bits of literature in this second tome? We give up the task in sheer despair, and shall, therefore, only offer a closing remark on a passage or two which we noted as we read through the volumes.

Irish improvidence is thus exemplified by Titmarsh : — " It is quite curious to see in the streets, where the shops are new open, the painter of the sign-boards begins with big letters, and ends, for want of space, with small !" And, again : — " One sees in this country many a grand and tall iron gate leading into a very shabby field covered with thistles." Whereupon, the reviewer in *Ainsworth's Magazine* says, " It is curious to see how the fine woman ends in a fish's tail, how the Irishman begins with whisky and ends with ditch-water, how he has a domestic establishment without a home, a life without the means of living. As he thoughtlessly begins his sign-board, so he often builds his house, and sets up his gate." No doubt there is some truth in all this, but it is rather too much to say that these " observations furnish a key to the Irish character." Faults and failings enough the Irish have, in common with all men, but they are hardly so impro-

vident as this theory would lead us to believe. It would be " quite curious " if an Irishman related the following story of a worthy English gentleman, to prove that all Englishmen were silly. A Sussex knight having spent a great estate at court, and reduced himself to a single park and one fine house in it, was yet ambitious to entertain the king. For this purpose he had his gates newly painted, and adorned with a coat of arms, and this motto on them, in large golden letters, —

*Oià VANITAS.*

Sir Antony Corke, offering to read it, desired to know of the gentleman what he meant by "*Oià*;" who told him that it stood for OMNIA. " I wonder," answered Sir Antony, " that, having made your *omnia* so little as you have, you should yet make your *vanitas* so large." We wonder did Titmarsh ever meet with this story, and did it supply him with the remarks above cited. If he did, he might have learned from it that the poor Irish are not the only improvident people in the world, though, God help them, they are often enough charged with it. This remark, and the comparison of those pious ladies who have embraced the convent life to Indian Suttees, are the only two passages in the *Sketch-Book* with which we are disposed to differ from Michael. But we have not room to discuss either point just at present. The enormous amount of beggary and raggedness all over the provinces struck Michael with dismay. The beggars were of that kind which awakens scarcely any sympathy in warm-hearted fellows like Titmarsh; but though sunk in depravity, they were not without wit. " We asked one," says he, " who was calling down all the blessings of all the saints and angels upon us, and telling a most piteous tale of poverty, why she did not go to the poorhouse. The woman's look at once changed from a sentimental whine to a grin: ' Dey owe two hundred pounds at that house,' said she; ' and faith an honest woman can't go dere.' " with which wonderful reason ought not the most squeamish to be content? Michael was too knowing a customer to be " done " by these gentry. On the



road from Ballinasloe to Dublin another scene occurs :—

"I think the beggars were more plentiful and more loathsome here than almost any where ; to one hideous wretch I was obliged to give money to go away, which he did for a moment, only to obtrude his horrible face directly afterwards, half eaten away with disease. 'A penny for the sake of poor little Mery,' said another woman, who had a baby sleeping at her withered breast ; and how can any one who has a little Mery at home resist such an appeal ? 'Pity the poor blind man !' roared a respectably dressed grenadier of a fellow. I told him to go to the gentleman with the red neckcloth and fur cap (a young buck from Trinity College) ; to whom the blind man with much simplicity immediately stepped over."

Any one who reads these volumes must rise from the perusal of them convinced that the Irish poor-law has turned out a miserable failure, and that the best thing that can be done is to repeal it at once, and convert the workhouses into barracks, or national schools. If the repeal fun proceeds much farther, many people think the barracks will become necessary.

One word as to the illustrations of these volumes. They are by Titmarsh himself, and must, of course, be good. Their chief merit is fidelity. He has hit off the Irish face and customs almost as well as Maclise. The difficulties he encountered in getting the girls to stand still while transferring their lovely faces to his sketch-book are amusingly detailed. Here are one or two instances :—

"Presently, with a curtsy, came a young woman who sold worsted socks at a shilling a pair, and whose portrait is here given. It required no small pains to entice this rustic beauty to stand while a sketch should be made of her. Nor did any compliments or cajolements on my part or the landlady's bring about the matter ; it was not until money was offered that the lovely creature consented. I offered (such is the ardour of the real artist) either to give her sixpence or to purchase two pair of her socks, if she would stand still for five minutes ; on which she said she would prefer selling the socks. Then she stood still for a moment in the corner of the room ; then she turned her face towards the corner, and the other part of her per-

son towards the artist, and exclaimed in that attitude, 'I must have a shilling more.' Then I told her to go to the deuce. Then she made a proposition involving the stockings and sixpence, which was similarly rejected ; and finally the above splendid design was completed at the price first stated."

At Westport he made an attempt, and failed :—

"One, a regular rustic beauty, whose face and figure would have made the fortune of a frontispiece, seemed particularly amused and *agacante*, and I walked round to get a drawing of her fresh jolly face ; but directly I came near she pulled her gown over her head, and resolutely turned round her back ; and as that part of her person did not seem to differ in character from the backs of the rest of Europe, there is no need taking its likeness."

At times he was more fortunate, and by the bribe of a glass of whisky succeeded in his object. On one occasion, he met with so decided a repulse, and one which he describes so well, that we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it. Accosting a man with a load of turf,—

"A fine and edifying conversation took place between the designer and the owner of the vehicle. 'Stand still for a minute you and the car, and I will give you twopence !' 'What do you want to do with it ?' says the latter. 'To draw it.' 'To draw it !' says he, with a wild look of surprise ; 'and is it you'll draw it ?' 'I mean, I want to take a picture of it ; you know what a picture is ?' 'No I don't.' 'Here's one, says I, shewing him a book. 'O faith, sir, says the carman, drawing back rather alarmed, 'I'm no scholar ;' and he concluded by saying, 'Will you buy the turf, or will you not ?' by which straightforward question he shewed himself to be a real practical man of sense ; and as he got an unsatisfactory reply to this query, he forthwith gave a lash to his pony, and declined to wait a minute longer. As for the twopence, he certainly accepted that handsome sum, and put it into his pocket with an air of extreme wonder at the transaction, and of contempt for the giver, which very likely was perfectly justifiable. I have seen men despised in genteel companies with not half so good a cause."

With this extract we close, and heartily recommend our subscribers to peruse *The Irish Sketch Book*.

## REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS.

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

## No. VII.

CHATEAUBRIAND AND DE GENOUDE.

THE first time I saw Chateaubriand was in that very garden at Lausanne of which Gibbon has written—

"Instead of a small house between a street and a stable-yard, I began to occupy a spacious and convenient mansion, connected on the north side with the city, and open on the south to a beautiful and boundless horizon. A garden of four acres had been laid out by the taste of M. Deiguerdun; from the garden a rich scenery of meadows and vineyards descends to the Lake of Leman, and the prospect far beyond the Lake is crowned by the stupendous mountains of Savoy. My books and my acquaintance had been first united in London; but this happy position of my library in town and country was finally reserved for Lausanne."

And who that has read his eloquent descriptions of the commencement and termination of the history of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, can forget that, whilst—

"It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing that work first started to his mind;"

it was in the garden at Lausanne just referred to, that he terminated his labours:—

"It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summerhouse in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *barcaou*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea

that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future fate of my *History*, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

Yes!—there we were in the self-same garden. The acacias still waved their golden hair; the summerhouse yet existed; the "*berceau*" was not destroyed; and Chateaubriand was walking with the aged Madame —, the first love of the self-same Gibbon.

Ah! how time had rolled on! How its effacing fingers had left scarcely a trace of those features where beauty had once loved to dwell! And how now she described the person of her former enthusiastic admirer, who, having prostrated himself on one occasion at her feet, imploring her to accept his hand and heart, was unable to raise himself from the ground and gain his erect posture, until she rang for her servant, and directed him to assist the abject lover from the ground! What a host of historical and biographical remembrances rushed to my mind when I beheld the French poet and philosopher engaged in a cheerful "*causerie*" with one who had been the friend and companion of the writer of the most eloquent history the world hath yet seen in any language or in any clime!

And there was the deep blue lake on whose magical waters Gibbon had so often gazed! And there the same garden in which Lord Sheffield, Necker, Charles James Fox, and Prince Henry of Prussia, had so often wandered with this extraordinary man! And there were those glorious mountains on which their eyes had so often feasted! And there was the dark grandeur of retreating rocks, but lighted on their tops with eternal snow! And there was that placid village of Ouchy lying quite meekly in the valley, with the slopes covered with roses and

vines, flowers and luxuriance down to the water's edge! And we talked of other days, and beings long since consigned to the earth and the worm, but whose works, unimpaired by time, or unchanged by the lapse of years, were still the admiration of successive generations. So we talked of Tell, and of La Harpe, and of Madame de Genlis, and of the Swiss reformers, and of men of all sections of the Christian Church, and of a heaven where there should be no divisions, no sections, and no sectarians!

Chateaubriand was full of Rome, of the imperial city, of the infallible chief of an infallible church, of the privileges and advantages he was about to enjoy as ambassador to his Holiness from Charles the Tenth,—for he was on his way to the Papal States when I met him; and his conversation was most eloquent when he talked of the continuity of the Catholic faith, of the *invariable* essence of the Catholic religion, and of the repose of his own spirit when he thought and believed that he also was an engrafted member of that holy fellowship which was begun on earth to endure for ever.

Chateaubriand had undertaken the mission on which he was proceeding, more for the purpose of absenting himself during an approaching period of severe political conflict, in which his voice would have been lost in the Babel of party hostility and clamour, than from any other motive, either moral, political, or religious. With his fine discriminating mind he beheld the coming storm. He perceived that the party of the "Counter-Revolution" had resolved on urging the king to a reaction; and that the opposition of such men as Roy, Perier, and Royer Collard, had become less dispassionate and more intense. He was accused of fear, of want of consistent energy, of nervousness, and tremulousness; and Martainville, with his satires and his venom, spoke of such men as the author of *The Genius of Christianity* as being infected with "the poison of liberalism." Whilst Martignac and Chateaubriand defended the monarchy with the Charta, Martainville and the men of the old monarchy called for "*coups d'état*," and asked, "What need have we of

any other Charta than the will of the best of princes?" They sought to bring into disgrace or contempt the man who, in 1814, had written his celebrated brochure, *De Buonaparte et des Bourbons, et de la nécessité de se rallier à nos princes Légitimes, pour le bonheur de la France, et celui de l'Europe*. Fourteen years had passed away. The services of Chateaubriand, though not forgotten, were too remote to be kept steadily in view, and "he is infected with Constitutionalism!" was the cry with which it was attempted to degrade him. And yet it should have been remembered that with truth could he exclaim,—

"Since the epoch of the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien, I have been accustomed to run all the risks of fortune! Every six months I have been threatened that I should be shot, or put to the sword, or imprisoned for the rest of my days. Still I did not the less follow the course which my duty indicated, as one I ought to pursue."

But so it was. Peace and plenty had brought with them not satisfaction and gratitude, happiness and repose, but a spirit of rebellion, and a determination, on the one hand, to demand more than the Charta granted, and, on the other, to withdraw concessions which had been wisely made. Thus the monarchy was placed in peril, and public liberties were rendered less secure. The poet, the orator, the Christian philosopher, perceived all this; and, faithful to his past life, he did not hesitate to assure the princes he had served with such devotion, and to whose illustrious race he continued so warmly attached, that a counter-revolution and a restoration of the monarchy of 1788 was impossible.

One of the senseless calumnies at that time heaped on Chateaubriand was, that "his tastes were English, that he had been one who had culogised that mixed form of government which had been consecrated by the Charta; and that France owed all her modern calamities, and approaching woes, to the *parliamentary system*!"

The truth was, that Chateaubriand had not been an idle and an ignorant spectator of the events of the then past forty years. It could not be

said of him, "that he had forgotten nothing and learned nothing." His expansive and noble heart had certainly forgotten many acts of injustice and cruelty exercised towards him both by the Revolution, the Republic, and the Empire; but he had well observed what France had been and what she was, and he therefore sought to render her government popular without being democratic, and monarchical without being reactionary. When his friends denied that he was "*too English*," and adduced in proof of this the very pamphlet I have already mentioned, in the first edition of which he had even forgotten to acknowledge the immense debt of gratitude which the Bourbons, as a race, owed to the English nation, they were met by the cry, "Ah! but read the appendix to the *second* edition, in which England is glorified at the expense of all besides! This Chateaubriand is one of those to whom we owe the infliction of a parliamentary system."

And as the noble and beautiful language of Chateaubriand on this occasion has been so unjustly and unkindly produced against him, in order to excite the prejudices and the hatred of the Anti-English party in France, I am delighted to have the opportunity of recalling public attention to his glowing panegyric of the Prince Regent and of the Duke of Wellington:—

"Several persons," said Chateaubriand, "have remarked, not without astonishment, that in my last work when speaking of the generosity of the great powers who have of late delivered us, I should not have made mention of England! I admit the justice of this reproach, and I am grieved to the heart at my omission; but my excuse must be the real one,—the grandeur of the spectacle which I was contemplating, and the rapidity with which I wrote the pamphlet in question. \* \* \* But, sir, no Frenchman can ever forget, I trust, that which he owes to the *Prince Regent of England*, and to the noble people who have so powerfully contributed to our emancipation. The flags of Spain also floated in the armies of Henry the Fourth; and they reappear in the battalions which restore to us our Louis the Eighteenth. We are too sensible of true glory not to admire this *Lord Wellington*, in whose character we see so strikingly reproduced the virtues

and the talents of our own Turenne. Do we not feel touched even to tears when we contemplate this truly great man, Wellington, promising, at the time of our retreat from Portugal, two guineas for each French prisoner who should be brought to him living? By virtue of the force of his moral character, and its influence over his contemporaries, this same Lord Wellington, more as the effect of that character, than as the result of military discipline, miraculously brought into a state of subjugation, on entering into our provinces, the resentment of the Portuguese, and the vengeance of the Spaniards; and, in one word, it was around his standard that the first cry of '*Vive le roi!*' aroused our unfortunate country; and, instead of a captive French prince, this new Black Prince was brought back to Bordeaux as the king of emancipated France!"

The concluding passage is so delicate, eloquent, and touching, that I dare not translate it:—

"Lorsque le Roi Jean fut conduit à Londres, touché de la générosité d'Edouard, il s'attacha à ses vainqueurs, et revint mourir dans la terre de sa captivité, comme s'il eût prévu que cette terre serait dans la suite le dernier asile du dernier rejeton de sa race, et qu'un jour les descendants des Talbot et des Chandos recueilleraient la postérité proscrite de la Hire et des Duguesclin."

That the Buonapartists, the remnants of the roughshod republicans, and the once devoted lovers of the barbarous politics of Robespierre and of Marat, should have hated Chateaubriand for language so creditable to his heart and his understanding, would have excited no surprise; but that the polished courtiers of a once banished dynasty should have so far forgotten the obligations they owed to the English and their government, as to have attacked him for his expressions of gratitude and love to Great Britain, is a fact which reflects no credit on the men who were so oblivious.

But I have headed this Reminiscence "*Chateaubriand and De Genoude!*" Why have I done so? Why have I not kept distinct the memorials and reminiscences of the author of *Atala* et *René*, of the *Correspondence of the Baron de Grimm and Diderot*, and of *Le Génie du Christianisme*? And why have I confounded them with the political

writings of De Genoude, the apologist of the Jesuits, the counsellor of demi-measures of a reactionary character, and the able and most accomplished editor of *La Gazette de France*? I shall answer this inquiry with as much brevity as possible; but my reasons being connected with the history of the last fifteen years, cannot be comprehended in a few sentences.

In 1826, 27, and 28, the character of the opposition to the Bourbon government became materially changed. Many years of very great physical prosperity, and of undisturbed peace, had placed the middling classes in France in a condition of considerable ease and enjoyment. An immense annual expenditure by foreigners in Paris of large incomes, all drawn from foreign lands, and expended in precious metals, tended to raise the fortunes of tradesmen, shopkeepers, and merchants, every year; and, as is always the case in France when purses get full, the lesser educated classes become insolent and dominating. The Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, backed by the clamorous demands of out-of-door legislators, were less prudent in their speeches, and less careful and monarchical in their acts, and the press was daring and insolent in its unconstitutional demands. The *Gazette de France*, at the head of which was M. de Genoude, a young man full of fire, eloquence, and convictions of a very decided monarchical tendency, engaged with zeal and talent in the cause of the insulted royalty; and defended with genius, taste, and ardour, a cause which he really believed to be in danger. The gentleman just named was a layman, full of enthusiasm for his church, of devotedness to his king and princes, and of zeal for monarchical institutions. He believed not in the democratical articles of the Charter of Louis XVIII., and he was convinced that if the Romish clergy exercised their just influence in the provinces, that a revolution for popular principles would be impossible. "No concession!" was his cry and his watchword; and he would point out day by day, in his most talented *Gazette*, how Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the old dynasty, had been lost, ruined, by a

system of concession to unjust demands and to revolutionary factions. The royal family was thus placed in a difficult and most arduous position. They relied on such men as De Genoude. They were urged on by such men as Martainville. The Benjamin Constants, the Periers, the Roys, and the Collards, of the Chambers exclaimed, "No reaction!" Their opponents replied by demanding that "the rights of the monarchy should be respected!" "France is older than her princes!" cried the opposition. "France is the Bourbons, and she is nothing without them," replied M. de Genoude. This war of words ended in a war of blows, and the court was induced to believe that M. de Martignac was too constitutional for the French monarchy. When he cried, "We march in the midst of anarchy!" the journal of M. de Genoude entreated the king to dissolve the chamber, to call together new deputies, to make an appeal to monarchical France, and to issue a proclamation which should shake most terribly the Liberals! The advice was taken, the experiment was made, and the Prince de Polignac was called to office. It was at this period, which preceded this entry of M. de Polignac into power, that I first saw M. de Genoude. Young, handsome, fascinating, eloquent, persuasive, full of deep love for France, and of earnestness almost unexampled, in manner and style, De Genoude was the most attractive of companions, and the most winning of conversationalists. The *Courrier Français* and the *Constitutionnel* were then carrying on a desperate war against the monarchy and the princes; and songsters, caricaturists, and feuilletonists, all joined in the yell, which proceeded from multitudes of most jarring and discordant voices. It was then that Chateaubriand besought the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon not to be intimidated by the hectoring of the opposition, by the fury of the De Corcelles, Salvettes, Lafayettes, and Lafittes of the press, or the deputies, on the one hand; and not to be goaded, or excited, or driven to acts of political reaction, on the other. Less matured in his views, though not less sincere in his attachment to the

Bourbon dynasty than Chateaubriand, M. de Genoude thought a certain amount of reaction necessary, but was by no means prepared to advise a line of policy which should hazard the possibility of a second revolution. He was less prudent than Chateaubriand, undoubtedly; but he, also, was by no means satisfied that violence or threats would advance the cause of the princes he loved. "Be firm!" cried De Genoude. "Resort to the protecting clauses of the chamber! Dissolve—dissolve, again and again, as the charter authorises you to do." But this system was one of legality, and did not include, even in its spirit, the principle of "*coups d'état*."

When the great and the good Chateaubriand accepted the post of French ambassador to the court of Rome, M. de Genoude regarded the nomination as one of too liberal a character; and afterwards, when, on the nomination of the Polignac ministry, he resigned that post, the *Gazette* positively blamed him. But what says the Abbé de Genoude now? He admits, that if the counsels of Chateaubriand had been followed, the events of 1830 would not have occurred. From that period to the present hour, on all vast questions of dynasty and of principle, these two distinguished patriots and philosophers have agreed; and they both now perceive the errors committed on all sides, and the results of which can still only be partially and imperfectly understood. For these reasons, I have always associated in my mind the names of Chateaubriand and De Genoude together. He who said, in very troublesome and tempestuous times, in moments of great irritation and personal danger, when addressing himself to the Duchess of Berry, "*Madam, your son is my king*," has in De Genoude a contemporary every way worthy of being so, both for his courage and his dignity. Neither Chateaubriand nor De Genoude desired a counter-revolution. This is certain. But the former perceived, before the latter, that it must take place: whilst the latter, when it occurred, made amazing efforts to save the royalty from being involved in its disastrous consequences. Then, however, it was too late; and both Chateaubriand and De Genoude have subse-

quently laboured together to rescue their country from the evils in which it was involved from 1830 to 1835. Since that period they have been, as before, conservative rather than anti-revolutionary; and as their efforts have been similar, and the result of those efforts satisfactory, I cannot but associate them in my mind, and now produce them in the same picture.

As Paganini was the Apollo of the violin, and Huerta is still of the guitar, so Chateaubriand and De Genoude are in conversation the most seductive of men. I do not mean of women's hearts or of women's admiration, though of both they have both had their full share, but I mean that they spell-bind you by their tongues, rivet you down to your position, from which you cannot extricate yourself; and whilst Chateaubriand is the Paganini, De Genoude is the Huerta of the concert. The one, rich in classic lore, with an imagination fertile in both the fables and realities of Greece and Rome, and with a ripe and unctuous flowing of old things and new, passing to you from his well-stored memory, now causes you to breathe less freely, and your heart to beat less frequently, as he converses of by-gone days adorned as they are by classical illustrations; and then makes your pulse move quicker than before by strains of love, and descriptions of scenery, which no one can give with equal grace and animation. But De Genoude succeeds him! He speaks to you only of France. He is not ignorant, indeed, of other lands, people, or dynasties. He also could converse of fabled deities and of fabled climes; but France is now the one great object of his affections, as the Church of Rome is that of his obedience and veneration. There is so much of similarity in these great men, that I have yoked them together, not from ignorance of the points on which they differ, but from acquaintance with those on which they are agreed.

When first I saw De Genoude he was a layman, a married man, one of the best and most admirable of husbands, and who rendered his wife one of the happiest of her sex by his true-hearted and most devoted love. His case was one of many, many others, I am always happy to adduce, of

French matrimonial bliss. It is a vulgar calumny, and nothing better, which asserts that connubial bliss, in France, is restricted to the poor. I have seen examples, almost innumerable, in the higher as well as in the middle ranks of French life; and I proclaim it as an indisputable fact, that if marriages are made in heaven, they are often most harmoniously and happily celebrated in France. However, when first I saw De Genoude, he cost me the loss of a very excellent dinner; for I had the happiness to sit next to him, and to enjoy the music of his voice and the thrilling eloquence of his conversation. He began with the soup. I took but one spoonful. The rest was cleared away. Fish, flesh, and fowl, game, entremets, and all sorts of "sweet things," shared the same fate; and by the time the repast was terminated I was literally awfully hungry! I have conversed with many men and in many lands, and have been amused, profited, and delighted;—but I really think, without exception, that the most absorbing of all conversationalists is De Genoude. Deep thoughts, rapid conceptions, varied descriptions, exciting and appropriate anecdotes, a grouping of men and things most bewildering by their number and witchery, are all happily combined in his conversational powers; and the feeling and energy with which all is uttered, bearing upon some great and magnificent principle, form together an amount of attractiveness which defies the best powers of the mind at all to resist, much less effectually to withstand. I have seen violent Buonapartists and ultra-Liberals so "mesmerised" by his syren song, so baffled by his enchanting eloquence, or so led captive by his close and logical reasoning, as to be wholly unable to reply. The next day they were angry, nay, indignant, with themselves at their own defeat, and sighed to renew the conversation of the eve. But when the opportunity has again presented itself, they have been once more silent in his presence, not from fear, but from joy, from a sort of intellectual delight arising out of the development before them of commanding powers and of astounding eloquence.

One of the favourite maxims of De Genoude, and which for years he

has enforced on the readers of the *Gazette*, is this, "*La revolte n'est jamais permise.*" That is to say, that God does not authorise rebellion; that justice does not authorise rebellion; that the welfare of man, as a race, does not call for it; that the laws of society are opposed to it; that the redress of wrongs does not sanction it; that even the rights of men are opposed to it; and that there is no slavery so severe, excessive, and tyrannical, as the slavery inflicted by successful rebellion. It is a magnificent treat to listen to De Genoude when he takes in hand such a maxim as this, and illustrates and enforces it. Oppose him if you will, that does not annoy him; question him if you will, that does not disturb him; abuse him if you will, that does not vex or irritate him. Still, still he proclaims, "*La revolte n'est jamais permise!*" He begins with the garden of Eden. He brings the trees and the flowers, the umbrageous walks and the perennial foliage, the bright heavens and the spangled fields, the warbling birds, and the voice of a sinless and undying creation before you; and he asks you whether the principle of revolt was there? No! all was submission, obedience, love. But the principle of rebellion was introduced, the sense of shame and of degradation followed, the dignity of man fell with the loss of his obedience; and reproaches, addressed both to God and to his helpmate, shewed how happiness depended on dependence. But did God permit this rebellion? Did he allow it to succeed? Was it a triumph more than momentary? The angel with the flaming sword answered all such inquiries. The curse on the woman, her subjection, and her sorrow, were the best replies to all suspicions that God would admit the principle of revolt into His code, or into His dominions. And the serpent biting the dust, closed the exhibition of the practical proofs that "*La revolte n'est jamais permise,*" by Heaven.—But yet man increased! That increase was painful, but it was prolific. Though man was a sinner, he multiplied; and though his dominion was accompanied with toil, misery, and woe, yet he *had* dominion. His sins became as enormous as his race, and his rebellion was desperate and decided. But was that revolt per-

mitted? The deluge replied to the inquiry; and "Rocks, save us!" "Mountains, fall upon us and hide us!" were the exclamations which proclaimed by their vehemence and their misery, "*Non—la revolte n'est jamais permise!*" And what was the atonement itself? that great, that wondrous mystery—a Saviour dying for a rebellious world? a God becoming man to suffer for rebels? to obtain pardon, reconciliation, and mercy? but a new consecration of the self-same principle, "*La revolte n'est jamais permise!*" And what is the fire that is never quenched, and what the worm that never dieth, but the eternal and practical evidence of the truth, that rebellion is never allowed?—And what are the crimes against society, but rebellion against the laws? And what are the penalties of such rebellion inflicted by those laws, but so many re-assertions that rebellion is not allowed? All the crimes of society are so many acts of rebellion against the majesty of the law,—that majesty being derived from the laws of Heaven, of the principle of which they are so many representations. So the sufferings of humanity for the excesses of humanity, are signal triumphs of the same principle carried into action. The laws of nature indicate temperance to man; and excess, therefore, tends to disease, paralysis, and sudden death. The laws of nature indicate providence to man; and improvidence, therefore, is followed by want, misery, and ruin. The laws of God point out virtue and religion, abstinence and continence to man; and when man opposes these laws, and rebels against these requirements of almighty wisdom, and eternal truth, the consequences, immediate, as well as future, point out the heinousness of rebellion.—Man is a rebel. The history of the race is one of rebellion! But man has not been permitted to profit by his opposition, his revolt, and his disobedience. The earliest known history of man affords abundant examples of the truth of this statement. The destruction of cities, the swallowing up of tribes, the overthrow of empires, the utter annihilation of dynasties, the engulfing by earthquakes, or by other phenomena, of whole districts and countries, are so

many more facts all attesting the truth of this one overruling maxim, "*La revolte n'est jamais permise.*" Then comes the long train of other facts of unsuccessful revolts, of crushed revolts, of revolts followed by great national disasters, and of revolts which have changed the whole course of events in this world, not for the increased happiness, but for the additional misery, of man. Thus revolt is never authorised by the laws of God, of nature, or of society.

It is in this way that De Genoude prepares you for the examination of the modern history of France. He shews to what new crimes, misery, and degradation, each new revolt has conducted his fellow-countrymen. He commences with the period which preceded the horrors of 1793, and points out the distinction between improvement and revolt, between the union of the king and the country in a great work of national amelioration and the infringement of the royal prerogatives terminating in royal assassination. The woes and wrongs of upwards of twenty years are to be dated back to the rebellion of the *Place de la Revolution*; and the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814 was a striking and most signal declaration of the truthfulness and rightfulness of the principle that "*La revolte n'est jamais permise.*"

When De Genoude shews in detail how every infraction of this principle has led to corresponding disasters, and how in proportion as man has been obedient, not erecting himself against the laws, but seeking by legal means to establish and to improve them, he has been happy and progressive,—it is then that he is incomparable, and his fine face lightens up as he sees conviction strike the consciences of those to whom he is addressing himself. As it is with his conversation, so it is with his writings. He is so closely logical, that you must make up your mind to retain your previous convictions, though you know they are wrong, or else to be carried away by a power of reasoning you are unable to resist. And when he addresses himself to the objection that this maxim is slavish, and degrading, and is opposed to the cause of progress and civilisation, he is indeed magnificent. Then it is that



he examines the slavery on the one hand, and the despotism on the other, of the ancient republics. Then it is that he lays before you in all its nudity and helplessness the system of popular government. Then it is that he points to democratical America, with her slave population; to the Polish nobles who revolted against their sovereign, yet the veriest task-masters of their serfs; to the Swiss cantons, where to this hour peasants cannot dance without the permission of the Landermann; and to all the castes and distinctions created by municipal and other civic institutions. Lastly, when he attacks that principle of self-adulation, self-confidence, and self-exultation, which leads men to set themselves up against the power, authority, and wisdom of ages, and to enthrone individual opinion and private judgment, he indicates with the finger of a master and the profoundness of a sage how all these efforts of man to deify himself have ended in moral, physical, and social ruin. "*Non, non,*" he cries at the termination of his address or his conversation, "*la revolte n'est jamais permise.*"

But it is time to return to Chateaubriand, and to take up the thread of his later history. Before, however, I do this, it may perhaps be permitted me to say a few words of his earlier life. I am not ignorant of the fact that this good and great man has many enemies. How is this? Some dislike him for his plea for the Jesuits. Some declare that his celebrated work had "as little of genius in it as it had of Christianity." This is unfair and untrue. It has much of both. I will not condescend even to the editor of the *Record*, that he is a more decided, though he is, doubtless, a more enlightened Protestant than myself; but Chateaubriand writes as a Romanist because he felt as one, and though we hold that Loyola was disloyal in his metaphysics, neither himself nor his leading followers have merited our contempt or our abuse. Chateaubriand was always what he is—a zealous Romanist. As such he was received at Rome, and brilliant was that reception. That which he has written of his own church he believes, and he will die in the faith he has so long

professed and defended. Let those who attack him for his zeal imitate him in his perseverance, and then we shall have fewer schismatics and much less of schism.

There are some who call Chateaubriand a political *girouette*. He does not deserve the appellation. The ultra-Romanist party attacked him under the restoration, because he would not join them in all their fury against the Protestants of Nîmes and other parts of the south of France. The infidel party assailed him because he would not consent to be sneered out of his faith by the followers of Voltaire. The ultra-monarchical party could not tolerate him because he was of opinion that the Charta *given*, voluntarily given, at a moment of victory, popularity, and fame, when not the remotest shadow of compulsion could be said to be exerted over Louis XVIII., was a wise and a prudent measure. Whilst the lovers of democratical institutions, on the other hand, held him up as "the priest-ridden votary of a blind and besotted church!" But that which he was during years of despotism he remained during periods of national liberty; and he who was so often threatened by Buonaparte and his satellites with prison or death, remained, and still remains, faithful to the principle of his whole life, since that which De Genoude contends for with so much of eloquence, he likewise defends, that "*La revolte n'est jamais permise.*"

The next time I saw Chateaubriand he was being borne in triumph on the shoulders of the mob in Paris to the Chamber of Deputies. There is, after all, a discernment amongst the common people which at once pleases and surprises; and this is particularly observable amongst the Parisian working classes. They knew that Chateaubriand was a religious man, and that they were irreligious; that he was a decided Romanist, and that they were indifferent, if not opposed to Romanism; that he was attached to the eldest branch of the House of Bourbon, and that they had just overthrown that branch, and driven even its most innocent members to a foreign strand; that he did not recognise a revolution which had visited upon the third generation the transgressions of the first, whilst they had

punished the Duke de Bordeaux for the political sins of Charles X., and yet they knew that he was a friend to constitutional liberty, an enemy to "*coups d'état*," an encourager of science, literature, and the fine arts, and, above all, that he had separated himself from the re-actionary and the counter-revolutionary party under the Restoration, and had counselled the princes he loved and the dynasty he had served with fidelity and honour to remain faithful to the spirit of the Charta of Louis XVIII. and not to be tempted, for the sake of obtaining a momentary triumph, to endanger the security of that throne which had been re-established by Europe at a most unparalleled sacrifice of blood and of treasure! So they caught hold of the poet, the diplomatist, the Romanist, the man of letters, of taste, and of refinement, and they bore him away in triumph to the Chamber of Deputies! How curious was that scene! If Martainville, the bitter and sarcastic writer of the ultra-Romanist party could have been there, he would have said,—

"Did I not tell you so? Did I not say that he and the revolution understood each other? Did I not caution you against his advice, and bid you beware of the men he courted or admired? And what do you see now? The false eulogist of the Jesuits hoisted on the shoulders of the *canaille*! and the affected defender of royalty, the idol of the greasy and noisy rabble on the *Place Louis Seize*!"

I cannot say that Chateaubriand looked either pleased or "at home" in his novel position, but he took care to tell them in a few and expressive words that he was, above and before all things, "the friend of justice," and that the exclusion of the Duke de Bordeaux from the throne was unjust and uncalled for. The populace understood him, and evinced no signs of disappointment or mortification. "*Vive Chateaubriand!*" cried the mob; and then they added, "*Vive la Charte!*" "*Vive la liberté!*"

The conduct of Chateaubriand during the whole of the trying and difficult period of the revolution of 1830 was admirable and sublime! He who had cautioned the old dy-

nasty against resorting to measures of reaction; he who had gone abroad to avoid any amalgamation with the men or the system against which he had so loudly protested; he who had resigned his post of ambassador at Rome when the Polignac administration was named, so convinced was he that it was opposed to the reasonable desires of that portion of the French people whose wishes ought to have been regarded and respected; he who had returned to France to take his share in the obloquy which was for the time being heaped on those who did not support what was absurdly designated "a movement in favour of the monarchy;" this same man, calumniated, disgraced, out of favour, when he saw the PRINCE DE POLIGNAC brought to the bar of the Chamber of Peers to be tried for having countersigned royal ordinances for the issuing of which Charles X. had been banished for ever from France, and a whole race of princes excluded from the throne of St. Louis, rushed to the relief of his former political opponent and boldly asked permission to plead for one with whose principles he could have no sympathy, but who had evinced a devotedness to a dynasty which to them was mutually dear, and had to that passion sacrificed his ease, his peace, his fortune, his rank, his all. True, the prince was a mistaken, misguided man! True, he was weak in his counsels and irresolute in carrying them into execution! True, he had not taken the necessary steps to put into effect ordinances against which he *must* have known a revolution would be attempted! True, he exposed the royalty by its aggressive acts to personal reproach and indignation without placing that royalty in a position of defence! True, he lost all command over himself when the conflict really began, and when personal courage could alone be sufficient to save any vestige of power! True, he had taken to flight and concealed his person in the habits of a servant that he might escape from popular vengeance or from arrest! But yet Chateaubriand demanded, "By what laws will you try him? Against what laws has he offended? You have yourselves taken all law into your own hands and inflicted punishment on his royal master!

Although the Charta declared the person of the king to be inviolable, you have made it otherwise. You have not been satisfied even with banishing the royal head of the nation, but have included in your act of popular vengeance the wholly guiltless ! Yet you would now return upon your steps, retrace your own proceedings, and whilst but lately you set at naught the Charta, and declared the king responsible and his ministers inviolate, you would now make them responsible too, and involve both king and ministers in an indiscriminate punishment !”

So the next time I saw Chateaubriand was at the Chamber of Peers. There stood the Christian philosopher, not to defend the ordinances of Charles X., not to maintain that the fourteenth article of the Charta had an omnipotence which belonged not to the rest, not to insist that the ill-starred monarch had done well or wisely to try the question of force with the men of the barricades, not to attack constitutional governments, or to plead that France could only be governed by a rod of iron ; not to vindicate all the acts of the past life of the peer and the gentleman who stood before his judges ; but he stood there to maintain that he had *really* no judges at all, that *really* no offence against the *laws* had been committed, that this was a revolution and not a revolt, that it was a question of conqueror and vanquished, that the conqueror had already taken the law into his own hand and had made both the law and the punishment by excluding the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon for ever from the throne, that the judges who now sat were not legally authorised to try, that there was no legal prosecutor, that old things had passed away and all things had become new, and that it was monstrous to make a king responsible for the acts of his ministers, and then seek to render ministers responsible for the self-same acts.

That was a splendid moral position for Chateaubriand when he appeared at the bar of the House of Lords to defend the Prince de Polignac. All Paris was in a state of commotion. The drums beat to arms. In every “*Mairie*” in the arondissements of the capital there was felt a sort of indescribable emotion. It was known

that France was in a state of volcanic agitation. It was felt that if the “*ex-ministers*” should be acquitted, the populace would again rise and demand “*vengeance* !” It was felt that if they were condemned to death, La Vendée, Brittany, the South, the West, would rise to arms. Some said, “*Death is impossible !*” Others exclaimed, “*They must die.*” A few, indeed, pleaded the possibility of saving M. Guernon de Rainville, and some voices were heard for M. de Peyronnet. The part, or the supposed part, which each of the *ex-ministers* took in preparing the fatal ordinances of July 1830 was discussed with precision ; but it was Chateaubriand alone who ventured to say of the Prince de Polignac, “*No, he shall not die !*”

It was not that Chateaubriand had too great confidence in his own wondrous and captivating eloquence, for he is far from possessing a vain or egotistical spirit ; it was not that he relied on his powers of persuasiveness, or on the interest which his own personal position could not fail to excite ; it was not that he thought he could rely upon his influence over the judges. Just the contrary. The royalist peers with whom he had spent years of private friendship, and many of whom, at least, had been accustomed to think of and feel for him with respect and affection, had been unjustly and iniquitously excluded from the chamber by one of the most unfounded and unprincipled decisions ever before adopted, even by tribunals of faction and by revolutionary cabals. The peers remaining were principally *Buonapartists*, and they could not forget that Chateaubriand had thus expressed himself of him who was not only their object of attachment, but even of their devotedness and idolatry. After having described the odious tyranny of Buonaparte, Chateaubriand had said :—

“*Au reste, les derniers momens de Buonaparté justifient assez mon opinion sur cet homme. J'avais prévu depuis long-temps qu'il ne ferait point une fin honorable ; mais je confesse qu'il a surpassé ce que j'attendais de lui. Il n'a conservé dans son humiliation que son caractère de comédien et d'imitateur ; il joue maintenant le sang-froid et l'indifférence ; il se juge lui-même ; il parle de*

lui comme d'un autre ; de sa chute comme d'un accident arrivé à son voisin ; il raisonne sur ce que les Bourbons ont à craindre ou espérer ; c'est un Sylla, un Dioclétien, comme auparavant c'était un Alexandre et un Charlemagne. Il veut paraître insensible à tout, et peut-être l'est-il en effet, une certaine joie cependant éclate à travers son apathie ; on voit qu'il est heureux de vivre. Ne lui envions point son bonheur, quand on fait pitié, on n'est plus à craindre."

There are few passages more sarcastic or pungent in any satires than those which constitute these two last sentences, and Chateaubriand could not, therefore, hope for personal aid or consideration in the course of the mighty task he had undertaken from the peers of Buonaparte, the remains of the senate of Napoleon.

Upon what, then, was based the real and undoubted conviction of Chateaubriand, that in spite of popular fury, of the cries of the populace for blood, of the march of the rabble to Vincennes specially to scream within hearing of the dungeon in which were confined the ex-ministers of Charles X., "Death to Polignac!" "Death to Peyronnet!" "We will have their blood!" and finally, notwithstanding these cries were again heard before the palace and prison of the Luxembourg where the ex-ministers of Charles X. had been there conducted—still that his client would not be put to death?

I think his conviction was based on the following principles and facts, mixed together as they were in this extraordinary and wholly unique proceeding. He felt then, first, that we had made so much progress in Europe generally during fifteen years of peace in the humanising and softening down of capital punishments, that death could not be inflicted for legally undefined offences. Second, that no great act of national vengeance could be committed, unjustified by the laws of the land, since Europe would, on her part, have demanded tremendous reparation for the setting so awful and injurious an example. Third, that Louis Philippe had already communicated to Laffitte one portion of his policy, which was, that he was determined to maintain peace with Europe. Fourth, that the appointment of M. Laffitte as minister to carry France through the Polignac

trial and the ferment it occasioned was a great master-stroke of policy. Fifth, that he could, if permitted, demonstrate to the whole world that to try Prince de Polignac, the ex-minister, and condemn him to death for acts which had been imputed by the same public voice to Charles X., and have him punished as such, would be little short of murder! And sixth, that the king of the French had so great an aversion to capital punishments for political offences, that even he, at the last, would be induced to exercise the royal clemency, especially as he had alone profited by the change which had taken place in the French dynasty. "How," he asked his friends, many of whom predicted certain death to Prince de Polignac, "how can Louis Philippe, who has ascended the throne by virtue of the dethronement of Charles X., now consent to the death of men whose acts led to that very dethronement and to the founding the Orleans dynasty?"

I shall never forget the deathlike silence which prevailed when he who had been so often the representative of the fallen dynasty, and who at Verona had associated with the Emperor of Austria, with Metternich, Gentz, and De Floret; with Esterhazy and Zichy; with Lehzen; with the Emperor of Russia and his five adjutant-generals; with Nesselrode, Lieven, and Pozzo di Borgo; with Wellington and Clanwilliam; with Londonderry, Strangford, and Burghersh; with the King of Prussia, Bernstorff, and Humboldt, was now about to plead at the bar of the Chamber of Peers for the Prince de Polignac.

Of that speech it scarcely becomes me to speak, for surely I am not competent to criticise it. It overcame me by its magnanimity, by its intrepidity, by its "convenable" daring, by its justice, its integrity, its incomparable pathos, and its unanswerable logic. "If Polignac had slain my wife and my children; if he had carried their mangled bodies before my eyes and had thrown them into the Rapids; if he had robbed me of happiness, fortune, competency, fame, and had reduced me to slavery as well as to beggary," said an American writer of distinction, "and if I had been called on to judge, con

punish him for his alleged crime as minister of Charles X., I did not, after the speech I have heard, pronounce him guilty. personal abhorrence, curses, and must be otherwise expressed and judged; but I could not pronounce sentence upon this indictment."

"He is saved, sire!" said Lafitte, as he entered the presence of Louis. "He disappeared that memorable oration. God be thanked!" replied the admiral-monarch, who has evinced in a manner more remarkable than was ever displayed before by any prince in any epoch how great is his aversion to capital punishments for political opinions!

In vain did the "sanguinary" portion of the Paris press seek to incense the inhabitants of the faubourgs, and fruitless were the efforts of the descendants of the provincial republicans to get up a cry of "Death to the ex-ministers!" The voice of justice had been heard. Truth had come to the aid of humanity. The sincere and enlightened lover of a limited monarchy and of moderately representative institutions had pleaded in the face of the world. To all parts of the globe his oration was next day forwarded. The ambassador at Verona was now the Parisian pleader; and his voice was once more heard, who had never listened to other inspirations than those which were dictated by humanity, virtue, and civilisation. The result is well known. Prince de Polignac was condemned to perpetual imprisonment; but he is now living in freedom and quietness, devoting his days to active benevolence and to the charms of retirement and peace. If Chateaubriand had never during his long, valuable, and useful life done any other than this one noble, spontaneous, and wholly disinterested act of throwing all the weight of his eloquence, reputation, piety, and patriotism, into the scale of misfortune and misery, he would have entitled himself to the epithet of being a great and a good man!

I left De Genoude enforcing his favourite maxim that "*La revolte est jenne promise*." I will take him up again at my own table, with but a very small party, convened not to dine and talk, but to talk and

dine. That was one of the greatest treats, at least of an intellectual character, I ever remember to have experienced, for it was at a time of immense excitement, and when the revolution of 1830 seemed threatened with suicide. "Ah! ah!" cried De Genoude, in one of his paroxysms of excitement, when contemplating the present and the past, and deducing the moral and political results which must spring from such a position, "Ah! ah! you English gentlemen, you Tories, you Conservatives, you what-you-will, you who were the first to recognise the incarnation of revolt! you begin to perceive, do you, that men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Ah! ah! you who were foremost, your court of St. James's, to give the most cordial assurances to the new dynasty that it was not the intention of Great Britain to come to the aid of monarchy against the invasion of democratical principles,—you begin to perceive, do you, that principles are more powerful than facts, and that they will have their consequences, and that their results can never be doubtful?"

This exclamation was justified by the indignation expressed by the English press on the reception of the news of M. Casimir Perier's sudden and extraordinary directions to land French troops at Ancona.

"So you thought M. Perier was your quiet, easy man, did you?" continued De Genoude; "you thought he could tame by his voice and his demeanour the lion of the revolution! You thought that lion could be bound by silken cords, or be led by a weaned child! All was over, you told us in your journals, when the trial of Prince de Polignac terminated without bloodshed! The *mohel* revolution was to desire no conquests! Algiers was to be given up to Lord Stuart de Rothesay! Spain was to be left to fight her own battles! Portugal to settle her own disputes! Germany and Poland, Belgium and Saxony, to follow their own inspirations! And even the states of Italy were to be left to the protection or the discipline of Austria. This was the language of your journals, then, sir; but now all is changed! A descent at Ancona hath troubled your waking dreams, and

you have begun to discover, what will, ere ten years shall have revolved, have become much more palpable, that the principle of revolt is ever the same, and that the revolution of 1830 must be strangled, or that it will strangle many a state and many a people! You will see how the revolution will love you in 1842!"

De Genoude has been accused of cowardice during the first few days of the revolution of 1830. He left the *Gazette* office, quitted Paris, allowed the rabble to do what seemed right in their own eyes, and buried himself in secrecy, or, at least, in deep retirement. Well, and what then? Although De Genoude had very far from counselled the ordinances of Charles X., and had never approved of them, yet the *Gazette* was royalist, and was an object of most especial hate on the part of those who were masters of Paris and head of the mob during the period of organised rebellion. The *bureaux* of the *Gazette* were attacked, the life of De Genoude was threatened, and neither the destruction of his property, nor the assassination of his person, could possibly have aided the cause of the ex-dynasty, or of royalist and monarchical principles. He did right and wisely then, whilst it was wholly uncertain whether the former generals of Napoleon and his then living son, the Duke de Reichstadt; or whether the ultra-republican party, with its sanguinary chiefs; or the old woman "*coterie*" of Lafayette—Lafitte and Co.—would triumph; or, finally, whether a new combination would succeed, thus to remain master of his own person, and, therefore, of his influence and usefulness. But no sooner did he perceive that intrigue, and not club-law, would be the order of the day, than he hastened back to the metropolis, and unfurled his white *drapreau*, on which he at once inscribed, "*La revolte n'est jamais permise.*" During the first eighteen months which elapsed after the revolution of 1830, the *Gazette* was exposed to numberless seizures and prosecutions; but it continued its manly and straightforward course. To England and the English government it was, indeed, continually opposed. But why? Because M. de Genoude thought, and still believes, that the recognition of the

revolution of 1830 by the British government was the one great act which secured the recognition of the other powers of Europe, and prevented the accession of Henri V., the Duke of Bordeaux, to the throne. I undoubtedly deplore that M. de Genoude should devote so great a portion of his vast powers and of his valuable time to the keeping up a feeling of inveteracy against Great Britain, but I cannot be so unjust as to forget that, with such views as he takes of the leading cause of the success of the revolution of 1830 with the rest of Europe, viz., its recognition by the cabinet of St. James's, his opposition and indignation, as a devoted French Royalist, are not to be condemned.

M. de Genoude defended the cause of the ex-ministers of Charles X. with great boldness and consummate talent in the columns of his *Gazette*. He made an admirable *exposé* of all the absurdities and contradictions, both constitutional and otherwise, involved in the proceedings before the Chamber of Peers, and assisted, at least, in preparing the public mind for that fortunate decision which did not permit a throne to be overturned as an act of popular vengeance, and yet suffer the penalty of the measure which led to the overthrow, to be visited on the heads of its advisers by capital punishment.

M. de Genoude was one of the first to proclaim, that after the events which had occurred, and after the acts of abdication of Charles X. and the Duke d'Angoulême, their re-ascending the throne would be impossible, but that the rightful monarch of France was HENRI Cinq. Now to the mere cursory observer of events this would seem very natural and easy, but it was wholly otherwise. Not only did the constant companions of the banished princes seek to persuade them that those acts of abdication were null, but the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême assisted, by their patronage, correspondence, and even pecuniary aid, certain writers and journals which asserted that Charles X. was King of France; that after the death of his majesty, Louis XIX., i.e. the Duke d'Angoulême, would be entitled to reign; and that not till both of these should have expired, would the Duke

of Bordeaux have the right to the title of king.

Whilst De Genoude was contending in the *Gazette* against these rival pretensions, and was upholding the cause of the young duke, M. Chateaubriand published his memorable pamphlet, *Madame, votre fils est mon roi*. This was a letter addressed to the Duchess of Berry, and was replete with noble thoughts, expressed in finished and most captivating language. Never did a *brochure* create more sensation. The day it was published, couriers were despatched with copies to all the principal governments of Europe, and the whole body of French Legitimists forgot, for the moment, that Chateaubriand had, by some of them, been regarded as a "*demi-liberal*." De Genoude, too, availed himself of this surprising production to bring more distinctly under the consideration of the Royalist party the claims of the Duke de Bordeaux to their loyalty and allegiance; and although "*La France*" continued to plead for the rights of Charles X. and of Louis XIX., the *drapeau* of the infant prince became the only one really popular with the mass of the Legitimist body. I remember seeing the Duke de Fitz-James enter the Paris Exchange; he was greatly excited. Those who knew his temperament feared that he might indulge in some extravagancies, and when the Marquis (now the Duke) de Valmy joined him, they gave vent to their long pent-up feelings in severe and bitter predictions, which I will not, however, record.

And here I think it advisable to state that it is not because I estimate the zeal, honour, and devotedness of the Legitimist party in France, or because I admire, for their wonderful talents and exalted genius, such men as Berryer, Chateaubriand, and De Genoude, therefore, that I regard them as capable of governing "New France," or that I am desirous of seeing the restoration of the elder Bourbon branch to the throne of that country. I admit that the Duke of Bordeaux possesses a chivalrous temper, a noble bearing, an affectionate disposition, a well-informed mind, and a patriotic heart. I admit that he has the purest principles, both

moral and religious, and that he is gracious, graceful, and good. But has he really a large national party in his favour? Is his reign desired by the middling and upper classes of society? I speak not of a few hundred noble and great families, who inherit not only the names and titles, but even the virtues and the capacities of their ancestors, but I speak of the mass of the upper classes, such as exist now in France after half a century of revolution.

And what use is it concealing the fact, could it even be hidden, that by far the greatest portion, nay, three-fourths of the upper classes in France of our days, do not belong to the old families of 1780, and of periods antecedent thereto? The greatest part of those families have become extinct, or enjoy only the name, without rank, precedence, or fortune. The upper classes in France to-day, with only the exceptions to which I have just referred, are members of the two houses of parliament, merchants, bankers, manufacturers, retired tradesmen, wine-growers, stock-brokers, speculators, placemen, public functionaries, lawyers, medical men, naval and military officers, notaries, and barristers. Many, very many of these have obtained the cross of the Legion of Honour. Many more are also officers in the National Guards. They are invited to court-balls and court-banquets; they dance with the princesses; they are the companions of the new royalty; and they look on the monarchy, which they call "citizen," as the realisation of the idea of Lafayette, viz. "THE BEST OF REPUBLICS!" The real good old families of France, the names dear to the lovers of the bright court-days of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, do not exist in France. The first revolution decimated both them and their fortunes. The Empire created senators out of soldiers, and courtiers out of generals. Some of these indeed remain, — "the illustrations of the empire," as they are styled; but the real good old French families, which are so deeply impressed on our memories by old associations, boyish readings, and more matured reflections, exist no longer.

Thus the Duke of Bordeaux has not a powerful, *i.e.* a national party

in France; for the present upper classes are either Buonapartists or Orleansists, with the sole exceptions I have mentioned; and desire ease, quietness, much of animal comfort and luxury, and plenty of the good things of this life. To them the court is fairy scenery, the present royal family angels in human clothing, and "*esto perpetua*" is their constant cry and desire at the termination of each day's and each month's enjoyments. The Buonapartists are divided into two categories; the one still dream of halberets and *drapeaux*, of drums and battalions, of storming towns and sacking cities, of expeditions, and armies, and mines, and rockets, and all the machinery for the destruction of life and property,—but they would never fight for Henri V. The other category are satisfied to repose on their laurels, to enjoy "with ease and dignity" the reputation they obtained by undoubted valour on the field of battle, and now wish to hear no other cannon than those of the "Invalides" announcing either that his majesty Louis Philippe is about to review the National Guards, or has left the Tuileries to open a new session of parliament. There are none of these men who would cross from one side of the palace gardens to another to cheer on his passage that "Henri Diéudonné," who was once declared to be the "God-send to France."

And if this be a true picture of the political feelings and sentiments of the upper classes, what shall we say of the chances of success of the young prince among the middling and lower order of society? The answer to this inquiry, as far as the middling classes are concerned, may be comprised in three words,—Who are the officers of the National Guards? Who are the members of the municipal bodies? Who constitute the majority of the Chamber of Deputies? Legitimists? No! not more than one out of ten. This is no vague assertion, but a positive and ascertained fact! As to the lower orders in France, they are too irreligious and too immoral to attach themselves to any cause which has a savouring of the church about it. The mere fact that the priests are favourable to the cause of the Duke of Bordeaux would be with them a strong argument against its excel-

lence. Undoubtedly in certain well-known departments of the west and south-west, there is still a "*prestige*" connected with the names of the Duchess of Berry and the Duke of Bordeaux; and some few thousand half-ragged, half-disciplined partisans might be found to fire a few rounds of cartridges in their defence. But these cannot be said to represent the nation; and, in spite of all the efforts of M. de Genoude, there is not a national party in favour of the Duke of Bordeaux.

That the Legitimist party in the Chamber of Deputies possesses many eminent and admirable men, no one can with truth deny, and they exercise an important influence when parties are nearly balanced by throwing their thirty or forty votes into one scale or other of their political opponents. But this power will never conduct them to office. They may be able to make or to unmake ministries by joining with or opposing them for the moment. This is, however, the extent of their authority, and here their limits are placed. In like manner they can never carry any measure unless supported by one or the other category of the men of the revolution. For these reasons I insist that the return of the Duke of Bordeaux to France, and, above all, his accession to the throne, would be wholly impossible, unless a European war should break out, and his royal highness should, by the force of foreign bayonets, be restored to that of St. Louis.

M. de Genoude and Berryer laboured with much talent and assiduity for years to define the duties, and limit and circumscribe the attributions of royalist, electors, and deputies. The great and skilful M. de Villele maintained that to take the oath of allegiance to the throne of Louis Philippe would be an act of perjury on the part of every royalist. And this opinion of a man so acute and influential as the former minister of finance during the Restoration had a powerful effect on the minds of others, especially in the departments. For many years, therefore, the Royalist electors in the departments refused to proceed to the electoral colleges, or to become candidates to be returned. They quoted the example of Chateaubriand.



They said, there is a man who is entitled to take his seat in the Chamber of Peers,—a man who was not excluded even by the revolutionary law which banished from the upper house the peers created by Charles X.,—a man who would be well received by all parties except by a few Buonapartist generals; and yet what is the course he has taken? He has refused to take the oath of allegiance, and adheres to his own declaration, *Madame, votre fils est mon roi!* But Chateaubriand, although he does not feel personally absolved by the events of 1830 from his oath of allegiance to the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon has encouraged the French Royalists to proceed to the electoral colleges and to vote for their own candidates. In this respect he has co-operated with De Genoude, and this most important point is now a settled one, viz. that Royalist electors are to take the oath and vote, and that when there is no one of their own party to vote for as a candidate, that they shall vote for the one who is most disposed to defend the cause of order and peace.

It has, indeed, been alleged that the Royalists, as a party, will support the candidates most opposed to the reigning dynasty; and that if a war candidate opposed to the dynasty were to solicit the votes of Legitimists on the one hand, and a peace candidate in favour of the dynasty on the other hand, that the Royalists would vote for the former. In some cases this has occurred, especially at times of excitement, but as a general rule Legitimists must prefer a peaceable and an orderly to a warlike and democratical government, since they are generally men of property, and have a positive and indubitable stake in the country. This, then, is the state of the Royalist question, as well as the condition of the Royalist party, in France; and De Genoude and Chateaubriand have been mainly instrumental, by their writings and speeches, in bringing that question and that party to their present position.

I lost sight of De Genoude for a long period. The next time I saw him he was a broken-hearted widower. His charming and captivating wife had left him, indeed, a sorrowing and bereaved being. She was young,

beautiful, wise, and good. In her were concentrated all his worldly happiness, and her smiles and approbation were dearer to him than life. When most successful in his writings, he would turn to her for her opinion; and the world's applause would have been hollow emptiness to him if her opinion had been unfavourable. Together they lived in happiness and confidence, respect and love; and when Providence snatched from him her who was his heart's best treasure and delight, he resolved on devoting himself to that church whose infallibility he is the first to assert and the very foremost to defend. For above and before all things De Genoude is a Romanist. He has visited Rome. He has received the benediction of the pope. He has been honoured with many a private interview at the Vatican. He is looked upon as one of the great pillars of the Papacy in Europe. The one deep sorrow of his life is the loss of his wife, but his one great joy is his devotedness to the Church of Rome. Oh! how heartily does he loathe, despise, condemn, denounce all descriptions of separation from that "one holy Catholic and apostolic church," as unhappily he believes her to be! And how he pours forth the vials of his wrath when he attacks the doctrine of the right of private judgment! Addicted to the use of the *argumentum ad absurdum*, he is fond of demonstrating to what this doctrine may lead, and he is never more satisfied than when he thinks he has convinced his audience that this principle of private judgment in matters of religion is, after all, nothing less than the principle of revolt!

The last time I saw De Genoude he was an abbé, and was preaching in the Church of "St. Philippe du Roule," in one of the faubourgs of Paris. His fine-toned voice was filling the sacred temple with the praises of "Marie!" His auditory was immense. Every eye was fixed on this eloquent and extraordinary man. Old heads and young faces were alike peeping from behind the large pillars to catch a glimpse of this wonderful orator, and without the building long files of carriages announced that the Faubourg St. Germain had come to visit the Faubourg du Roule. The arguments of the abbé could not,

however, convince me, though his pathos melted many a Catholic heart, and suffused many an eye with tears. His descriptions of the mother of our Saviour were, however, at best but legendary, but then they were the legends of a church whose children place unbounded faith even in her veriest inventions. There sat one with eyes streaming with tears when the preacher expatiated on the grief of "Marie" at the loss of her son. She, also, was a disconsolate mother. There stood another swallowing with avidity every word that proceeded from his lips when he spoke of the love which "Marie" bore to all disconsolate widows. "He who does not love Marie," said De Genoude, "is no friend to woman. She is her best consoler!"

I longed to say to him, "Most eloquent abbé, you have forgotten your logic! In your enthusiasm for 'Marie,' you have ceased to be the close reasoner of the *Gazette de France*! If your Marie is so all-powerful, she must be divine! If she can succour all who are unhappy in all time and in all lands, and can listen to the matins and the vespers of all 'the faithful' at the same period, and every where, then she must be omnipresent and omnipotent; and if so, she must be God!" But I know his reply beforehand. He would have reproved my rashness in attempting to unravel the "mysteries" of grace; he would have added to the *real* mysteries of the gospel, a mere fiction of the Romish Church; he would have exclaimed, "Blessed art thou among women!" and have sought to attach me to the cause of "Marie" by the hallowed remembrances of her maternal love, anxiety, fidelity, and devotedness!

This is De Genoude. At once one of the most eloquent and impassioned of men, and yet amongst the most subtle and acute of writers. The *Gazette de France* and the confessional, the pulpit and the press, are at his service; and on he goes steadily pursuing the moral and political dogma which is the charm of his life, that "*La révolte n'est jamais permise*!" He dreams of the triumphs of Henri V., of a national monarchy, and of the universal dominion of the Church of Rome.

His delusions do not render him

either an unhappy or a disagreeable man. Quite the reverse. But, alas! his Romanism is opposed to his spiritual progress and to the happiness of the human race! Yet he loves humanity, and desires its amelioration. I never think of him without pain, and yet I cannot but feel for him admiration and respect. He is an anomaly, and so I must leave him.

I must bring my paper to a close, but I cannot do so till I have said something more of Chateaubriand. One of the latest efforts of his extraordinary mind and fluent pen was his admirable translation of Milton's great poem, a task nearly equal to the wonderful original. The matchless translator has so entire a knowledge of the delicacies, sweetnesss, and beauties of our noble language, that he can think in English the most pure, and translate his pure English thoughts into the most classical French. It is a general feeling in all countries, and one which can be traced in all ages, that the poetry of one country loses by its translation into the language of another. My own opinion is this, that the poetry of a country does lose when the mere language of another country is resorted to; but when the translator is himself a poet, and when the poetry of one land is made to express the poetry of another, that nothing is really lost by the change. Chateaubriand has made the French extol, admire, and love the *Paradise Lost*. He could not do more than this, but in thus succeeding he has effected every thing. Every thing for the poet, every thing for the subject, and every thing for the poem. He could not make Frenchmen think in English, but he has made Frenchmen think with Milton.

There are some who will have it that Chateaubriand's style is inflated. I cannot agree with these critics; and I have universally found that the Frenchmen who have best understood the genius of their own language, and have been best able to speak and to write it, have most admired the compositions and translations of this extraordinary man. His works will live after him. He will be referred to in coming years as one of the great men of the age in which he lived.

Uniting in his character the purest patriotism and philanthropy with great diplomatic talent and statesmanlike views; blessed with a tender and benevolent nature, and yet with a high and commanding mind; attached to literature in its highest branches, and free from the jealousy and egotism of French literary men, and devoted to the improvement of his species and to the spread of moral and religious truth, he is a study for those who are disposed to deny the alliance of genius and poetry with religion and virtue.

Whilst Chateaubriand is essentially a Romanist, he is, however, more alive than De Genoude to the greatness and grandeur of the martyrs and heroes of the Protestant faith. He does not dwell, as does his contemporary, on the weak points of the character of Luther. He does not misrepresent, as does De Genoude, the character of Wicliffe. He does not indulge in the *quotibets* and oft-refuted sarcasms of the *Gazette de France* of "Where was Protestantism before the Reformation?" and, "Who was the author of Protestantism but Henry VIII.?" Well versed in the history of that Reformation, both in Germany, in Switzerland, in England, and in Scotland, he knows how to render justice to the vast acquirements and energy of the mighty spirits who, at divers epochs, appeared in those respective lands; and he depicts with eloquence and truth the good they effected in spite, as he thinks, of the fatal errors in which they were involved:—

"From seeming evil, still educing good."

The latter days of the life of Chateaubriand have been devoted to reflection, to private society, to family repose, and to those thoughts of coming ages which bring the waiting spirit to a feeling of harmony with the vast realities which to it will soon be disclosed. There is nothing so awful to my mind as an unprepared and unthought-of rush from time to eternity! He is a favoured man to whom is permitted, as the last hours of life are drawing to a close, to take a calm and deliberate view of his few and faulty days. With penitence and grief he deplores his many failings and his short-comings; but with humble hope and faith he directs the eye of

his mind to an approaching hereafter. He surveys society; notes down the changes which have taken place during his lengthened career; perceives how those things which he took to be evils were vast and real benefits; and admires that providential course which has led not only him but others through difficulties and dangers which appeared to be overwhelming. He has time allowed him to review the history of his nation, the march of the world, the progress of truth, the defeat of error, the changes brought about by apparently insignificant causes, and the littleness of events which himself and his contemporaries had magnified into matters of vast behest. He completes the records of his life; arranges the data for his future biographer; seeks not to magnify his own doings, but to point out the wise and beneficent ordinations of Providence; and after commending his country and his family, man at large, and his friends and enemies to the mercy of Heaven, sinks quietly to rest beneath the horizon of this world, only to rise with glory and splendour in another and better hemisphere.

The last time I saw De Chateaubriand he was praying. In a very quiet church, at a very quiet altar, in a very quiet corner, as far removed from the world and its cares, its noise and its dissipation, as if situate in some secluded dell or on some snow-clad mountain, Chateaubriand was pouring forth his soul to God in a house of prayer. I had seen him at the grave of Miss Frisell, I had read in manuscript his "*Jeune fille et jeune fleur*," but now I beheld him on the fête-day of "*Henri Cinq*," imploring for his absent prince the best blessings of Heaven. There he was, in a posture of humble adoration and meek submission, before the altar of his God, and his fine face seemed lighted up by his devotion and his love. This is not poetry or fiction, but unvarnished truth. His mind and heart have been long sweetly attuned by adversity and disappointment, and whilst he is by no means a splenetic or discontented man, he has learned to set a right value on all that is beneath the sun; and is preparing his mind and heart for that paradise where there shall be no more sin!

## JACK MORIARTY AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES T. C. D.

## No. V.

## THE COLLEGE ELECTION.

THE right of returning the members of parliament for the two English universities has been vested, from the remotest period, in those who have attained the rank of master of arts, and which is retained for life on condition of the elector continuing to keep his name enrolled in the college books. But it was not until the passing of the Reform-bill that the franchise which pertained to the Irish university was placed on the same wide basis as in the sister institutions, as up to that date none but the actual fellows and scholars had the privilege of voting. As some of the scholars are under age at the period of a vacancy in the representation, they are debarred from the right which would otherwise pertain to them, but which, it appeared, they possessed until the point was settled by the decision of an Irish election committee, when the celebrated contest, wherein Provost Hutcheson took so leading and discreditable a part, was brought before the tribunal of parliament. The grasping character of this gentleman is as notorious as the little scruple he affected in the selection of his means to compass his object. Every one has heard of the declaration of the lord-lieutenant of the day, when pressed for still another instance of royal favour, although the benefits already conferred upon the provost and his family were both numerous and valuable, "Were I to make that Hutcheson," said his excellency, "a present of all Ireland for an estate, he would yet ask the Isle of Man for a potato-garden." One great object of his ambition was to secure the representation of the university for his son, as he himself could not enjoy the honour from his position as returning-officer. Although the merits of the candidate himself were not very conspicuous, still his claims, resulting from the legitimate influence of his relative, were considerable; but the means which were adopted to forward them were not simply indelicate, but marked by the grossest profligacy, the most outrageous violation of the plainest

rules of duty. Previous to the vacancy in the representation being declared, there occurred an election of fellows and scholars, and the object at which the provost aimed would be greatly affected by the choice of persons who were, on this occasion, to be added to the electoral body. That a rigid spirit of impartiality should preside in such a selection, guided by nothing but the literary merits of the candidates, is a matter of obvious remark. The old statute of Queen Elizabeth (I believe) inculcates its observance in the most solemn terms. "By the bowels of the Lord Jesus Christ, we do entreat you," addressing those who were vested with the power of election, the provost and senior fellows, "that you will not shew favour or affection." It was proved, however, that the provost of whom we are speaking endeavoured (though, to their honour be it said, unsuccessfully), as far as we can understand, to tamper with some of the fellowship candidates, and even so far forgot himself as to offer to them a previous perusal of the questions he intended to put at the examination ensuing, and which would, of course, have secured every advantage to the favoured individual, on condition of this piece of service being repaid at the hustings. He was accused, too, of setting aside, in an arbitrary manner, the pretensions of several who offered themselves as candidates for scholarship, but whose views he had previously ascertained were not favourable to his own. His whole collegiate career was one very little in accordance with that fair and moderate tone which should be ever found marking the responsible situation which he occupied, attracting, as it did, the severest censures of his contemporaries, and leaving an impressive lesson, as it has effectually done, against such a wanton exercise of patronage (for the provostship is always filled up by the crown), as his case exhibited.

As the scholars exceed in a large proportion the fellows, the power of returning the member (at the time I

speak of, the university had but one representative, although it now enjoys two) chiefly rested with the former body, although, indeed, the influence of the fellows, as connected with their relatively high position, was, by no means, to be overlooked. Still, however, the candidates, on the approach of a contested election, devoted their principal attention to canvassing the scholars and securing their favour as of paramount importance. The etiquette at Oxford, especially, is marked out by definite rules, none of which are ever allowed to be transgressed. When a contested election is at hand, the candidates are never understood to solicit any suffrage personally, and never make their appearance at the hustings in any instance. When the ferment has sufficiently subsided, the fortunate candidate goes through the several colleges to pay his respects to his constituents and thank them for the favour conferred. Indeed, the usages attending the whole proceeding are considerably peculiar, though comporting sufficiently well with the general nature of the institution to which they appertain. Each candidate is nominated by a single individual, as a seconder is not required, and the form is couched in the Latin language, although the gentleman on whom this duty falls generally asks permission to enlarge upon the pretensions of the person he supports in his native tongue. Indeed, the whole business of the convocation is, upon ordinary occasions, conducted in the Latin language, although it has happened more than once, that when the discussion became warm, the excited feelings of the speaker has broken through a form so dignified, and sought to crush his opponent by good plain English invective. Election matters in the Irish university are conducted, however, more in accordance with the general form, although I observe that the practice of one of the candidates, on a late occasion, inserting a notice in the public papers, was censured as a breach of collegiate etiquette. As the representation of so learned a body is an object of high ambition, it is pursued in Ireland, and always has been, with as much eagerness as in the sister country, where it is justly reckoned as

conferring a seat of the very first importance. All possible means to secure votes, when the contest is expected to be warm, are zealously employed, every possible influence which can in any way be brought to bear upon the voter is called into action, a chain of correspondence spreads over the whole island with a view to ascertain any piece of information which can be turned to account in determining the feelings of an elector, and the industry with which things of personal and family interest are hunted out is of the most persevering and minute kind. I am speaking, it will be recollected, of that period when the elective franchise was limited, and a single vote was frequently sufficient to strike the balance. In the existing form the importance of the suffrage, considered in reference to its personal value, is diminished proportionably to the number among whom it is diffused. But previously the scholars were placed in a situation which frequently, in spite of the temporary consequence into which for a brief season they emerged, must have proved, amid distracting claims urged so vehemently, a source of real embarrassment, and often proving the foundation of serious inconvenience, long after the occasion had passed away. This was the leading argument upon which those who favoured an extension of the franchise—among them, especially, the Rev. Dr. Boyton—were inclined to dwell. This gentleman, whose connexion with the university as one of its fellows enabled him to estimate the evil, enlarged with his characteristic force upon this topic, and, while he did full justice to the spirit of independence, which he had, under the most trying circumstances, known to have proved itself among the constituency, pressed the claims its members had to be relieved from the temptations which beset their peculiar position.

The period to which these general remarks are at present intended to apply was the general election of 1818, the year preceding that in which I took my leave of Trinity College. Mr. Croker, the well-known secretary of the Admiralty, upon this occasion presented himself in opposition to Mr. Plunkett, since that

time raised to the peerage, but who was then in possession of the representation. Of the high claims which both of these gentlemen could advance to the proposed honour, it is scarcely, from the celebrity of their names, necessary to speak. Both of them had distinguished themselves by their acquirements, both in classics and science, during the period of their residence in the university; and their general career subsequently had confirmed in both the earnest of high success held forth by their earlier years. Mr. Croker had, previously to his leaving college, already established his character as a clever satirist (and which, in conjunction with higher as well as better qualities, he still retains) by the publication of a small theatrical *jeu-d'esprit*, called *Familiar Epistles*, in which the failings of many of the members of Crow Street theatre were treated with unsparing ridicule. The extreme severity of the tone which a celebrated periodical, always mentioned in connexion with his name, assumed towards a juvenile production of a young English poet Keats, is reported to have acted with fatal influence on the feeble constitution of its victim, and pressed him, even before his term, brief as to all appearance, it would have been, into the grave. By whom the piece of criticism in question was composed is uncertain, and some doubt, in general, is started as to the extent to which fame has exaggerated its satirical effects: but if it was written by the pen of Mr. Croker, it is probable that this was one of the instances in which his powers of satire were actually worked to the utmost. In the character of a dramatic player, which lies at the basis of his reputation, it has been observed, that there is a firm, steady, and the manner of one of the best players of the age. His name, when mentioned, is always with the expression of respect, and the actor is always ready to be seen, and he never forgets to be seen, the manager of the theatre.

wards to support undiminished his reputation as an excellent player, while, in private life, his peculiarly brilliant powers of dining out were kept long in exercise; in our gay and hospitable metropolis. As the mob on one occasion took it into their head, being at the time in a vein of elegant piasantry, to smother his whole establishment into smithereens, the cause of this forcible joke being a disappointment they had received respecting the postponement of some promised piece, I believe; and when the manager, who added to his other merits that of being rather pig-headed, refused to give any explanation, and his audience, who were just as pig-headed as himself, with the advantage in their favour of a thousand heads to one, refused to receive any, he took up the profession of a ruined man, and, returning strictly into private life, dined out every day. Of Mr Croker's career subsequent to his receiving his degree, it is scarcely necessary to speak. Though defeated in the contest by which this paper immediately refers, he succeeded, in opposition to Sir George Lytton, in filling the vacancy generated by the elevation of his former competitor, Lord Plunkett to the peerage, but in the general election which ensued on the death of George IV. the feelings of the constituency had changed in favour of his rival although he continued, up to the close of the Reform bill, to act in parliament. The popular factor with us was expectedly on that occasion to perform both startling and surprising feats, but a moment it un-derfled itself and then departed in full career northward. The keen excitement chiefly provided even to a second point, the terrible in-jury to the exchange, when the London market commenced a very heavy fall, and soon in the midst of a panic, the price of gold and silver fell to such a low ebb, that the Bank of England was obliged to suspend its issue of bank notes, and to call upon the public to take care of themselves.

The next day, Monday, the 10th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £167 per ounce, and silver to 5s 9d per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Tuesday, the 11th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £168 per ounce, and silver to 5s 10d per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Wednesday, the 12th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £169 per ounce, and silver to 5s 11d per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Thursday, the 13th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £170 per ounce, and silver to 6s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Friday, the 14th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £171 per ounce, and silver to 6s 1s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Saturday, the 15th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £172 per ounce, and silver to 6s 2s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Sunday, the 16th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £173 per ounce, and silver to 6s 3s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Monday, the 17th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £174 per ounce, and silver to 6s 4s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Tuesday, the 18th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £175 per ounce, and silver to 6s 5s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Wednesday, the 19th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £176 per ounce, and silver to 6s 6s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Thursday, the 20th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £177 per ounce, and silver to 6s 7s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Friday, the 21st inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £178 per ounce, and silver to 6s 8s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Saturday, the 22nd inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £179 per ounce, and silver to 6s 9s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Sunday, the 23rd inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £180 per ounce, and silver to 6s 10s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Monday, the 24th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £181 per ounce, and silver to 6s 11s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Tuesday, the 25th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £182 per ounce, and silver to 7s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Wednesday, the 26th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £183 per ounce, and silver to 7s 1s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Thursday, the 27th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £184 per ounce, and silver to 7s 2s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Friday, the 28th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £185 per ounce, and silver to 7s 3s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Saturday, the 29th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £186 per ounce, and silver to 7s 4s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Sunday, the 30th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £187 per ounce, and silver to 7s 5s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Monday, the 31st inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £188 per ounce, and silver to 7s 6s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Tuesday, the 1st inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £189 per ounce, and silver to 7s 7s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Wednesday, the 2nd inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £190 per ounce, and silver to 7s 8s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Thursday, the 3rd inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £191 per ounce, and silver to 7s 9s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Friday, the 4th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £192 per ounce, and silver to 7s 10s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Saturday, the 5th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £193 per ounce, and silver to 7s 11s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Sunday, the 6th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £194 per ounce, and silver to 8s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Monday, the 7th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £195 per ounce, and silver to 8s 1s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Tuesday, the 8th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £196 per ounce, and silver to 8s 2s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Wednesday, the 9th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £197 per ounce, and silver to 8s 3s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Thursday, the 10th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £198 per ounce, and silver to 8s 4s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Friday, the 11th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £199 per ounce, and silver to 8s 5s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Saturday, the 12th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £200 per ounce, and silver to 8s 6s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Sunday, the 13th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £201 per ounce, and silver to 8s 7s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Monday, the 14th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £202 per ounce, and silver to 8s 8s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Tuesday, the 15th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £203 per ounce, and silver to 8s 9s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Wednesday, the 16th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £204 per ounce, and silver to 8s 10s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Thursday, the 17th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £205 per ounce, and silver to 8s 11s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Friday, the 18th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £206 per ounce, and silver to 9s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Saturday, the 19th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £207 per ounce, and silver to 9s 1s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Sunday, the 20th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £208 per ounce, and silver to 9s 2s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Monday, the 21st inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £209 per ounce, and silver to 9s 3s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Tuesday, the 22nd inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £210 per ounce, and silver to 9s 4s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Wednesday, the 23rd inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £211 per ounce, and silver to 9s 5s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Thursday, the 24th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £212 per ounce, and silver to 9s 6s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Friday, the 25th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £213 per ounce, and silver to 9s 7s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Saturday, the 26th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £214 per ounce, and silver to 9s 8s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Sunday, the 27th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £215 per ounce, and silver to 9s 9s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Monday, the 28th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £216 per ounce, and silver to 9s 10s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Tuesday, the 29th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £217 per ounce, and silver to 9s 11s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Wednesday, the 30th inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £218 per ounce, and silver to 10s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Thursday, the 31st inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £219 per ounce, and silver to 10s 1s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Friday, the 1st inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £220 per ounce, and silver to 10s 2s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Saturday, the 2nd inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £221 per ounce, and silver to 10s 3s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.

The following day, Sunday, the 3rd inst., the market opened again, and the price of gold rose to £222 per ounce, and silver to 10s 4s per ounce, and the Bank resumed its issue of bank notes, and the market recovered its wonted level.</

an age of shaking thrones, and could not sleep because of the sound of falling nations, such was the impressive form with which this mere man of office, as his previous silence had almost forced us to consider him, closed his career. His former constituents, it is understood, would have hailed his acceptance of whatever honours they could bestow, but his determination to withdraw at that time from public life became known, and in which, we believe, he does not, at least, formally, now mingle.

It is still less necessary to dwell at any length upon the merits of his opponent in the contest then impending. Mr. Plunkett was the early friend of Magee, the Archbishop of Dublin. They had been, if I am not misinformed, in the same class in college, but they were certainly on the most intimate terms, and on which they remained, with some abatement, perhaps, of its original warmth, until the archbishop's death. Mr. Plunkett was from the first the strenuous friend to the Catholic claims, a feeling in which Magee is considered once to have shared, although he considered he had seen reason subsequently to alter his sentiments. The Catholic question, it may be fairly conceded, was one attended with many perplexities, the full nature of which is not yet fully developed. The aspect changed so much during the long and stormy period which was consumed in its discussion, and so many points swelled into startling magnitude, which, from their insignificance, had escaped at first the general notice, that a change of opinion upon its merits was by no means a rare event in the minds of men pure beyond suspicion, and to whom the charge of interested motives could not possibly attach. The high situation of primate to which Magee attained made it a matter of solemn duty to examine more anxiously than before the extent to which the act of concession, at last so imperiously demanded, would endanger the interests of the church which he was now eminently bound to protect. This circumstance had its effect in weakening the ties of amity which once subsisted between him and the lord-chancellor. Their mansions were side by side in Ste-

phen's Green; but they met rarely and met coldly.

Mr. John Moriarty and his historian were sitting one morning in the latter gentleman's rooms, having concluded a breakfast to which the former gentleman had invited himself, and had as for that purpose at an unseasonable hour—not later than ten o' the clock of the day—stealthily and feloniously introduced himself through the bed-room window and awoke his self-proposed host by hauling him out of bed on the floor. We both had at the same instant heard the first letter of the word "News," sounded on the outside of the door by the old newswoman, and forthwith we started, each to secure it, as if for a plate. Moriarty had, however, a decided advantage over me, as he could afford to smash all the tea-things in leaping over them, as not being his, but his historian's. He, therefore, secured the stakes, seizing on the newspaper, just wet from the press, the moment he could fling open the door. The lady whose profession it was to supply us with news responded to the naked monosyllable of "Dust." Strangers, who wished to be respectful, would lengthen it out to "Mrs. Dust." What her proper appellation was, we never knew and never cared. She came into college as "Dust," and as "Dust" she went out. She had been a soldier's wife, I understand, and had seen some active service as a follower of the camp, retaining some of the characteristic traits of her early habits, especially a taste for drams and oaths. She was much of a favourite with all the students, and they cheated each other alternately. She was always drunk in the morning, and very drunk in the evening; the intermediate portion being, of course, devoted to news-bawling and drinking. Such sprightly habits are not, on the whole, the best for business; she accordingly was in the practice of calling a meeting of creditors every Saturday, and was again set up by us on Monday. She frequently forgot the rooms wherein she had left the papers, and would create a violent disturbance in those which she did not serve, arguing the point with her usual vigorous logic of oaths. Her conduct, as interfering with academic decorum, had been censured by the

authorities, and she was generally expelled for ever about once a-week. She contrived, however, by dint of interest, to have the edict recalled; and, where that was unavailing, she simply set it at defiance and darted in through the aperture in the college-gates upon the first opportunity. She was a great stickler, to do her justice, for the honour of the university, and had, when Moriarty was brought before the sitting magistrates upon one occasion for breaking lamps, made a speech in his favour, until the policeman turned the counsel out of court, not thinking, perhaps, that she improved the defendant's case on the whole. On the present occasion she was in a brimful state of news, partly derived from public sources, and partly from her own private correspondents. Her usual vigorous expletives are, for obvious reasons, dispensed with.

"Now's the time, young gentlemen!" she screamed; "now's your time for blazin', an' drinkin', an' screechin', and every reasonable diversion. They're both come!"

"Who's come, Dust?"

"Both of them's come—that's it, my darlins—both!" Here the old virago executed a *pas seul* on a small scale for a moment. Perhaps, as she was in her usual state, it was nothing after all but an exaggerated stagger. "It's Misther Croker and it's Mr. Plunkett, and it's both of them that's come for the election—it's as true as if it was in a newspaper!" Nothing could go beyond this illustration of veracity. "Sure the new king, they tell me, them that has the learnin' and can read the paper, went down himself to close the House; an', troth, that must be a mighty grand place, sure, when nothing less than a king will serve it to put up the shutters!"

"True; for you, Dust, there will be some fun now!"

"Fun! and where's the likes of it, barrin' it wasn't somethin' to drink? Maybe," here the wretch lowered her voice into what were meant to be accents of soft persuasion. "it's the gardevine, sir, you have filled too high an' can't get the stopper in. Don't fret yerself, I can cure it. No; well thin, another time. Fun!" resuming her usual tone, "it's nothin' but runnin' here and runnin'

there; up this pair of stairs, and down that, hunting down the poor young gentlemen of scholars; sure there's some of their arms have been goin' like the handle of a town-pump, there's such shakin' of hands, an' all other sorts of crockery."

"That will do, Dust, and thank you, so be off!"

"It's a penny, Mr. M——, I have you down for. Don't you mind?"

"Hallo, Dust!" exclaimed Jack, who foresaw the usual disturbance attending Dust's settling-day. "I'll touch you off with the poker! Do you hear that?" he continued, trying to direct his voice over his shoulder, as he sat with his back to the door absorbed in the paper, whilst his feet were expanded on the mantel-piece.

"But it's a penny you owe me yerself, Misther Jack; for I says to Mrs. Smout, says I——"

Here the plaintiff was put out of court by a summary process, Jack and myself acting as ejectors for the occasion. However, she did not lose in the long run, as she was sure to appeal, and would lay the increased damages at three halfpence for vexatious opposition. We then adjourned to my bed-room, which commanded a full view of the courts.

It appeared that Dust had not much on this occasion exceeded the truth, a circumstance too singular in her history not to deserve in this place especial record. There were several large groups assembled, among which I could observe the well-known figures of Plunkett and Croker. Both were arrayed, out of compliment to the university, in full academic costume, as they had proceeded to the degree of doctor of laws. Mr. Croker, moreover, conformed, to insure still further popularity, to the regulations attending residence within the walls. He had apartments in Dr. Lloyd's lodgings, and dined in hall each day. Mr. Plunkett, whose family resided in Stephen's Green, as has been intimated, did not adopt in the same degree the academic character. As each of the candidates were possessed of much government influence, they had each a corresponding proportion of sincerely attached friends, who endeavoured to signalise thier zeal by hunting, and worrying, and disgusting the electors. If one



of these active gentlemen ever happened to have changed a leg in a stage-coach with a scholar, to have breathed the same dust on a Dunleany car, or have partaken of the same gateway in a shower, now was the time to avail himself of his former intimacy and run up, especially if in the sight of his patron, and, grasping the hand of some such victim of friendship, to protest that he was sincerely happy to see him, "for it had been so long since we met, my dear fellow;" and then would haul off "the dear fellow" to the sacrifice, in the shape of a long and well-executed shake of the hand, administered by the candidate himself. Then such of the fellows as took an active interest in the success of the contending parties would be seen flying about full of busy inquiries with paper in hand, taking notes for letters, worrying every one in their zeal to find out what influence would tell best upon the elector. "I think Such-a-one would speak to Such-a-one, who I am sure could do a vast deal again with Such-a-one." Groups would form for a moment round some central figure who was supposed to have heard something, and then dissolving would reunite round another who was supposed to have heard something more.

"Egad!" says Jack, who was no elector; "I think I'll go down and offer my services, too, as a candidate's hand-shaker. By my word, there's poor M—— undergoing the seventh shake, and three vibrations to each shake—I counted them—within these last five minutes. There's T——," he continued, "just watch him; he's so proud, you see, of the concussion from the Secretary of the Admiralty that he has just received, that he's positively fishing for another already, and is wheeling round to meet Croker at the chapel steps. Oh! there it is—one—two—three—four—five ups and downs! I'll tell you what it is, M——," said he, "we cannot stand this, we must be off!"

"That's true," said T——; "but where can we go? You know we'll hear of this in any quarter of Ireland we can run to."

"Suppose," said he, "we make off to Robinson, in the county of Down. He has asked us, you know, and that is likely to be a less disturbed district

than any other, for I do not think there are many scholars from that quarter. Besides, I never was farther north than Dublin, and I would like to see the country. We can return when the bustle and the shaking are over."

Having thus far arranged our plans, we devoted the rest of the day to specious idleness in the shape of packing, interspersed, however, with a few active scenes of fighting between Jack Moriarty, and Mrs. Smout, and myself, as each of us had our own theory of packing, the old lady protesting that there was no use "argu-fyin' with us as they wud have their own way," and that she would give it up, so she would, and then breaking out afresh.

The next morning, by five o'clock, we took our seats on the Belfast mail-coach, although we did not purpose to visit that town immediately, as its route led to the point where we purposed to leave our conveyance. We took up our position on the seat behind, displaying therein the tack of old stagers, whose experience has given them an insight into the theory of jolts, as being more tolerable in that quarter than elsewhere. Moreover, we purposed to do ourselves the pleasure of the guard's acquaintance, a personage who is expected in Ireland to exert himself to keep the company in good spirits, in proportion as he distracts them by performing, close to their ears, upon his horn. He is, therefore, a wag by profession, knows every body that passes, and throws out a piece of badinage, with the advantage of his escaping a retort as he thunders along. It is a well-known anecdote, that when two rival establishments in Ireland had once pushed their opposition so far as, in their zeal for custom, to carry passengers *gratis*, one of them cunningly employed a capital town-wag, by way of attraction, as a guard, and who kept the coach in such a roar, the coachman himself giving the time, that the other party, who were but a dull set, gave in, and were fairly laughed off the road. The gentleman who officiated on the present occasion, and who answered to the name of Sam—we all called him Sam, as if we had each known him for years—was of a large and burly make, with a face considerably scarred

by the small-pox, but which added considerably to the humorous expression of the eye that twinkled hazily in it. I could see that he was on the very best terms with all he encountered, — the helpers at the several inns had the news of the day in that locality fresh for him, the landlady and he hobnobbed graciously over a glass of ale, while now and again, he would be seen flying out of the moor-yard, pursued by the housemaid, on whom he had just played off some excellent practical joke, armed with a sweeping-brush, with which she was in the very act of striking him severely, except, indeed, that she never did. The morning was one of mild beauty at that early hour, but promising to break out into a day of heat. An elderly gentleman sat beside us, who seemed very well acquainted with the road, and proved of great use to us both, who were complete strangers. The first ten miles of our road lay through a level stretch of country, dull in the extreme; and our first stage, at which we breakfasted, a few houses claiming the title of the village of Ashbourne, was by many degrees the most wearisome of our journey. Most of us did not venture to get out of our outside coats or even to throw them open, a few monosyllables escaping only from our frosted lips, and even Sam himself gave as yet no tokens of his having drawn up and was about to begin. It is a maxim with me, and so I found it was with Jack, to make a good breakfast where you pay a good price. It is equally a maxim with your innkeeper, in purveying for a coach, to arrange that his guests should eat the smallest quantity his ingenuity can effect. This he contrives to do by many pleasant devices; the eggs are put down to boil only when you sit down, for the sole purpose, as the waiter assures you, of consulting your own taste as to the period of immersion, the infusion of the tea is conducted on the same considerate principle, and away goes ten out of the twenty minutes allowed for execution. Moriarty and myself forthwith addressed ourselves to an excellent collar, trifling with some two pounds or so of it, on account of its peculiar facility in deglutition, a thing of importance where no man can do full justice to

his purse except by choking. We then began to feel somewhat an appetite, and carried a large full of eggs by storm, and again and again at point of bulwark of buttered toast which fronted our eye. Happily, there were no ladies of our party, and consequently were all enabled to treat each his powers, and fight for himself. The horn gave, and the coachman shouted, "Gentlemen, time's up!" and then after a feeble affectation of his hand in his pocket to give bowled his little bow, and then we all issued with glowing and audible smacks, and off we went again. On the left, far in the lay the hill of Tara, so far its "ragged royal race." I pointed out the small cottage Tom Moore is said to have called his *Lallah Rookh*: I think that is the name. I hope this is authenticated than the one which points out the exact the Vale of Ovoca where he wrote the "Meeting of the Waters" and which commanded a fine view of the scene he was to immortalise. I speak, I say, with some authority on this point, even after the assertion once made to Moriarty myself by old Joe, the celebrated Wicklow guide, who swore upon the day he made the verses, and whereof it appears Joe had procured a somewhat copy, although he affirmed it was the only genuine one. A stanza taken from this peculiar ran literally thus. "Tamnivir wrote," so Joe would "another set of verses but t

"Blazes, says he, to the place that's half so sweet, say:  
As the place over ayant, says  
the waters meet, says he  
Oh! my darlin', says he, it  
bame must depart, says  
Afore I disremember you, says  
say it with all the ve  
heart, says he."

"The Sweet Evening Bell" said, were suggested by the a weather-beaten iron pot tumbled in the tower of an adjoining building. If so, the suggestion must have been on the principle of

By and by we came opposite to a curious old building, in the garret of which is said to be preserved the dust of its first proprietor in a lead coffin; the tenure by which the adjoining property is held being determined by the presence of the original lessee above ground, and which has been, by a liberal application of the terms of the deed, secured for a long period of years. Near this place is a bridge of great length, bestriding a winding river of considerable depth. We observed an elderly gentleman with an angling rod in his hand, and who, from that look of anxious triumph peculiar to an angler when he has got his victim hooked, but has not yet completed the capture, we knew to be in the agonies of landing. We could observe that, as he was withdrawing his line with scientific caution, he himself was unconsciously moving back upon one of the mazes of the river, which here took a circuitous bend. The coachman, foreseeing the catastrophe, and consulting the gratification of his company, quietly drew up, with a view not to alarm the enthusiastic angler, and thereby spoil the expected *dénouement* of the piece. Back, and still back; he could not be too cautious, it was plainly a fine trout, and must be carefully and stealthily brought to bank, and therefore stepped most warily, and with his eye fixed to watch the neb of the fish at its first emergence. Just as he himself reached the edge, the fish made his appearance. "I've got him," shouted the old gentleman in ecstasy, "he's out," and then plopped in himself. The stream, fortunately, was not deep, so that the angler escaped with nothing but a ducking, while the whole body of spectators on the coach joined in one round of applause, the guard leading, and Moriarty kissing hands respectfully to the ancient, who forthwith proceeded to amend his mishap by getting into a passion, and shaking a wrathful fist after us, to inspire terror. The bridge itself was the scene of a much graver catastrophe some years after, as, from behind its walls, the agent to the adjoining property was shot dead by some miscreants, who, I believe, were never discovered, although little doubt can be entertained that the unfortunate gentle-

man was a victim to a conspiracy shared in by multitudes; adding one instance more of the mysterious fidelity which the peasantry of Ireland maintain towards each other in those tremendous explosions of crime which at times startle with its sound the whole island. Our near approach to Drogheda brought into view the Boyne Water, and we could descry the soft eminence of Dunmore, on which King James viewed the contest that cost him a crown. It was, when witnessing a furious charge made by his own troops against a body of infantry led on by his own son-in-law, he is reported even then not to have forgotten the claims that those who were in open arms against him had upon his royal affections, uttering the well-known exclamation, "Oh! spare my English subjects." A rude monument by the river-side marks the spot where Duke Schomberg fell in leading over the troops of King William, and which incident is known in Ireland by "The Crossing over the Water." The town of Drogheda, which is entered by a narrow bridge across the river just mentioned, is celebrated for the antiquities which it still contains, and which are curious in the extreme. These matters of *vertu* require some time for inspection; but there is a truly finished assortment of curiosities—plentiful as that class is in Ireland—in the shape of beggars, which are presented immediately to the eye, and force themselves, in every sense of the world, upon your notice. They lie in ambuscade for every coach, and pounce upon it the instant it stops, shouldering each other in the furious race which precedes the charge, generally led by the cripples of the crew, with crutches shouldered not to impede their motions, which are now required to be rapid. The onset of the wild band of mountaineers called the Highland host, which desolated the low country of Scotland in its western parts, in the troubled times preceding the Revolution, is spoken of by eye-witnesses as an image of terror singularly appalling;—but, for my part, my imagination is quite satisfied with an incursion of Drogheda beggars. As soon as they have drawn a line of circumvallation round the coach, so as to render escape a difficult matter, forthwith

they open a hot fire of tongues from pieces of every calibre.

"Augh! good gentleman, dear, look down upon us poor, weak, quiet cratur, that we're are, that has nobody to spake for us, an' it's ashamed we are to do it for ourselves. My sweet Christians, don't be afther forgettin' me, for sure it's an orphan I am," bawled out a wretched old hag of eighty. "Out ov the way wid you, Biddy Hoolegan!" shouldered in a huge virago, and addressing herself to an old staid gentleman on the front of the coach, and pouring in the blarney without mercy, "My sweet young gentleman—you that's sittin' in the middle atween them other two sweet gentlemen (this was a wide-spreading shot), och! sure it's yerself that has the face to look at. Faix! I wish I had such a one mysilf for my fortune, an' it's not beggin', any bit, I'd be, with my two poor fatherless and motherless childer. God help them! Try in the other pocket; a shillin' will have to do me this time, if a half-crown isn't handy to come at among the half-pence. Why then, bedad! sure it's not a penny-piece you'd be afther puttin' me off wid. Well thin, let me have it. Augh! you ugly nigger (this aside to the whole street); you a gentleman?—no! nor one of your breed, you *omudhaen*." By this time I could perceive that my good friend Jack Moriarty had contrived, as usual, to get himself into action, and which he did in the readiest manner possible, and that was, by looking at the open-mouthed crowd below, and even answering them, when the commonest prudence would have required him to have adopted the old stager's policy, of looking steadily up at the sky, or studying some distant object. But it was decreed, for my poor friend's numerous failings, that he should open his mouth in reply to a host of Drogheda beggars—the tiny murmur of a stream against the falls of Niagara. Forthwith the whole body of ladies and gentlemen gave up their several points of attack in other quarters, and concentrated their assault upon our poor Jack. "Throw us down a half-crown, yer honour—ye'll never miss it; for *you* are the rare gentleman." Here a cripple insinuatingly bored Moriarty in the

side, reaching up with "We wouldn't take *more* ling, your honour—sure knows me will tell you hap'worth more. Come Mullen," thrusting forward a voucher for his exaltation, a wretched heir-habille of rags scented with "Its true what the ci squeaked the voucher. 'ny honour," said the le gentleman, "honour brig lieve me." "I'll tell ye do," said Jack, driven to "Iould yer tongues, bawled the crowd, pro lence each and all, "let' the young gentleman wit face is goin' to do—sure gentcel thing, I'll go bail. said Jack, "is a shilling; contrary to my principle rage idleness, you must fi a scramble." "Then do in the name of the Vargin the pious set of wretches the word, the white coin the air, amid a hundred held up to arrest its pro scene which ensued was They pushed—they sv crushed—they tore—heav—higgledy-piggledy—he Now would one wretch : cure the prize, roaring mine, by the piper of Mo of formally recording his forthwith the whole mo that it was as decidedly upon him in a literal sen him rose a pyramid of l women, and children. delicacy which is suppos the demeanour of the ge general, seemed, on the p sion, an idea quite obsole fashioned, the ladies f many degrees, the most ac in the *mêlée*. A blind m bobbing about, rushing t where his ears told him was chiefly concentrated, place to which the covet had been shifted in the c fray, and endeavoured to for his want of sight by p his service the powers which he carried, and wit beat out a ring for an would then stoop down the ground with his

length, a dwarf creature of some four feet high contrived to gather himself from out the feet of the driving multitude, with his face and person overlaid with mud, and exhibited the unfortunate shilling almost as much trampled out of all shape as himself. As a matter of honourable dealing, he was obliged, of course, to request the pleasure of all his honourable competitors' company in proceeding to his favourite hotel, whither, as we wheeled off, we could perceive the ragged rabble fast adjourning. We next passed, in our course, two large trees overshadowing a turnpike-lodge, to which, we understood, a classical interest was attached in the minds of all coachmen and guards, as two young gentlemen—brothers—had formerly been hung upon them for coach-robbery. The elder was heir, I believe, to the property which surrounded the place of execution; but, being of an active disposition, and probably weary of waiting upon the tediousness of old age passing into extinction, he joined his brother in taking service with some knights of the road, and closed his career in the manner appropriated to that order of chivalry. Our conversation turned naturally upon exploits of this sort, as the great northern road had been, within the memory of many then alive, a scene of daring deprecations, wherein a person of the name of Collier sustained as daring a part as ever did Dick Turpin. Indeed, it would be no national partiality, but simple justice, to say that the claims of Ireland on this score are in no way to be postponed to those of the sister country, having had robbers among us to the full as good and plentiful as ever were in England. Collier, who is, I believe, alive at this moment, is as much renowned along the line of road between Dublin and Dundalk as ever Robin Hood was in merry Sherwood. He was a person of singular humanity, never having, upon any occasion, permitted blood to be shed; indeed, in Ireland, the profession of murderer is considerably distinct from that of robber, and is exercised by a distinct class of characters. If you are an agent to landed property, and choose to eject a tenant because he is of opinion that rent-paying is an absurd practice—it is

very much a way they have in Ireland of thinking on such matters—you will find yourself shot certainly some day from behind a hedge. But your wife and family will have, along with your body, your purse and watch. This is a point of national honour, and is dwelt on for the benefit of those English bagmen who, on disembarking, are apt to look at the priming of their pistols, as if themselves were worth shooting. We are not a nation of robbers on the whole—we merely murder. Savary, who presided over the slaughter of the Duc d'Enghien, felt the distinction acutely when charged—unjustly, as it would seem—of stripping the body of the watch and seals, before the smoke of the firing party had cleared away. It is due to this much-calumniated gentleman, who, during the trial that was proceeding up-stairs, shewed a provident zeal in his master's cause, in stealing out at times to see how the grave at the foot of the tower was getting on, thinking, from the first, it might be wanted, who, when informed by the officer on duty that a body of gentlemen, with loaded pieces, was required the instant the sentence was given in, answered, with all military promptness, "Give it," and brought to a conclusion the weak deliberations of Huclin and his compeers, who were proposing among themselves to forward to Paris a recommendation of mercy, but who adjourned when the explosion in the moat shook the council-room—it is due, I say, to meet indignantly this charge at once by stating that, when all that remained of the descendant of the Condé was subsequently dug out of the trenches of Vincennes—for the young soldier was shovelled in where he dropped—the watch, with every one of its appendages, was happily found, clearly proving to the world, that they had not been stolen, as people supposed they had been, by the Duke of Ro-vigo. Collier's gang, to resume, was ultimately dispersed, and he himself apprehended; but his character for humanity availed to secure him from the extreme penalties of the law, which were commuted into banishment for a term of years. He subsequently returned, having concluded the appointed period, to his native

place, living very peaceably at this day upon a small farm near the village of Balbuggan, greatly respected by all his neighbours, and frequently encountering, over a glass of ale, parties whom he once robbed in the course of practice, joking with the old gentlemen thereupon, who laugh immoderately, as old gentlemen are apt to do, when referred to the merry scenes of their youth. Upon special occasions, over the second glass or so, he comes out with his well-known piece of pleasantry, in having robbed the Belfast night-mail in his single person, only assisted by a posse of pitchforks stuck up on the other side of the hedge in hats and coats, and who kept aiming, through the moonlight, pieces of broomstick at the terrified passengers. Dundalk, at which we next arrived, is the half-way station between Dublin and Belfast, marked by the fact of your first coachman taking here his leave of you, which he does civilly, or the reverse, according to circumstances. The guard, however, proceeds through the whole distance, and does not leave you just at the moment when you are beginning to comprehend him, and enjoy the style of his humour. Every district we know has got its own native ghosts, who, out of a local affection, keep frightening only that portion of the country where they get their bread. Dundalk, accordingly, has a spectre-hearse, which, upon proper occasions, lumbers heavily along the principal streets at midnight without horses; and, wherever it pauses, a real coffin is sure to be carried out of that door ere long. It makes way for no one—maintaining its position on the causeway with its whole array of plumes—tossing in dark mid-air—not keeping the left-hand side of the road, penalty, if you do not, ten shillings. A well-known drunken tailor has frequently confronted it when returning home, but only to be run over, as would appear from the fact of his having been found stretched upon the street next morning. The people of Dundalk, however, mind their business during the day, keeping the dead-coach for their hours of relaxation. There is a long line of narrow street leading northwards, animated, through its whole extent,

by a succession of a most nail-driven. They can only at the moment at the of some sort therein they are bethink them of seized that opportunity from its leisure with a lazy recognise the to inhabited by a singularly free mar, differing laid down by other formalists Black Rock, a Dublin, is often most say-bathing car-drivest p Nor was his ing mysteries of the of record. "V said a friend to this morning receiving your lor wish to alarm gout, with your so pleasant. I been your old "Oh! keep you considerate repl ed. The rhei enough; but I puts it down go

After a sta thundered down fled wheels, a hill, and wheel which Swift, wh alone, has stuck ising distichs:—

"Low church  
Dirty street

and which is as I understand, b coach, as is h passengers over upon Colonel ' convenience for own town, and serting it in a estimates. The the Dean for ar however, an ol way,—

"Colonel Vesey  
Built this bridge  
county."

There is a

tween the appearance of the districts which lie on the opposite sides of Newry, sufficient to arrest the most careless observer. The peasantry appear to be of races totally different; with manners, dress, and language of an order in no way connected. The long frieze coats flapping against the heels—the handkerchief drawn over the female's head, and tied close under the chin, which are found so constantly between Dublin and Newry, totally disappear as soon as you have passed the latter town; and, in their stead, the eye is refreshed—for so, to an English traveller at least, it must appear—by the blue coat and smart bonnet, which seem to indicate a more comfortable description of habits. The deep guttural tones of the Celtic tongue are exchanged for the broad accents which mark the Scottish descent of the inhabitants, and whose drawl is occasionally, as you proceed onwards, connected by the blending of the English intonations among those belonging to the English colonies of the North. The presence of a Roman Catholic population is no longer marked by huge piles of coarse architecture, surmounted by a cross, the emblem of our general faith, but which, in Ireland, is chiefly limited to the chapels wherein the rites of that religion are performed. The churches connected with the established form of worship are found to increase in size and number, the spires, which are equally characteristic of the prevailing faith of the neighbourhood, rising up in the foreground, and impressing an air of magnificence upon the landscape, while the more distant are gleaming along the horizon, and pierce softly the sloping sky. A large proportion of the inhabitants of the north of Ireland, it is known, still retain their predilection for the Scottish form of religion, which has been handed down from the original settlers, and may be seen each Sunday trooping along in crowds towards huge white-washed pieces of architecture, in the form of an equicrural cross, to the several gables of which are attached flights of stairs of heavy masonry affording access to the galleries. I am told, however, that the places of worship which have been lately erected by the Presbyterians are beginning to betray symptoms of improved taste,

unchecked by that love for rugged simplicity, even in matters of indifference, which the religious feelings of earlier times so much affected. We passed through Dromore, whose cathedral is of the humblest order, although the scene wherein, at one time, laboured for years, and at last lay down all his toils over the best of good prelates, Jeremy Taylor. Bishop Percy occupied the see for a considerable period, and whose name is to this day revered by the peasantry. His character, as founded on his beautiful ballad of "O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?" had long preceded his arrival among them as their bishop, a circumstance, however, as seeming to detract from the serious dignity of the rank to which he was elevated, which proved a source of actual annoyance to him. None but intimate friends could venture on any allusion in his presence to this very innocent effusion of his earlier and obscurer years. Just as another dignitary of the Irish church is said to feel, at this day, a sensation of soreness when forced, by its unlucky popularity, to recall to his mind the composition of a slang song, which he intended for the amusement of his college friends, never calculating upon the unwelcome and lasting notoriety its peculiar merits have secured. We at last reached Lisburn, a town, with the adjoining neighbourhood, forming the Irish estate of the Marquess of Hertford. This nobleman never, it is reported, visited his property but once; on which occasion he drove through his own town without being conscious of the relation it bore to him. His lordship, however, had the good sense, from the very first, to feel, what many other absentees are only now beginning to learn, that if he is to live upon others, he must allow them to live themselves as a preliminary condition; and the way, consequently, in which his lands were managed, attested by a smiling neighbourhood, is a matter of high credit, not less to his head than to his heart. The elderly gentleman, whom I have slightly referred to at the commencement, pointed out to us, between Hillsborough and Lisburn, the spot whereon he witnessed four privates of the Monaghan militia shot in the troubled year of 1798, having been

detected at a meeting of United Irishmen. The spirit of disaffection had reached to such an alarming extent among the military, that it was determined to make an example of the offenders in question. The court-martial was held at Belfast as headquarters, but the place of execution was appointed at Blaris, where a large body of soldiers was encamped, at a distance exceeding seven miles. The prisoners, it would seem, had been buoyed up by the hopes of a rescue, and conducted themselves, on leaving their place of confinement, with a degree of levity sadly at variance with the catastrophe which really followed, though in unison with their hopes. A large body of the rebels had assembled at a certain point of one of two roads, along which the procession was expected to pass, fully determined upon liberating those whom they considered as martyrs to the cause. But the officer in command had, it appears, previous notice of their intentions, and, therefore, gave orders that the prisoners should be escorted along the route that was unoccupied. The convicts had flattered themselves that the arrangements of their friends had escaped the knowledge of the authorities in question, and, therefore, continued laughing and talking, in spite of the remonstrances of the attendant clergyman, up to the point at which the two roads separated. But, when the word was given to wheel off in the direction contrary to that which their calculations had anticipated, there burst from them such a scream of agony as did not, our informant assured us, who accompanied out of

curiosity the sad *cortège*, leave his ears for weeks after. They saw at once their hopes had ended in a fatal delusion, and that before the party of peasantry, on whose succour they had depended, could be apprised of their error, the whole business would be over. It was impossible to restore them to any thing approaching to a tolerable state of composure,—rolling about in the vehicle which conveyed them, and uttering wild, incoherent exclamations in a sudden ecstacy of their terror. The clergyman endeavoured to exercise his office of consolation, but they could not hear him. They had not more than one hour to live—that was all they could think of, and their cries rose wildly above the muffled sounds of the Dead March, as it is called. The performers became unable to proceed, the notes, too, having lost their usual command over the faltering march of the troops. "I can well understand," our informant said, "from what my own state was, the anecdote in Lord Exmouth's life, which describes the scene that ensued when a mutinier was called in before a court-martial to hear the fatal verdict, accompanied with the signal to the fleet for immediate execution, a measure to which that stern advocate urged again and again the reluctant president, and who could only signify his assent at last by the pressure of a hand wringing with perspiration. 'Gracious God, gentlemen,' screeched the unhappy prisoner, casting himself down on the cabin-floor, 'am I not to have even an hour to make my peace with my Maker?' He was at the yard-arm a few moments after."



## CONVERSATIONS ON THE PARABLES.\*

SINCE Christianity was established by the Redeemer, then diffused by twelve poor uneducated apostles through the world, though opposed by the combined powers, the prejudices, passions, established customs, and religions of every known nation, no era has been marked with characteristics so honourable to mankind as that in which we live.

There is at this moment a mighty, but bloodless strife going on between the highly informed and the eager followers of Mammon. The result will shew whether knowledge or wealth constitute real power. Weak and worldly minds, seeing the temporary effects of wealth, have substituted it. Truths deduced from the undeviating and everlasting laws of God, whether they refer to the material world, or to the evident cause and effect of mental operations, must be at last victorious. The Gospel triumphed over the brutishness of the old idolatries: it will again trample into dust the golden idol—the Moloch Mammon which has dared to contest its great pre-eminence. Science, which teaches the immutable laws by which the physical world is governed, and illustrates its phenomena, is no longer veiled in mystery nor expressed in language unintelligible to the many. Men the most gifted with intellectual power and conversant with the different branches of knowledge have laboured to state in the clearest language, the results of the profoundest researches. This progress has elevated thought and cleared the boundless ocean open to the enterprise and perseverance of the human mind. Of what a day the first promoters of this great revolution will consist. Among them many women, leading us on to the intellectual elevation seldom assumed by men. In religion and ethics the same greatness of

spirit has been shewn, and to the list of honoured names may now be added that of Stanley. His lordship's book is written for the use of children. There is a raciness in the fact that excites joy, and will be an example to others to try for fame in the paths of utility and religion. We have heard that the Duke of Wellington said that the only two men of pre-eminent mental capacity, *longè ante alios*, in the House of Commons were Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley. The latter writes, and beautifully too, a book for little children on the parables, proving by the act and the work that the Duke (*the sublime of common sense according to Samuel Rogers*) was right in his estimate of the man, in even a more extended sense than his Grace had then supposed. This little book goes through six editions before the writer's name ekes out. No puffs preparative, puffs indirectly intimating the noble author, puffs either positive or prospective, ushered it into the world, and then ballooned it. Its intrinsic worth, its utility, was whispered from mother to mother, and it goes silently through six editions, and is destined to go through many more.

The diffusion of religious and scientific knowledge among the young, the rich, the poor, is destined to be the great corrector of abuses and miseries which are now progressing with rapid steps, and have advanced so far that no human power can prevent a great and useful change. The future support and guidance of the masses in the right path will depend in no small degree on the nature and quality of the information spread among them. General knowledge and information have taken root, and no earthly power can eradicate it. They now begin to understand their individual rights, their relative position (politically

\* Conversations on the Parables of the New Testament, for the Use of Children. By the Right Honourable Lord Stanley, Secretary for the Colonies. Nisbet and Co. pp. 300.

speaking) to their employers and the state; now there is no time to lose, the staple commodities of literature must be given to them on which to weave their opinions. We, therefore, hail every instance among the higher classes in aiding the *real conservative* work as important, not only to their order, but to their country.\*

The mere garb of learning has ceased to impose on mankind; it is information, and not the parade of words and languages, which all classes now require, and that conveyed with brevity and perspicuity.

The interpretation of parable given by his lordship in page four, though, perhaps, sufficient for the mind of a child, is not comprehensive or precise enough for older persons; it is, therefore, to be regretted that a short introductory address to the teacher has not been prefixed, entering more into the detail of so interesting a subject. A parable is literally a comparison; its other, and perhaps more comprehensive term, is an allegory, which denotes the representation of one thing which is intended to excite the representation of another thing. The

analysis of it must, consequently, be two-fold; the first, the representation contained in the narrative—for almost every allegory is either a historical or fictitious narrative—and the representation it was intended to excite. This ancient and impressive method of teaching seems at first sight very simple; but its extreme difficulty is ascertained by the fact, that, with the exception of very few parables in the Old Testament, and those inimitable examples of our Saviour's in the New Testament, no others approach perfection, and all are at an immeasurable distance in the greatness of the object intended to be impressed on the mind.† The parables of the New Testament are adapted to every era, to every country, to the minds of the young, to the reflection of the old; while the greatness of their objects command the deepest reverence from the most informed of mankind, while they excite in the truly pious joy or holy apprehension. Their universal application teaches more particularly the general, special, and individual providence and care of our Heavenly Father, who, when He saw the re-

\* "They (the manufacturers) make a great talk about 'educating the people,' so they subscribe munificently to schools, acting upon the generally received opinion that the simple communication of certain truths to the children of the poor is all that is required. This may be of use to those who are well fed and well clothed, although instances may be given of children who have become virtuous and good subjects after having been brought up in vice and misery. But these are striking exceptions, and I consider it an axiom that it is next to impossible to give a high moral tone to the character of children, or grown-up persons, unless they have a sufficiency of food and clothing. When the most rigid industry of the parents cannot provide for the real wants of the children, and more especially when, in addition to their physical sufferings, they are exposed to, and experience from those in authority over them, the most harsh and callous treatment, they become subdued, then reckless and desperate, and are no longer susceptible of receiving good impressions. Until these suffering parents and their children are, not only physically relieved, but uplifted from their present low condition, the money which mill-owners subscribe to schools for those starving people, are, under the present system, but as subscriptions to purchase sticks to be used in breaking their own heads, as it is merely educating the younger classes to be able to judge of their own low position. So long as they be young, and not thrown on the wide world on their own resources, the lessons they have been taught and the subordination to which they have been accustomed under the schoolmaster will give them an 'appearance' of being tolerably quiet members of society; but when they attain the age when the motto generally becomes 'Every one for himself,' the dangers of a knowledge equal, if not superior to those in authority over them, begin to exhibit themselves."—Sir Charles Shaw's *Letter to Lord Ashley on the Manufacturing Districts*, pp. 39, 40.

† Among modern allegories, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* stands the first. The combination of doctrine, narrative, dialogue, and description have not been equalled. Addison's *Vision of Mirza*, and Dr. Johnson's *Hermit of Teneriffe*, on the force of habit, are good. Lords-chancellors have been prolific in allegories. More's *Utopia*, Bacon's *Atlantes*, Erskine's *Armata*. Of course we shall have one from Lord Brougham before he dies. His lordship's translation of Dante has long been ready for press.

pentant prodigal son afar off, hastened to meet him; then the objects rise to the most sublime and awful truths—to the responsibility, immortality, and future state of the soul after judgment. Those subjects, the most exalted and important that the mind can contemplate, are conveyed with unerring power, though expressed in diction so simple and unaffected, that it comprises strength and grace beyond the most elaborate artifices of any human composition. From the parables alone may be deduced an irrefutable argument of the truth of Christianity. Could a few poor, uneducated fishermen and their companions unite, first, to conceive a character such as Christ is delineated in the gospels; then declare their fictitious conception to be (or to have been) a living being, who taught as no one ever taught before or since, who declared the future immortality of mankind, the relation between God and man, and the only means of obtaining inconceivable bliss; for whose mouth these poor, uneducated men wrote parables of such wondrous worth and beauty as to far eclipse all that Greece or Rome produced; a character in manner so self-possessed and dignified as never once to lose that carriage, though suffering insult, injustice, scorn, and poverty; in mind so vast as never to be brought within the limits of human capacity and agency, expressing the greatest thoughts with unexampled ease and simplicity; and declaring that he will save and judge the world, and bestow immortality as we speak of the most ordinary actions? Was such a being the fictitious conception of a few poor fishermen? No, must be the answer. The centurion spoke the truth when he exclaimed, "Truly, this man was the Son of God."

We must, however, remember, that attractive to us as the subject is, our limits will permit of no further digression. The general characteristic of Lord Stanley's book is subdued power, a knowledge of his subject; and, what is still more attractive, a warm and pious feeling breathes in every page; while the infantine inquiries are so naturally and skilfully expressed as to please and interest even us, no longer young. The doctrine necessarily comprised in the

illustrations is the doctrine of the Church of England. After an unusually careful perusal, we detected no error. It is not very easy to give quotations from a work so closely connected which will at the same time convey the style, manner, feeling, and utility of these illustrative conversations. The following is selected from a part of the dialogue on the repetition of the clause in the parable of the Prodigal Son, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." The mother, in reply to the observation of her daughter, says:—

"The words, you remember, are precisely the same; that is, the disposition of the heart remained unchanged; for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' This shews, that in the first place his repentance was sincere; that he did not determine beforehand to adopt this penitential and humble language as a means of softening the anger of his father, but from a deep and thorough conviction that it was the language of truth; that he had 'sinned against Heaven,' and against his father, and was 'not worthy to be called his son,' and that he should be treated better than he deserved, were he even taken into the house as a 'hired servant.' This is the first point on which we may take a lesson; for, as we have all sinned, we have all need of deep repentance; and repentance, unless sincere, will be of no avail with an all-seeing Judge. But the second point which I wish to notice to you (and I do not expect you to find out these more distant meanings without having them noticed) is this, that we must not presume upon the grace and long-suffering of God. It is true, that upon our first steps towards repentance and amendment of life, our Heavenly Father, 'while we are yet a great way off,' will 'have compassion on us, and come to meet and aid us; and of this we are assured by many texts of Scripture; but we, on our parts, should bear in mind the conduct of the prodigal son: we should not suffer the indulgence of our father to take away from us the sense of our error; we shall be as ready to exclaim, 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son,' even after we believe our repentance to be accepted, as we were in the first feelings of remorse and sorrow. Though He forgets our sins, we never should. Nay, the greater are his mercies towards us, the more we should feel our own unworthiness."

of them ; the more willing should we be, if He demanded it, to prove our sincerity, by serving him in the lowest offices as ' hired servants.' Can you understand this ? &c.

" *Mary.* ' Yes, mamma ; and I see now why these words should be repeated again, which I am sure I never should have thought of.'

" *Mrs. B.* ' Then, my love, observe again the conduct of the father. Before he saw his son returned, with whatever degree of repentance in his heart, at least determined to place himself under the care of his father in future ; he saw his wretched situation and sufferings, and with the affection of a father, ' he had compassion on him, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him.' But now, when his humble expressions and true contrition proved that he was truly penitent for his past conduct, all is now forgotten, Mary. There are no reproaches, no punishment, no anger ; the sinner's conscience reproaches him sufficiently, and no kindness on his father's part can make him forget his own unworthiness. Now, then, the father feels that he is at liberty to say, ' Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hands, and shoes on his feet ; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry ; for, he adds, ' this my son was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost and is found.' The first part of this you will understand is in allusion to the Eastern customs of washing the feet of strangers and furnishing them with clothes, and any thing of which they may stand in need, on their arriving after a journey ; and must be taken as meaning generally making the son welcome to all that the house afforded, treating him as a distinguished guest, and making a feast and a rejoicing to receive him. But what we have to attend to is the reason given, ' For this my son was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost, and is found.' Now it is quite clear that this was not spoken in a literal sense, as having been dead or having been lost."

It will be observed in the foregoing quotation, that the customs of the people are touched upon, and that in addition to the great doctrine infused into the parable, the ethical application is well drawn out. Every chapter contains several elucidations of equal clearness and beauty ; and the conclusions of each chapter bring to our recollections the windings up of the discourses of our greatest divines of the past age. The following paragraph contains a curious observation on Dives soliciting Abraham to send to his father's house to

warn his brethren of his dreadful fate :—

" It seems to have been an intimation that in the future world our natural feelings and affections will not be broken off, and that even some good and kind sentiments may remain among those who are themselves for ever lost. Milton, the finest of our poets, whose writings I hope you will some day read and admire, says,—

' For neither do the spirits damned  
Lose all their virtue,'

and this is agreeable to the word of God."

Sometimes the electrical vigour of the author's mind peeps out, as if excited by the subject and forgetful that he is writing for children ; thus on Dives seeing Lazarus afar off in Abraham's bosom :—

" How much of tremendous retribution, what circumstances of increased misery, are in these two words, ' In hell !' In that eternal punishment, ' where their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched,' suffering excruciating torments, and conscious that he had brought them on himself, permitted to see the glories of heaven, and the happiness of the just, but to see them ' afar off,' to know that he was for ever excluded from joining them ; while he beheld exalted far above his own head, in the midst of that blessed company, the poor beggar Lazarus, whom he had spurned and despised in the self-sufficiency of his worldly pride."

At p. 148, the reference to the sacrifice of Isaac is not quite clear. Abraham is in that type the Father—Isaac the sinful world, saved by the vicarious sacrifice of the male lamb caught in the thicket. Our limits will only permit us to refer to Molesworth's correct exposition of that type, and to Dr. Hussey's brief but masterly epitome of the origin and typical character of sacrifice in the first number of his new edition of the authorised version of the Bible, with hermeneutic and exegetical commentary, a work which is intended to shew the state of biblical learning in Europe, and which in no instance trenches on the majesty of truth by the introduction of conjectural criticism, and which must prove an important addition to theological learning.

We object to the manner his lordship and many divines use the word *eternal*. The meaning is without be-

ginning or end, consequently it can only be properly applied when referring to the Deity.

His lordship has not gone through the whole of the parables, though several omitted are referred to. Among those omitted are "the importunate friend," "the net cast into the sea," "the barren fig-tree," "the pearl," and "the house built on the sand." This last, we regret being left out; it, moreover, presents one of the finest specimens of parallelism in the New Testament, and, when properly arranged, reads as follows:—

"Whosoever, therefore, heareth these  
my words and doeth them  
I will liken him to a prudent man,  
Who built his house upon the rock :  
And the rain descended,  
And the floods came,  
And the winds blew,  
And fell upon that house ;  
And it fell not, for it was founded upon  
the rock."

"And every one hearing these my words  
and doing them not  
Shall be likened to a foolish man,  
Who built his house upon the sand :  
And the rain descended,  
And the floods came,

And the winds blew,  
And struck upon that house ;  
And it fell, and the fall thereof was  
great."

Many of the parables are constructed on the system of parallelism, which, when pointed out, adds to their beauty as compositions: moreover, it secures, in great measure, the text from being vitiated, for a word altered destroys the parallelism and points to error.

The illustrative references to Scripture are apt, and never doubtful, shewing much correct knowledge of the sacred volume. The next edition should have a table of contents, and a short index.

We must conclude with saying, that we hope his lordship will some day add the remaining parables, and that his little work does honour to his head and his heart, and must raise him in the estimation of all who read it, and tend to increase the confidence of his country in him; for no man could write a book so full of theological knowledge, right-headedness, and, above all, of genuine feeling, and not reap that reward.

## MEN'S WIVES. BY GEORGE FITZ-BOODLE.

## No. II.

## THE RAVENSWING.

## CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH THE HEROINE HAS A NUMBER MORE LOVERS, AND CUTS A VERY DASHING FIGURE IN THE WORLD.

Two years have elapsed since the festival at Richmond, which, begun so peaceably, ended in such general uproar. Morgiana never could be brought to pardon Woolsey's red hair, nor to help laughing at Eglantine's disasters, nor could the two gentlemen be reconciled to one another. Woolsey, indeed, sent a challenge to the perfumer to meet him with pistols, which the latter declined, saying, justly, that tradesmen had no business with such weapons: on this the tailor proposed to meet him with coats off, and have it out like men in the presence of their friends of the Kidney Club. The perfumer said he would be party to no such vulgar transaction; on which, Woolsey, exasperated, made an oath that he would tweak the perfumer's nose so surely as he ever entered the club-room, and thus one member of the Kidneys was compelled to vacate his arm-chair.

Woolsey himself attended every meeting regularly, but he did not evince that gaiety and good humour which renders men's company agreeable in clubs. On arriving, he would order the boy to "tell him when that scoundrel Eglantine came," and, hanging up his hat on a peg, would scowl round the room, and tuck up his sleeves very high, and stretch, and shake his fingers and wrists, as if getting them ready for that pull of the nose which he intended to bestow upon his rival. So prepared he would sit down and smoke his pipe quite silently, glaring at all, and jumping up, and hitching up his coat-sleeves, when any one entered the room.

The Kidneys did not like this behaviour. Clinker ceased to come. Bustard, the poulterer, ceased to come. As for Snaffle, he also disappeared, for Woolsey wished to

make him answerable for the misbehaviour of Eglantine, and proposed to him the duel which the latter had declined. So Snaffle went. Presently they all went, except the tailor and Trestle, who lived down the street, and these two would sit and puff their tobacco, one on each side of Crump, the landlord, as silent as Indian chiefs in a wigwam. There grew to be more and more room for poor old Crump in his chair and in his clothes; the Kidneys were gone, and why should he remain? One Saturday he did not come down to preside at the club (as he still fondly called it), and the Saturday following Trestle had made a coffin for him; and Woolsey, with the undertaker by his side, followed to the grave the father of the Kidneys.

Mrs. Crump was now alone in the world. "How alone?" says some innocent and respected reader. Ah! my dear sir, do you know so little of human nature as not to be aware that, one week after the Richmond affair, Morgiana married Captain Walker? That did she privately, of course; and, after the ceremony, came tripping back to her parents, as young people do in plays, and said, "Forgive me, dear pa and ma, I'm married, and here is my husband, the captain!" Papa and mamma did forgive her, as why shouldn't they? and papa paid over her fortune to her, which she carried home delighted to the captain. This happened several months before the demise of old Crump; and Mrs. Captain Walker was on the Continent with her Howard when that melancholy event took place, hence Mrs. Crump's loneliness and unprotected condition. Morgiana had not latterly seen much of the old people; how could she, moving in her exalted sphere, receive at her genteel,

new residence in the Edgeware Road the old publican and his wife?

Being, then, alone in the world, Mrs. Crump could not abear, she said, to live in the house where she had been so respected and happy: so she sold the good-will of the Sun, and, with the money arising from this sale and her own private fortune, being able to muster some sixty pounds per annum, retired to the neighbourhood of her dear old Sadlers' Wells, where she boarded with one of Mrs. Serle's forty pupils. Her heart was broken, she said; but nevertheless, about nine months after Mr. Crump's death, the wallflowers, nasturtiums, polyantheses, and convolvuluses, began to blossom under her bonnet as usual; in a year she was dressed quite as fine as ever, and now never missed the Wells, or some other place of entertainment, one single night, but was as regular as the box-keeper. Nay, she was a buxom widow still, and an old flame of hers, Fisk, so celebrated as pantaloon in Grimaldi's time, but now doing the "heavy fathers" at the Wells, proposed to her to exchange her name for his.

But this proposal the worthy widow declined altogether. To say truth, she was exceedingly proud of her daughter, Mrs. Captain Walker. They did not see each other much at first; but every now and then Mrs. Crump would pay her visit to the folks in Connaught Square; and on the days when "the captain's" lady called in the City Road there was not a single official at the "Wells," from the first tragedian down to the call-boy, who was not made aware of the fact.

It has been said that Morgiana carried home her fortune in her own reticule, and smiling placed the money in her husband's lap; and hence the reader may imagine, who knows Mr. Walker to be an extremely selfish fellow, that a great sum of anger must have taken place, and many coarse oaths and epithets of abuse must have come from him, when he found that five hundred pounds was all that his wife had, although he had expected five thousand with her. But, to say the truth, Walker was at this time almost in love with his handsome, rosy, good-humoured, simple wife. They had

made a fortnight's tour, during which they had been exceedingly happy; and there was something so frank and touching in the way in which the kind creature flung her all into his lap, saluting him with a hearty embrace at the same time, and wishing that it were a thousand billion, billion times more, so that her darling Howard might enjoy it, that the man would have been a ruffian indeed could he have found it in his heart to be angry with her; and so he kissed her in return, and patted her on the shining ringlets, and then counted over the notes with rather a disconsolate air, and ended by locking them up in his portfolio. In fact, *she* had never deceived him; Eglantine had, and he in return had out-tricked Eglantine; and so warm were his affections for Morgiana at this time, that, upon my word and honour, I don't think he repented of his bargain. Besides, five hundred pounds in crisp bank-notes was a sum of money such as the captain was not in the habit of handling every day; a dashing, sanguine fellow, he thought there was no end to it, and already thought of a dozen ways by which it should increase and multiply into a plumb. Woe is me! Has not many a simple soul examined five new hundred-pound-notes in this way, and calculated their powers of duration and multiplication!

This subject, however, is too painful to be dwelt on. Let us hear what Walker did with his money. Why, he furnished the house in the Edgeware Road before mentioned, he ordered a handsome service of plate, he sported a phaeton and two ponies, he kept a couple of smart maids and a groom-footboy,—in fact, he mounted just such a neat, unpretending, gentlemanlike establishment as becomes a respectable young couple on their outset in life. "I've sown my wild oats," he would say to his acquaintances; "a few years since, perhaps, I would have longed to cut a dash, but now prudence is the word; and I've settled every farthing of Mrs. Walker's fifteen thousand on herself." And the best proof that the world had confidence in him is the fact, that for the articles of plate, equipage, and furniture, which have been mentioned as being in his possession, he did not pay one single shilling;

and so prudent was he, that but for turnpikes, postage-stamps, and king's taxes, he hardly had occasion to change a five-pound note of his wife's fortune.

To tell the truth, Mr. Walker had determined to make his fortune. And what is easier in London? Is not the share-market open to all? Do not Spanish and Columbian bonds rise and fall? For what are companies invented but to place thousands in the pockets of shareholders and directors? Into these commercial pursuits the gallant captain now plunged with great energy, and made some brilliant hits at first starting, and bought and sold so opportunely, that his name began to rise in the city as a capitalist, and might be seen in the printed list of directors of many excellent and philanthropic schemes, of which there is never any lack in London. Business to the amount of thousands was done at his agency; shares of vast value were bought and sold under his management. How poor Mr. Eglington used to hate him and envy him, as from the door of his emporium (the firm was Eglington and Mossrose now) he saw the captain daily arrive in his pony-phæton, and heard of the start he had taken in life.

The only regret Mrs. Walker had was that she did not enjoy enough of her husband's society. His business, too, obliged him to leave her oftentimes very frequently, but while (always in pursuit of business) he was dining with his great friends at the club, and drinking claret and champagne to the same end.

She was a perfectly good-natured and simple soul, and never made him a single reproach; but when he could pass an evening at home with her she was delighted, and when he could drive with her in the Park she was happy for a week after. On these occasions, and in the fulness of her heart, she would drive to her mother and tell her story. "Howard drove with me in the Park yesterday, mamma;" "Howard has promised to take me to the Opera," and so forth. And that evening the manager, Mr. Gawler, the first tragedian, Mrs. Serle and her forty pupils, all the box-keepers, bonnet-women — nay,

the ginger-beer girls themselves at the Wells, knew that Captain and Mrs. Walker were at Kensington Gardens, or were to have the Marchioness of Billingsgate's box at the Opera. One night—oh! joy of joys! —Mrs. Captain Walker appeared in a private-box at the Wells. That's she with the black ringlets and Cashmere shawl, smelling-bottle, black velvet gown, and bird of paradise in her hat. Goodness gracious! how they all acted at her, Gawler and all, and how happy Mrs. Crump was! She kissed her daughter between all the acts, she nodded to all her friends on the stage, in the slips, or in the real water; she introduced her daughter, Mrs. Captain Walker, to the box-opener, and Melvil Delamere (the first comic), Conterfield (the tyrant), and Jonesini (the celebrated Fontarabian statuesque), were all on the steps and shouted for Mrs. Captain Walker's carriage, and waved their hats, and bowed as the little pony-phæton drove away. Walker, in his moustachios, had come in at the end of the play, and was not a little gratified by the compliments paid to himself and lady.

Among the other articles of luxury with which the captain furnished his house we must not omit to mention an extremely grand piano, which occupied four-fifths of Mrs. Walker's little back drawing-room, and at which she was in the habit of practising continually. All day and all night during Walker's absences (and these occurred all night and all day) you might hear—the whole street might hear—the voice of the lady at No. 23 gurgling, and shaking, and quavering, as ladies do when they practise. The street did not approve of the continuance of the noise, but neighbours are difficult to please, and what would Morgiana have had to do if she had ceased to sing? It would be hard to lock a blackbird in a cage and prevent him from singing too. And so Walker's blackbird, in the snug little cage in the Edgeware Road, sung and was not unhappy.

After the pair had been married for about a year, the omnibus that passes both by Mrs. Crump's house, near the Wells, and by Mrs. Walker's street off the Edgeware Road, brought up the former-named lady almost every day to her daughter.



She came when the captain had gone to his business; she staid to a two o'clock dinner with Morgiana, she drove with her in the pony-carriage round the Park, but she never stopped later than six. Had she not to go to the play at seven? And, besides, the captain *might* come home with some of his great friends, and he always swore and grumbled much if he found his mother-in-law on the premises. As for Morgiana, she was one of those women who encourage despotism in husbands. What the husband says must be right, because he says it; what he orders must be obeyed tremblingly. Mrs. Walker gave up her entire reason to her lord. Why was it? Before marriage she had been an independent little person; she had far more brains than her Howard. I think it must have been his moustachios that frightened her and caused in her this humility.

Selfish husbands have this advantage in maintaining with easy-minded wives a rigid and inflexible behaviour, viz. that, if they *do* by any chance grant a little favour, the ladies receive it with such transports of gratitude as they would never think of shewing to a lord and master who was accustomed to give them every thing they asked for; and hence, when Captain Walker signified his assent to his wife's prayer that she should take a singing-master, she thought his generosity almost divine, and fell upon her mamma's neck, when that lady came the next day, and said what a dear adorable angel her Howard was, and what ought she not to do for a man who had taken her from her humble situation, and raised her to be what she was! What she was, poor soul! She was the wife of a swindling *parvenu* gentleman. She received visits from six ladies of her husband's acquaintances, the two attorneys' ladies, his bill-broker's lady, and one or two more, of whose characters we had best, if you please, say nothing; and she thought it an honour to be so distinguished, as if Walker had been a Lord Exeter to marry a humble maiden, or a noble prince to fall in love with a humble Cinderella, or a majestic Jove to come down from heaven and woo a Semele. Look through the world, respectable reader, and among your honourable acquaintances, and say if this sort of

faith in women is not very frequent? They *will* believe in their husbands, whatever the latter do. Let John be dull, ugly, vulgar, and a humbug, his Mary Anne never finds it out; let him tell his stories ever so many times, there is she always ready with her kind smile; let him be stingy, she says he is prudent; let him quarrel with his best friend, she says he is always in the right; let him be prodigal, she says he is generous, and that his health requires enjoyment; let him be idle, he must have relaxation; and she will pinch herself and her household that he may have a guinea for his club. Yes; and every morning, as she wakes and looks at the bristly, coarse, mottled, red-nosed face, snorting under the night-cap on the pillow by her side—every morning, I say, she blesses that dull, ugly countenance, and the dull ugly soul reposing there, and thinks both are something divine. I want to know how it is that women do not find out their husbands to be humbugs? Nature has so provided it, and thanks to her. When last year they were acting the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and all the boxes began to war with great coarse heehaws at Titania hugging Bottom's long ears—to me, considering these things, it seemed that there were a hundred other male brutes squatted round about, and treated just as reasonably as Bottom was. Their Titanias lulled them to sleep in their laps, summoned a hundred smiling, delicate, household fairies to tickle their gross intellects and minister to their vulgar pleasures; and (as the above remarks are only supposed to apply to honest women loving their own lawful spouses) a mercy it is that no wicked Puck is in the way to open their eyes, and point out their folly. *Cui bono?* let them live on in their deceit; I know two lovely ladies who will read this, and will say it is just very likely, and not see in the least that it has been written regarding them.

Another point of sentiment, and one curious to speculate on. Have you not remarked the immense works of art that women get through? The worsted-work sofas, the counterpanes patched or knitted (but these are among the old-fashioned in the country), the bushels of pincushions,

the albums they laboriously fill, the tremendous pieces of music they practise, the thousand other fiddle-faddles which occupy the attention of the dear souls—nay, have we not seen them seated of evenings in a squad or company, Louisa employed at the worsted-work before mentioned, Eliza at the pincushions, Amelia at card-racks or filagree matches, and, in the midst, Theodosia, with one of the candles, reading out a novel aloud? Ah! my dear sir, mortal creatures must be very hard put to it for amusement, be sure of that, when they are forced to gather together in a company and hear novels read aloud! They only do it because they can't help it, depend upon it; it is a sad life, a poor pastime. Mr. Dickens, in his American book, tells of the prisoners at the silent prison, how they had ornamented their rooms, some of them with a frightful prettiness and elaboration. Women's fancy-work is of this sort often—only prison-work, done because there was no other exercising-ground for their poor little thoughts and fingers; and hence these wonderful pincushions are executed, these counterpanes woven, these sonatas learned. By every thing sentimental, when I see two kind, innocent, fresh-checked young women go to a piano and sit down opposite to it upon two chairs piled with more or less of music-books (according to their convenience), and, so seated, go through a set of double-barrelled variations upon this tune or that by Herz or Kalkbrenner,—I say, far from receiving any satisfaction at the noise made by the performance, my too susceptible heart is given up entirely to bleeding for the performers. What hours, and weeks, nay, preparatory years of study, has that infernal jingle cost them! What sums has papa paid, what scoldings has mamma administered ("Lady Bullblock does not play herself," Sir Thomas says, "but she has naturally the finest ear for music ever known!"); what evidences of slavery, in a word, are there! It is the condition of the young lady's existence. She breakfasts at eight, she does *Magnall's Questions* with the governess till ten, she practises till one, she walks in the square with bars round her till two, then she practises again, then she

sows or hems, or reads French, or Hume's *History*, then she comes down to play to papa, because he likes music whilst he is asleep after dinner, and then it is bed-time, and the morrow is another day with what are called the same "duties" to be gone through. A friend of mine went to call at a nobleman's house the other day, and one of the young ladies of the house came into the room with a tray on her head, this tray was to give Lady Maria a graceful carriage. *Mon Dieu!* and who knows but at that moment Lady Bell was at work with a pair of her dumb namesakes, and Lady Sophy lying flat on a stretching-board? I could write whole articles on this theme, but peace! we are keeping Mrs. Walker waiting all the while.

Well, then, if the above disquisitions have any thing to do with the story, as no doubt they have, I wish it to be understood that, during her husband's absence and her own solitary confinement, Mrs. Howard Walker bestowed a prodigious quantity of her time and energy on the cultivation of her musical talent and having, as before stated, a very fine loud voice, speedily attained no ordinary skill in the use of it. She first had for teacher little Podmore, the fat chorus-master at the Wells, and who had taught her mother the "Tink a tink" song which has been such a favourite since it appeared in this Magazine. He grounded her well, and bade her eschew the singing of all those Eagle Tavern ballads in which her heart formerly delighted, and when he had brought her to a certain point of skill the honest little chorus-master said she should have a still better instructor and wrote a note to Captain Walker (inclosing his own little account), speaking in terms of the most flattering encomium of his lady's progress, and recommending that she should take lessons of the celebrated Baroski. Captain Walker dismissed Podmore then, and engaged Signor Baroski, at a vast expense, as he did not fail to tell his wife. In fact, he owed Baroski no less than a hundred-and-twenty guineas when he came to file his Sched \* \* \* But we are advancing matters.

Little Baroski is the author of the opera of *Eliogabalo*, of the oratorio of *Purgatorio*, which made such an im-

mense sensation, of songs and ballet-musics innumerable. He is a German by birth, and shews such an outrageous partiality for pork and sausages, and attends at church so constantly, that I am sure there cannot be any foundation in the story that he is a member of the ancient religion. He is a fat little man, with a hooked nose and jetty whiskers, and coal-black shining eyes, and plenty of rings and jewels on his fingers and about his person, and a very considerable portion of his shirt-sleeves turned over his coat to take the air. His great hands (which can sprawl over half a piano, and produce those effects on the instrument for which he is celebrated) are encased in lemon-coloured kids, new, or cleaned daily. Parenthetically, let us ask why so many men with coarse red wrists and big hands persist in the white kid glove and wrist-band system? Baroski's gloves alone must cost him a little fortune; only, he says with a leer, when asked the question, "Get along vid you; don't you know dere is a gloves that lets me have dem very sheap?" He rides in the Park; has splendid lodgings in Dovor Street; and is a member of the Regent Club, where he is a great source of amusement to the members, to whom he tells astonishing stories of his successes with the ladies, and for whom he has always play and opera tickets in store. His eye glistens and his little heart beats when a lord speaks to him; and he has been known to spend large sums of money in giving treats to young sprigs of fashion at Richmond and elsewhere. "In my bolyticks," he says, "I am consarevatiff to de bag-bone." In fine, he is a puppy, and withal a man of considerable genius in his profession.

This gentleman then undertook to complete the musical education of Mrs. Walker. He expresses himself at once "enshanted vid her gababilities," found that the extent of her voice was "brodigious," and guaranteed that she should become a first-rate singer. The pupil was apt, the master was exceedingly skilful; and, accordingly, Mrs. Walker's progress was very remarkable; although, for her part, honest Mrs. Crump, who used to attend her daughter's lessons, would grumble not a little at the

new system, and the endless exercises which she, Morgiana, was made to go through. It was very different in *her* time, she said. Incledon knew no music, and who could sing so well now? Give her a good English ballad; it was a thousand times sweeter than your *Figaros* and *Semi-ramides*.

In spite of these objections, however, and with amazing perseverance and cheerfulness, Mrs. Walker pursues the method of study pointed out to her by her master. As soon as her husband went to the City in the morning her operations began; if he remained away at dinner, her labours still continued; nor is it necessary for me to particularise her course of study, nor, indeed, possible, for, between ourselves, none of the male Fitz-Boodles ever could sing a note, and the jargon of scales and sol-feggios is quite unknown to me. But as no man can have seen persons addicted to music without remarking the prodigious energies they display in the pursuit, as there is no father of daughters, however ignorant, but is aware of the piano-rattling and voice-exercising which goes on in his house from morning till night, so let all fancy, without further inquiry, how the heroine of this our story was at this stage of her existence occupied.

Walker was delighted with her progress, and did every thing but pay Baroski, her instructor. We know why he didn't pay. It was his nature not to pay bills, except on extreme compulsion; but why did not Baroski employ that extreme compulsion? Because, if he had received his money, he would have lost his pupil, and because he loved his pupil more than money. Rather than lose her, he would have given her a guinea, as well as her *cachet*. He would sometimes disappoint a great personage, but he never missed his attendance on *her*; and the truth must out, that he was in love with her, as Woolsey and Eglantine had been before.

"By de immortal Chofe!" he would say, "dat letell ding sents me mat vid her big ice! But only vait avile, in six vecks I can bring any voman in England on her knees to me; and you shall see vat I vill do vid my Morgiana." He attended her for six weeks punctually, and yet

Morgiana was never brought down on her knees; he exhausted his best stock of "gomblimenda," and she never seemed disposed to receive them with any thing but laughter. And, as a matter of course, he only grew more infatuated with the lovely creature who was so provokingly good-humoured and so laughingly cruel.

Benjamin Baroski was one of the chief ornaments of the musical profession in London; he charged a guinea for a lesson of three-quarters of an hour abroad, and he had, furthermore, a school at his own residence, where pupils assembled in considerable numbers, and of that curious mixed kind which those may see who frequent these places of instruction. There were very innocent young ladies with their mammas, who would hurry them off trembling to the farther corner of the room when certain doubtful professional characters made their appearance. There was Miss Grigg, who sung at the Foundling, and Mr. Johnson, who sung at the Eagle Tavern, and Madame Fioravanti (a very doubtful character), who sung nowhere, but was always coming out at the Italian Opera. There was Lumley Limpiter (Lord Tweedledale's son) one of the most accomplished tenors in town, and whom, we have heard, sings with the professionals at a hundred concerts; and with him, too, was Captain Guzzard of the Guards, with his tremendous bass voice, which all the world declared to be as fine as Porto's, and who shared the applauses of Baroski's school, with Mr. Bulger, the dentist of Sackville Street, who neglected his ivory and gold plates for his voice, as every unfortunate individual will do who is bitten by the music mania. Then among the ladies there were a half-score of dubious pale governesses and professionals with turned frocks and lank damp bandeaux of hair under shabby little bonnets; luckless creatures these, who were parting with their poor little store of half-guineas to be enabled to say they were pupils of Signor Baroski, and to get pupils of their own among the British youths, or employment in the choruses of the theatres. The prim lonna of the little company was Amelia Larkins, Baroski's own article pupil, on whose future

reputation the eminent master staked his own, whose profits he was to share, and whom he had farmed, to this end, from her father, a most respectable sheriff's officer's assistant, and now, by his daughter's exertions, a considerable capitalist. Amelia is blonde and blue-eyed, her complexion is as bright as snow, her ringlets of the colour of straw, her figure — but why describe her figure? Has not all the world seen her at the theatres royal and in America under the name of Miss Légonier?

Until Mrs. Walker arrived Miss Larkins was the undisputed princess of the Baroski company—the Semiramide, the Rosina, the Tamina, the Donna Anna. Baroski vaunted her every where as the great rising genius of the day, bade Catalani look to her laurels, and questioned whether Miss Stephens could sing a ballad like his pupil. Mrs. Howard Walker arrived, and created, on the first occasion, no small sensation. She improved, and the little society became speedily divided into Walkerites and Larkinsians; and between these two ladies (as, indeed, between Guzzard and Bulger before mentioned, between Miss Brunck and Miss Horman, the two contraltos, and between the chorus-singers, after their kind) a great rivalry arose. Larkins was certainly the better singer; but could her straw-coloured curls and dumpy, high-shouldered figure bear any comparison with the jetty ringlets and stately form of Morgiana? Did not Mrs. Walker, too, come to the music-lesson in her carriage, and with a black velvet gown and Cashmere shawl, while poor Larkins meekly stepped from Bell Yard, Temple Bar, in an old print gown and clogs, which she left in the hall? "Larkins sing!" said Mrs. Crump, sarcastically. "I'm sure she ought; her mouth's big enough to sing a duet." Poor Larkins had no one to make epigrams in her behoof; her mother was at home tending the younger ones, her father abroad following the studies of his profession, she had but one protector, as she thought, and that one was Baroski. Mrs. Crump did not fail to tell Lumley Limpiter of her own former triumphs, and to sing him "Tink-a-tink," which we have previously heard, and to state how in

former days she had been called the Ravenswing. And Lumley, on this hint, made a poem, in which he compared Morgiana's hair to the plumage of the Ravenswing, and Larkinissa's to that of the canary; by which two names the ladies began soon to be known in the school.

Ere long, the flight of the Ravenswing became evidently stronger, whereas that of the canary was seen evidently to droop. When Morgiana sung, all the room would cry "bravo;" when Amelia performed, scarce a hand was raised for applause of her, except Morgiana's own, and that the Larkinses thought was lifted in odious triumph rather than in sympathy, for Miss L. was of an envious turn, and little understood the generosity of her rival.

At last, one day, the crowning victory of the Ravenswing came. In the trio of Baroski's own opera of *Eliogabalo*, "Rosy lips and rosy wine," Miss Larkins, who was evidently unwell, was taking the part of the English captive, which she had sung in public concerts before royal dukes, and with considerable applause, and, from reason, performed it so ill, that Baroski, slapping down the music on the piano in a fury, cried, "Mrs. Howard Walker, as Miss Larkins cannot sing to-day, will you favour us by taking the part of Boadicetta?" Mrs. Walker got up smilingly to obey—the triumph was too great to be withstood; and, as she advanced to the piano, Miss Larkins looked wildly at her, and stood silent for a while, and, at last, shrieked out "*Benjamin!*" in a tone of extreme agony, and dropped fainting down on the ground. Benjamin looked extremely red, it must be confessed, at being thus called by what we shall denominate his Christian name, and Limpiter looked round at Guzzard, and Miss Brunck nudged Miss Horsman, and the lesson concluded rather abruptly that day, for Miss Larkins was carried off to the next room, laid on a couch, and sprinkled with water.

Good-natured Morgiana insisted that her mother should take Miss Larkins to Bell Yard in her carriage, and went herself home on foot; but I don't know that this piece of kindness prevented Larkins from hating her. I should doubt if it did.

Hearing so much of his wife's skill as a singer, the astute Captain Walker determined to take advantage of it for the purpose of increasing his "connexion." He had Lumley Limpiter at his house before long, which was, indeed, no great matter, for honest Lum would go any where for a good dinner, and an opportunity to shew off his voice afterwards, and Lumley was begged to bring any more clerks in the Treasury of his acquaintance; Captain Guzzard was invited, and any officers of the Guards whom he might choose to bring; Bulger received occasional cards;—in a word, and after a short time, Mrs. Howard Walker's musical parties began to be considerably *sui-vies*. Her husband had the satisfaction to see his rooms filled by many great personages; and once or twice in return (indeed, whenever she was wanted, or when people could not afford to hire the first singers) she was asked to parties elsewhere, and treated with that killing civility which our English aristocracy knows how to bestow on artists. Clever and wise aristocracy! It is sweet to mark your ways, and study your commerce with inferior men.

I was just going to commence a tirade regarding the aristocracy here, and to rage against that cool assumption of superiority which distinguishes their lordships' commerce with artists of all sorts, that politeness which, if it condescend to receive artists at all, takes care to have them all together, so that there can be no mistake about their rank—that august patronage of art which rewards it with a silly flourish of knighthood, to be sure, but takes care to exclude it from any contact with its betters in society—I was, I say, just going to commence a tirade against the aristocracy for excluding artists from their company, and to be extremely satirical upon them, for instance, for not receiving my friend Morgiana, when it suddenly came into my head to ask, was Mrs. Walker fit to move in the best society?—to which query it must humbly be replied that she was not. Her education was not such as to make her quite the equal of Baker Street. She was a kind, honest, and clever creature; but,

it must be confessed, not refined. Wherever she went she had, if not the finest, at any rate the most showy gown in the room; her ornaments were the biggest; her hats, togues, berets, marabouts, and other follies, always the most conspicuous. She drops "h's" here and there. I have seen her eat peas with a knife (and Walker, scowling on the opposite side of the table, striving in vain to catch her eye); and I shall never forget Lady Smigsmag's horror when she asked for porter at dinner, and began to drink it out of the pewter-pot. It was a fine sight. She lifted up the tankard with one of the finest arms, covered with the biggest bracelets ever seen; and had a bird-of-paradise on her head, that curled round the pewter-disk of the pot as she raised it, like a halo. These peculiarities she had, and has still. She is best away from the genteel world, that is the fact. When she says that "The weather is so 'ot that it is quite debilitating," when she laughs, when she hits her neighbour at dinner on the side of the waistcoat (as she will if he should say any thing that amuses her), she does what is perfectly natural and unaffected on her part, but what is not customarily done among polite persons. Who can sneer at her odd manners and her vanity, but don't know the kindness, honesty, and simplicity, which distinguish her? This point being admitted, it follows, of course, that the tirade against the aristocracy would, in the present instance, be out of place—so it shall be reserved for some other occasion.

The Ravenswing was a person admirably disposed by nature to be happy. She had a disposition so kindly that any small attention would satisfy it: was pleased when alone; was delighted in a crowd; was charmed with a joke, however old; was always ready to laugh, to sing, to dance, or to be merry; was so tender-hearted that the smallest ballad would make her cry, and hence was supposed, by many persons, to be extremely affected, and by almost all, to be a downright coquette. Several competitors for her favour presented themselves besides Baroski, young dandies used to canter round her phaeton in the park, and might be seen haunting her doors in the

mornings. The fashionable artist of the day made a drawing of her, which was engraved and sold in the shops; a copy of it was printed in a song, "Black-eyed Maiden of Araby," the words by Desmond Mulligen, Esq., the music composed and dedicated to Mrs. HOWARD WALKER, by her most faithful and obliged servant, Benjamin Baroski, and at night her Opera-box was full. Her Opera-box? Yes, the heiress of the Boot-jack actually had an Opera-box, and some of the most fashionable manhood of London attended it.

Now, in fact, was the time of her greatest prosperity; and her husband, gathering these fashionable characters about him, extended his "agency" considerably, and began to thank his stars that he had married a woman who was as good as a fortune to him.

In extending his agency, however, Mr. Walker increased his expenses proportionably, and multiplied his debts accordingly. More furniture and more plate, more wines and more dinner-parties, became necessary; the little pony phaeton was exchanged for a brougham of evenings; and we may fancy our old friend Mr. Eglantine's rage and disgust, as he looked up from the pit of the Opera, to see Mrs. Walker, surrounded by what he called "the swell young nobles" about London, bowing to my lord, and laughing with his grace, and led to her carriage by Sir John.

The Ravenswing's position at this period was rather an exceptionable one. She was an honest woman, visited by that peculiar class of our aristocracy who chiefly associate with ladies who are *not* honest. She laughed with all, but she encouraged none. Old Crump was constantly at her side now when she appeared in public, the most watchful of mammas, always awake at the Opera, though she seemed to be always asleep; but no dandy debauchee could deceive her vigilance, and for this reason, Walker, who disliked her, as every man naturally will, must, and should dislike his mother-in-law, was contented to suffer her in his house to act as a *chaperon* to Morgiana.

None of the young dandies ever got admission of mornings to the little mansion in the Edgeware Road; the blinds were always down, and

though you might hear Morgiana's voice half across the Park as she was practising. Yes! the youthful hall-porter, in the sugar-loaf buttons, was instructed to deny her, and always declared that his mistress was gone out, with the most admirable assurance.

After some two years of her life of splendour, there were, to be sure, a good number of morning visitors who came with *single* knocks, and asked for Captain Walker, but these were no more admitted than the dandies aforesaid, and were referred, generally, to the captain's office, whither they went or not at their convenience. The only man who obtained admission into the house was Baroski, whose cab transported him thrice a-week to the neighbourhood of Connaught Square, and who obtained ready entrance in his professional capacity.

But even then, and much to the wicked little music-master's disappointment, the dragon Crump was always at the piano with her endless worsted work, or else reading her unfailing *Sunday Times*; and Baroski could only employ "*de langvitch of de ice*," as he called it, with his fair pupil, who used to mimic his manner of rolling his eyes about afterwards, and perform "*Baroski in love*," for the amusement of her husband and her mamma. The former had his reasons for overlooking the attentions of the little music-master; and as for the latter, had she not been on the stage, and had not many hundreds of persons, in jest or earnest, made love to her? What else can a pretty woman expect, who is much before the public? And so the worthy mother counselled her daughter to bear these attentions with good humour, rather than to make them a subject of perpetual alarm and quarrel.

Baroski, then, was allowed to go on being in love, and never was in the least disturbed in his passion; and, if he was not successful, at least the little wretch could have the pleasure of *hinting* that he was, and looking particularly roguish when the Ravenswing was named, and assuring his friends at the club that "*upon his vort dere vas no trut in dat rebort*."

At last one day it happened that

Mrs. Crump did not arrive in time for her daughter's lesson (perhaps it rained, and the omnibus was full—a smaller circumstance than that has changed a whole life ere now)—Mrs. Crump did not arrive, and Baroski did, and Morgiana, seeing no great harm, sat down to her lesson as usual, and in the midst of it down went the music-master on his knees, and made a declaration in the most eloquent terms he could muster.

"Don't be a fool, Baroski!" said the lady (I can't help it if her language was not more choice, and if she did not rise with cold dignity, exclaiming, "*Unhand me, sir!*")—"don't be a fool!" said Mrs. Walker, "but get up and let's finish the lesson."

"You hard-hearted adorable little creature, vil you not listen to me?"

"No, I vill not listen to you, Benjamin!" concluded the lady; "get up and take a chair, and don't go on in that ridiclous way, don't!"

But Baroski, having a speech by heart, determined to deliver himself of it in that posture, and begged Morgiana not to turn away her divine hie, and to listen to de voice of his despair, and so forth, and seized the lady's hand, and was going to press it to his lips, when she said, with more spirit, perhaps, than grace,—

"Leave go my hand, sir, I'll box your ears if you don't!"

But Baroski wouldn't release her hand, and was proceeding to imprint a kiss upon it, and Mrs. Crump, who had taken the omnibus at a quarter past twelve instead of that at twelve, had just opened the drawing-room door and was walking in, when Morgiana, turning as red as a peony, and unable to disengage her left hand which the musician held, raised up her right hand, and, with all her might and main, gave her lover such a tremendous slap in the face as caused him abruptly to release the hand which he held, and would have laid him prostrate on the carpet but for Mrs. Crump, who rushed forward and prevented him from falling by administering right and left a whole shower of slaps, such as he had never endured since the day he was at school.

"What, impudence!" said that worthy lady; "you'll lay hands on my daughter, will you? (one, two). You'll insult a woman in distress, will

you, you little coward? (one, two) Take that, and mind your manners, you filthy Jew boy!"

Baroski bounced up in a fury. "By Chofe, you shall hear of dis!" shouted he; "you shall pay me dis!"

"As many more as you please, little Benjamin," cried the widow. "Augustus (to the page), was that the captain's knock?" At this Baroski made for his hat. "Augustus, shew this impudence to the door, and, if he tries to come in again, call a policeman, do you hear?"

The music-master vanished very rapidly; and the two ladies, instead of being frightened or falling into hysterics as their betters would have done, laughed at the odious monster's discomfiture, as they called him. "Such a man as that set himself up against my Howard!" said Morgiana, with becoming pride; but

it was agreed between them that Howard should know nothing of what had occurred for fear of quarrels, or lest he should be annoyed. So when he came home not a word was said; and only that his wife met him with more warmth than usual, you could not have guessed that any thing extraordinary had occurred. It is not my fault that my heroine's sensibilities were not more keen, that she had not the least occasion for sal-volatile or symptom of a fainting fit; but so it was, and Mr. Howard Walker knew nothing of the quarrel between his wife and her instructor, until \* \* \* \*

Until he was arrested next day at the suit of Benjamin Baroski for two hundred and twenty guineas, and, in default of payment, was conducted by Mr. Tobias Larkins to his principal lock-up house in Chancery Lane.

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#### LEONARDO DA VINCI

##### DYING IN THE ARMS OF FRANCIS I.

NATUS, 1452; OBIT, MAY 2, 1519.

SILENCE and Solitude,  
And the bared-out arm of Death,  
And deep oppressive gloom  
Of the slow-opening tomb,  
Disclose unto the searching gaze of Thought,  
That holdeth with strong agony its breath,  
How sternly true the ancient moral taught,—  
"All things are vanity," the Preacher saith.

There is a sultry splendour in that space  
Where dying Genius lies with drooping wing;  
Over whose charnel-couch inclines a king,—  
Francis le Roi, no mean one of his race:  
Why shades the monarch his averted face?

There's royal pageantry on every side,  
And gorgeous trappings fill that ample room,  
And golden lustre to devour the gloom;  
Had fretted gold the potency to hide  
That mockery, man nor mammon may deride.

Why doth the soul assail its destiny  
The restless soul that ever scornful spurns  
Life's startling lessons that it hourly learns,—  
But heaveth ever like the unwearying sea,  
Its fretful spirit striving to be free?

Is the earth's atmosphere so icy cold,  
Despite of sunlight and the fragrant hours,  
Or has the vaulted heaven such tempting powers  
To make it ere its time a rebel bold,  
And to o'erleap its bounds ere it is old?



What would it have, this minute ray imprest  
 For a brief space that Time disdains to mark  
 Within its destined prison-house, the breast?  
 Be it a lonely exile from its ark,  
 It is its duty here to be at rest.

On yonder couch, expiring in the blaze  
 Of its created glories, Genius lies,  
 Watching the dawning of its native skies;  
 Beside yon couch the sceptred mind surveys  
 The mighty moral earth to man betrays.

Three potentates in presence in that room,  
 That little space of artificial pride,  
 One to the earth, one to the heaven allied,  
 And one to both,—to sunlight and to gloom.  
 Ah! who would wish such royalty to divide?

One is a monarch of the earth, and one  
 The sovereignty of Genius; the other thing,  
 A crown'd imagination—Phantom King!  
 To one life is, from one the spirit's flown,  
 The third is still when both the twain are gone.

Da Vinci sleeps, and o'er him Francis bends,—  
 Francis le Roi, in presence of the dead,  
 Now lofty-soul'd immortal, droops his head;  
 The majesty of man its lustre lends  
 To the last bourn where earth-born Genius ends.

Within his sunless home Da Vinci sleeps;  
 The airs of heaven, the glorious rays of light,  
 The breath of morn, the star-adorn'd night,  
 To him are not, for he his vigil keeps,  
 And o'er his vision'd rest a sovereign weeps!

All human pomp were nothing to his name,  
 The painted garniture of earth but gave  
 A little gilding to his body's grave;  
 But the great spirit, in its own acclaim,  
 Sought its bright shrine, and lent but earth its fame.

Yet liminary earth thus far may say,—  
 The king, with lofty-mindedness, inhumed  
 His glory with the greatness he entomb'd;  
 And by so doing he adorn'd his sway,  
 And sanctified a unit of his clay.

Homage it was to Genius on the wing,  
 To the proud spirit weary of its race,  
 Climbing the clouds and seeking heaven's embrace.  
 So far 't was human grandeur's offering,  
 And it was good—thrice honoured be the king.

COLONISATION—THE ONLY CURE FOR NATIONAL DISTRESS—  
MR. CHARLES BULLER'S SPEECH.

MR. CHARLES BULLER, M.P., is a very lucky person. He has read with attention, and cleverly digested, sundry elaborate essays in the *Quarterly Review*, as well as two or three papers in *Fraser's Magazine*, and some articles in the *Colonial Gazette* and in the *John Bull* newspaper; and out of these he has contrived to manufacture one of the most taking speeches that have been uttered for some time past in either house of parliament. Now we have no desire to press hard upon Mr. Charles Buller, or to detract in the smallest degree from the merit which belongs to him. He spoke his speech well. He had compiled it before-hand with considerable care, and has since published it in a very unpretending form; and, above all, we believe that, in spite of the atmosphere of Whiggery which surrounds him, Mr. Charles Buller has the interests of the country so far at heart, that he is sincere in advocating the great question on which he has stumbled. But when we hear him spoken of as a profound thinker on the subject of colonisation — when we find him lauded by the daily newspapers as the originator of a magnificent scheme, which is to remove from the British empire the burdens that oppress it, and to raise the English name to a height of glory not heretofore attained, it is impossible to suppress a smile at the gullibility of an age, which, in the contemplation of its own imaginary wisdom loses sight of all that other ages did and said, and is perpetually mistaking a return to established principles for some wonderful discovery, of which it may claim the merit.

The lesson which Mr. Charles Buller communicated to the House of Commons, on the 6th of April last, is a very useful and important one; yet it is not only not new, but it is the same which universal experience has been impressing upon the notice of all legislators, and all governments, ever since the world began. It is this: that there are certain limits beyond which you need not hope, upon any given portion of the

earth's surface, to support, in comparative comfort, masses of people that are becoming continually more dense; and that the only effectual cure for the evils which a redundant population produces is to send off your colonies regularly, as you are able to spare them, as bees send off their swarms, when the hive becomes too full, to seek new homes for themselves in lands that are as yet unoccupied. Other arrangements may retard the advance of suffering in a populous country for a season, and, till it shall have grown too grievous to be endured any longer, may appear to palliate the intensity of suffering when it comes. But, if you desire to effect a cure, you must obey the impulse of nature, and colonise, not emigrate, upon a becoming scale, and after an orderly and systematic manner. Indeed, if we may venture, without profaneness, to refer in this place to the arrangements of the Creator, as they are explained to us in Holy Writ, to act upon a different principle is to set ourselves in opposition to the Divine will, and to insure, in consequence, the defeat of our own impious purposes. "Increase, and multiply, and replenish the earth," was the first command given to the family of Noah when they descended from the ark. It was not more binding upon the world's second monarch than it is binding upon the rulers of the many kingdoms of the earth now; and the statesman who fails to act upon it, when need arises and the opportunities present themselves, appears to us to stand somewhat in the position of that Nimrod of old, of whom the commentators say that he built the tower of Babel in the vain hope of frustrating the designs of the Most High, and of retaining in his own family for ever a universal sovereignty.

In ancient times, as well before the introduction of Christianity into the world, as after that great moral revolution, when men lived more according to the dictates of nature than they do now, when their wants were fewer, and the means of supplying

them less cunningly accumulated, the necessity of colonisation was every where felt, and the manner of conducting it as simple as it was universally acted upon. Abraham and Lot, as Mr. Buller has happily observed, when they found that the land could not support them both, "because their substance was so great," separated, the one going away to the right hand, the other to the left. The Phœnicians, straitened in their homes beside the Mediterranean Sea, betook themselves to the isles of Greece, whence, in due time, fresh companies passed over to the continent of Asiz Minor, and studded its shores with cities and civilisation. Tyre cast off the swarms which planted Carthage; from the ashes of Troy Rome herself arose; Sicily, the coasts of Italy, of Spain, and of the south of France, afforded in succession places of refuge to tribes that were in search of new homes. The march of the Magyars westwards, till they settled at last in Hungary, was the movement of a people expelled from their ancient seats, or over-crowded there. The Huns, the Goths, the Vandals, broke in upon the Roman empire, because there was no longer food convenient for them in the regions where their fathers had dwelt. Colonisation, in short, was the one great remedy for distress, during ages when as yet men looked mainly, though not exclusively, to the soil for the means of subsistence; and it was conducted, on all occasions, in perfect order, and with a deep sense of the importance of so grave and irrevocable a movement. Moreover, the abandonment of their native soil imposed no other hardships upon the brave men who adventured upon it, than the previous habits of their lives had accustomed them to deal with, and to overcome. There was no disruption of family ties among the colonists of whom we are now speaking,—there was no loss of such of the advantages attendant on an organised state of society, as long usage had rendered familiar to them, and they were able to appreciate. Whatever might be the form of government, the domestic usages, or the religion cultivated at home, the very same the colonists carried with them to the land of their adoption. Their wives and their little ones bore

them company in the migration. They followed their leaders cheerfully, and obeyed them implicitly, whether these enjoyed their pre-eminence by right of birth, or were elected by themselves for the occasion; and, as soon as they had discovered a convenient spot whereon to build, a city sprang up of which the model was in their hearts, as well in their memories. Or if they moved with arms in their hands, either fleeing before a victorious enemy, or seeking to win more commodious habitations at the point of the sword, their households and their household gods marched in the centre of their columns, and were established in the seats of those feeblen nations whom they in their turn dislodged. The advance of the Israelites into Canaan, the settlement of the Northmen in Normandy, the conquests of the Saxons in England, the occupation of Lombardy by the Lombards, the seizure of Gaul by the Franks, and of Spain by the Moors, were all cases in point. Each of these was an armed emigration, which laid the foundation of a new commonwealth by overthrowing, rather than by extirpating an old. But movements of this sort can be successfully carried on only where the people which invade are warlike and hardy, the people that are invaded, effeminate and feeble. The readjustment of society which ensued on the breaking up of the Roman empire put a final stop to them, at least in Europe; and, the art of navigation being for a while but little cultivated, inducements to colonise for purposes of commerce were every where wanting.

The first to reawaken the spirit of colonisation in times comparatively recent were the Portuguese and the Spaniards. Impelled to the undertaking, not through any pressure of numbers at home, but by the thirst for mercantile profit which then pervaded all Europe, they followed the example, without acting upon the principle by which the elder colonists were swayed. Strange lands being discovered, the governments of the old countries, whence the discoverers went forth, claimed them for their own, and sent out their people to plant and retain these lands for *them*, not to erect new cities and cultivate new fields for their own com-

venience. It was not, however, from one class exclusively, and that the most helpless and the least enlightened, that the Portuguese and Spaniards selected their emigrant adventurers. Fifty years and more before the foot of a European had been planted on the great continent of America, or on the islands adjacent to it, Madeira, under the judicious care of Henry, Duke of Vescó, was become a perfect epitome of the kingdom of Portugal, in which state it has remained ever since, in spite of much neglect and frequent misgovernment, faithful to the mother country. In like manner, when Columbus had described to Ferdinand and Isabella the results of his own hardihood, and the glories of the New World, the universal Spanish nation stood forward as one man to applaud their great benefactor, and to take advantage of his discoveries. Raised to the highest rank among the grandees, he carried back to Hispaniola authority to represent his sovereign, and was attended by a fleet, in which were embarked 1500 persons, many of them the sons of the first families in the kingdom. Moreover, the pope not only gave his blessing to the undertaking, but appointed clergymen, of every rank and order in the Church, to accompany the emigrants, thus binding society together by the holy tie of religion, and offering the best guarantee for its continuance. We have not forgotten the atrocities of which these early colonists were guilty, neither are we ignorant of the causes which produced them. As soon as the gaols of old Spain were emptied to supply new Spain with European inhabitants of both sexes, there was a complete overcasting of the horizon, and mutiny and discord soon appeared, where more than in all conceivable situations the opposite tempers were needed. Still Spain, upon the whole, and Portugal in like manner, acted prudently in the settlement of their Transatlantic provinces. It was not left to individual adventurers to establish themselves wherever they might prefer, and to set up the frame-work of society according to their own crude humours. Nobles, in due proportion, with artisans, judges, notaries, bishops, and priors, found homes for

themselves in Chili and Peru, Paraguay and Mexico, till each of these became, under its governor, or king's representative, a tolerably accurate copy of La Mancha, or Grenada, or any other of the provinces of which old Spain is composed.

We perceive that Mr. Buller has attributed to our forefathers of the days of Elizabeth and James the same wisdom of purpose in the settlement of North America which distinguished the Phœnicians and the Greeks in the planting of their colonies, and was not altogether wanting in the Spaniards and the Portuguese. He speaks of Raleigh as quitting a brilliant court and the highest spheres of political ambition in order to lay the foundation of the colony of Virginia; of Lord Baltimore and the best Roman Catholic families as founding Maryland; and of Penn as a courtier before he became a colonist. Mr. Buller is mistaken in the inferences which he draws, and is not strictly correct in the premises from which he draws them. Raleigh did quit a brilliant court for a while and the highest spheres of political ambition; but it was to search for an earthly paradise, which he never found, certainly not to transplant to Virginia the institutions and people of his native country. To Virginia, after he had seen and abandoned it, emigrations, undoubtedly, took place; but they were conducted at the cost of a private company, of which he was not even a member, and to the leading members of which James I. granted a charter, as injudiciously directed as it was unwisely expressed. Raleigh himself was not the founder of a colony, nor, if he had been, would our arguments be at all effected by that circumstance. In like manner, though it be true that among the first settlers in Maryland there were a hundred Roman Catholic gentlemen with their adherents, we find no transplanting by them to the banks of the Potomac of the usages, civil or religious, which prevailed at home, nor any organisation of general society, even in that, the most aristocratic of all the early settlements, which might lead the stranger to forget, in the market-place of Annapolis, that he was not standing in the market-place of an English country town. And so it was throughout.

Pennsylvania, with its Quakers, bigoted, fanatical, and absurd; Carolina, with its Landgraves and Caziques in the first instance, and, by and by, when Lock's handiwork fell to pieces, with its purely democratic institutions; Nova Scotia, with its titular baronets, not one of whom ever took up his residence in the land which gave him rank; Massachusetts, a den of Puritans, hating England and all that appertained to it—these, with the rest of the stations to which individual Englishmen betook themselves in the new world, bore no more similitude to the mother country than necessarily arose out of the use of a common language and some common regard to the great abstract principles of law and of justice.

Our North American colonies struck root at random, and not unfrequently in a spirit hostile to the land which sent them forth. They grew up amid confusion, making laws for themselves, forming habits of their own, and adopting any form of religion, or none at all, according to their own humours and caprices. The imperial government never condescended to control or direct them in these matters. So long as they had difficulties to struggle with they were left entirely to themselves, and experienced the care of the mother country only after their trade had become of importance to England.

In earlier times, the departure of a colony severed at once, and for ever, the tie of allegiance which had previously connected the emigrants with the government of the land that gave them birth. The individuals composing the swarm were, in the strictest sense of the term, adventurers. They received the sanction of their parents and rulers to depart, but they desired nothing more; their barks were their own, and they manned and stored them according to their own humours. Whether they threw themselves on fortune to be their guide, or had fixed upon the point of their settlement prior to their departure, the results were, in either case, the same. They went to establish new homes, and by that act to build up a new kingdom or a new commonwealth, as the case might be. Towards the soil from which they sprang they could not, of course, fail to

cherish, throughout more than one generation, a partial regard; but there was no claim by the old city on the new for obedience; there was no undertaking on the part of the new city to receive laws and governors from the old. Carthage was never in subjection to Tyre, nor Ionia to Athens. The modern system of colonisation has been different from the first. The kings of Spain, of Portugal, of England, of France, and of Holland, claimed to exercise the same degree of sovereignty over such of their native-born subjects as removed to the new world which they exercised over such as continued in the old. Moreover, Spain, Portugal, France, and Holland, did their best to keep the several portions of their respective dominions in harmony;—they rendered each new settlement as accurate a copy, as circumstances would admit, of the parent stock. The French Canadians lived under their hereditary seigneurs, to whom they were, at least, as much attached as the cultivators of La Vendée to the Roch-jacquelines and the Charettes.

The inhabitants of Mahades or New York, had their burghers, burgomasters, states-general, and stadt-holder. The Spaniards of Peru and the Portuguese of Brazil had their colonial marquises and comtes whom they treated with all becoming deference; and, above all, each of these infant societies had its own peculiar church, planted with the first root whence a colonial society was to spring, and nourished and fostered so that it should keep pace in its growth with the growth of this same colonial society. England took no heed for any thing of the sort. Of the colonies which have since become the United States of North America, all, as we have just said, were planted by a sort of hap-hazard, and not a few in a temper of hostility towards England. No effort was made to create a colonial nobility—no colonial church was rooted among them. It was not till after the dismemberment of the empire, and the establishment of their independence by the revolted provinces, that a single Protestant bishop appeared in all the great continent of North America. The emigrants were left, singly or in combinations, to choose their own ma-

gistrates, enact their own laws, and to settle for themselves a convenient form of administering such laws. In a word, the bearing of the mother country towards states which were claimed all the while as subject to the crown was to create in them a strong democratic feeling; to accustom them, not to self-government alone, for that, under wise restrictions, would have been becoming, but to government originating in the will of the mob; to leave them without any congeniality of sentiment with their fellow-subjects of the Old World, or any link of connexion sufficiently strong to resist the first serious attempt that might be made to separate the one from the other.

In the face of all these disadvantages, and of many more which we cannot stop to particularise, the colonies grew and prospered. Fearful sufferings fell to the lot of the earlier settlers, but each new wave which followed found some sort of preparations made for it, and left, in consequence, a permanent trace of its progress through the districts over which it swept. It is worthy of remark, too, that the colonies enlarged themselves rather through the fecundity of the indigenous families than because of any anxiety on the part of Englishmen to throw in their lot with their transatlantic brethren. The mistaken plan which was early adopted of colonising from the gaols and scourings of the streets operated as a powerful check upon the voluntary migrations of respectable people; which, indeed, was the less to be regretted, that as yet the complaint at home was rather of a lack than of a redundancy of population. But the necessary effect was more and more to alienate the good-will of the new from the old country, and to accustom politicians in the old country to regard the people in the new rather as helots than as their fellow-citizens. Hence, at the precise stage in the progress of the colonies when they might have been expected to add every year fresh strength and enlarged wealth to the whole empire, they broke off from it. There was extreme mismanagement on the part of the British government, extreme folly displayed by the officials acting under it; yet neither the one nor the other would have led

to the revolution of 1764 had not America been ripe for such revolution. The United States had no single institution, political or religious, in common with England, and they only obeyed a strong impulse of nature in asserting their independence of it.

The objects sought for in colonisation, whenever undertaken, are three, viz.—relief from pressure by such as abide at home, wider and more genial dwelling-places by such as go abroad, and an extension of its own power and influence by the government which promotes the emigration. The ancients were satisfied with the attainment of the two former; moderns desire, if possible, to accomplish all three; yet there are very few among the nations of the old world to which the opportunity of doing so is offered. France, to be sure, has her Algeria, and a very pretty kettle of fish she is likely to make of it; and Holland has Batavia, and would be glad, we make no doubt, to recover her Cape of Good Hope. But if we except these two powers, there is not another nation in Europe which has any means of establishing its redundant population on its own soil save ourselves. If Austria find her inhabitants increase too much, she may ship off her swarms; but they will settle in the United States, or in Canada, or in Australia, or at the Cape; and in each case they will be lost to Austria for ever. The same result will ensue whenever Prussia becomes uneasy, or Switzerland, or Bavaria, from a similar cause. But for us there are absolutely no bounds to the capabilities with which Providence has furnished us of extending our influence over the world, and rendering the empire prosperous in proportion to its growth. Canada alone, rightly to develop her resources, would require a greater number of cultivators than England could well spare. The Cape is not half peopled even in the vicinity of the capital. And, when we look as far as the islands of the Pacific, we behold tracts of fertile land equal in extent to Russia, France, and Austria, put together, all lying waste, yet all owning our sway. What are we about that we do not bend the energies of the country to settle these fine regions, and to render them a

profitable portion of the British empire? Is trade so brisk at home that we cannot spare any of our artisans out of our sight? Is agriculture so flourishing that hands to dress and till the fields of England are wanting? Are respectable employments so attainable that the sons of our gentry have only to seek in order to find them? The reverse is the case. Nearly two millions of willing and able-bodied poor, of artisans, agricultural labourers, and their wives and children, are at this moment receiving in England parochial relief. The union workhouses are every where overflowing. There are not openings for one half of the educated young men who desire to find employment; all the professions are overstocked, and the public offices crowded. Now this is a state to which matters cannot be brought all at once. We are not suffering under the mere pressure of temporary causes. These, doubtless, have had their share in deranging our commercial system; but in the accumulation of individual suffering they have operated very little. We suffer thus because England, Scotland, and Ireland, are over-peopled; and because the energy and capital that are confessedly abundant among us can no longer make head against the evils of which a redundant population is the source. Mr. Buller speaks on this head like a man of sense; and, as his sentiments happen to fall in exactly with our own, we are glad to take advantage of his vigorous manner of expressing them:—

“ I do not deny the influence of temporary causes in producing the present very severe distress. I admit, with gentlemen opposite, that successive bad harvests, wars, unsettled commercial relations, the monetary and commercial derangements of other countries, particularly the United States, and an undue impulse to speculation, together with the consequent disastrous reaction, have undoubtedly combined to disturb our commerce: and I think it impossible to deny that, had these causes not been in operation, the distress which we lament would have been different in character and in intensity. But, on the other hand, I do not think that it has been shewn that the operation of these temporary causes can be taken as a satisfactory solution of the whole of our dis-

tress. I think it clear that, besides there have been at work more of the causes of distress; and that, if temporary causes are but forms of the permanent evils of our system, they have exhibited themselves.

“ For instance, much of the distress has been ascribed to over-production. It has been asserted that, during the entire period of distress, with falling prices, and markets becoming day, flatter and flatter, this insatiable demand for over-production went on built up by mills, multiplying fresh power machinery, and adding fresh heaps of pre-existing accumulations of unmarketable wares. To a certain extent there is no fear, too much reason to account of the history of our distress, and to believe that, even after the period of distress which we have been through, it is too probable that of relief being afforded in the same manner, namely, by the continued having diminished production, the supply of our goods having been reduced to an equality with demand,—production, having gone on under the pressure of the demand, the supply of many kinds of goods is now almost, if not quite, as reduced as ever. But I cannot understand how it can be regarded as a full explanation of the origin of the distress. The over-production may have laid the foundation for a greater future distress, but I cannot conceive how it can account, under the circumstances, for the occurrence of the distress, or how it could have avoided had over-production taken place. Can it be alleged that during this period of over-production, the labourers were withdrawn from their ordinary occupations? Did any enterprise of any kind suffer from the diversion of capital into channels where more than ordinary profits were to be made? Was the over-production carried on by means of capital borrowed from abroad? Were the labourers taken from the fields, or the ordinary business of the country, to work in the cotton-mills? Were foreign labourers imported into the country to supply the scarcity of hands? Why, it is notorious that during the last two or three years, when lending money to the foreigner there has been a considerable emigration of labourers,—that after all this over-production of which you speak, there never was so much idleness, and that our workhouses were still crowded with able-bodied men who could not get employment. If it be of which so much complaint has not been kept in activity, and which was required to work the

have been brought into a previously overcrowded money market, and the labourers whom they employed would have been so many more inmates of the work-houses. Is it not clear, then, that the over-production which is spoken of, however it may possibly aggravate future distress, has, in fact, only given a precarious, may be, ultimately, a mischievous employment, but still an employment which would not otherwise have been afforded to English capital and labour? If there had been no over-production, there would have been distress—different, perhaps, in form and in results, but still distress; for there would have been an additional amount of capital and labour unemployed. Your temporary cause, in this instance, instead of solving the whole problem, points us merely to permanent causes, which must be comprehended and removed ere we can hope to remove the sufferings of the people.

"That you cannot explain the existing distress by temporary causes alone is evident from the state of things in another country, in which these causes have operated, in an even greater degree than here, without producing any thing like the suffering which has been felt here. Whatever shocks our trade has experienced during the last few years, no one can compare them for severity with those which have been felt in the United States. Since 1836, the history of the trade of the United States has consisted of a series of crises, with intervals of stagnation. 'I doubt,' says Mr. Everett, in the wise and feeling answer which he recently made to a deputation of holders of state stock, 'I doubt if, in the history of the world, in so short a period, such a transition has been made from a state of high prosperity to one of general distress as in the United States within the last six years.' And yet has there been there any of what we should call distress among the quiet traders and artisans? of any inability to employ capital with ordinary profit? of any general want of employment for labour? of any great depression of wages? or any thing which we should call the extreme of destitution? Have even the unscrupulous demagogues of their hustings or their press ventured to describe such sad scenes as those which official inspection has shown to have been but too frequent at Bolton and Stockport? Have you heard in that country of human beings lying huddled together in defiance of comfort, of shame, and of health, in garrets and in cellars, and in the same hovels with their pigs? Have you heard of large and sudden calls on the bounty of individuals, of parishes, or of the government? of work-houses crowded? of even the gaol re-

sorted to for shelter and maintenance? of human beings prevented from actually dying of starvation in the open streets, or of others allowed to expire from inanition in the obscurity of their own dwelling-places? The plain fact is, that though hundreds of enterprises have failed, and enormous amounts of capital have been sacrificed, and credit has been paralysed, and hundreds that were wealthy at sunrise have been beggars ere the same sun was set, and thousands have been suddenly deprived of the work and wages of the day before, yet capital and labour have never failed to find immediate employment in that boundless field. That fearful storm has passed over the United States, leaving marks of tremendous havoc on its credit, and wealth, and progress; but the condition of the masses has never been substantially affected. How comes it that these temporary causes, which produce so frightful an amount of distress in England, do not, when acting with double and treble violence in the United States, produce a tithe of the suffering? Does it not shew that in this country the real mischief lies deep, and is ever at work? And that the temporary causes to which you ascribe temporary distress are of such fearful efficacy only because they aggravate the effects of causes permanently depressing the condition of the people.

"I think, sir, that we cannot contemplate the condition of this country without coming to the conclusion that there is a permanent cause of suffering in the constant accumulation of capital, and the constant increase of population within the same restricted field of employment. Every year adds its profits to the amount of capital previously accumulated, and certainly leaves the population considerably larger at its close than it was at its commencement. This fresh amount both of capital and population have to be employed, and, if no further space for their employment be provided, they must compete for a share of the previous amount of profits and wages. The tendency of this cause to reduce both profits and wages is undoubtedly counteracted by what has fortunately been the still greater tendency of increased demand from foreign countries of discoveries of fresh products of nature, and of improvements in various processes of art, especially in agriculture, to enlarge the field of employment; so that, in fact, the condition of the great mass of our countrymen has, as regards mere physical circumstances, indisputably gone on improving from century to century since the Norman conquest. But it is as indisputable that this enlargement of the field of employment, though in the long run greater, is not so steady as the growth of capital and population, and



that, during the intervals that elapse ere fresh employment is found, competition, in a restricted field, oftentimes reduces both wages and profits, and occasions periods of distress.

"In this country, since the peace, there has been an immense accumulation of capital, of which great part has, no no doubt, been turned to excellent account in extending our trade and manufactures; in improving our agriculture; in covering the country with public works and private dwellings; and in bringing within reach of the humblest of our people comforts which formerly only the wealthy could command. But, over and above this, there has been a further accumulation of capital for which no profitable employment could be found, and which has consequently been thrown away in the most unsafe investments—lent to every government that chose to ask us for loans—sunk in South American mines, or fooled away in the bubble speculations of the day. In loans to foreign countries, I have heard that a sum so large has been sunk that I fear to repeat it; and of this a great part may be regarded as absolutely lost, owing to the dishonesty of the debtor states. Such speculations are the inevitable result of an accumulation of capital, which there are no means of investing with profit; and, of course, the failure of such speculations narrows the field of employment still more, by producing a general unwillingness to embark even in safe enterprises. We are now in one of those periods of stagnation of trade, while millions by which it could be profitably carried on are lying idle in the coffers of our capitalists. The general complaint is that no man can find a safe, and, at the same time, a profitable investment for money; that the rate of interest on private security is lower than it was ever known; that the price of public securities keeps rising—not because the country is prosperous—but because the universal stagnation and want of confidence prevent men from investing their savings in any other way; that the profits of business also are very low; and that every kind of business is more and more passing into the hands of great capitalists, because they can afford, on their large amounts, to be content with a rate of profit, at which the smaller capital would not produce a livelihood. This state of things is the result of having more capital than you can employ with profit; and the cry of distress, to which it gives rise, will continue as long as capital continues to accumulate in a restricted field.

"No one will question the fact that there is a most severe competition among

labourers; that, from the highest to the lowest occupation of human industry, almost every one is habitually overstocked; that in all there is the utmost difficulty of getting employment; and that the gains of some, if not all of every class, are diminished by the competition of redundant labour. The liberal professions are more overstocked than any others. Gentlemen of the first station and fortune find a difficulty in knowing what to do with their younger sons; and you hear every day of the sons of gentlemen entering into occupations from which their pride in former times debarred them. Among the middle classes you hear the same complaints. There is the same intense competition amongst tradesmen, and notoriously a most severe competition amongst farmers. And the competition of educated men is nothing in comparison with the severity of that competition which exists amongst educated women, who are, unhappily, compelled to maintain themselves by their own exertions in that very limited range of employments in which our manners allow them to engage.

"The extent of the competition for employment among those who have nothing to depend upon but mere manual labour unhappily admits of easy and certain proof by a reference to the broad and indisputable conclusions forced on us by statistical accounts. Since 1810 more than six millions have been added to the population of Great Britain; and for all this additional population agriculture has not supplied any, or hardly any, additional employment. Yet the condition of our agricultural labourers is any thing but such as we could wish. In the course of the violent recrimination which Anti-Corn-law lecturers and the farmers' friends have been lately carrying on, we have heard fearful accounts of the deplorable physical condition of the agricultural labourers—their low wages, their wretched habitations, their scanty food, bad clothing, and want of fuel. On the other hand, we have had held up to us the habitual privations to which the labourers in various trades and manufactures are subject. The perpetual strikes in various trades, the long-continued misery of such a class as the hand-loom weavers, then the dreadful facts laid open by the inquiries put in motion by the poor-law commissioners and by the noble lord the member for Dorsetshire, respecting the unremitting and unwholesome labour carried on in many trades, the wretched poverty, precarious existence, and mental abasement of vast bodies of our artisans,—above all, the miserable and degrading occupations to which a large portion of our population is con-

damned to resort, are proofs of a constant pressure of the population employed in trades and manufactures upon the means of subsistence which they afford. Look at the accounts of thousands of men, women, and children, congregated together without any regard to decency or comfort in noisome sites and wretched hovels—of those who wear out their lives in the darkness of coal and iron-mines, doing what is commonly considered the work of brutes, in a moral and intellectual state hardly raised above that of the mere animal; of the shirt-makers, who get ten-pence for making a dozen shirts; and of the 15,000 milliners in this metropolis, habitually working for the scantiest wages, in close rooms, always for thirteen or fourteen hours a-day, sometimes for days and nights together, nine out of ten losing their health in the occupation, and scores of them falling victims to consumption, or rendered incurably blind whenever a court-mourning or any festivity of peculiar magnitude tasks their powers more than usual. These are all consequences of the one leading fact, that every year that rolls over our heads brings an addition of 300,000 to the population of Great Britain, and that, unless in proportion to the increase of population there is a simultaneous increase of employment—unless fresh work be found for as many pair of hands as there are fresh mouths to feed—the condition of our population must sink, and there must be acute suffering. In Ireland the condition of the people is at all times more uneasy; in any crisis their sufferings infinitely more horrible. Can this be wondered at when we know, on the highest official authority, that in that part of the United Kingdom there are more than 2,000,000 of persons always in distress for thirty weeks in the year from want of employment?

“It is this constant swelling of population and capital up to the very brim of the cup that is the permanent cause of uneasiness and danger in this country; and this that makes the ordinary vicissitudes of commerce fraught with such intense misery to our population. When our condition in ordinary times is that of just having employment sufficient for our capital and population, any check to the necessary increase of employment, much more any defalcation of the ordinary sources, must be attended with absolute destitution to that large proportion of our people who can save nothing from their daily earnings, and who, if they chance to lose their present occupation, can find no other to turn to. Contrast this with the state of America.”

To meet and remedy an evil like this, there are no means save one.

If you were to open your ports to-morrow, and to admit corn from every corn-growing country under heaven, duty free, you might increase, but you would certainly not diminish, the aggregate amount of distress throughout the United Kingdom, at least in the first instance. Of our own land much would be thrown out of cultivation. This even the Leaguers admit, though they contend that the mischief would not be lasting; but is the country capable of going through a great crisis—such a crisis as must inevitably come to pass if you throw three-fourths of your agricultural population on their parishes? And then does it necessarily follow that the states which send you corn will take your manufactured goods in exchange? They might, perhaps; perhaps, also, they might not: and, were the latter issue to occur, what would become of your operatives, yea, and master-manufacturers too, after the home-market had been cut up root and branch? It is not, then, by abruptly changing your own commercial policy, while all the other nations of the world refuse to alter theirs, that you can hope to make head against the distress under which you now labour. Permanent relief is to be afforded only by the adoption of an extensive and systematic plan of colonisation. You must establish smaller Englands in Canada, at the Cape, and, above all, among the islands of the Pacific:—

“The commerce of the world is narrowed now not only by our own legislation, but by that of other powers; the influence of restrictive views is extending and acquiring strength among them. Within the last few years no less than eight hostile tariffs have been passed against us, more or less narrowing the demand for our manufactures. I say, then, that in the present day the restrictive policy of other nations must enter into our consideration as an element, and no unimportant element, of commercial policy; and, though I advise you to set the example of free trade to others, and extend your intercourse with them to the very utmost, still at the same time take care to be continually creating and enlarging those markets which are under the control of no legislation but your own. Shew the world that, if the game of restriction is to be played, no country can play it with such effect and such impunity as Great Britain, which, from

the outlying portions of her mighty empire, can command the riches of every zone, and every soil, and every sea, that the earth contains; and can draw, with unlimited measure, the means of every luxury and the material of every manufacture that the combined extent of other realms can supply. This we have done, or can do, by placing our own people in different portions of our own dominions; secure that, while they remain subjects of the same empire, no hostile tariff can by possibility exclude us from their markets; and equally secure that, whenever they shall have outgrown the state of colonial dependence, and nominally or practically asserted, as they will do, a right to legislate for themselves, our hold on their markets will be retained by that taste for our manufactures which must result from long habit, and by that similarity of customs and wants which kindred nations are sure to have. Under these impressions I direct your attention to colonisation as a means, I should say not merely of relieving distress, but of preventing its recurrence, by augmenting the resources of the empire and the employment of the people. The suggestion of this remedy appears to be the simple result of the view of the evil which I described as the permanent cause of distress in this country. Here we have capital that can obtain no profitable employment, labour equally kept out from employment by the competition of labour sufficient for the existing demand; and an utter inability to find any fresh employment in which that unemployed capital can be turned to account by setting that unemployed labour in motion. In your colonies, on the other hand, you have vast tracts of the most fertile land wanting only capital and labour to cover them with abundant harvests, and, from want of that capital and labour, wasting their productive energies in nourishing weeds, or, at best, in giving shelter and sustenance to beasts. When I ask you to colonise, what do I ask you to do but to carry the superfluity of one part of our country to repair the deficiency of the other? to cultivate the desert by applying to it the means that lie idle here? in one simple word, to convey the plough to the field, the workman to his work, the hungry to his food!

Up to a period very recent indeed, though there has been considerable emigration from Great Britain and Ireland, there has been no colonisation properly so called. The poor and the uneducated, and only these, were invited to transfer themselves and their families to the New World. They went often in ill humour, al-

ways with reluctance, and in not a few instances they returned, after a few years, to burden once more the parishes which had thrust them forth. Moreover, the destination of these emigrants was, in a vast majority of cases, to a part of the world where they ceased on their arrival to be Englishmen. Of those who settled abroad, probably three-fourths settled in the United States. Now England could very well bear this drain, because her towns were overflowing, and her villages more than stocked; yet, surely, the emigrants would have been better disposed of had they been conducted to one or other of her own dependencies. In the latter case, they would have continued as much an integral portion of the British empire as if their removal had carried them no farther than out of Kent into Surrey; in the former, the monarch lost so many able-bodied subjects, while you effected for the community little more, directly, than to leave some space for your rising generation to occupy, and a little more food at your disposal for division among the many mouths that were gaping for it. Hear Mr. Buller on this subject:—

“ But the whole, nay, the main advantage of colonisation is not secured by that mere removal of the labourer from the crowded mother country, which is all that has been generally implied by the term emigration. His absence is only the first relief which he affords you. You take him hence to plant him on a fertile soil, from which a very small amount of his labour will suffice to raise the food which he wants. He soon finds that by applying his spare time and energies to raising additional food, or some article of trade or material of manufacture, he can obtain that which he can exchange for luxuries of which he never dreamed at home. He raises some article of export, and appears in your market as a customer. He who a few years ago added nothing to the wealth of the country, but, receiving all from charity, simply deducted the amount of food and clothing necessary for existence and decency from the general stock of the community—he, by being conveyed to a new country, not only ceases to trench upon the labour of others, but comes, after providing his own food, to purchase from you a better quality and larger quantity of the clothing and other manufactures which he used to take as a dole, and to give employment and offer food

to those on whose energies he was a burthen before. Imagine, in some village, a couple of young married men, of whom one has been brought up as a weaver, and the other as a farm-labourer, but both of whom are unable to get work. Both are in the workhouse; and the spade of the one and the loom of the other are equally idle. For the maintenance of these two men and their families, the parish is probably taxed to the amount of forty pound a year. The farm-labourer and his family get a passage to Australia or Canada; perhaps the other farm-labourers of the parish were immediately able to make a better bargain with their master, and get somewhat better wages; but, at any rate, the parish gains twenty pounds a-year by being relieved from one of the two pauper families. The emigrant gets good employment; after providing himself with food in abundance, he finds that he has therewithal to buy him a good coat, instead of the smock-frock he used to wear, and to supply his children with decent clothing, instead of letting them run about in rags. He sends home an order for a good quantity of broad cloth: and this order actually sets the loom of his fellow-pauper to work, and takes him, or helps to take him, out of the workhouse. Thus the emigration of one man relieves the parish of two paupers, and furnishes employment not only for one man, but for two men.

"It seems a paradox to assert that removing a portion of your population enables a country to support more inhabitants than it could before, and that the place of every man who quits his country, because he cannot get a subsistence, may speedily be filled up by another whom that very removal will enable to subsist there in comfort. But the assertion is as true as it is strange. Nay, the history of colonies will shew that the theoretical inference suggests results which fall inconceivably short of this,—wonders which have been realised in fact; and that we may fairly say that the emigration of Englishmen to our colonies has, in the course of time, enabled hundreds to exist in comfort for every one who was formerly compelled to quit his country.

"The settlement of the United States was originally effected by a few handful of Europeans. Deducting those who perished in the hardships of early settlement, and those who were not of an age or kind to add to the population, the original stock of European emigrants, from whom the present population of the United States are derived, must have been a very small number. This fraction has now swelled to no less a number than

thirteen or fourteen millions of white people. If the United States had never been settled and our emigrants had stayed at home, do you think it possible that the population of the United Kingdom would have been larger by thirteen or fourteen millions than it now is?—that we should have had and maintained in as good a state as now forty millions of people within these islands? Is there any reason for supposing that we should now have had any additional means of supporting the addition of the original emigrants? Nay, is it not absolutely certain that, without colonising the United States, we should not at this moment have been able to maintain any thing like the population which at present finds subsistence within the limits of the United Kingdom? How large a portion of that population depends on the trade with the United States, which constitutes one-sixth of our whole external trade? Without that trade, what would have been the size, and wealth, and population of Manchester, and Liverpool, and Glasgow, and Sheffield, and Leeds, and Birmingham, and Wolverhampton—in fact, of all our great manufacturing districts? What would have been the relative condition of those agricultural districts whose industry is kept in employment by the demand of that manufacturing population? What that of this metropolis, so much of the expenditure of which may indirectly be traced to the wealth created in the American trade? In fact, what would have been the wealth and population of this country had the United States never been peopled? Considering all the circumstances to which I have adverted, I think it will be admitted that it is no exaggeration to say that, taking the United Kingdom and the United States alone, the fact of colonising that single country has at least doubled the numbers and wealth of the English race. And can it be doubted that if, at the various periods in which the colonisation of the United States was effected, an equal number of persons had gone to some other vacant territory, as extensive as the peopled portion of the United States—and many more than such a number, be it observed, perished in abortive attempts at settlement in America—I say, if such a number had so settled elsewhere, is there any reason to doubt that another great nation of our race, as populous, as wealthy, as the United States, might have been in existence, might have added another eight millions to our export trade, and might have supported a second Lancashire in full activity and prosperity in our island?"

This reasoning appears to us to be

unanswerable; and it is fair to add, that the speaker is equally happy in his mode of illustrating the comparative advantages to British commerce that arise from the intercourse which our merchants maintain with countries originally peopled from Europe, and with all the old nations of the world put together. He shews that the amount of exports to our own foreign possessions, and to countries which still belong to other powers, or have recently been colonies, is nearly as four to three when compared with the value of the goods which we export to the old countries of Europe. In the amount of tonnage employed to carry on this trade the superiority of the colonial over the purely foreign connexion is not less remarkable; indeed, it appears that our own colonies alone, exclusive of the United States, and the states of South America, &c. &c., employ nearly one-third of the whole British tonnage that is cleared outwards. Can any species of argument more completely demonstrate the wisdom of the line of policy which we are now recommending? By the adoption of an enlarged system of colonisation, you will not only withdraw the pressure which bows down the necks of men at this moment; but you will be sowing the seeds of a constantly increasing commerce for ages yet to come, probably for ever.

The time, we imagine, has gone by when it could be gravely objected to colonisation, that you were exporting the very thews and sinews from your native land, and rendering England feeble in order that its inhabitants might live luxuriously. Experience has at length taught us, that population, when it exceeds the means of comfortable subsistence, becomes a source of weakness, not of strength, and that in diffusing it over a wider surface you are taking nothing away from the vigour of the body politic, but the reverse. Now Canada is as much a portion of the British empire as Ireland; so is the Cape of Good Hope, so are Australia and Van Dieman's Land. Canada, the Cape, Australia, and Van Dieman's Land, all need that of which England and Ireland possess a superabundance. You take nothing away from the strength of the empire by transferring to these portions of it such of your country-

men as can find no profitable employment at home. In like manner, we are satisfied that the Leaguers themselves will find it difficult to persuade the suffering artisans and labourers of Yorkshire now that the proposal of removing themselves and their families to the rich lands and sunny clime of New Zealand would entail upon them the shadow of a disgrace, or confound them in any man's thoughts with convicted criminals. All these prejudices have passed away. The people are willing to emigrate, if the means of emigration be afforded to them; they are in many places petitioning the legislature to afford these means. It appears, too, that under the improved management which has sprung up in the Colonial Office, a larger number of persons has been transferred of late years to the colonies, and with a better prospect of thriving there, than at one period the most sanguine of the promoters of the system could have anticipated. Ever since February 1832, when the old practice of making gratuitous grants of land was abandoned, when the lands in the colonies were sold, not given away, and the proceeds of the sales applied to the conveyance of selected emigrants to their stations, a better order of things has prevailed. Honour be to Lord John Russell, likewise, for having constituted the Board of Land and Emigration Commissioners, and prescribing the nature of their duties, in instructions which are full of sound wisdom and far-sighted policy in reference to this matter. These are clearly the beginnings of a great end. We have discovered certain important truths, we have established certain great principles, but we must not stop short there. The truths must be acted upon, the principles carried into effect with all the zeal and energy which the circumstances of the country require, for the end to be accomplished is by far too important to permit party feeling or personal prejudice to interfere with it. Perhaps the Whigs may claim the merit of having originated the new system: let not their rivals on that account shrink from working it out; on the contrary, then, let them set about the operation in a statesman-like way, and they will do more for their country than

the Whigs, it is probable, would have had either the courage or the inclination to attempt. What is it that we mean? We will explain in a very few words.

It is a settled point that the giving away of tracts of land, whether large or small, and leaving it to the discretion of the occupants to cultivate their estates or not at their own convenience, only wastes the resources of the colonial empire without increasing the comforts of any perceptible portion of the English people. Accordingly the local government of Canada, and, in reference to others of the colonies, the commissioners of land and emigration at home, are authorised to sell to parties making application for the same, allotments of land, of which it is provided by the terms of the deed of conveyance that a certain proportion shall, within a given period of time, be brought under the plough or otherwise applied to agricultural purposes. In Canada we believe that the purchasers are allowed to make whatever arrangements for the fulfilment of these conditions may best suit their own convenience. Provided the specified plot of ground be reclaimed within the stipulated period of time, the government disclaims all right of further interference. The purchaser has become the owner of the soil, and may deal with it thenceforth as he pleases;—there is no one to interfere with him. The case is somewhat different as regards the Australian colonies. The proceeds of each sale, or a large portion of them, are applied to the purposes of emigration, and emigrants selected from among the fittest of such as offer themselves are carried out at the public expense. Now what we are anxious to see is that the latter principle shall become the groundwork of the whole of our colonial arrangements, as well in Canada and at the Cape, as in the Pacific; and that in the hands of an able and a willing government it shall be carried out to its fullest extent. For example, take care in disposing of your lands so to mete them out that the arrangements of society which prevail in the mother-country shall strike root at once in her dependencies. Do not make your estates either of a uniform extent or too limited.

Permit individuals who are able, to purchase a hundred thousand acres, if they choose, and do not object to sell one thousand; but in both cases, and in all that intervene and connect these extremes, see that your landowners go to their domains, and carry with them people enough to begin the work of cultivation in real earnest. For this purpose make your calculation as to the number of able-bodied men whom the lord of one thousand, of ten thousand, and of a hundred thousand acres respectively, may find in employment, and employ to his own and to their advantage from the outset. Calculate at the same time the cost of conveying these men and their families to the colony, of providing their tools, their clothing, their food, &c. &c., for twelve months, and let the money paid for the domain be applied exclusively to these purposes. If the lord of the soil feel or fancy that a greater number of persons are needed than the purchase-money can provide, let him provide these persons at his own expense; but let the government require from him security that they shall be treated with the same liberality which marks the treatment of the rest of his people. Again; leave the purchasers of lands to select their own labourers. If this be done, you will find that in nine cases out of ten an enterprising youth will be followed across the sea by the sons of the very men who cultivated his father's lands in Great Britain; and of the advantages that are sure to attend the maintenance of connexions of this sort, it is needless to speak. The plan of sales by auction must be absolutely abolished; neither ought a landowner to be at liberty to dispose of his estate, either in whole or by portions, till he shall have been in possession a certain number of years, and brought a certain percentage of its acres into cultivation. If townships spring up upon men's lands, let the owners of these lands reap the benefit; if the lands in the neighbourhood of embryo towns be as yet unsold, sell them to the first bidders who come into the market, unless you prefer keeping them as crown domains. But do not charge more for one allotment than for another. There ought to be a uniform price throughout each of the colonies; and the

desire to win a priority of choice will lead to a good deal of spirit in making purchases.

Hitherto the thoughts of our colonists have been turned a great deal more towards foreign trade than domestic agriculture. The government ought as much as possible to discourage this spirit. Nature herself seems to direct that the means of subsistence should, in the first instance, be provided, and then articles fit for exchange and barter will follow. Accordingly we would have our colonial authorities to discountenance the clustering together of settlers in one or two places. A colonial capital you must, of course, have, and towns will spring up in convenient situations whether you desire it or not; but there is no occasion to foster these things as is done at the present time, it will be more beneficial to the permanent interests of all to act upon a different policy. We would, therefore, confer upon the owners of extensive tracts of land as many of the privileges of nobility as are not inconsistent with the enjoyment of perfect freedom among all classes. Each lord of twenty thousand acres and upwards might be a member of a body of hereditary councillors; whereas, the owners of lesser estates, down, if you please, to fifty acres, should choose their representatives as members of the House of Commons are chosen at home. Of course, the legislative rights of both classes would continue in abeyance till the colony, in point of numbers, should warrant their active exercise; for, of all the evils that can befall an infant society, there is none so hurtful to it as the premature calling off of the attention of its members from their own concerns to what is called public business. But, as rights of this sort ought to exist from the outset, so should the king's representative in each colony be authorised, after communication with the supreme government, to call them, at any moment, into active operation. Meanwhile, each landholder who undertakes to establish a certain number of cultivators on his estate ought to carry with him to his adopted country a commission as justice of the peace, which, giving him authority to punish petty offences, to settle disputes

and to preserve order among his followers, would establish at once the very best of all forms of government in a young colony—the patriarchal.

No colony, however weak in point of numbers, ought to quit the shores of England or Ireland, unless there shall have been arranged for it an epitome of that constitution under which its members were born and grew up to manhood. We are inclined to think that no colony ought to be planted, excepting in numbers sufficient to ensure a rapid and healthy growth of that constitution. Sell your lands whenever you can. Set about selling them in the proper manner, and you will find no lack of purchasers; but do not permit any of these to pass to the place of their future abode till you have got together some hundred and fifty families at the least. Employ for the transportation of these families some of the ships-of-war which are now laid up in ordinary, or, it may be, perishing with dry-rot in your ports. Fix from time to time your point of embarkation, and let all the colonists whose names and addresses are registered, be warned of the purposed assembling of the fleet, that they may meet together and embark with the same regularity which marks the embarkation of a regiment for foreign service. Let every shoal carry with it all that is needed towards the formation of a perfect community. Your governors, your judges, your officers of state, will of course be provided. Take care, also, that you have your clergy, your medical men, your artisans of every description, your printers, and your printing-press. We do not mean to say that to every shoal a clergyman of the Church of England ought to be appended. In the colonies we are apt to think that it is neither possible nor advisable to set up one church as the establishment, and merely to tolerate the others. If your emigrants be entirely or by a large majority, Scotch Presbyterians, they have a right to carry a Presbyterian minister along with them. If they be Irish Roman Catholics, they have an equal right to a Roman Catholic priest. Only let a clergyman of some persuasion or another accompany each batch, and let all be alike provided for at the

expense of the state. Neither, if you manage matters aright, will the smallest inconvenience arise from this sowing of what the more zealous will be apt to describe as tares among the wheat. You are dealing, be it remembered, with a state of society to which, in the old world, there is no parallel. You are going to locate tribes, as it were, in families, according to the ties of kindred or old connexion. There is no risk of any one of these falling out with its neighbouring tribe, because of differences which may prevail in their modes of worshipping their common Maker. It is only when sects get mixed up, as they are here in England, that their members wrangle and fight. There will be room enough for all in New Holland and Australia, till, by its own intrinsic excellence, that which is true among them shall swallow up such as are false.

Colonisation, to effect any good purpose, must not only be carried on according to some such system as this, but it must be conducted on a large scale and with vigour. There is no necessity to employ compulsion. Offer to thousands but a free passage, with the assurance of subsistence, in return for their labour, when the voyage is ended, and thousands will come at your call. We could wish to see a million of persons, at least, removed at once to the fertile countries which now lie barren for the lack of hands to till them; and, if they go under the protection of gentlemen who are alive to the dignity as well as the vast importance of the move, we are sure that, in forwarding this work, we seek their permanent well-being much more than our own. No doubt there would be needed to carry out a plan so gigantic funds much more extensive than the sales of lands have as yet supplied. But what then? Not a murmur was heard when the minister proposed that the country should pay twenty millions to the owners of the slaves, whom the legislature had determined to emancipate. Would the country be less willing to advance twenty millions again, were such a sum required for purposes so obviously wise and beneficent? We are confident of the reverse. Men's views of this subject are not now what they

used to be. They know that the families which pass from England to Australia are not lost either to their kindred or their country. There is a lofty feeling of pride among the leaders on such occasions, a high sense of personal independence among such as follow; and both parties look forward to the time as not distant when they, instead of being debtors to their native land, shall become its best benefactors.

"Within the last ten or twelve years a great change has come over this state of things; within the last three or four years our colonisation has entirely altered its character. The emigration to Port Philip, South Australia, and New Zealand, has been an emigration of every class, with capital in due proportion to labourers, with tradesmen and artisans of every kind, and with the framework of such social institutions as the settlers have been used to in their native land. Clergymen, and schoolmasters, and competent men of every liberal profession, are among the earliest emigrants; artists and men of science resort to a new field for their labours; in the foundation of the settlement you find funds set apart for public works, for religious endowments, and even for colleges. Associations of a religious, and charitable, and literary nature, are formed at the outset; and these are intended to benefit not only the poor emigrants, but the helpless native, who is brought into contact with a superior race. To such settlements men of birth and refinement are tempted to emigrate; they do so in great numbers. I will be bound to say, that more men of good family have settled in New Zealand in the three years since the beginning of 1840 than in British North America in the first thirty years of the present century. It is notorious that the greatest change has taken place in the public feeling on this point, and that a colonial career is now looked upon as one of the careers open to a gentleman. This change in the character of colonisation—this great change in the estimation in which it is held, is of greater moment than the mere provision of means for conducting emigration without cost to the public. It makes colonisation, indeed, an extension of civilised society, instead of that mere emigration which aimed at little more than shovelling out your paupers to where they might die, without shocking their betters with the sight or sound of their last agony.

"I come, then, before you to-night as the advocate of no new fancy of my own, of no untried scheme for the realisation of unattainable results. The remedy



which I propose is one which the experience of the world has approved ; and the mode in which I would apply it is one which sufficient experience justifies me in describing as of recognised efficacy in the opinion of all practical authorities. The great principles of the plan of colonisation which I urge have been formally but unequivocally adopted by the government of this country ; they have been adopted with the general sanction of public opinion here ; and the colonies, as we well know, are clamorous for the extension of a system which they feel to have already given an amazing stimulus to their prosperity, and to which they look as the only means of enabling their progress to be steady. I ask, then, for no experiment. The thing has been tried, and I call upon you to make more use of the remedy, which has proved to be sound. If you think that, on the system which is now recognised as the sound one, the benefits of colonisation may be practically secured, then I say that the only question that remains for us is, whether and how that system can be so far extended as to realise its utmost results. For it is clear that, if it contains the means of greater relief, the condition of the country requires its extended application. It is equally clear that, though it has done great good already, it has been put in operation with no system or steadiness, not always quite heartily, certainly with no readiness to profit by experience for the purpose of either amending or extending it. It has, nevertheless, called into existence a large fund, which was not in being before. Those lands, which from all time had been barren and nominal domains—the mere materials for jobbing—this discovery has converted into a valuable property ; and it has also shewn you how to apply them, so as to make them most productive to the general good of the colonies, by effecting the importation of labour. But I think I am justified in saying that, under such circumstances, the system has never been turned to full account ; that if the people of the United States can purchase two millions of pounds worth of land a-year there is spare capital in this country to purchase something more than one-eighth of that amount ; that if they can dispose of some seven or eight millions a-year we could dispose of more than one-thirtieth of that quantity ; that if they can take annually from us 50,000 emigrants, besides at least as large a number from their own country, our Australian colonies could take more than one-seventh of that total amount. If we could only realise the same results as actually are realised in the United States, we should get two

millions, on the average, instead of 250,000*l.* a-year, from the sale of our lands ; and the means of sending out, free of cost, some 110,000 instead of 10,000 or 12,000 poor persons every year, in addition to the large unassisted emigration that goes on. If, with our vastly superior wealth and immeasurably larger emigrant population, we fall so lamentably short of the results actually realised in the United States ; nay, if with such superior powers we do not realise much greater results, I say it is sufficient proof that there is some defect in the mode of applying a sound principle. It is no defect of inclination on the part of the people to better their fortunes in another part of the empire—the amount of voluntary emigration shews that. It is no defect of inclination on the part of capitalists to invest their money in the purchase of colonial lands ; there is never any difficulty in getting money in any sound system of colonisation. The defect must be in the mode of facilitating the access of labour to the colonies ; it must be from our not making the most of the good principles on which we go. I say it is our bounden duty to have the matter investigated thoroughly, and to discover and remove the faults of detail that prevent our satisfying our present most extreme need, by devising, from a sound principle, the utmost benefits that colonisation can produce. It is clear that the public, not the ignorant and thoughtless, but men of the greatest speculative research, men of the greatest practical knowledge and interest in commerce, such as those who have signed the recent memorials to the right honourable baronet, from this great city, and the other principal parts of the kingdom,—it is clear, I say, that the public look to colonisation as affording a means of relief for our national difficulties."

This must do. If, in the beginning of this paper, we shall seem to have spoken slightly of Mr. Bul-ler, we beg here, at its close, to set ourselves right before him and the world. There is not much of novelty in his views ; there is here and there a short-coming in his philosophy. But he has made out his case to our entire satisfaction, and deserves well of his country for so manly an endeavour. We trust that the subject will not be permitted to die out, and that the government will eventually see with our eyes, that the only sure remedy for the distress which the old country suffers is to be found in the adoption of a well-digested plan of systematic colonisation.

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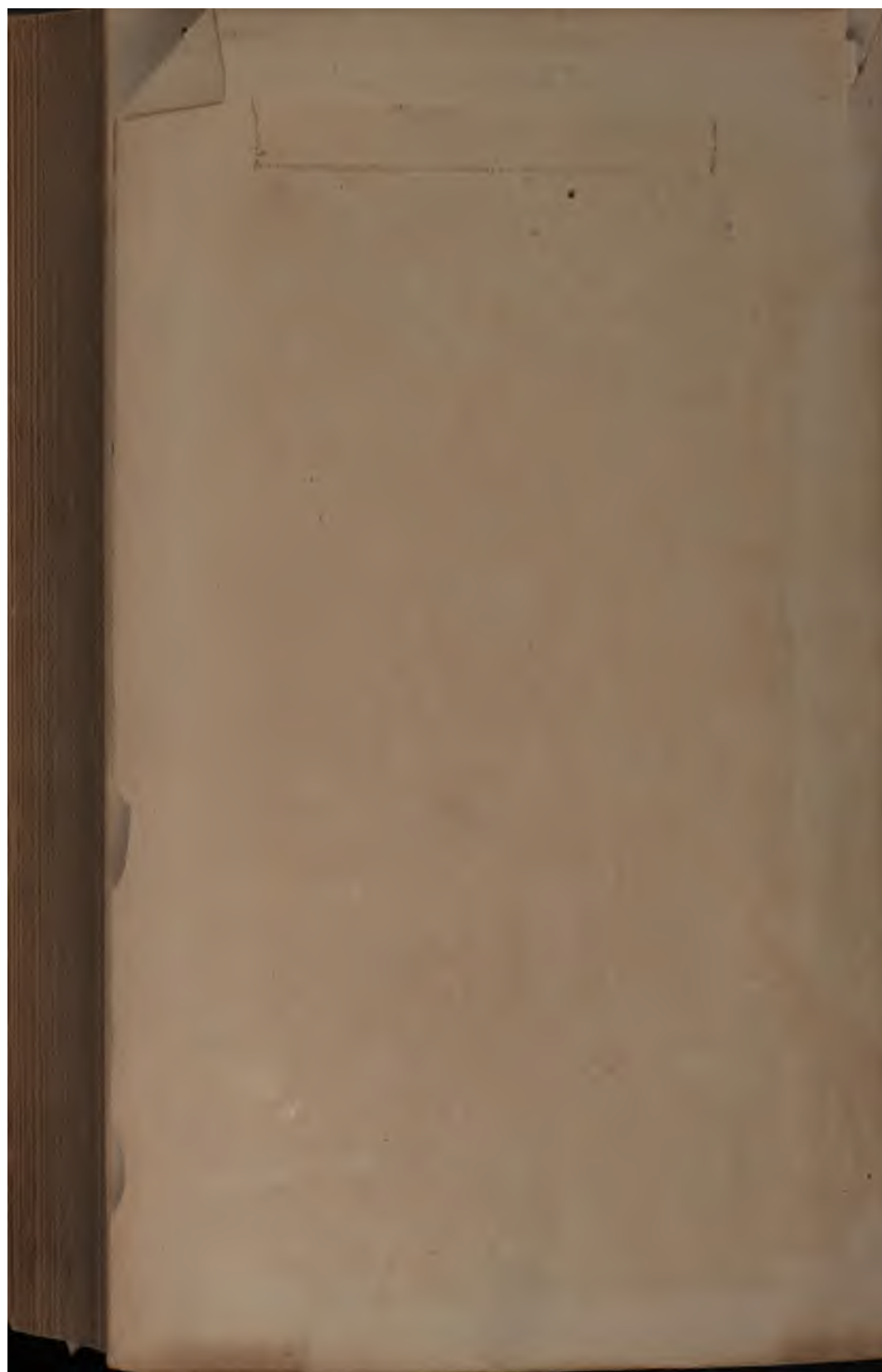
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